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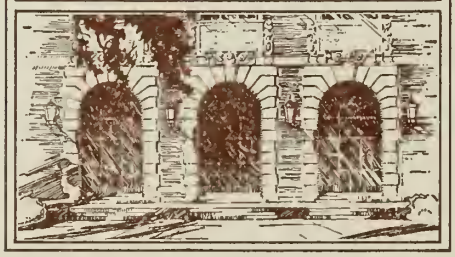

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS WIVES AND WIDOWS GAZETTE OF FASHIONS

Conducted by

The Muses nine, and Graces three,
In this our page, shall honoured be!
While Fashion, Beauty's worship'd Queen,
Shall ever in our train be seen,
And still the Iris-wreath supply
That Woman loves—Variety!

Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

No. 1—Vol. I.] {New Series.} SATURDAY. [August 3, 1833. Price 1*d*.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Public Promenade Dress.—A pale dust-coloured *gros de Naples* robe, a high body, ornamented round the upper part of the bust with a light embroidery in small squares, and a blond-lace trimming which stands up round the throat. A lappel of a new form falls low over the shoulders and back of the bust, but is very shallow in front. The corsage is pointed before, but moderately so. Amadis sleeves, The bonnet is of rice straw; a small round brim, and a crown less of the cone shape than any we have lately seen; the bonnet is composed of alternate bands of plain and cut straw, the latter is of a blond-lace-pattern. The curtain at the back of the crown is of blue gauze ribbon. Bands and knots of ribbons, with two bouquets of blue wild flowers, placed in different directions in the latter, form the trimmings. The brim is lined with ribbon to correspond. Black grenadine gauze scarf, with ends of a rich Cachemire pattern. Pale lemon-coloured gloves, and black *gros American* slippers. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Silks are less generally adopted in promenade dress than muslins; printed ones are in majority; white muslin is adopted by very genteel women, particularly for the early part of the morning. We have seen some of these dresses composed of fine jaconot muslin, made open in front, and trimmed down each side with the same material, disposed in small quills. They were worn in the pelerines also of jaconot muslin, of a small size, and a double fall with a small round collar. The pelerine was trimmed to correspond with the fronts of the pelisse, and the collar sustained round the throat by a small *gros de Naples* cravat, edged with narrow black lace. Both white and printed muslin dresses of the robe kind are now frequently worn with pelerines of clear muslin, lined with coloured sarsenet, and generally edged with narrow lace. We have seen a few mantelets of the same kind, but they are not adopted by elegant women, and are certainly only calculated for carriage dress.

Drawn bonnets of clear muslin, without any other trimming than the broad white taffety ribbon that tie them under the chin, are fashionable in the early part of the morning. Those of dust-colour, French grey, or other light but sober-coloured silks, are more in favour for the latter part of the day than the drawn bonnets that we described last month, though the latter are still fashionable.

There is a perfect rage for black lace in carriage-dress; not only are veils and mantelets composed of it, but it is employed even for the cravat of an *élégante*, the covering of her reticule, and last of all the parasol, so indispensable in an open carriage, is covered with black net, and trimmed with deep black silk fringe. Real lace is more employed than blond for mantelets and veils. Some of the former are lined with coloured sarsenet, others not; the latter are in a majority.

We have seen a few carriage bonnets composed of gauze ribbons laid on stiffened *tulle* and lined with crape, the shape strongly resembled those of the carriage bonnets, worn eight or ten years ago. The brim and crown were quite upon a level; the former rather long, close upon the cheeks, but wide over the forehead; the ribbon was fluted obliquely upon the shape, the edge of the brim trimmed with a *ruche* of blond net, a second *ruche* disposed in the interior of the brim in the form of a half-moh cap, the back of the crown was ornamented with a certain quilled ribbon, bordered with a very narrow *ruche* of blond net. A band of twisted ribbon that encircled the crown was terminated by a full bow on the left side, and a sprig of honeysuckle placed in the *aigrette* style on the right

White and printed muslins are both fashionable in morning dress, but we think the former are in a majority. Some are made in the open pelisse-form, with embroidery down the fronts, and round the pelerine, which is generally of the shawl kind. Others, of the robe-kind, have the bodies made high to fasten behind, and to sit close to the shape; the skirt is finished with two deep tucks; the pelerine round and deep behind, but very shallow in front, has a broad hem, to which a row of Valenciennes edging is sewed flat. When we speak of foreign laces, we must observe that they are now rarely used, but those of our own manufacture made in imitation of them, bear the same name, and may very easily be mistaken for them, as more then one lady who has actually bought them in France for French lace can testify.

A good many morning caps are now made with borders, either of the *ruche*-kind, or quilled, which descend partially upon the hair; a wire round the bottom of the caul, makes the trimming stand out a little from the hair; a few light ornaments of cut ribbon are placed underneath it; the caul is made to sit close to the head; a band of guaze ribbon is twisted round the bottom of it. A full and rather high bow is placed a little on the left side, and another behind. *Tulle* is most in favour for morning caps, but we have seen a good many lately made of English lace.

Light materials are most fashionable in evening dress, silks being very little worn, with the exception of washing silks, which are extremely fashionable, particularly those printed in new lively patterns. Pointed bodies have disappeared; in other respects there is nothing remarkable in the dress but the *canezou* or pelerine worn with it, it gives it an elegant finish; it is generally of black lace; if a mantelet, it is made with ends which pass under the *ceinture;* a *canezou* is generally disposed in drapery on the bosom, but both are of the pelerine form behind, and with deep *mancherons.* The *ceinture* must either be of a very rich ribbon, printed or figured, in a full pattern and vivid colours; or else of gauze ribbon corresponding with the knots that adorn the pelerine or mantelet. Scarfs of gauze ribbon are very generally worn in evening dress, one of the most elegant is composed of rose-coloured gauze ribbons figured with black, and joined together by black letting-in lace; it is edged with a row of black lace, set on with very little fulness. *Crêpe lisse* hats, profusely trimmed with flowers, are much in favour in evening dress, but not so much as head-dresses of hair, for which we refer to our weekly article.

Fashionable colours are bright rose, cowslip, lavender-bloom, grass-green, pea-green, azure-blue, and dust-colour.

A Likeness.—"Would you know this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman of Mr. Curran who answered, "Yes, sir, the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. I.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle, the President; Miss Scribblecumdash, her Secretary; Mrs. Bloomer, the Reviewer; Mrs. Modish, the Fashionist; and Miss Harmonica, the Musical Critic; with other inferior Members assembled round a table, on which Books, Papers, and Music, are scattered in "graceful confusion."*

"Merrily, merrily, sang the Belles,
At the council-meeting hour;
As they threw off the name of Maids, Widows, and Wives,
As the sun does an April shower!
Yet they lov'd it so well, and so dear it is reckoned,
Such memories live in the line;
Tho' the Belles may stand first, Wives and Widows come second,
For the sake of "auld lang syne!"

Parody on the 'Bells of Saint Michael's Tower.'

Miss Bluemantle. Welcome sister Belles, we presume we must *now* say! Before we proceed to examine the correspondence of the week, with our Secretary, we wish to make a few observations, and to give you some insight into our future plans! "There is a tide in the affairs of men (and women too) which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," *that* period of the tide is at present ours, and anxious still to float smoothly down the current, without encountering any rocks and shoals of of discontent, we have, in compliance with the wishes expressed by many staunch supporters of our little work, changed its somewhat novel title to one, which while it pretends to no originality, will, however, mark it as one exclusively devoted to female readers, and can give no cause of offence to the most fastidious! It will be carried on under the same auspices, and on the same plan as the "Maids, Wives, and Widows," which second title, for the sake of "auld lang syne," we shall still retain in small characters in each Number! We ourselves, as Editress, intend to meet our fair Secretary every week as heretofore, to answer the letters and communications of correspondents. But in future we deem it only necessary for the Council to assemble in full convocation every third week, when the literature music, and amusements of the day will be reported and discussed as usual! Under the head of "The Selector." It will be Mrs. Bloomer's task to furnish extracts from the leading novels of the day, and other matters, not original, which she may judge will be agreeable to to the tastes of our readers, though not written for our pages! Every other department of our work, we profess to be, and pledge ourselves *shall be,* (as far as 'tis possible for us to ascertain), Original and unpublished. Should we ever be imposed upon, as every conductor of a periodical is liable to be, (however vigilant), we will use every means in our power to detect and ex-

pose the impostor, be he or she who they may! So much for our *future* plans, which will more fully develope themselves as our numbers proceed, and we confidently look for every support from those of our own sex. For the past, "be it known unto all MEN, (a clause which intends to include WOMEN also), that the nine published Parts of our work, under the title of "The Maids, Wives, and Widows' Penny Magazine," form a very entertaining volume, and may be had with a handsome title-page, and alphabetically arranged index, of all booksellers and newsmen. Belles of the Council! BLUE BELLES if ye will, you are now in possession of all our "hopes and wishes;" be it your constant aim by unwearied exertions, in the different departments allotted to you, to crown those hopes and wishes with success, that our Maids, Wives, and Widows may have no cause to regret the hour when in obedience to the dictates of fashion, they exchanged their homely English name for that of the more graceful, "BELLE ASSEMBLEE." Now to our usual business. First for our correspondents. *(Miss Scribblecumdash produces the letters, &c.)*

Miss Scribblecumdash. A very insolent letter, signed "AN ILL-USED EX-SUBSCRIBER," but *how* ill-used is not stated, only he tells you that you have inserted things as original which were not so, and goes over the old ground, which has been already trodden so often, about the imposition of sending articles from other works, &c.

Miss B. 'Tis we in those cases who are the ill-used, not our subscribers, since on us alone the blame must fall. We recognize the hand of the "Fallen Warrior" in this epistle, and suppose 'tis one of his dying struggles, let him take a draught of "liquid water" to quench his "philosophy." He will understand us! we do not war with Tom Tits.

Miss S. Letters and enclosures from ST. PAUL'S SQUARE.

Miss B. The fair writer has our thanks. We see you have already used the village tale of Tom Moore, for the supplement given to our last number.

Miss S. Letters and scraps from Jessy.

Miss B. She too is a kind contributor, and a valuable one; and what's more, *patient* with us, and does not write (as many correspondents do) by the next post, to know "why we have not inserted their communications?" We are always, for our own sakes, most anxious to use an accepted article as *early as possible*, but cannot upset the arrangements of weeks, to pop in some trifle, to meet the whim of the writer to a moment.

Miss S. Enclosure from J. H., Chapel-court.

Miss B. May we venture, without intending any offence, to ask if it has been in the hands of other editors? there is not that "gloss of newness" on the paper, we like to see.

Miss S. A returned letter, sent by Miss Harmonica to a writer signing himself A. FULLER, informing him his ballad would be used if original. It seems the composer of the song in question, has given a *false address*—probably false name.

Miss H. I have ascertained there is no such person residing at the place stated, and therefore would not use his composition, though I had intended it for our supplement number.

Miss B. Some "trick devised by the enemy." We call upon the writer to explain his motives for such conduct, and again repeat, we will not insert music without real name and address are sent, and *found to be such.*

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from CHARLES.

Miss B. We like this specimen much, when he sends us two more, we will begin to insert the sketches; we wish to have some in hand before we commence.

Miss S. Letter and charades from M. DONAGAN.

Miss B. They shall appear.

Miss S. Communication from HENRY V.

Miss B. (smiling). We hope he is more steady than his renowned namesake, though, to speak correctly, *he* had "sown his wild oats" before he came to the kingly title. His wishes shall be observed.

Miss S. Letter and tale, ("Emmeline"), from JAMES R—, *aged fourteen years!*

Miss B. (after perusing it.) We always wish to encourage youthful genius; the tale is certainly not without merit, for a youth of that age, but it wants considerable polish before it would do to meet the eye of an impartial reader, in a public print. If the author will give it that polish, we will insert it hereafter. It shall be left for him at the office.

Miss S. Letter of enquiry from MR. NASH.

Miss B. We think the article he alludes to, *has* appeared; one was left many weeks since as he requested at the printing-office in Fleet-street.

Miss S. Letter and riddles, &c., from a YOUNG ASPIRANT.

Miss B. They shall be inserted.

Miss S. Letter from "A CONSTANT READER," respecting the lines signed P. P.

Miss B. We need not be told whence the lines are taken, we never gave them as original. To the other part of his letter we answer, he is the only one out of fifty not pleased by the change. Now Bloomer have you any books to tell us of? Prose extracts you know, belong to another place in our work; but you can tell us what is going on in the literary world.

Mrs. B. I've read Lady Morgan's "Dramatic Scenes," which contain a good deal of sound sense mixed up with some flummery, but there's a "wholesome bitter in the cup" which overpowers the froth that rises to the lip at first tasting. "Songs of Switzerland," a sweet little volume of poems, by your correspondent, Henry Brandreth, has just appeared, and the readers of our pages will recognize his MAID, WIFE, and WIDOW again. "The Duett of the BIEL WATCHMEN," is one of the most pleasing pieces in the collection. I have also a part of the "Album Wreath," (No. 26), sent for our inspection; 'tis most beautifully got up on tinted paper, with a splendid gold title leaf on highly enamelled paper! One original poetic contribution, called "Songs of the Wind," by T. JENNINGS, I think particularly good; I will read or extract it at some future time, as I see you are impatient now.

Miss B. Our time is very limited, and space also this week. Well Lady BELLES, any amusements going forward?

Mrs. M. We must go and "range the country round" during our Holidays for any thing like variety, for in town "there is nothing new under the sun,"—or moon either.

Miss H. At the ENGLISH OPERA, Mrs. Waylett is playing to crowded houses, *hot houses*, though with her nothing is *forced*; (well, I'll pay the fine for bad puns,) and the old favourites of "The Four Sisters," "Midas," and the "Yeoman's Daughter," seem in great requisition.

Mrs. M. I went with a party of young friends to VAUXHALL on the second Juvenile night, where I saw many happy groups of merry faces round the sparkling lamps and clustering evergreens.

Miss H. By the way Modish, we will direct our "wandering feet" towards that "Queen of the silver Thames," RICHMOND, next week; I hear the Theatre there is to open under the direction of Mr. Jones, (late of the Adelphi) with a very efficient company, headed on the gentleman's side by MR. CHARLES KEAN, while MRS. HOOPER, late of the Bath Theatre, a well known, and deservedly esteemed actress, will be the star among the female constellations, and play some of her most admired characters! Shall we ruralize at Richmond, and visit the Theatre?

Mrs. B. Ruralize in a Theatre? By what name will fashion designate dissipation next?

Miss H. Come don't be so cynical Widow, you shall go with us up the water, enjoy the enchanting views as you glide along, that everywhere present themselves on the banks of the "shining river;" and after a stroll through the garden of that most magnificent of inns, the Star and Garter, and a dinner of stewed eels, in one of its temporary pavilions, doubt not we shall get you to like our ruralizing, and even to finish the evening in a country theatre!—

Miss B. Bloomer and ourselves are too sober minded to be tempted from our books and "musty tomes," by such gay scenes, but we should like very well to hear your account when you return; and you may bring a few of the Richmond "Maids of Honor"* to discuss at our next Twankayanæ Council; till then, farewell.

* Note.—Pastry, so called, for which Richmond is celebrated.

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THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

YOUTHFUL FOLLY.

BY MRS. HAMILTON.

"Do you think my hair is so very, *very* red, nurse?" said the spoiled Josephine as she stood before the immense looking-glass in her mother's dressing room; whilst her ruby lips and elevated brow were dividing whether to smile or pout at the pretty reflection. "Red, Miss Josephine? Your beautiful auburn ringlets red?" repeated, or rather screeched the good old lady addressed, "Who could be so depraved as to say so?" "I will tell you nurse," returned the young lady, whilst you are curling my unfortunate hair. "Mamma never returns from Lady Sara's before day breaks, Papa is obliged to remain at the house till then I know, and Madame is sound asleep; so" continued Josephine, drawing a chair nearer the seductive mirror, "I will undress here." "Oh, Miss Josephine, dear Miss Josephine, what will your" ——— "I will undress here, nurse," sharply interrupted the spoiled one, "and you know I am never contradicted. I think I have suffered enough already for one evening. How I hate juvenile balls, I'm sure I'm too far advanced to go to juvenile parties of any description—come nurse, don't look so important, one would suppose by your countenance I was committing sacrilege. I know all you would say, you think Mamma would be displeased that my eyes were not yet closed; but see," and she pointed with her pretty finger to a superb time-piece which stood in the chamber, that told it was scarcely midnight. The satin shoes were now displaced, and Josephine's feet rested in her mother's soft lined slippers, the zephyr like frock was thrown on the couch, and Josephine enveloped in the richly laced undress of her ladyship, once more sat down to admire and repine. "Yes nurse," she resumed, "we had just come to the finale of the last quadrille, when an old looking lady that I never saw before, enquired of Lady Leslie who the young lady in the silvered pink crape dress was; her ladyship of course said I was the heiress and only child of Sir Robert Allandale, (and nurse, you know I am not vain) and her ladyship asked if I did not promise to be very beautiful? You may anticipate my horror nurse, I am sure you will sympathize with my feelings, when I heard the old looking lady say, 'yes she might be pretty if she had not such red hair.'"

"Oh that I should have lived to have heard myself accused of having red hair, she actually said I had red hair." Here the young lady burst into an agony of tears, and it required all the eloquence of nurse to restore harmony ere the wrongly taught scion of fashion retired to rest. Morning came, Josephine could not resume her studies, her mind being still disturbed, and she was dismissed from Madame earlier than usual, to take an airing with her ladyship. "My sweet Josephine," said her mother, "you seem yet to suffer from last evening's fatigue, we must not yet injure your health by these juvenile gaieties; though I have at the same time a very great pleasure for you." "Do tell me dear, dear Mamma," returned Josephine, banishing at the moment the azure dæmon that haunted her young mind, "do tell me, am I to go with you to the Fancy Fair to-morrow?" "Something more pleasing." "Ah, then I know you will take me to the public breakfast." "No, Josephine, you are yet wrong, but not to perplex you more, Miss Mary Beaufort is to be married to-morrow, and I have promised you for one of the bride's maids." "Oh! Mamma, now you have really delighted me, how shall I be dressed, must I not look quite magnificent?" "Quite the contrary, it is the Beauforts' wish that the dresses of her bridal attendants may be simple in the extreme. Lady Sara's three eldest daughters will be your companions, and you must all appear in the same dress. You will find on our return home your dress for to-morrow. Reaching home, Josephine hastened to examine her dress, and Mrs. Flatter, her ladyship's waiting-woman, assisted at the toilet. "I like my dress very much, Mrs. Flatter," said the delighted Josephine, "and when you have fastened this Rose d'amour in my—my and at last she faltered, "in my hair;" but the eye no longer sparkled, and the smiles vanished like sunbeams on an April day, while the youthful brow became more and more clouded. "Stay Mrs. Flatter," she at length resumed, "I will not trouble you now to fasten the flower, send nurse to me." Left to herself, she drew her dressing table nearer the window, and held her clustering ringlets more in the light to examine them, the sun at the time was vertical, and threw a warmer and brighter tint on her head, and to her glowing imagination confirmed the supposed misfortune. "What can be done!" she thought, "Lady Sara's daughters have all beautiful black hair, how different I shall look." Here nurse came in, and the frock was taken off, and Josephine with a sigh threw it on a newspaper which laid at the top of the milliner's box. "Dear me nurse, what is this I see," exclaimed Josephine, as she bent over the box. "Oh dear, I shall be happy once again, look here dear nurse, here is a man in the newspaper who sells something that changes gentlemen's red whiskers to a beautiful black. I must and will have some of it nurse, run and tell James to fly to Oxford-street for some of this most invaluable mixture, not a word to any person, and do not lose a moment." Evening came and Josephine commenced the operation upon her hair, she heedlessly tore away the directions, and plentifully inundated her head with the insidious liquid. She was awakened in the morning by Mrs. Flatter, who came to dress her, and who uttered an exclamation of horror as she beheld the hands of the young favorite changed from their delicate hue to a deep purple. "This is most unfortunate to be sure, said Josephine, but I need not take my gloves off, so n'importe; how I long to take my cap off, you will not know me Flatter: the cap was removed, but where is the pencil that could trace the countenance of the astonished Josephine, as she beheld her really pretty hair changed to a direct *puce;* her mother at the juncture came into the room, the young culprit felt the admonition the parent's countenance conveyed. "Forgive me dear mamma," was all that Josephine could urge, when the cause of the mysterious disfigurement was revealed. "Forgive you, my Josephine, yes freely I forgive you," returned the fond but vexed mother, "The heart of my child must not suffer for the follies of the poor disfigured head which has brought indeed but too sad manifestations of its own punishment."

FOSCARI.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

The beautiful weeping bride was gently forced by her young husband from the "voice of home," and they departed for his own sunny Italy.

She had loved him as the stars love the night; she had depended on him as the helpless child on its mother; and now, she had flung herself wholly on him for protection, and for happiness.

He was handsome, his eye spoke in burning volumes of a passionate love; she looked into them, and her heart was assured; she leant her head in confidence on his bosom, and though she spoke not her eyes said, "where *thou* goest, *I* will go."

'Twas the hardest task of all, to part with Roselle, her young, melancholy sister. Foscari's deep, low voice faltered too, and his black fringed eyelids lowered, when her sweet, mournful voice spoke of happiness for them; but alas! for herself, poor Roselle had found the utter destruction of that, since the time, the soft summer evening, when the leaves were silent, the stream was rippling, and the merry birds were singing in the trees, when she looked up from her fond dream, and saw the stars quivering in the spotless sky, in place of the sun which lit the earth, when that deluding voice had begun its tale of love. She had pressed her affection to her heart, and nursed it like the fond bird its young, till life and peace, and every thought was Foscari's. Now she was all desolate in the world, she had but one companion, deep, deep sorrow; she had but one hope, to die! * *

Oh, it was a spirit-stirring scene! The deep blue sky above, and the glad waves dancing over and over in the radiant beams of the sun. The harbour so crowded with white sailed boats, wherries, cutters and vessels of all

kinds; the joyous "ahoy!" of the sailors, the rattle of the cordage, and then to see with what dexterity they execute the orders of their officers "Loose topsails fore and aft." "Hollo! you skulker, what are you doing there?" to some fair, tearful eyed youth going on his first voyage. Up the ropes runs the youngster like a monkey, the tears dashed from his eyes, and cheering with his hat off, while the rich light curls beat about in the fresh breeze. "Heave and a wash! Hurrah! Off she goes!" How gracefully she moves along, her white sails contrasting with the blue sky; how her head bends down, how she rises! There's not a more beautiful going vessel on the broad bosom of the sea! Success to the little Pearl!

There was an eye that watched the vessel in tearless despair, as she sailed farther and farther on the misty sea, and from *her*; it was Roselle, she leaned her bosom on the hard rock; she pressed her hands closely to her fevered brain as if to press away the aching there; the pain of anguish still remained, and almost drove her to madnes, but she prayed for them, for herself, and it calmed the sorrow of her soul. * * *

"Oh love, what a heavenly night! Listen to that sweet, mournful sound of the water laving the sides of our vessel, not a breath of air, not a cloud to hide the stars! Oh mine own love, how like our happiness."

"My heart's treasure you sigh," and he looked into her face, it was pale, sadly pale, "Is that the water, Foscari?" "Oh, Heaven! look in the shrouds!" Foscari *did* look, he saw the pale shadow of a girl with long golden curls streaming about, he saw her white thin arms clasped over her bosom, and he saw a pair of melancholy blue eyes that beamed upon him just the same as when he told his beguiling tale on that soft summer's evening, he well remembered where.

That day week, Enrico Foscari and his Adelaide arrived in Italy, and a letter awaited them there, dated six days back, containing the mournful intelligence of the death of Roselle, who had expired suddenly the morning before. The physicians could not agree at all about her disorder, and none but Foscari knew that she died of a broken heart.

Enrico was near losing his young wife, his grief was unbounded, he was half-mad, but it pleased Heaven, to restore her; she at last got over her great sorrow, and Foscari he was———no! "Never yet did happiness dwell with a broken vow."

Hibernian Anecdote.—The following is an address delivered by the manager of a small theatre in Dublin, where Mr. Rae was then playing. There being only three persons in the house: "Ladies and Gentlemen! As there is nobody here, I must dismiss you all; the performances of this evening will not be performed, and the same performances will be *repeated* to-morrow."

LINEATIONES VATICINÆ.

BY THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

No. I.

Moore.

—— "*Catullus of his day.*"—Byron.

Seest thou that bard approaching, chaplet crown'd,
Diffusing mirth and joyousness around;
Whose steps a thousand fairy forms attend,
And in whose song a thousand beauties blend?
Music and sunshine in his numbers meet,
At once harmonious, joyous, bright and sweet.
See! round him throng the forms his fancy brings,
Visions of heavenly, pure, transparent things.
The radiant Peris sport across his way,
Drawn from the regions of eternal day;
That dazzling glory by their breath is spread,
Whose lustre gleams around the Poet's head.

Nor these alone attend him, lovely maids
Of earthlier mould; and grace which sooner fades,
Tread in his steps, and to his song impart
That pleasing pain which thrills the hearer's heart!
See beauteous Zelica, by that false chief
Deceiv'd and ruin'd, yet whose only grief
Is that her Azim should her sufferings share,
And dying, for his peace she breathes a prayer.
See Nourmahal, that seraph from above,
Whose care is but to gain her husband's love.
See Her, the bride of Hafed,—Peris say
She lov'd too well for earth, so soared away.

And following these, behold that darker train—
The manlier fictions of the poet's brain.
See gallant Azim, in himself a host,
Whose single arm retrieves the battle lost.
Lo! false Mokanna, in that Silver Veil;
Whose venom'd radiance makes the serpent's trail.
See Feramorz, who leaves his ivory throne,
To win her *love*, whose *person* is his own.
These, and a hundred other shapes combine
To crown the Bard with glory half-divine.

He strikes his lyre,—do Valour's praises flow?
Or bids he now with Love his numbers glow?
Alike the master in his notes appear;
He raises joys or draws the heartfelt tear.
Erin! with pride thy native Bard embrace,
Whose lays in ev'ry land have found their place.
The Lyre he touches, may he ne'er give o'er,
But still with laurels crown the name of Moore.

Marshal Turenne.—It is recorded of the famous Marshal Turenne, that when he commanded the French army in Germany, deputies from a certain town came to his camp, and offered him 100,000 crowns, on condition that he would not march his army through their territory. "Gentlemen, said he, "as your town is not on the route which I intend to take, I cannot in conscience accept the money you offer."

ETCHINGS BY A WANDERER.

No. I.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

——————"happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall; they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne and never told."
Byron.

A wish to die in Autumn, is rather a poetical conceit. There is something in the decay of Nature consonant with our own feelings of mortality, and thus we sympathize over the fading flower and the falling leaf. It was on the close of an Autumnal eve that I found myself lounging in the bar of a country tavern, brooding over such reflections, when my attention was arrested by the landlord, a little bustling old gentleman, with a powdered head, possessing a pair of as piercing eyes as ever, at the age of threescore, shone undiminished beneath two arches of iron-grey eye-brows. "Sir, sir," said he, strutting up to me with a degree of consequence, not at all unbecoming, "Sir, sorry to disturb you, but if you will step this way you will see a sight seldom witnessed in the metropolis." So he takes me for a cockney thinks I to myself, but no matter — my reverie was over, and I followed my worthy host *Rattan*, whose oriental cognomen was smeared (rather than painted) under a grostesque and half-crased George and Dragon, which was swinging and creaking, and creaking and swinging, to and fro, over the door to which I followed him. "There," said little Rattan, "you seldom see a funeral like that in the metropolis;" and surely he said true.

The procession, which was proceeding slowly towards the spired church, which stood half-way up the hill, consisted of six young girls, "dressed all in virgin white," bearing to its sepulture, the mortal remains of one who bloomed but a short time ago, the pride of a fond father's hope, the joy of a doting mother's heart. These sorrowing beings, in their sable weeds, attended by a small train of mourners, followed the corse with measured steps, while the fulness of grief found vent in sighs and tears, whose poignancy and bitterness are only known to those who have stood over the confines of the grave to which some darling object of the heart has been consigned. The circumstance struck me very forcibly. The silent, tearless, and startling grief of the father, contrasted with the overwhelming woe of the more tender parent; the mournful sorrow of the relatives who followed, and the beautiful simplicity of the rustic maidens who bore the coffin, filled up a scene which, though an occurrence of every day, ap-

peared to me not only new, but one exiting a melancholy interest. I was unconsciously led to follow them, to quit the house of mirth and merriment, for the more gloomy tabernacle of the mourner; and when I saw the procession enter the church, I sought the grave-side to await their coming. From a rustic who stood by I learned the heart-rending history of the young creature who was about to become the tenant of the cold and greedy tomb, whose jaws were yawning for its innocent prey.

She was an only child!—As tender as the snow-drop of the spring, and fairer than the marble asphodel; the treasure and the idol of two doting hearts, whose anxious solicitude had been to watch over and preserve a frail form fit only for a holier sphere.

¶ The burial rights were soon concluded by a slovenly divine in a soiled surplice, whose time seemed to him too precious to attend to his labours in the vineyard. "He passed and made no sign."

Still round the grave, the listless mourners hung,
While on the coffin's lid the maidens flung
Autumn's last blooming flowers.

The moment for their departure at length arrived; with a hasty start, as if recovering from a maddening dream, the father first withdrew, feebly supporting the tottering steps of the heart-broken companion of his earthly toils, and the inexpressible gaze they fixed on each other, when their eyes descended into the grave "to look their last," may better be conceived than described. The mourners slowly retired, leaving the sexton to perform the last sad office which mortal needs below. I lingered a few moments to reflect, and many thoughts came floating on my mind. I thought of those who had just departed their grief and affliction. I thought of her who was gone, and my entranced soul hovered with angels among whom her blessed spirit now wings its flight. The grave before me, seemed the dark door to a happier world, a door, I knew it would be my doom to enter, and now I stood on its threshold with a fearless anxiety and a glowing hope. Such contemplations found me still standing by the tomb, when the toil of the fantastic inhumer was ended, and not until he had quitted the spot did I retrace my steps to the tavern, where I was disposed to sit and give birth to melancholy, maugre the bustle and clatter of little Rattan who came smilingly to me, fully expecting some account of what I had witnessed, and demanding it with as much levity as if I had been to see the tom-fooleries of a raree show. But he called me to see what he witnessed not himself, and his occupations gave him little room either for thought or soliloquy:—

"For some must watch while some must sleep,
So runs the world away."

EVERY FEMALE HER OWN MILLINER,

CONSISTING OF A CATALOGUE OF DRESS AND ORNAMENTS, WHICH EVERY LADY IS CAPABLE OF SUPPLYING TO HERSELF, AND WHICH CAN NEVER GO OUT OF FASHION, OR BECOME WORSE FOR WEAR.

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

ARTICLES OF DRESS.

A fine white robe .	INNOCENCE.
Under vest . . .	SIMPLICITY.
A pair of stays, warranted to *give support* to the wearer	FORTITUDE.
Sandals for the feet	DILIGENCE.
Head-dress . . .	DISCRETION.
A pair of gloves	GENEROSITY AND LIBERALITY.
Handkerchief for the bosom . . .	FIDELITY.
A veil (texture superior to Brussels lace)	MODESTY.

ORNAMENTS.

A pair of ear-rings	ATTENTION.
Neck-chain (*fine gold*)	HUMILITY.
Eye-glass . . .	DISCERNMENT.
Waistband or girdle	GRACEFULNESS.
Bracelets for the wrists	FIRMNESS OF PURPOSE.
Rings for the hands, plain gold guard	FAITHFULNESS.
Ruby and Turquoise	SINCERITY AND CONSTANCY.
Garland for the head	INTEGRITY.
Bouquet for the bosom . . .	CONTENTMENT.
Watch-guard .	IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

In such a dress, and so adorned, a woman is fit for all society: it can never be out of place or out of season,—as it is alike becoming to all ages, sizes, and complexions; it makes the brunette appear fair, and gives to the blonde the charms of the brunette. In such apparel the most lovely woman appears graceful,—while, divested of it, the loveliest of her sex loses her charms, and becomes a mere piece of animated machinery, which man may gaze on and admire, but neither esteem or love!

M.

THE SELECTOR.

CIRCASSIAN FEMALE MARKET AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohommedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform when purchased to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about £100. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article (!) from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white chins. A more white-toothed, plump-cheeked, merry-eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "buy me." They are sold easily and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, barefooted, and bare-headed after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her a la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about £16.

THE GRAMMAR OF CIGARS.—As it is customary with cigar smokers to relate the news of the day, with cigars in their mouths, and as the generality of *puffers* make an awkward appearance from not properly understanding the theory of punctuation, the following system is recommended. A single puff serves for a comma (,); puff, puff, a semi colon (;); puff, puff, puff, a colon (:); puff, puff, puff, puff, a period (.). A pause with a cigar kept in the mouth, represents (——), longer or shorter in continuance, with the under lip raised; the cigar almost against the nose for an exclamation (!); and to express great emotion, even to the shedding of tears, raise as before the cigar to the end of the nose; for an interrogation (?) it is only necessary to open the lips and draw the cigar round the corner of the mouth; taking the cigar from the mouth and shaking the ashes, is the conclusion of a paragraph (¶); and throwing it into the fire finishes the section (§). Never begin a story with a half-smoked cigar, for to light a fresh one, while conversing, is not only a breach of politeness, but destroys all energy and harmony of expression.

TRANSLATION OF A CHINESE POEM.

TRANQULLITY.

One day brings on another day; one year follows another; let us take the time as it comes. A hundred years of trouble are not worth one day of tranquillity. The source of all pleasure is in our own heart, he who seeks it elsewhere outrages the Divinity. My projects, my desires, and my hopes never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea, and enter there, without troubling it. My heart is the same; all the events of the great world do not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. I advance on my way whatever wind may blow. The clouds arise, and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. The swallow in her safe retreat, sees with a tranquil eye the bloody contests of the Vulture. Let who will conquer, the conqueror will not molest her; and the little flies and worms never fail her. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse, and the thatch which covers my hut decays every year. But what would it be to me to-morrow to have been dressed in silk to-day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily can I gain my humble door! My patrimony is at the end of my two arms, and every day gives me its harvest. When it is hot I cool myself in the shade of a tree, and when it is cold I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me; but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent of heart. Hail! tranquillity of the soul! sweet chain of life! Kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value—complete thy benefits—thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well. R. G.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY BONNY MARY,

A BALLAD,

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

She always meets me with a smile,
A smile that does not vary,
Her heart is free from care and guile,
My bonny, bonny MARY!
My bosom's pride,
My bonny Bride,
My bonny, bonny Mary!

When toss'd upon Life's Ocean wide,
With winds and waves contrary;
What Beacon lights me o'er the tide?
The magic smile of Mary!
My bosom's pride,
My bonny Bride,
My bonny, bonny, Mary!

When fickle Fortune proves unkind,
I heed not her vagary;
Since I've a wealth untold, enshrin'd
Within the Heart of MARY!
My bosom's pride,
My bonny Bride,
My bonny, bonny, MARY!

Then let Fate smile, or adverse be,
Let storms or sunshine vary,
Alike is Sun or Shade to me,
While smil'd upon by MARY!
My bosom's pride,
My bonny Bride,
My bonny, bonny MARY!

THE PRUDE.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

A prude, indeed; no such thing, sir!

A PRUDE, and cold-hearted!
"Alas! for the men!"
I have said so before,
And I say it again.
That men are deceivers
All women agree;
Are women the prudes that
Men take them to be?

Companions around me,
I heed not the tone
Of Passion's sweet minstrel,
And bid him begone;
But when in the valley
He's singing to me,
D'ye think I'm the prude that
They take me to be?

I heard what you whisper'd—
"For *one* little 'yes!'
Ten '*nays*!' I'll be getting,"—
You *might* have said *less*,
I'll not undeceive them,
Sufficient for me,
I'm not the cold prude that
You take me to be.

You know where the willow
Weeps over the burn;
You know where is growing
The light lady-fern;
There meet me when twilight
Comes over the lea;
I'm not the cold prude that
You take me to be.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY JOHN DANCOCKS.

I watched a mother as she pressed
In rapture her fair child,
And as the infant sought the breast
Of her who doatingly caressed,
How prettily it smiled.

Methought of all the glorious bliss
That Heaven will blend above,
There is no joy more pure than this,
The infant's smile, the mother's kiss,
'Tis nature's gentlest Love.

Say ye on earth exists no trace
Of Heaven's own feature fair?
Oh! look upon the infant's face,
And on the infant's resting place,
And you will find it *there*.

Oh! fondling Mother, sweet and mild,
None fairer can I see,
May that young form which sweetly smiled,
Thy brightest hope, thy lovely child,
A blessing prove to thee.

THE TRYSTING TREE.*

AN OLD SCOTCH BALLAD, BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

Lang, lang was the day, and the time pass'd fu weary,
Ye sair lagging hours, will ye no faster flee?
For Lizzy was langin to meet wi her deary,
And she sigh'd—Heigh ho for the trysting tree!

The hour cam at last—but the wind blew sa cauldly,
The sna' fell sa fast, wad mak ony man dree,
Tho' she grieved wi' the cauld, the lass she said bauldly,
Na storm 'ill keep me fra the trysting tree.

The sna' fell fu' fast, and the nicht cam on misty—
Me no meet my Joey—na that canna be!
Then rest ye soundly mi honest ald kirsty,
Till I shall come hame fra the trysting tree.

She ope'd the back door, and the sna' lay there thickly,
The wind in her face brought the tear in her ee,
It gaed to her heart, the first step, syn quickly
She wended her way to the trysting tree.

She kilted her coats, and she wrapp'd close her plaidy,
And syn sang o' true love wi, our muckle glee,
She sang o' a chief that deceived a fair ladie,
An syn sighed—Heigh ho for the trysting tree!

The wind and the sna' fought like clans in a battle,
The drifts were soon up to this liel lassie's knee,
The lifts 'gainst the mountains wi' thuds seem'd to rattle,
And she sighed—Och hone for the trysting tree!

The eaglet was nested; the howlet was screaming;
For their hootin and screeching she car'd na a flee,
For strong to the death is the warm love o' woman,
So she cam all alane to the trysting tree.

She gat there in time, and she gat there fu' weary,
Through wind and thro' sna' wad mak ony man dree,
She stood there alane in the nicht mirk and dreary;
Na Joe welcomed her to the trysting tree!

Cauld had o' her heart got this sair grip o' sorrow,
Gin she thought he was fause she wad lie down and dee;
Gin he be no true, O she wish'd for na morrow,
But lanely to die by the trysting tree.

She thought on his vows, and her proud heart was daunted,
I'll no die for him syn he car'd na for me—
She thocht on their fraction—the day she'd appointed,
And grat wi' her head 'gainst the trysting tree,

She gazed on the sna', and the night mirk and dreary,
She thocht some mishap might ha keept him awee,
She thocht and she thocht—the now cheerie, syn eerie—
And sat down to wait by the trysting tree.

She wrapt in her plaidy her bright face and bonny,
Like ony wee twinklin star was ilk ee,
Her ringlets sa gowden, o' I ken na ony
Could compare wi' that lass by the trysting tree.

She sat down to wait, and tho sna' was fast fa'in,
Her limbs soon got stiff—fu drowsy her ee,
An' hushit to repose by the blear nor' winds blawin,
This maiden slept sound by the trysting tree.

She sleepit her sleep while the sna fell sa hoary,
In the image o' death, fra a' sorrow free—
Na ermine sa white e'er clad king in his glory,
As happit the lass by the trysting tree.

With slumb'rous oppression the maid there lay sleepin,
An' she did in dreamin her wedded love pree—
The thoughts o' her fause love and a' cause o' weepin,
In slumber were tint by the trysting tree.

An syn through her veins the warm blood stopt flowin,
In cauld leaden sleep in the deep sna lay she;
The een ance sa bright, and the checks wi' health glowin,
Were now dim and blank by the trysting tree.

Sax days fell the sna, cov'rin vale, brae, and mountain—
Whare—whare was the fause loon—cauld, cauld love had he—
Sic laigh love as his, ne'er flow'd fra the same fountain,
As her's that lay cauld by the trysting tree.

When he heard she was missing—he was gaed demented,
That she'd gang in the sna' he thocht never could be—
O love o' a woman! He sorely repented
He gaed na to meet at the trysting tree.

"Up my lads! haste ye lads! ilk ane strang and healthy,
Get spades and tak shovels, my blythe lads;" quo he
"I'd gie a' I had were I ever so wealthy,
To him wha wins first to the trysting tree.

"Weel done my lads! hooly, my chields, be ye eanny,
Ye've come to a hammock, lads, d'ye no see;
Scoop the sna' out by gowpens, with spades now ye manna,
Lest ye hurt my lass by the trysting tree."

With cheers at ilk gowpen, the callants worked boldly,
They found the puir lass—and a tear dimm'd ilk ee.
She was warm—aye, alive—she breath'd—syn grewd cauldy,
Oped her een—saw her Joe—and the trysting tree.

They offer'd her cordials to save life now blinkin,
She push'd them by, saying, "Gie water to me;
Cauld maun be the heart canna warm its ain drinkin,
And caulder that minds na tho trysting tree."

She cast on her lover a look cauld and scornfu—
She turn'd her awa', and wad na hear his plea,
He fleech'd and he pray'd; but she aye said sa mournfu
"Why did ye no come to the trysting tree.

* We crave pardon of our Scotch readers for any inaccuracies in the orthography.

CHARADES.

I.

My FIRST oft claims a single name,
Though now as plural given,
Then only can this earth retain
One latent spark of heaven:
My SECOND, though a treasured gift,
Courts not the great alone,
It dwells more in the peasant's cot,
Than round the monarch's throne,
But both together form a flower,
Though simple still it be,
The rose on other breasts may fade,
That flower I'll give to thee.

HENRIETTA ——.

II.

My FIRST is a hint which many may take,
By an actor 'tis well understood;
My SECOND perplexes, and you may partake
Of my WHOLE, and which some will think good.

JESSY.

III.

My FIRST the coward in battle knows,
When he views the awful array of foes;
And in Malibran's silvery accents clear
Oh, sweetly it thrills on the listener's ear.

The mail-clad knights of the days of yore
My SECOND in battle and tournay bore;
And my WHOLE, when found, forms a glorious name,
Brightest and first in poetic fame!

MINNA.

IV.

Beside the rustic village stream
My FIRST is often found;
And sometimes, if I rightly deem,
In kitchens under ground.
My SECOND mostly haunts, I ween,
The *West*-end of the Town.
Where about two thousand folks are seen,
Who on all mankind look down.
My WHOLE—Oh, ever honour'd be
That genius pure and high,
Religion's bard and votary,
Thy glory ne'er shall die!

MINNA.

V.

My FIRST lurks on a rose's lip,
Ambrosial dew from thence to sip;
Or roving various sweets among,
Carelessly hums a merry song.
My NEXT was burnt in olden days,
For practising her wicked ways.
And now her name serves to affright
Children, and make them do what's right.
My WHOLE young ladies wish to do,
And gentlemen most likely too,
When dressed so smart at ball or play
They steal each other's heart away.

MARIA OF HULL.

QUERIES.

Why does a carter seem fonder of grief than any other man in England? Because he is always crying, "Come hither, wo!"

Why did Lord Nugent, when dreadfully squeezed in going into the Opera, become very complimentary to the ladies? Because the pressure made him *flatter*.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

WEAVING.—The vestments of the early inhabitants of the world discovered neither art nor industry. In process of time recourse was had to the wool of animals, and this led to the farther discovery of the art of uniting the separate parts into one continued thread, by means of the spindle; and this would, consequently, lead to the next step, the invention of weaving, which, according to Democritus, who flourished 400 years before Christ, arose from the art of the spider, who guides and manages the threads by the weight of its own body. Chronology informs us, linen was first made in England in 1253. "Now began the luxurious to wear linen, but the generality woollen shirts." Table linen was very scarce in England in 1386. A company of linen weavers, however, came over from the Netherlands in that year, after which it became more abundant.

GIVING WARNING.—A gentleman, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night.—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "*I wish I could give her warning too.*"

ECONOMY.—The proprietor of a country alehouse had a board over his door, on which was written these words—

Ale and good Beer,
Sold here.

Afterwards, intending to sell cyder, he joined a piece on to it, making the following addition—

I have made my board a little wider,
To let you know I sell good cyder.

Hélène.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded.*

PART IX., *with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* AUGUST, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS, WIVES AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 2—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Aug. 10, 1833.

YES! 'TIS TO THEE LOVE!

Ballad Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by A. FULLER.

ALLEGRETTO.

Yes! 'tis to thee Love, I wake the string,

Yes! 'tis to thee Love I on - ly would sing,

And in thine eyes Love I ask but to shine, With

soft - est af - fec - tion as thou dost in mine, With

soft - est af - fect - ion as thou dost in mine.

Dearest and kindest
I ask but to be,
Cherished by thee Love,
As thou art by me;
Then shall our moments,
Glide sunnily o'er,
And blessed with each other,
We wish for no more.

Wife of my bosom,
By thee loved alone,
No dearer blessing,
This proud world can own.
All its attractions,
Delighted I'll fly,
For thee Love to live,
And with thee, Love, die.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Dresses.—We noticed in a party where the dresses were of a peculiarly elegant description, more variety than generally prevails at this time of year. Several of the younger fair ones appeared in clear muslin robes, with low bodies, made to sit close at the upper part of the bust, but with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. The ceinture was of pale blue, light green, or rose-coloured taffeta ribbons tied before in full bows, and ends that descended nearly to the knee. Bouffant sleeves very short and full. Some of these dresses were trimmed with rich lace mantillas. Others, in addition to the mantilla, had lace sabots, which were ornamented with knots of ribbon corresponding with the ceinture. The head-dresses were of hair adorned with wreaths of moss roses or blue bells; or else bouquets of field flowers; in either case the colour was similar to the ceinture. Some young matrons appeared in dresses of painted *gros de Naples*. One that we thought very beautiful, had a white ground lightly strewed with small bouquets, formed of a single rose and sprig of myrtle. The body of this dress cut extremely low, and draped *à la Sevigné*, was partially covered by a black blond lace mantelet, rounded behind, and pointed in front. The double trimming of the mantelet formed sabots over the short full sleeve of the dress. The head-dress was a rice-straw hat with a small round brim turned up on one side, and trimmed with a bouquet of green feathers, and green gauze ribbon turned in a bias direction round the crown, and tied in a full knot behind. We noticed also some very pretty crape hats, with the brims cleft at the side, and one part crossing the other. The brim was edged with blond lace. A bouquet of three ostrich feathers adorned the crown, one of which descended through the opening of the brim. There were a few *poux de soie* robes, trimmed with deep flowers of English lace in imitation of Brussels. They had low bodies and long sleeves, the former partially covered by a mantelet corresponding with the flounce, the latter ornamented down the front of the arm by knots of gauze ribbon. The mantelet was fastened down the front with corresponding knots. A head-dress worn with one of these robes, was a beret partly composed of rose-coloured *tulle*, and partly of blond lace! the latter so arranged as partially to shade a half-wreath of roses that was placed on one side.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

No power on earth can shake a mother's love,
No time or changes quench it; still the same
It fondly clings to the last close of life,
And wakens with the soul in brighter worlds!

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. II.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle and her Secretary discovered examining letters, &c.*

"Merrily ev'ry bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where our weekly Budget soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Let our Correspondents, Tales in lightness
Only emulate the moral's brightness,
And still from us they'll meet politeness,
Verily oh! verily oh!

Wearily ev'ry bosom pineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Where no Magazine ere shineth,
Cherily oh! cherily oh!
There the maidens' guess not, what's the fashion,
Nor how London Belles (and Beaux, too) dash on,
'Tis enough to put them in a passion,
Not to know! not to know!

Speedily then thro' town and valley,
Speedily oh! speedily oh!
Let our little Journal sally,
The world to show! the world to show!
In spite of tricks and cunning knavery,
We still go on with dauntless bravery,
Nor ever think our trouble slavery!
To work let's go! to work let's go!
Parody on 'Tyrolese Song of Liberty.'

Miss Bluemantle. Well, really, our chamber looks lonely, with only ourselves and our little Secretary! Those "vacant chairs" have a melancholy appearance, and seem like the shades of 'departed friends." The lamp, too, gives a fainter light, as though it disdained to throw the full radiance of its beams on so small an Assembly! Come! let's dispatch our business, and "seek some other sphere." What letters this week?

Miss Scribblecumdash. One from Jessy, enclosing another answer to the Charade by Sir Walter Scott.

Miss B. We do not think that it is the correct solution yet, but it shall be inserted.

Miss S. The Duel, by Marrion.

Miss B. Very pretty; it shall have as early a place as possible.

Miss S. Letter from J. S. It appears some poems he intended for the "Casket," have found their way into *another* work; but what this has to do with ours, I know not.

Miss B. We understand. There is a flower called, in the vulgar phrase, "*two faces under a hood.*" We have no wish to see it in our bouquet; nor to rob others who may stand in more need of assistance for *their* Poet's Corner, than *ourselves*.

Miss S. Letter and poem from a correspondent at Turnham Green.

Miss B. It shall appear; the writer is thanked.

Miss S. Answer to charade by Robert.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from Charles.

Miss B. Charles has our best thanks. We were sure he had too much talent and good taste to be displeased with what we had done. 'Tis only the Tom Tits in literature, who think their feathers want no pluming! We say to *him*, go on and prosper.

Miss S. Answer to charade by Jane.

Miss B. We are not sure she is correct in her solution. We wish when riddles, &c., are sent, the writer would unravel the mystery to us. Our brains are too dull, and too full of other matters to "guess and guess again." "D'ye give it up?" Yes! we do! So prithee gentle charade inditers, let us into your secrets!

Miss S. Answer to charade by Seraphina.

Miss B. That she is willing we doubt not from her tone; but she will not find us so to insert such nonsense, to say no worse of her verses! We take it Seraphina is not of "the femenine gender."

Miss S. Various letters from known and esteemed correspondents.

Miss B. These shall receive *private* answers, though we beg to return *public* thanks. We release you for the present, Secretary, and bid you a kind good night.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE STUARTS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

BY THOMAS FRICKER.

Rod.—What, and can there live,
A greater villain than this man has been
Fer.—Ay, a crowned villain!

year
Lionel Sewell was born in gland,
1649, a year of tranquillity tad dis-
after the long civil war whthe height
tracted her. Cromwell wa happiness
of his power; peace classes were
smiled around him—paratively light
contented with his me few red-hot
government, execbanished Stuarts,
adherents of th the father of our
among whom Sewell, a cavalier of
hero, Sir Geo bravery, and one who
acknowledg d service on the side of
had done nate Charles I. Lady Sewell,
the unfo by her gentle affection, could
who al e angry passions of the knight,
soot n giving birth to the subject of the
di ent narrative, and left the infant,
own, as it were, on the mercy of so
epraved a court as that which Charles
II. then held in the Netherlands; where
no wonder that he soon imbibed those
pernicious seeds of vice and folly which
afterwards proved his ruin.

Three years elapsed, and Sir George died, when the young Lionel was left an orphan under the care of an uncle, likewise a partizan of the Stuart family, but one who loved them because he did not wish to disagree with his brothe

and who would willingly have sacrificed the whole of his fortune in their cause, provided they did not trouble him with parchments, and title-deeds, and lawyers, against which latter vermin he had conceived a most cavalierish hate.

His family consisted, at the time of the admission of our hero, of a son and daughter, the former of the same age as Lionel, and the latter about six months his junior.

Emily Clive was a pretty girl, and Lionel Sewell grew up a very handsome young man, and so, of course, they both fell desperately in love; and—but, kind reader, prick not up thy sapient ears, for this is not a love story. However, when they were old enough, they were betrothed, and were to have been married, had not the death of the old knight postponed it for awhile.

In the meantime, the cousins, Lionel and Luke, became the gayest of that gay court, and by their dexterity in horsemanship, and other exercises then in repute, soon attracted notice from among the host of idle galliards, which throng (like moths around a candle) in tha precincts of a court like that of Charles, and happy he who (unlike the moth) escapes scathless.

Affairs were in this state, when Oliver Cromwell, justly surnamed the protector, expired; and well had it been for England had his son Richard possessed but half the spirit of his noble sire*. But it was not so, he ceded the crown to Charles, retired to America, and in a short period, the sober joys of Cromwell's reign gave place to the frivolity and licentiousnes of the Stuart family. * * *

* Some historians have doubted whether the dication of R. Cromwell was voluntary, af-ing, that otherwise he would have been de-aneby the nobility. The following authentic depar proves how much they erred. On ing onefor America, as a porter was convey-and the his trunks to the boat, he stumbled, ing by, repifell. Cromwell, who was stand-" Have a cark the man for his carelessness. box are the hellow," he said, " for in that English peer." and estates of almost every heard this, some tintimate friend, who over-of the strange speech'er, asked the meaning plied, that the box in qu whom Cromwell re-from most of the nobility, on contained offers ther's death, of support to hi he time of his fa-the Stuarts. He had declined d opposition to and in so doing had showed that hn, however, piness consisted, not in power and ea of hap-in the middling situation of a priva lth, but man.—T. F. entle-

One beautiful day, about a year a. the Restoration (it wanted but si weeks to the time re-appointed for the marriage which had been so unfortunately broken off), the lovers went to promenade in the Bird-Cage Walk, then a fashionable resort. Luke Clive was engaged with some noblemen at a little distance, and the happy pair were engaged on too interesting a topic to miss him.

On a sudden, the King approached, surrounded by a crowd of cavaliers, splendidly attired. On perceiving them, he hastily disengaged himself from his followers, and approaching them, gazed on Emily with so much admiration and astonishment of her beauty depicted in his eyes, that Lionel's heart suffered all the pangs of jealousy. Ye that are, or have been lovers, remember what have been *your* feelings when another has dared to gaze freely on the idol of your affections, and say, can you blame *him?* Charles turned to his courtiers, and was about to inquire the name of the lovely maid, when Luke drew near, and taking the hand of his sister, led her towards the monarch, and introduced her as Mistress Emily Clive. The King spoke a few *words* in an under tone, and offering his arm to Emily, which she was forced to accept, darted on Lionel a look of triumphant scorn, and walked to another part of the park, leaving our hero struck with astonishment and indignation at the coolness of Charles, who had so soon forgotten the services performed by his deceased father for his family—

" in the tented field;"—

and the duplicity of his villainous kinsman; and he rushed home in a state of madness, resolving to demand an explanation of his cousin's treacherous conduct on the first opportunity.

In the course of the next day Luke called on Sewell, to invite him to attend a bear-bate at the King's gardens at Southwark. Sir Lionel refused contemptuously, and taxed him with his villainous conduct in throwing his sister into the company of such an acknowledged libertine as Charles;—demanding at the same time to know where Emily then was?

" Sir Lionel Sewell," said the hypocrite, putting on a bold face, " this is strange conduct; by what authority do you question a brother's right to control his sister?"

" What!" retorted Lionel, vehemently, " did not your honoured father, with his last breath, commit her to my protection, as her betrothed husband?"

" Ay," said Luke, " but the word of an old idiot must not be taken, when I can so much better provide for Emily."

" How?—by making her virtue the price of your advancement to favour and wealth?—by making her the mistress of the King?"

The dispute continued with violence, until at length, roused by his taunts, Luke struck him. They drew—both were excellent swordsmen, and for several minutes victory was doubtful, when in making a desperate lunge at Lionel, Luke's foot caught in the carpet, and he fell. Overcome with rage, the former ties of friendship vanished; Sewe demon of revenge filled his soul; sword rushed upon him, passed his seconds rough his body, and in a few good in the presence of Him who sees a things—*A Murderer!*

The first t ught of the now repentant Lionel wa to summon assistance for his adversa but finding, on examination, that his was quite fled, he placed some money in his purse, and escaping from the house by a back door, made the best of his way towards the sanctuary of the White Friars, intending to remain there until he could obtain a passage to America. But as ill-luck would have it, in crossing Fleet Street, he was espied by a party of young courtiers, who quickly advanced and addressed him,—

" So," said one, in a tone of railery, " thou would'st not have seen us; but prithee, what business hast thou in the Temple? Some pretty wench awaiting thee, or, perhaps—"

" Nay," returned Lionel, impatiently, " this is a matter of life and death; detain me not now; another time—"

" But," said Hugh de Blois, " thou did'st promise to meet me to-day, to drink a cup of canarie at the Devil; indeed we must not be denied, for we expect thy cousin Clive; I wonder what can detain him—hast seen him to-day?"

" Yes—no," returned Sewell, in agony, " how should I know aught of him;"—and the answer of Cain '*Am I my brother's keeper?*' darted like lightning across his brain!

" Why—how now!—how pale you look;—does aught ail you?" burst from all around. He was about to confess his crime, and throw himself on their mercy, when two city officers approached.

" Is your name Sir Lionel Sewell?" said one, to the consicence-stricken wretch.

" It is," said he, despairingly.

" Then we must take you into custody by virtue of this warrant, for the wilful murder of Luke Clive, your cousin."

" Impossible," cried De Blois, " say, Lionel, say but you are innocent, and we will resist this seizure to the death!"

" My friend," said he, in a voice choked by agitation, " I thank you, but 'tis useless, I am guilty of the crime!"

He was then bound by the officers and confined in prison to await his trial, which was but form as he had confessed all.

" For he has killed a baron bold,
And one of high degree,
So must his villaine bodie hang
Upon the Tyburne Tree."

The day of trial came, before a jury of his country. Lionel stood, awaiting his sentence; oh! how awful did the words sound, as the judge with the usual ceremonies pronounced his doom. He was to be—*hanged!* Death he could have borne in any other shape, but to be led out like a dog, to be handed down to future ages as the man who perished by the hand of the common executioner, for the murder of his friend? Yet there was one thought above these, which almost drove him mad—Emily, the gentle, the affectionate Emily, would be left without a friend!

He was conducted to his dungeon, there

to await, within its loathsome walls, the fulfillment of his sentence. He had been alone for about six hours, a prey to the most agonizing thoughts, when the door of the cell was opened, and the jailor entered, introducing a visitor. Lionel looked up, and beheld Ralph Cameron, a young man with whom he had contracted the most firm friendship.

"Ah! Ralph!" said he, "come you alone of all my friends to bid me an everlasting farewell!"

"Not so," said Cameron, "cheer up, you have many friends, all bent on serving you; we have resolved to petition the king for your life, and he *must* grant it. I am to have the honour to present the address to his Majesty at Whitehall, this afternoon, and to-morrow morning hope to release you from this dungeon."

Ten minutes before, and Lionel thought he could have died with composure; but this newly raised hope entirely upset him;—he burst into tears.

"My dear friend," said he, "you have awakened the dormant love of life within a bosom from which hope had long been banished. Go, and may the blessing of heaven alight upon you for your kindness!"

The friends embraced each other, and Lionel Sewell was again left alone.

We must now pass over a few hours, in which nothing of consequence occurred, and at once lead our readers, in company with the anxious Cameron, into the presence of Charles, at Whitehall. He had presented the petition, which the King read with evident confusion, and after a few minutes' silence, addressed the young advocate as follows:—

"Ralph Cameron, you know that we are ever prone to listen to the petitions of our loyal subjects, and especially when they would lead us to do an act of mercy; but I fear your present request cannot—must not be complied with. Murder is a crime which—nay, interrupt me not—I say, murder is a crime which never ought to be pardoned; and, in the present instance, young Sewell should be made an example of, to awe the disaffected, and to silence murmurers, who would insinuate that we are guilty of partiality, and that high birth is a sufficient license in our eyes for the commission of crime."

He paused, and traversed the apartment, apparently in great agitation; at length he stopped, and continued:—

"Yet, in consideration of the weighty services done by his family in our cause, we will take his unhappy case into special consideration. Attend our presence by eight o'clock to-night;—you may now retire."

When the King was left alone, he continued for some time in silent thought; at length, he summoned an attendant, and ordered him to request the instant presence of Rochester; and throwing himself into a chair, impatiently awaited the appearance of his favourite.

Cameron's petition could not have been presented to Charles at a more unhappy period. Constant debaucheries had soured a naturally good disposition; continual disputes with his much injured Queen rendered him testy; and to crown all, he had but just returned from an unsuccessful visit to Emily Clive who (as our readers must long ere this have surmised,) had been kidnapped to the house of one of the King's panders, and had alone been allowed to know of the late events, that her brother had been cruelly murdered by her lover, for which crime he was to suffer death! All—all these events, did the royal libertine, in the madness of his rage, long to punish on the head of our hero; and, but that he feared the public voice, he would have ordered him for instant execution, and have glutted his delighted ears with the dying groans of his victim! But we are digressing.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SELECTOR.

The following beautiful little poem, called the "Widow," is selected from a volume by Mr. Thompson, entitled "Mary Morrison" and other poems. Let those who can read these lines without mingling in the sorrowful subject which it embraces, lay no claim to sympathy.

"I grieve to see the Widow, with her mourning cap and gown,
And the 'kerchief, with its crapings, o'er her marble shoulders thrown;
There is sadness in her footstep, and her eyes are overcast
With that prospect which her memory ever brings her from the past.
Her sprightliness has vanished—she's like a bird, whose wing
Is spread, and drooping o'er a scene which she enjoy'd in spring:
There's not that lively gaiety—that free and festive mirth,
Which ever us'd to strew the path that she pursued on earth;
The song which she awakened in moments calm and still,
Yet echoes to my grieving heart, like some responding rill;
And while I gaze upon her form, by cruel fortune tost,
She turns away to weep awhile, and think upon the past.
I grieve to hear her speaking, for her tone of voice bespeaks
The sorrows which her sorrowings have imag'd on her cheeks;
And I could wipe away her tear, that fast and freshly flows
Adown the pale and languid face, where sleeps the wither'd rose;
She wets her lonely couch with tears—with tears that flow in vain,
And the midnight whistling wind but hears her mourning heart complain;
For the spirit of the parted comes not back to soothe her care,
Nor heal the blest but broken heart of anguish and despair:
She converses, and as often doth she turn to vanish'd days,
Which, tho' bright at early rising, set with dark and clouded rays;
And as she stills the inward storm, woke with destruction's blast,
She turns away to weep awhile, and think upon the past.
I grieve to see the Widow—for 'tis hard to see remov'd
From woman's arms—from woman's side, the object she has loved;
And it is hard for standers by, to watch her in despair
Look round to find his friendly smile, while vacant stands his chair;
And there are other objects, too, around her and above,
As monuments which tell to her the fall of blighted love—
For there are children by her side, some youthful, some upgrown,
Whose beauty, and whose smilings, are as pledges of his own.
I grieve to see the Widow—with her mourning cap and gown,
And the 'kerchief, with its crapings, o'er her marble shoulders thrown;
There is sadness in her footsteps, and her eyes are overcast,
With that prospect which her memory ever brings her from the past!"

Portrait of a Dandy.—Lord Mute is an English *élégant*—a dandy. You know not what he has been. He seems as if he could never have been a boy; all appearances of nature having departed from him. He is six feet of inanity enveloped in cloth! You cannot believe God made him—Stultz must have been his Frankenstein. He dresseth beautifully—let us allow it—there is nothing *outré* about him; you see not in him the slovenly magnificence of other nations. His characteristic is neatness. His linen—how white! His shirt-buttons—how regularly set in! His colours—how well chosen! His boots are the only things splendid in his costume. Lord Mute has certainly excellent taste; it appears in his horses, his livery, his cabriolet. He is great in a school of faultless simplicity. There can be no doubt that in equipage and dress Englishmen excel all other Europeans. But Lord Mute never converses. When he is dressed there is an end of him. The clock don't tick as it goes. He and his brethern are quiet as the stars—

In solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball.

Lord Mute speaks, indeed, but not converses. He has a set of phrases, which he repeats every day:—"he can hum thrice, and buz as often." He knows nothing of politics, literature, science. He reads the paper—but mechanically; the letters present to him nothing to be remembered. He is a true philosopher: the world is agitated—he knows it not: the roar of the fierce democracy, the changes of states, the crash of thrones, never affect *him*. He does not even condescend to speak of such trifles. He riseth to his labour, dresseth, goeth out, clubbeth, dineth, speaketh his verbal round, and is at the opera brilliant and composed as ever—

The calm of heaven reflected on his face.

He never putteth himself into passions He laughs not loudly. His brow wrinkles not till extreme old age. He is a spectator of life from one of the dress boxes. Were a *coup-de-soleil* to consume his own family, he would say

with Major Longbow, "Bring clean glasses, and sweep away your mistress." *That* would be a long speech for him. Lord Mute is not an unpopular man; he is one of the inoffensive dandies. Lord Mute, indeed, is *not!*—it is his cabriolet and his coat that *are*. How can the most implacable person hate a coat and cabriolet?—*England and the English, by E. L. Bulwer.*

ETCHINGS BY A WANDERER.

No. 2.

THE POACHER.

"For 'tis my delight
Of a zhiny night,
In the zeason of the year."

"What are the oppressions of the Game Laws to me," said I to myself, as I sat musing before a blazing fire one dull November evening. In the first place, I am no sportsman, and the destruction of life, though diverting to some, is an abhorrence to me; and, in the second place, I have no particular *penchant* for those estimated luxuries, first won in the field, but which may now be purchased in Leadenhall and every other market, *argal*, said I, "I will put away my Joe Manton, and leave the timid covey to flutter unmolested so far as I am concerned, and console myself by ruminating on more interesting subjects;" so turning to a pretty girl who occupied a corner of the room, where she sat busily engaged in framing a reticule of some rich embroidered silk, seemingly doubtful which was the right side, and which the wrong, I propropounded a question, which I sometimes put forth without anticipating a reply; "Pray, Miss, as you seem so very thoughtful, what is your opinion of the state of Continental Europe?" "I really am not able to answer you," was the mild reply, at the same time raising her azure blue eyes from her work; "I really am not able to answer you, but, Sir, can you inform me which is the right side of this silk?" I rose for the purpose of giving my opinion, when the door was thrown open by my worthy host, who came bustling and spinning in like a tetotum, followed by another individual, the subject of the present sketch. He was a short and spare, though somewhat a muscular, man, who had long since passed the meridian of life, yet "his eyes were not dimmed, neither were his hairs grey," but black and bushy, and flowing from under a slouched brown castor, whose shape defied all attempts at imitation, in short it was "*a shocking bad hat.*" His face, strongly indented with wrinkles, was thin and sallow: and although he assumed a careless gait, yet it was evident that his inward man did not participate in the exterior show. In his hand he carried several nets, and on inquiry, I found that he followed the craft of a net-maker, but was also a practical net user, in short a poacher, whose appearance by no means belied his amiable occupation.

"I can do nothing more for you, Mesh," said the landlord, "nothing."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "can't be holpen, to have escaped the net of the Fowler is something. But it was not an open enemy who did me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it; neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself against me, for then peradventure, I might have hid myself." —The Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, thought I to myself, as the Arch-wag concluded his significant remark, who, turning round and drawing a chair to the fire, fixed upon me the glare of two eyes, the beams of which shone undiminished, through the glass of his barnacles, apparently worn more as a blind from his neighbours, than for any assistance to his mortal vision. A familiar nod followed, and he was seated. "I will thank thee for a glass of brandy and water, thou fairest among women," said he to the "fair ladye" of the reticule: a request instantly complied with, though in such a manner as to leave my mind in little doubt as to the feelings of the individual to whom the speech was addressed. I was disposed to have some conversation with this singularly rude being,—this wild man of the wastes, this sweeper of ponds and rivers, this smoker of preserves and plantations, this perpetrator of ten thousand murders;—but I was doomed to be disappointed; my worthy host seemed resolved that it should be, and was pleased to amuse me himself, for the twentieth time, with a few of his facetious remarks:—"Were you ever in France? I remember when I was at Calais, I heard a Frenchman say, there was no gentleman in England, except the pig,—he eat, he drink, he sleep, and he grow fat, ha! ha! queer folks the French, sir; they call an Englishman Monsieur Cot dam! I say, Monsieur Cot dam, he eat bif-steak so long, so tick, ha! ha!" Having finished the joke, my worthy host gave zest to it in a hearty laugh, and raising his shaggy eye-brows to an awful elevation, and spinning himself once more on his heels, continued, "Ha, ha! when there are no fools there is no fun;—I'll give yon a conundrum,—why is a man like a green gooseberry? do you give it up? Ha! ha!" and darted from the room. This was my opportunity, and I immediately essayed a few ingenious questions, to which, however, I only gained very unsatisfactory replies, tinctured with levity and profanation. Having finished his third and fourth glasses of liquor, and smoked his Manille, which I had offered him as an inducement to conversation, he departed; when I ascertained his character in a few words, from a neighbour on my right, who seemed to be if not *jolly* by name, yet most assuredly *jolly* by nature:—Finding the avocation of a net-maker not so profitable as a net-user, Mesh had quitted the mesh-sticks, cords and stool, "to follow to the field" (here my informant became practically poetical) not "some warlike Lord," but the timid hare, for which in her wonted tracks, snares were nightly spread. His nets for the covey were always judiciously planned, and their shrill note so admirably piped that he seldom returned home lightly laden. His springes elastic and true, were the workmanship of his own hands, and his pellet gun was never known to miss, when firing aloft among the bare branches of a preserve, where the witless pheasant had sought a dangerous repose. Mesh was also an adept in fishing, professing always a keenness for the sport. He knew the times and the seasons—the streams and the flies—the deeps and the shallows; but it was suspected that his net was more frequently used than the angle. He was a stocker of gentlemen's ponds; but by some miraculous circumstance, the tenants of the flood seldom remained long in any destination to which the indefatigable Mesh had consigned them. With all these virtues no wonder that he affected so much piety, and if his days were spent in dreaming, his nights were devoted to watchings and prayings, but these only (it will be believed) for his own success or profit. Such is the rough outline of a character, who neither feeling moral restraint, nor fearing moral degradation, passes through life with the words of truth on his lips, while his heart is the slave of vice, and the victim of crime. And such characters are to be found in every village in the kingdom, and must be continued to be found, so long as the oppressions arising from the game laws are continued.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?—shades that surround our path
Amid the hush of Summer's twilight gloom!
Echoes that answer to the Heart's gay laugh,
With solemn murmurs from the dreary tomb!

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?—the breezy sighs of Eve
That whisper round us, as we musing stray;
And softly tell the MOURNER, not to grieve
For those, who've quitted Sorrow's thorny way!

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?—fond recollections found
Twin'd with the garland, PLEASURE'S hand hath wrought,
And, when the goblet's pledged, the board around
Hallowing the cup, by many a tender thought!

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?—sweet memories that stay
Like lingering perfume with the faded rose,
When its brief hour of Beauty's past away,
That still around our sense a fragrance throws!

WHAT ARE THE DEAD?—the holy gems that steep,
(As pearls that cluster on the folded flower),
Full many an eye, that turns aside to weep
Amid the joyousness of Pleasure's bower!

'HAT ARE THE DEAD?—they breathe in Music's strain
softening melodies, that touch some chord
'ithin the soul;—that answering speaks again
rom the deep fount, whence FEELING'S self is stir'd.
'HAT ARE THE DEAD?—the Hopes that light us here,
he emulation to Life's Pilgrim giv'n;
uiding him onward to a purer sphere,
o join the lov'd—the lost of Earth—in HEAV'N!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS EMIGRATING TO CANADA.

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

arewell! the broad and restless sea
Will soon between us roll;
'hough wind and wave so changeful be,
They cannot change the soul:
'hat heeds not distance, place, nor time,
ut darts unchecked from clime to clime!
nd when thou dwellest far away,
Amid the clustering woods,
mong the valleys bright and gay,
In nature's solitudes:
here, still with thee, my mind will range,
artake thy chance, and share thy change.
h! when thou hear'st the wandering gale
Come whispering from the lake,
he varied sounds of hill and dale,
The wild bird in the brake,
hink of the sounds on *Albion's* shore
hat charm'd thee once, but charm no more!
nd when the Eve's last lingering ray
Along the sky is darted,
hink of that sad declining day,
Think of the day we parted;
ow many suns must rise and set,
re we can say "once more we're met!"
hen thou hast passed the stormy main,
I may not see thee more;
ine ear may never hear again
Thy footstep at my door,
or listen to thy voice that brought
he friendly interchange of thought.
arewell! and may the distant clime
To which thou goest now,
e to thy soul like summer-time,
Like green leaves to the bough;
hat show the wintry storms of care
re past, and all is bright and fair!

A CAPTAIN IN THE BLUES!

I've got a lover! such a man,
I cant tell half his worth;
He stands nine feet and half a span,
A wonder of the earth!
I met him at Miss Johnson's ball,
My choice you can't abuse,
He's quite an angel!—what they call
A CAPTAIN IN THE BLUES!

He said my eyes were twinkling stars,
My teeth were pearls so rare,
That I was Venus! he was Mars,
And *how* he praised my hair!
And when we danced together, how
He *did* admire my shoes,
I think I've got a husband now,
A CAPTAIN IN THE BLUES!

He led me to the supper next,
Assisted me to wine,
I felt exceedingly perplexed,
His eyes so oft met mine,
He bade me after take his arm,
And *how could* I refuse,
Since he was (*that* still'd each alarm,)
A CAPTAIN IN THE BLUES!

I've often met him, tho' Papa
Declares he cannot bear
A soldier—yet 'twere best by far
His angry mood to dare,
Than lose my gallant Captain, who
Shall kneel and tell the news,
Pa 'll bless, and give my fortune to
A CAPTAIN IN THE BLUES!

ACROSTIC,

SUGGESTED BY MISS BLUEMANTLE HINTING HER WISH FOR SOMETHING ORIGINAL.

O f wit, dearest Lady, ('tis true I declare),
R eally I have but a very small share,
I 'll try notwithstanding your favor to gain,
G rievously though it has puzzled my brain,
I 'm certain 'tis something that never before,
N o never perplexed me in this way of yore,
A h, me, for a something, or nothing you'll know it,
L ook, look, Lady look, my acrostic will shew it.

JESSY.

CHARADES.

I.

With vesture of green, when bright spring glads the year,
In each hedge-row and bank my FIRST doth appear;
My SECOND did Venus mythologists say,
Ere first to Idalia she winged her way;
In our gardens in summer my WHOLE is oft seen,
And justly we hail it their beautiful queen.

ANNETTE.

II.

My FIRST all men and women have,
My SECOND most have had,
And when they're troubled with my WHOLE,
It makes them very sad.

A. Z.

III.

Mon PREMIER est un cher parent,
Mon SECOND est l'article femenin,
Mon troisième une chose que n'est pas rare,
Qui a toujours des jambes et quelquefois des bras,
Mon TOUT est un lien de profond repos,
Ou les jeunes, les pauvres, les riches, les beaux,
Sont tous en paix et tous egaux.

ALLEGRA.

IV.

My FIRST the busy maiden forms,
And many a dainty owns its power;
In summer's sun my SECOND swarms,
But shelter seeks in summer shower;
Of fragile form my graceful WHOLE,
Touch it, its beauty disappears;
Despoil'd, in death it owns no soul,
Like man's—to soar beyond the spheres.

ANNETTE.

ANSWER TO CHARADE BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I ken, I ken, Sir Hilary
What your hasty pray'r must be,
The first that those proud warriors might,
On that fell day have *soul* to fight
Against a host of foes;
The next that glorious battle-field,
The *diers* in that strife should yield
A place of proud repose,
The whole that those bright eyes of blue,
A *soldier's* fate that mourn,
Might soon hail with affection true,
Her *soul-dier's* safe return.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE IN No. I.

For greater joys we seek in vain,
Yet greater nought imparts
Than when in wedlock's happy chain,
Kind Hymen joins fond HEARTS.

Tho' choisest gifts the great surround,
Which for a while may please,
Yet oft in peasant's cot is found,
A heart that's more at EASE.

Tho' flowerets gay may deck the bower,
Which more the eye may please,
Where can we find a sweeter flower,
Than that we call HEARTSEASE?

JANE.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE IN No. I.

When war is named, the coward's heart will quake,
And e'en the trumpet's sound will make him SHAKE,
Our knights of old in battle did appear,
In suits of armour clad, with lance and SPEAR,
And who art thou the brightest star of fame?
Immortal Bard! great SHAKESPEARE is thy name.

JANE.

ANSWER TO FOURTH CHARADE IN No. I.

While sauntering down a shady lane,
How pleasant 'twas to hear
Those well-known rural sounds again,
Long stranger to mine ear;
The village cock, with loud acclaim,
The clacking of the MILL,
The children at their rustic game—
Methinks I hear them still!
More happy in their humble state
Those urchins were I trow,
Than half the TON of rich and great,
With coronetted brow;
I mused the various lots of life,
Which thus mankind engage,—
Then lost their hopes, their fears, their strife
In MILTON'S high soul'd page.

MELISSA.

ANSWER TO FIFTH CHARADE IN No. I.

'Tis sweet to view the little BEE
Beneath the sun's bright ray,
From flower and shrub of each degree,
Bearing their sweets away.

'Tis sweet to hear on winter's night,
Beside the sparkling fire,
Tales of a WITCH,—or some such sprite,
(These stories I admire.)

Sweeter to view the ladies' eyes
BEWITCHING all around,
Like stars which twinkle in the skies,
For brilliancy renowned.

ROBERT.

QUERIES.

Why are there three objections to a glass of brandy?—Because there are three scruples to a dram.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep? Because it is folded.

Why is a young lady at a looking glass like a story badly told?—Because she is misrepresented.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

TIT FOR TAT.—Santeuil, the Latin poet of the last century, retiring one night to St. Victor, at midnight, the porter refused to open the door. After some words the poet slipped a half-louis under the door, and obtained immediate admittance. As soon as he got in, he pretended to have left a book upon a stone on which he had been sitting at the outside. The porter to shew his gratitude for the money, ran to get the book, when the poet instantly shut the door upon him. The porter, half-naked, knocked in his turn—"No," said Santeuil, "the prior will be exceedingly angry if I admit any one at this late hour." "Why," said the porter, "I let *you* in very *civilly*." "And as *civilly*," returned the poet, "will I admit *you*." The porter not chusing to remain half-naked in the street, slipped the piece of money back again under the door, and obtained admittance, declaring that a "*poet's money never staid long with anybody.*"

PLAGIARISM.—An unfortunate author, upon receiving the compliment of having his entire work copied into one of the Scottish Encyclopædias lately published (a work which was comprised in upwards of twenty ponderous volumes) applied to a friend learned in the law, for directions how to proceed against these Plagiarists. "Proceed against them," replied his Counsellor, "why, the next edition you print of your work interweave in it the whole of their Encyclopædia."

A STRANGE BIRD.—It is said that in observing the late solar eclipse with powerful glasses, Sir J. South and Mr. Gwilt, at the distance of three miles apart, observed in the field of their respective instruments, the apparition of a large bird, and nearly at the same instant of time. This curious circumstance is endeavoured to be explained by the flight of an eagle to an immense height in our terrestrial atmosphere; but the story reminds us of the elephant in the moon, which turned out to be a mouse in the telescope.

THE ANTEDILUVIAN FROG.—This supposed inhabitant of another world, a creature that lived before the flood, died a short time ago at Brough, Westmoreland. It was discovered last July, imbedded in a solid rock of millstone grit on Stainmore, about three miles from Brough, by some workmen who were breaking up the rocks for building stones. It was found in a cavity, eight inches from the surface, and without a seam, rent, or cleft, in the block. When the rock was broken, it leaped out, and so terrified the man, that he fell down through fear, and said, "*It leuked sae like a lile black divvil.*" It was presented to Mr. Romney, surgeon, Brough, who put it into a tub containing water, grass, and leaves. It was also carniverous, and would devour earthworms, flies, &c. Here it continued lively and active for some months, but, we presume, after taking a survey of this world, and finding it so much worse than that in which it had lived more than 4,000 years ago, it had no longer any inclination to stay among us. It sickened, drooped, and died, and Mr. Romney has embalmed the body of this wonderful creature.

A MARSHAL IN THE WRONG BOX.—A facetious French Abbé had engaged a box at the opera, from which he was rudely ejected by a certain Marshal, remarkable for his cowardice and meanness, He brought his action for the assault committed upon him, and pleaded his own cause; he began thus:—"It is not of *Marshal Turenne*, who took so many towns; of *Marshal Suffrien*, who took so many ships; or of *Marshal Crebillon*, who took Minorca, that I have to complain; but it is of that Marshal who took my box at the Opera, and never took any thing else in the whole course of his life." The Court felt so sensibly that he had already inflicted sufficient punishment, by this poignant stroke of satire, that they refused to grant him a verdict. A fine compliment to the Abbé's wit.

ADMIRABLE RETORT.—It is not many days since a distinguished surgeon of one of the hospitals was called upon to attend a Peer of the Realm. "Sir," quoth his Lordship, "you are not to treat me as you treat the *wretches* in —— Hospital." "My Lord," replied the Surgeon with much dignity, "the meanest of these *wretches* is a nobleman in *my eyes*," and bowing, he left the room.

OYSTER EATING.—On St. James's Day, old style, oysters come in in London, and there is a popular superstition still in force, like that relating to goose on Michaelmas-day, that whoever eats oysters on that day, would never want money for the rest of the year. Hence Churchill,

"July, to whom the dog-star in her train,
St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin rain."

St. James is called "the Great," either because he was much older than the other James, or because our Lord conferred upon him peculiar honours and favours; he being one of the three disciples whom our Saviour admitted to the more intimate transactions of his life. He was brother to the beloved disciple, and they were called Boanerges, which signifies sons of thunder. He was put to death by the command of of King Herod, nephew of Herod Antipas, who beheaded John the Baptist, and brother of the infamous Herodias. The Spaniards have the highest veneration for St. James, and on account of his appearing armed cap-a-pie, mounted on a stately prancing white horse, and assisting them in their battles with the Moors, they have chosen him for their patron saint, and instituted a military order which is called by his name.

LORD CHESTERFIELD complained very much at an inn where he dined, that the plates and dishes were extremely dirty. The waiter, with some pertness repeated the old saying, that *every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies.* "That may be true," said Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at a meal."

A SMALL PETER PINDARIC.

Shade of Old Peter, soul of fun,
Inspire me, and forgive the pun
That ends my tale:
A Butcher once—as Butcher's do—
Some steaks—and very fine ones too—
Exposed for sale.

A hungry beggar passing by,
First cast on them a wishful eye,
And then his paw:
Nor was it long, we may presume,
Before they met their final doom,
Within his maw.

The Butcher soon his carrion miss'd,
Stampt, swore, and doubled his huge fist,
'Till Job he woke
A neighbour—who all sorrow spurn'd,
And every ill (his neighbours) turn'd
Into a joke.

"Gadzooks," quoth Job, "what's now to do?
Good man, the thing is nothing new:
Each day that wakes
Proves all this noise unjustifiable:
To what mishap are we more liable,
Than to *miss-steaks?*"

JM.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
KING'S CROSS, NEW ROAD, LONDON.
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To Mr. Earl,

Sir—Through mercy, I have the happiness to inform you, I have realized the efficacy of "Morison's Universal Medicines" on myself and family, as we have been taken ill with the prevailing INFLUENZA. We took the pills in strong doses, and, with the blessing of God, in a few days, we were all restored to health.

Having experienced so great a blessing, I must earnestly entreat the afflicted to have recourse to the same safe, easy, and certain remedy.

I am, Sir, in boundless gratitude to Mr. Morison, and all concerned in the dispensation of this truly national blessing,

Your humble servant,
J. NICHOLLS.

Scanston, Cambridgeshire, June 25, 1833.

List of Agents may be had by applying at the College.

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PART IX., *with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* AUGUST, *is now ready.*

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 3—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Aug. 17, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—The robe is composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, figured with black, a low body disposed in drapery, folds on the front of the bust, and plain behind. Long sleeves, fitting close to the lower part of the arm, the top is composed of two separate pieces, one of which is cut in points in an oblique direction; this part of the sleeve is very large, but does not fall as much as usual over the elbow. The pelerine is of black real lace, it is made up to

the throat, sits close to the bust, and descends exactly to the drapery of the robe; it is bordered with a row of real lace set on narrow and plain round the back and front of the bust, but exceedingly broad on the shoulders, and with sufficient fulness to form half-sleeves. Cravat of lilac gauze ribbon fastened in a bow by a plain gold brooch. *Ceinture* of figured taffeta ribbon to correspond with the dress, and plain gold buckle. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in two very full tufts of curls, which are placed far back on each side, and arranged on the summit of the head in long slender bows, which are formed partly of plain, partly of platted braids. Black satin slippers of the sandal form, and black silk net gloves.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Morning Dresses.—We have just been favoured with the sight of some of a peculiarly elegant description, which a lady of high rank has recently brought over from Paris. The one we are about to describe is made in French cambric, but it would look very well in either jaconot, or fine cambric muslin. The body is made up to the throat, it sits close to the shape, and is ornamented on each side of the front and back with three folds, which descend to the waist; the back is plain, but the front is trimmed with embroidery in compartments, between each of which are seven or eight small plaits, laid horizontally; this kind of trimming is continued in the form of a broken cone from the waist to the very extremity of the skirt, and is bordered with three folds, similar to that on the *corsage*. The sleeves are in our opinion a most graceful kind for morning dress; they are between the *gigot* and the *imbecille* form, wide, but not immoderately so, from the elbow to the wrist, and extremely large at the top; they are surmounted by winged *manchcrons*, consisting of a double row of cambric, small plaited. This trimming should be about half a quarter and nail in depth in the centre, but shallower at the extremities. A single and very narrow fall of plaited cambric, borders the bottom of the sleeve, and falls over the hand. There are several morning dresses, both of white and printed muslins, of the loose wrapping kind; some of these are made with pelerine mantelets to correspond. Those of white muslin, whether embroidered or not, are generally edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and fastened down the front by knots of coloured gauze ribbon. The waist ribbon is of silk of a very rich kind, corresponding in colour with the knots, but where the dress is of printed muslin, the knots, as well as the ceinture, are of printed muslin. A very pretty apron, composed of unbleached cambric, and bordered with narrow black lace, was made with pockets in quite a new style; they were placed on the inside, and the pocket hole, cut longitudinally on the outside, is trimmed with lace, gathered so as to form a very light *ruche*, and a knot of ribbon placed at the top, and another at the bottom of the pocket hole. The morning caps are smaller than any we have yet seen, and some of those for complete *deshabille*, are extremely pretty. They are made of clear cambric with a caul resembling a child's cap, embroidered in light wreaths placed obliquely; the trimming consists of a double row of that kind of lace called *blonde de fil*, it is thread, but resembles blond, both in clearness and pattern; there are two rows, one falling over the other round the face. A wreath of ribbon disposed in the form of cockle shells, is laid on the first row, and partially seen through the one that falls over it. The *brides* are of clear cambric, edged with narrow *blonde de fil*; they tie in a bow under the chin.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. III.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle in the President's Chair; her Secretary perusing letters, &c.*

The Muses nine, and Graces three,
In this our page shall honour'd be!
While Fashion, Beauty's worship'd Queen,
Shall ever in our train be seen;
And still the Iris-wreath supply
That Woman loves—Variety!

Miss Bluemantle. Come, Lady fair! are you ready with the letters?

Miss Scribblecumdash. Yes, madam, *(presenting them in turns.)* Here are about twenty answers to charades, whose solutions appeared in the last number. I think, with all due deference to your judgment, that in future if we were not to insert the answers sent till the *second* number after the charades have been given, it would allow our Correspondents in the country a fairer chance, as many do not see them in time to reply, as in the present instance.

Miss B. We will adopt your suggestion, Secretary, it will give us a better choice, and our fair guessers more chance of success.

Miss S. Lines entitled An Excuse, by Peter.

Miss B. The author must *excuse* us from giving such trash a place in the "Belle Assemblée."

Miss S. A letter from John H., respecting the tale he sent us.

Miss B. We are quite satisfied. It shall appear as early as we can arrange for its publication.

Miss S. A letter, with answers to charade, &c., from Charles.

Miss B. Charles will see he is too late in this instance. Has he received a private communication from us? We fear *not*, as he does not allude to it?

Miss S. Letter and enclosure of poems from J. J. St. John's-road.

Miss B. He shall receive a private answer as he requests.

Miss S. Letter and Serenade from Minna.

Miss B. Minna is mistaken in many points respecting us. If we *have* any political feelings (feelings which we think no woman has any right to, politics belonging, exclusively, with wine, horses, and dogs, to the ruder sex), they are on the side *she* espouses. That part of the letter she has endeavoured to erase, but which is still clear enough for our eyes to read, we cannot answer for;—but we should imagine, in well-regulated minds, there *can* be no wide difference on the subject alluded to. We say to Minna, in the words of Moore—

"Leave points of belief,
To simpleton-sages, and reasoning fools."

And further, in our own person, to parody the next verse of his song—

Shall we ask the fair author who writes by our side,
Sweet verses and tales, if our creeds agree?
Give up, correspondents, we've *valued and tried*—
If they kneel not before the same altar, d'ye see?
Their ink may be purple, and ours may be blue,
But while truth and virtue still flow from the pen,
The mind that would cavil for difference of hue,
Deserves not to hear from such writers again.

Miss S. Answers to riddles, and some fresh charades from Annette and Helene.

Miss B. They are thanked, and shall be early attended to.

Miss S. Henry V.

Miss B. We regret he was anticipated; he will see our change of plan in future, which will do away with much disappointment. He must be earlier in the field next time.

Miss S. Letter from J. E. C.

Miss B. His enclosures will *not* do, and shall be returned. We trust he will favour us with the tale spoken of, the last was much admired. Our *comic* department is getting very low, will he take the hint, and woo his friend Comus in our behalf?

Miss S. "Matrimony, No. I.," by Frederick Hawkes Nottage, who requests it may be inserted in your next number, with a promise of more articles on the same subject.

Miss B. He is really very kind. But we fear Mr. Nottage is in his *Dotage*, or else thinks we are so, to suppose *such* an article could find a place in our pages! We should be sorry, indeed, if any of *our* readers judged the female character by *his* standard.

Miss S. Several communications from Melissa.

Miss B. We feared Melissa had forgotten us, 'tis so long since we have been favoured by her; she is thanked, and the articles accepted.

Enter Mrs. Modish and Miss Harmonica.

Well, Ladies! we did not expect your presence this week. We thought you

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had been enjoying the sweets of some rural retreat, "four miles and a half from the Standard in Cornhill," where as the Poet sings—

"The cits repair,
To swallow *dust*, and call it *air*!"

Or had even ventured on a voyage of discovery to Herne Bay, or the Nore light!!

Mrs. Modish. Ah! you are always very hard upon our ruralizing, Lady President. But let those laugh that win, say I!

Miss Harmonica. We HAVE been skirting round the metropolis, certainly, during the last week or two; but passing through town, we thought, like Paul Pry, "we'd just look in," to see how you and our fair Secretary were getting on, and to report what we have seen the few days we have been in London, though it was not a regular Council Meeting.

Miss B. We are always glad of news from the world of Fashion.

Miss H. I have been twice at the ADELPHI, to witness the new opera of LO ZINGARO, and have been much gratified. The plot is well arranged; the scenery good; and the music, by Mr. Alexander Lee, very light and pretty. Mrs. Waylett, as the Heroine, looked and played the part, (though on the first evening of its representation, labouring under severe indisposition) admirably. Three sweet ballads are allotted to her: "Where is the Rover?" "Bells upon the Wind," and a tamborine gipsey song; in the two last she was loudly encored on both the evenings I witnessed the opera. I understand it it is the first dramatic attempt of an amateur writer (Captain Addison), and as such, reflects much credit on the author.

Mrs. M. I have been at ASTLEY'S and the SURREY Theatres this week, where the celebrated MAZEPPA, at the former, and JONATHAN BRADFORD, at the latter place of entertainment, are drawing crowded audiences.

Miss H. I must not forget to tell you of the FANCY FAIR, held at the Mansion-house, under the immediate auspices, it was *said*, of her Majesty, at which I was present. Much *puffing* was done by advertisements, respecting the splendour of the articles to be presented for sale, and their cheapness. I confess, as to their *splendour*, I never saw such an assemblage of old trumpery heaped together; the tapestry so much talked of, consisted of a few bell pulls, cushions, and slippers, whose faded colours gave good evidence of their *antiquity*. For the bell pulls the moderate sum of *ten guineas* only was asked! I had a great mind to purchase a pair for our Council-room. For their shilling's admittance the visitors were treated with a few waltzes, by a military band, stationed in the gallery of the hall. I do not think the citizens undrew their purse-strings as the Lady Patroness expected, and should say that the whole affair, was "flat, stale, and unprofitable!"

Miss B. We are quite sick of "FANCY FAIRS," and now their novelty is past, they will sink into the oblivion they deserve. Were our misguided fashionables to institute one for the SPITALFIELDS weavers, or for the NATIVE MECHANICS, who are unemployed and starving in our streets, *then*, indeed, we would say something to such CHARITY, a charity that would be *felt and understood by all*. But while they confine it to the circle they now do, while they lay themselves out in a market, and come unblushingly forward to solicit our purchases for the aid of FOREIGNERS, we will ever reprehend a system so degrading to the dignity of character, and native modesty of an ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN.

Mrs. M. I drove over (to "turn from the town to rural scenes") to the Beulah Spa, one morning, and was much delighted. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and when the shrubs and flowers have grown up, (for 'tis only the second season,) will be agreeably diversified by "Flora's train!" An excellent band enlivened the scene, and the company were numerous and fashionable. A more pleasing morning's excursion cannot be found, than in a drive to this miniature Cheltenham.

Miss B. Well! you have certainly not been idle during your holidays, or passed through the world with your eyes shut! Bloomer, too, is busy for our edification, and has forwarded us many extracts from works she has been reading, to appear in our SELECTOR. Come, we will order the urn, and direct our Secretary to brew a batch of genuine Twankay, as we are favoured with your presence—

"Willie brew'd a peck o malt,
When Rob and Allen came to see,
Three blither souls that live lang night,
There were na found in Christendie!"

as poor Burns sang, but ours shall be a less potent, or at all events, a less exciting beverage. And if we *have* "a drappie in our 'ee," it shall be a tear of pity for the errors of genius, like that of ROBERT BURNS!

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE STUARTS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

BY THOMAS FRICKER.

(Concluded from page 13.)

Nearly an hour had elapsed before Rochester appeared, and Charles was about to summon an attendant, to order his presence, when the door opened, and a little old man, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, carrying a gold-headed stick,—his face almost hid by an enormous wig, entered the room.

"Your Majesty," said the little man, bowing to the ground, and gazing with apparent pride on a pair of superb buckles in his shoes,—"Your Majesty, I say, must pardon the remissness of John Wilmot, the Noble Earl of Rochester, in not obeying the mandate of your Imperial Majesty, seeing that he is detained by a much more potent, though far less honoured master—*Illness*, from attending your Majesty's supreme pleasure: nevertheless, he has sent me, Nicodemus Tripley, his professor of medicine and political adviser, to consult with your grace upon any affair of the state, for which your Majesty might have required the presence of the aforesaid John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester,—he having the highest opinion of my wisdom and judgment in such matters."

At any other time, the self-importance of the little doctor might have amused Charles, but the unsettled state of his mind caused the intrusion to have quite a contrary effect: he was about to order his expulsion, when a suppressed tittering caught his ear. He turned sharply round, and perceived the learned Nicodemus convulsed with laughter, holding his hands to his sides.

"Insolent caitiff!" exclaimed the King, enraged at this contemptuous conduct, "dare you insult me to my face!" He drew his sword, and rushed towards the supposed physician, when Rochester (for it was he) threw from him an immense wig and false nose, made a most humble obeisance to the King, and dropped on his knee.

"Nay, Jack," said, Charles, rather piqued at being surprised by Rochester out of temper: "this was ill-timed, when you knew the unhappy state of our domestic affairs."

"Pardon me, my liege," said the favourite "'twas timed at a most happy period. Shame! shame! dost call thyself the "Merry Monarch," and mope because thy Queen is ill-tempered?"

"Ah, Rochester!" returned Charles, "would *that* were all! Here has been with us a deputation, bearing a petition for the pardon of Sir Lionel Sewell, and signed by the greater part of our nobility. Now, Jack, thou knowest that if we grant this pardon, he will cause a strict search after Emily, and perchance, we shall lose our prize! Would that we had persisted in our first resolution of having this hot-headed lover sent quietly to America!"

"Indeed, sire," replied Rochester, more sedately than was his wont, "it would have been better so, and the life of young Clive had then been saved. Curse on his awkwardness. I thought Luke had been the better swordsman, or I would not have incited him to that unhappy quarrel. But I see one way to extricate ourselves, and with honour,—your Majesty, if I may counsel, will be pleased to pardon Sir Lionel."

"Impossible, Wilmot. You know what the consequences would be—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Rochester, "I do not mean him to escape. If your Majesty will be pleased to announce to Cameron that the request of

the noblemen shall be granted, and after writing an order for his liberation from the tower, leave the rest to me, I will undertake that this springald shall never more be a stumbling-block in your way."

Charles looked sharply at the Earl—"What mean ye?"

"I cannot at present explain," replied Wilmot: "suffice it that his *life* shall be safe. I will now, with your permission, go and arrange the plot, which "like the fabric of a dream," as Willie has it, "is wandering in my brain."

Cameron was re-admitted:

"We have considered the case of Sir Lionel Sewell," said Charles, in a haughty tone,—"and as there are mitigating circumstances, the wish of our faithful Nobles shall be granted—your friend shall be free in two days—let him look to his conduct for the future."

After pouring forth his hasty and heart-felt thanks to the intriguing Monarch, Ralph Cameron returned, with a light heart, to the spot where he had left the expectant petitioners, and acquainted them with the royal clemency.

According to his design, Rochester, on the afternoon of the next day, repaired to the Tower, and acquainted Sir Lionel that he was free, and at liberty to go where he chose. He conducted him to the outside of the prison, and then bidding him farewell, left him.

Our hero was much puzzled what course to pursue; he resolved, however, to proceed to the residence of Cameron in the Strand, and obtain a lodging for a short time until he could arrange his affairs; accordingly, he made the best of his way towards it. It was almost dark as he was passing through the infamous neighbourhood of the sanctuary of the White Friars, a receptacle for the lowest and most dissolute characters, when he suddenly found himself rather roughly accosted by four or five sailor-looking fellows.

"Hallo! mein goot vriend," said one, who appeared to be the leader, "is your name Mynheer Lionel Sewell?"

"It is; have you any business with me?"

"Nein, nein, not mooch," returned the ruffian, in an indifferent tone, "only you moost come with us."

"What," returned Lionel, surprised, and taking them for bailiffs. "Surely, my good fellows, you mistake me."

"Uh! Uh! nein, Mynheer," said the Dutchman, "here's no mistake; if you do not coome, we moost bind you!"

"Villains!" exclaimed Sewell, drawing his sword, "let me pass. By heavens! the first that bars my progress, dies!"

"Tousan duyvals! den you will have it!" The Dutchman bared a short, but heavy blade, and rushed upon our hero. He was a strong-built man, and had it depended upon mere animal force, the odds would have been sadly against Lionel; but his superior skill soon enabled him to get the mastery. After a few passes in which Sewell received many severe wounds, and from which the blood poured in torrents, he thrust his rapier through the heart of the ruffian, who, with a deep groan, sunk and expired.

As soon as the band saw their leader fall, they discharged several pistols at Lionel, but without effect, The report, however, had the effect of rousing the attention of the city watch, for several men, carrying lanterns, were seen approaching. The robbers (as Lionel supposed them to be,) on this retreated, but our hero, fearing the consequences of being found by the officers near the dead body, ran down a lane leading towards the Strand, and finding a garden-gate open, entered. Still, however, he did not think himself secure, until, hid in the shade of the house, he heard the officers pass under the garden-wall, and all was quiet.

He then moved from his stooping position, and though almost fainting with loss of blood, strode towards the yet open gate, when in passing under a bow-window, he heard his name pronounced. He paused, and listened.

Let us now draw the attention of our readers to the hapless situation of Emily Clive. She had been committed to the keeping of Lady St. Mark, one of those infamous companions of Charles, who scrupled not to aid in the ruin of the fairest of her sex for mercenary motives.

Many visits had the unfortunate girl received from the unprincipled Monarch, and numerous were the insinuations thrown out by him against her cousin. But she received them all with the contempt they merited; her brother, it was evident, had delivered her basely to the King,—all sisterly affection for him had been nearly effaced from her breast; and she received the news of his hapless fate without any tears, save those of sorrow at his having been cut off too soon for repentance. Besides, she was fully aware that Lionel, from the love he bore her, would never have bared his sword against Luke, had he not been compelled to do so. All the endeavours of Charles and his minion, therefore, to wean her love from Lionel, fell useless to the ground, and, if possible, made her love him still more tenderly.

On one dull evening (about two weeks after her first being detained), Emily sat in her solitary chamber, a prey to the most poignant anguish. She had been singing, accompanying herself on her cittern, and from the tears that bedewed her pale cheeks, and the instrument thrown aside in disgust, her theme had been of happier days. She now buried her face in her hands, and gave herself up to the most bitter regret, when she was aroused by a loud tap on the door. On opening it, she started back with a suppressed cry of horror, as her royal persecutor presented himself. She retreated in silence to the further side of the room, whither Charles followed her.

"Dearest Emily," said he, "why this constant opposition to my highest hopes? Why dim with tears those eyes whose brightness exceeds the costliest gem in my diadem? Why waste on one unworthy of you, those sighs and that love for which kingdoms were nobly lost?"

"Alas!" returned she, mournfully, "have you not deprived me of my friends?—of my liberty?—and do you not now wish to steal my only treasure—my honour? Have you not murdered the only being on earth who cared for the hapless, miserable Emily?"

"Stay, fair one," interrupted Charles, eagerly, "the recreant of whom you speak, still lives. I pardoned him, on his abject and contemptible petition, in which he surrendered all right to your love; Lionel Sewell is now on his passage to America,—where it is his intention to settle for the remainder of his life!"

"Treacherous deceitful villain," exclaimed our hero, forcing open the lattice, on the balcony outside where he had lain concealed.

He presented a most miserable aspect; his doublet, slashed and cut by the blows of swords,—his face covered with blood and dust; and the dim and hacked blade he held in a menacing attitude above his head, showed he had lately been engaged in deadly fight. The King stood for some time horror-struck at the dreadful appearance he presented; at length, giving full bounds for the rage and disappointment he felt—

"What!" said he, "hast thou escaped from Brocken and his gang? Confusion! Begone, or I will summon assistance, or stoop to chastise thee myself!"

"Never, monster!" said the infuriated Lionel, advancing, "now shalt thou answer, sword-to-sword, and breast-to-breast, for the injuries that poor orphan-girl has suffered."

"This is too much," calmly replied Charles, drawing a pistol from his belt, "am I challenged by my own subject? Advance another step, and it shall be your last!"

Lionel still advanced—Charles fired—and the murderous ball was received in the bosom of—Emily, who had thrown herself before her lover to save him. She sank to the ground, and resigned her spirit like an infant falling to sleep in its mother's arms. Sewell dropped his sword, and threw himself on the ground beside the corpse, which he bedewed with his tears. In the meantime, the King, whose horror for his crime soon gave way to a burning desire for revenge against the immediate cause, summoned his attendants, and pointing to our wretched hero,—

"Away with him, said the King, "and let him now suffer that death he so richly deserves. To the Tower!"

They attempted to raise him from his recumbent posture:—

"He is *dead!*" exclaimed one of the attendants.

* * * * * *

LINEATIONES VATICINÆ.

BY THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

No. II.

Scott.

" All, all are here—each land its flower hath given." LALLA ROOKH.

" Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn"—
Thy SCOTT has pass'd that fatal bourn
From whence is no return;
To thee, old Holyrood, consign'd,
The dust, which held that giant mind,
Lies in " a little urn."
Nor thou alone his loss shalt wail,
Nor deck his grave alone,
For soon as each unmindful gale
Has given to speed the flying sail,
Which spreads around th' unwelcome tale,
All Europe swells the groan;
Bursts from each breast the long-drawn sigh,
And twice ten thousand voices cry—
" Stern Death! thine *is* the victory,
Since SCOTT is now thine own."
Death! No! It may not, cannot be
That such as he should die;
His spirit, from its bonds set free,
But seeks its native sky;
While here, the fame his fictions give
Through countless ages bright shall live.
Long, long shall bloom those tales of old,
Which, while he lived, our Minstrel told,
Those relics of that age of gold
The days of chivalry;
When IVANHOE's bright valour shone,
When RICHARD's axe upheld his throne,
When KENNETH's gallantry alone
Raised him to honours high.
Or who forgets those later days,
When LEICESTER sought ELIZA's praise,
When LEE in Woodstock's winding ways
Conceal'd the royal heir?
When lovely MARY met her fate,
And GRÆME convey'd his beauteous freight
At midnight from Lochleven's gate,
Again her chance to dare?
And ELLEN, Lady of the Lake,
And BRUCE, who once indignant brake
His country's grinding chain;
And MARMION, false, yet proud and bold,
And REDMOND brave, and ROKEBY old,
And HE of Deloraine;
And FLORA, faithful unto death,
And ROSE, the flower of Albyn's heath,
And ALICE of the cave,
With more than this weak strain can tell,
Conspire the Minstrel's wreath to swell,
Their fiction-forms who gave.
While melting Love, or burning Fame,
Hope of renown, or dread of shame
Shall fill the human breast—
So long, O SCOTT, thy magic lays
Shall win their meed of deathless praise—
Though thou art gone to rest!

THE SELECTOR.

THE BUTTERFLY.

REFLECTIONS ON THAT FAMOUS EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC.

We recently perused a very entertaining work from the pen of *M. Fabroni*, Member of the Eutruscan Academy of Cortona, which has for its title Della Farfalla (of the butterfly), wherein he seeks to explore the meaning of its representation upon monuments, and what was the real symbol of that insect. He commences by examining the origin of hieroglyphic characters among the Egyptians, and the object thereby proposed; and then proceeds to divide them into two species, namely, natural hieroglyphics, and those purely symbolical; among the latter of which, he places the representation of La Farfalla, or the butterfly.

All antiquaries had hitherto regarded this insect as a symbol of the soul, an opinion attacked by *Fabroni;* who denies that the Egyptians could have pictured that immaterial part of man by the butterfly. On which occasion he thus expresses himself—" How could a wise people, apparently conversant with all the principles of modern philosophy, and who consequently believed in the soul's immortality, have pourtrayed, as its emblem, a wretched worm, the duration of whose existence was of such a transient nature?"

The author is of opinion, that the real symbol of the soul was the falcon, on account of the lightness of that bird, the rapidity and elevation of its flight, the pure element in which it delights to exist, and the longevity attributed to it. *M. Fabroni* then observes, that the falcon was called *Baieth* in the ancient Egyptian tongue: and that in the modern language of the Capths, who succeeded the Egyptians, that word now designates *the mind;* wherefore, he infers that as the symbol of the soul was the falcon, it could not have a second portraiture under the representation of a butterfly. After which he proceeds to inquire, of what object that insect could have been emblematical.

Our author conceives that it signifies *della para volutta*, " perfect pleasure and sovereign happiness, divested of all sensual delight," deriving its only source from the exercise of virtue. But in supporting this metaphysical explanation, *M. Fabroni* has not displayed so much erudition as richness and fertility of imagination; he endeavours, in support of his opinion, to change the sense of every thing tending to contradict it; in short, the whole of his argument appears to be one unvarying struggle between fancy and truth.

The falcon was never symbolical of any thing but vigilance and divine foresight; qualities of the mind rather than of the soul, of which the very word *Baieth*, as still used by the Capths, affords a striking testimony. The falcon, as well as the lapwing, and the sparrow-hawk, are symbolical of the winds, whose rapid current the Egyptians always figured by the flight of those birds, above all the Ethesian winds, which at certain periods reign in Egypt, clearing the atmosphere, and designating by their regular returns, the proper seasons for all agricultural labours; such are the effects of Divine vigilance and foresight; and, consequently, these birds are generally represented near *Horus*, the deity of labour and agriculture.

In regard to the butterfly, it is impossible not to coincide in opinion with *Kircher, Pierius, Fulgencius, Spon*, &c. who always beheld in that insect a symbol of the soul.

If the *Farfalla* quits the state of *aurelia* or *chrysalis*, ceasing to remain a shapeless and pernicious worm, to enrich itself with the most lovely colours, and gracefully float upon the air, is it not the soul escaping the pains of life together with its gross earthly covering, to shine amidst celestial regions, its primitive domain?

Does not love, pourtrayed as anxiously pursuing Pysche, whose name signifies in Greek, *the soul*, and who is frequently represented under the form of a butterfly, which Cupid strives to catch, display an ingenious emblem, that the soul and sentiment alone give birth to real love, and are the only sources of all its pleasures?

M. Fabroni mentions an antique marble in the Florentine gallery, representing a recumbent youth apparently asleep; while a butterfly escapes from his lips. This youth, according to our author, is love, the butterfly, pure voluptuousness, and the sculpture expresses, *che dorme la volutta, allor che dorme amor;* that voluptuousness sleeps, when love slumbers; there is much fancy in this explanation, but it must be remembered, that the youth so sleeping, holds a bouquet of poppies in his hand, and, consequently, the figure is no longer the resemblance of love, but of sleep; and the butterfly that escapes from its lips, must be intended as symbolical of the soul taking flight for a transient period, as soon as we resign ourselves into the arms of repose.

To this may be added the description of an antique stone in the Cabinet of Medals, which was apparently forgotten by *M. Fabroni:* it displays a butterfly on the point of taking flight from off a winged foot and the Caduceus of *Mercury*; and where can be found a more striking emblem of the hope of a future existence? The foot, supported by wings, announces the rapidity with which we pass from life to the grave; and the Caduceus infers, that we should every moment be ready to accompany Mercury before the Judges of mens' actions after death, and, lastly, the butterfly is the soul, emancipated from its terrestrial shackles, and springing to regain that heaven, from whence it derived its origin.

M.

AN ENGLISH BALL.

From " Great Britain in 1833." By Baron d' Haussez, Ex-Minister of Marine to Charles X.

Great importance is attached to a ball in England; a long time before it takes place the newspapers announce it, and they entertain their readers with it after it is over. No detail escapes them, and the most pompous terms are employed to describe the most uninteresting circumstances—'Lady N.' say they, 'gave on such a day, at her magnificent mansion in Berkeley-square, one of the

most brilliant balls we remember to have witnessed. Her ladyship's long suite of superbly furnished apartments were thrown open on this occasion. In one of the rooms, the choicest refreshments were served with a profusion which did honour to the generosity and good taste of the noble hostess. The guests began to arrive at ten o'clock; at eleven o'clock the salons were full. An hour elapsed ere the curiosity of the assembly had sated itself in admiring the splendour of the decorations. At length Collinet's band was heard, and a great part of the company flocked towards the ball-room. The seductive Miss —, wearing in her hair a garland of roses, and dressed in white satin; the graceful Miss Helen —, in a robe of scarlet crape; the exquisitely-shaped Miss Adelaide —, in a robe of black satin; and the lofty Lady —, in a robe *lamée*, in silver and gold, opened the ball with Lord —, Lord —, Sir William —, and Sir —. A spendid supper, consisting of every delicacy of the season, succeeded the refreshments served during the country dances. At four o'clock in the morning the company separated, deeply impressed with the graceful reception and refined politeness of the lady of the mansion, and the hospitality of her noble husband.' To this account of a ball, at which I was present, extracted from the principal London newspapers, to which it had been officially sent, I will append a faithful recital of what I witnessed. The house in which the *fête* was given, though handsome enough for an English mansion, was, nevertheless, of moderate size: by comparing its extent with the number of persons invited, it was obvious that (as at most of the London *fêtes*) space was really wanting. The receiving-room was divided by a sliding partition, which was removed for the occasion. Two lustres, lighted with about fifty wax candles, and reflected by handsome mirrors, contrasted disadvantageously with the deep red drapery of the salon. Some vases of flowers lined the foot and angle of a staircase, which two people could scarcely ascend abreast. Having made my appearance at half-past ten o'clock, I found the master and mistress of the house alone, seated near the principal door of the salon awaiting the company, which did not arrive till eleven. Twenty large *fauteuils* and two sofas placed perpendicularly to the chimney, and in a very inconvenient position, were soon occupied. Two hundred ladies, detained at home by the tyranny of *bon ton* in all the *ennui* of a domestic fire-side till twelve o'clock, now filled the two salons. Beyond, was a small room, whose originally narrow dimensions were still further reduced by a table covered with carricatures, albums, and knick-knacks. This room communicated with a small ante-chamber, and led into a gallery crowning the staircase, on the steps of which the last comers ranged themselves in couples. At twelve o'clock the ball-room was thrown open. For a few minutes the other rooms were freed of the unpleasant crowd; but the respite was of short duration, for the carriages which every moment continued to set down fresh company in a ratio disproportioned to the extent of the apartments, obliged, at length, a part of the assembly to take refuge in the hall, which was quietly abandoned by the servants, these latter establishing their head-quarters on the steps outside the door. To move was now impossible for those who had not the strength to use their elbows, or the courage to leave a portion of their dress in the midst of the crowd. The supper-room was thronged with people who could not make their way out; they who, dying with thirst, in vain attempted to enter this apartment, accused those within of immoderate appetite. In the ball-room there was the same crowding, the same suffocation, with this additional difference, that the male dancers opposed to the approach of the crowd effective *coup de pieds*, and the ladies a certain portion of their person which shall be nameless. The orchestra was composed of a piano, a harp, violins, a violoncello, a trombone, and a key-organ, which mingled its sharp tones with those of the other instruments, and sometimes executed solos. At three o'clock, such of the party as suffered most from suffocation, proceeded home. Two hours were consumed in getting up the equipages, owing to the confusion which reigned among them: at length, however, the owners entered their carriages; their dresses, which three or four hours before were so smart, now all decomposed; but there was the next day the consolation of reading in the morning papers of the pleasure one was supposed to have had at the ball, and those details of it which we could not have observed there.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN WOMAN.

After ascending the Atabipo for five miles Humboldt and Bopland entered the Rio Temi. A granitic rock on the western bank of the former river attracted their attention. It is called the Piedra de la Guahiba, or Piedra de la Madre, and commemorates one of those acts of oppression of which Europeans are guilty in all countries whenever they come into contact with savages. In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his people to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on a hostile excursion. In an Indian hut they found a Guahiba woman, with three children occupied in preparing cassava-flour. She and her little ones attempted to escape, but were seized and carried away. The unhappy female repeatedly fled with her children from the village, but was always traced by her Christian countrymen. At length the friar, after causing her to be severely beaten, resolved to separate her from her family, and sent her up the Atabipo towards the missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fate intended for her, but judging by the direction of the sun that her persecutors were carrying her from her native country, she burst her fetters, leaped from the boat, and swam to the left bank of the river. She landed on a rock; but the President of the establishment ordered the Indians to row to the shore and lay hands on her. She was brought back in the evening, stretched upon the bare stone (the Piedra de la Madre), scourged with straps of manatee leather, which are the ordinary whips of the country, and then dragged to the mission of Javita, her hands bound behind her back. It was rainy season, the night was excessively dark, forests believed to be impenetrable stretched from that station of San Fernando over an extent of 86 miles, and the only communication between these places was by the river; yet the Guahiba mother, breaking her bonds, and eluding the vigilance of her guards, escaped under night, and on the fourth morning was seen at the village, hovering round the hut which contained her children. On this journey she must have undergone hardships from which the most robust man would have shrunk; was forced to live upon ants, to swim numerous streams, and to make her way through thickets and thorny lianas. And the reward of all this courage and devotion was, her removal to one of the missions of the Upper Orinoco, where, despairing of ever seeing her beloved children, and refusing all kind of nourishment, she died a victim to the bigotry and barbarity of wretches blasphemously calling themselves the Ministers of a religion which inculcates universal benevolence.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. X. Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GREEK'S SERENADE.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Oh! slumber on securely,
Nor heed the fond farewell
Of him who loves too purely
To wish that love to tell!
Though mid the crowd I've hover'd,
Thy careless smile to see,—
Thou'st never yet discover'd
The sighs I've heaved for thee!

Thou gem of grace and fashion!
Thou Star of Beauty's sphere?
Ah! could *I* speak of passion
And hope that *thou* would'st hear?
Ah! no--farewell for ever—
Such thoughts are not for *me*;
I joy that when we sever,
It brings no pang—to thee!

For me Fate's smile is shrouded,
Then *dare* I wish to twine
A thread so dark and clouded,
With Hope's bright web like thine?
Now life's not worth possessing—
I live not when we part:—
When thou'rt Another blessing,
Cold will be this fond heart!

* These words are set to music by an Ionian nobleman.

THE RECOLLECTION.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

In the silence of midnight I thought on thee,
Who wast dearer than all in the world to me;
Save those hollest links of kindred love,
That nature around the heart hath wove!
In the silence of midnight I thought on thee,
And unlock'd the flood-gate of memory!

I thought on Thee! and the warm tears gush'd
Forth from mine eyes, as thine image rush'd
Like the flash of a sunbeam, across my soul,
That once more acknowledged thy lov'd controul;
And worship'd thy glance as it worship'd of yore,
Like the Persian, when bending his God before!

I thought on Thee; and a magic spell,
Over my heart, at thy mem'ry fell,
That carried me back to those happier years,
When smiles were our guerdon—unmix'd with tears;
While together we lean'd o'er "the light guitar,"
And sorrow and sighing were distant far!

I thought on Thee! and thy mem'ry's light
Came like a radiance, where all was night;
Charming, and chasing each cloud away,
As the sun-beam that brightens a wintry day;
But in a moment is past and gone,
Leaving Life's valley more dark and lone!

Over the waves of a troubled sea,
Thou cam'st like a vision of Hope to me;
Waking those feelings of Love and Song,
That had slept in the depths of my bosom long;
And a magic charm, o'er the scene was thrown,
Long, long, to my wearied heart unknown

But the spell is broken!—again I wake
Like the wounded Bird, in the pathless brake,
With a ruffled plume, and a broken wing,
That never again from the Earth shall spring;
For the charm that beguil'd each scene is o'er,
And thy smile cannot brighten Life's desert more.

THE REJECTED.

BY J. E. C.

I never was in such a passion,
For two pins I'd sit down and cry,
Yet fainting is much more in fashion,
A fit of hysterics I'll try.
Louisa! Jane! Susan! Maria!*
('Tis thus your attention is shewn),
Must I cry out for aid till I tire,
Its *useless to faint here alone!*

I'll *not* faint—I'll seek Mr. Dixon,
I'll make him explain to me then;
I'll tell him his wife is a vixen,
His son is the vilest of men,
And Charles! should I happen to meet him,
Shall have *such* an eloquent look,
With silence and tears, too, I'll greet him,
As Byron declares in his book.

How often he vow'd and protested,
He'd wed me tho' fortune should frown,
And even last week he requested
I'd purchase a white satin gown;
But yet when Mamma began talking,
About my allowance and that,
He stammer'd some words about walking,
And quietly put on—his hat.

My Brother declares that he'll fight him,
'Twould then in the newspapers get,
I'd rather by half Pa should write him;
Perhaps we may bring him to yet—
If not, why an action for breaking
His promise may cause him to rue—
The day that he thought of forsaking
His own Henrietta—so true.

* The Cockney pronunciation, we presume, is intended to be here used.—EDITRESS.

TO EMMA,

ON THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY MISS ANNE MARIA SARGEANT.

Dearest, accept the simple lay
I offer thee, on this the day
Which promises thy life to bless
With pure and tranquil happiness;
I will not suffer it to tell,
Of all the virtues, Love, which dwell,
Within thy chaste and gentle breast,
No—*they* can never be exprest.

Nor shall my numbers, Emma, trace,
The beauties of thy form and face,
Nor will they even, dearest, find
A subject in thy fairer mind;
Grace, genius, beauty, wit, are thine,
But not to praise these charms be mine,
Let others, abler far, aspire
To make them subjects for the Lyre.

No, Love; these simple lines intend,
To breathe the feelings of a friend;
To tell thee that her daily prayer
Has been in thy pure joy to share,
Upon this day of happiness,
And she has ever felt the bliss
That would be her's; the joy, the pride,
In seeing thee a happy BRIDE!

Since the sad day when we were left
In the wide world, of her bereft,
Who was our parent and our friend;
Oh, it has been the aim and end
Of all my wishes to behold
Thee blest with one who through this cold
And heartless world thy guard would prove,
And love thee with unchanging love.

And thou *hast* One. Oh! may it be
Your hours may teem with extacy;
Together may you pass through life,
Uninjured by its cares and strife,
In mutual love and mutual bliss,
And hopes of higher joy than this;
And, oh! my happiness will be,
Dearest, thy unchang'd bliss to see.

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night, dear Love! good night,
The languid flow'rs their leaves are closing,
The Bee is from her toil reposing—
Good night, dear Love! good night.

Though starry skies are bright,
Yet chilly dews are 'neath them weeping,
Each little blade their pearls are steeping,
Good night, dear Love! good night.

Yon Orb, whose liquid light
The massy trees were deeply drinking,
Fast from the dark blue Heaven is sinking;
Good night, dear Love! good night.

Soon will it leave us quite,
Yet that shall cause our hearts no sorrow—
'Twill rise (like Hope) for us to-morrow,
Good night, dear Love! good night.

And though from my fond sight,
Thou, like yon gentle Moon must vanish,
"We part to meet again," shall banish
My sighs, dear Love! good night.

Sweet dreams and slumbers light,
On angels wings around thee hover,
Bless in thy prayers thine absent Lover,
Good night, dear Love! good night.

MINNA.

CHARADES.

I.

My FIRST o'er health and reason holds its sway,
Tho' oft the gifts it yields are thrown away;
My SECOND decks the valley, field, and grove,
And oft is witness to a tale of love;
My WHOLE will show a place in Essex fam'd,
Think for a moment, and you'll have it nam'd.

JANE.

II.

What is that which a man oft dislikes to be shewn,
And is *very* desirous should not be known,
Though so inconsistent to both friends and foes,
He is quite sure to publish wherever he goes,
Which if any one ventured to tell him I wot,
He would bounce like a cracker, go off like a shot;
Though at times he takes pains to conceal it with care,
Sits contriving the means in his old study chair;
Then the next hour, unmindful of what he's about,
While he chats with a friend slips the secret out;
Yet no secret it is, you will say I suppose,
For can that be a secret which every one knows;
Like the light of the sun it cannot be hid,
Although it partaketh of darkness instead?

JESSY.

QUERIES.

What is that which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we bestow on others without knowing where it is to be found, and which we lose without being sensible of its loss?—Time.

What is that which is neither animal nor vegetable, neither male nor female, but between both, is about five feet high, is mentioned in the old Testament, and recorded in the New?—A Kiss.

ANAGRAMS.

Moon Starers ..... } Astronomers.
No *more Stars* ..... }
We rue his bad malt .. Samuel Whitbread.
Golden Land ..... Old England.

CURIOSITY.—Every man has in his own life, follies enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough—in his own fortune, evils enough—without being curious after the affairs of others.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

ANECDOTE.—About 50 years ago, before North America was so thickly peopled as at present, and when the inhabitants were few and far between, an enterprising blacksmith went into the town of Bloomfield, and being unable, from the want of time and utensils, to erect a shop, put up his anvil, and set his fire and bellows going out of doors, and in the open air. Not long afterwards, one of his distant neighbours hearing that there was a blacksmith in town, started off to go and employ him, but not finding the way, inquired of a man whom he met on the road, "How far it was to the blacksmith's shop?" "You are in the shop now," replied the wag," but it is three miles and a half to his anvil."

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A person of the name of Muntz, residing not far from Birmingham, was one morning sent to market by his wife to purchase a goose, and he sent home a fine *live one.* On his return Mrs. Muntz inquired of him if he had remembered the *giblets.* "Dear me! I quite forgot them," replied Mr. Muntz, and he actually went back and asked the market woman for the giblets of the *live goose.*

A HINT TO ATTORNIES.—A solicitor, in Edinburgh directed his clerk to prepare a public notice, which usually commences, "Be it known unto all men, &c." The wag, however, wrote, "Be it known unto *one woman,* &c." And on the master's surprise and consequent interrogation, he replied, "Why, Sir, if known to one woman, it will by sure to be soon told to all the men."

REBUKE TO EXCESSIVE GRIEF.—One of the society of Friends having called on a lady, a few months after her husband's death, found her on a sofa which was covered with black cloth, and her countenance indicating the deepest degree of woe: "Ah! then," said he, "*thou hast not yet forgiven the Almighty!*" This reproof brought the lady to her senses

A SHORT SERMON.—On St. Stephen's day, a Monk was appointed to pronounce a long eulogium upon the Saint. As the day was pretty far advanced, the Priests, who were getting hungry, and were apprehensive of a tedious panygeric, whispered to their comrade to be brief. The Monk mounted the pulpit, and after a short preamble, said, "My Brethern, it is only about a year since, I told you all I knew about St. Stephen, and as I have heard nothing new about him since that time, *I shall add nothing to what I said before.*" And so making the sign of the cross, he walked off.

BUSINESS.—A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate billet doux to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript:—"Please to send a speedy answer, *as I have somebody else in my eye.*"

THE SERJEANT AND THE CAPTAIN.—Serjeant Onslow was changing horses at the White Hart, at Reigate, one day; the landlady of which kept calling him, "*Captain.*" "What are you Captaining my master for?" Inquired the servant, when he got her away, "Don't you know its serjeant Onslow?" "Oh, yes, yes;" answered the landlady, with a knowing wink, "I know he's *only* a *Serjeant,* but they like to be called *Captains.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Contrast of taste between Husband and Wife. On a fine day in spring, Sir Walter Scott and his lady sallied forth to enjoy a walk upon his own grounds of Abbotsford. In their wanderings they passed through a grass field where ewes were nibbling at the pasture, each attended by one or more lambs. Attracted by the sportive frisking of the lambs, Sir Walter remarked, that "there was no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, had selected the lamb as an emblem of innocence, for nothing could be conceived more innocent than its lively playful gambols." "Yes," replied Lady Scott, "I like them very much with mint sauce!!" Many husbands would, for obvious reasons, have allowed this incident to pass into oblivion; but Sir Walter, who seems to have thought the joke too good to be lost, communicated it to a respectable neighbour and friend, without any injunction of secrecy. He, however, considering that there might be, to a certain extent, an implied confidence in the communication, abstained from giving it publicity till both the gifted Baronet and his unpoetical helpmate should be placed, as they are now, beyond the possibility of having their feelings hurt, even in the smallest degree by its publication.

JUDICIOUS RECOMMENDATIONS.--Mrs. Hale in the late number of her excellent magazine, advocates the introduction of an American National Costume, without reference to foreign; and the formation of an American Society of Ladies, to give tone to, and control the decrees of fashion. She proposes the adoption of the following laws:—

1st. No lady shall wear more than seven colours at the same time—that being enough to form a rainbow.

2nd. No lady shall wear coloured or clouded stockings, under a white dress.

3rd. No married lady shall appear in a pink bonnet, (which prohibition the Ed. of Phila. Post proposes to extend to all the ladies over fourteen.)

4th. No lady who hopes to be married, shall wear the hem of her gown above her ancles.

SNUFF.--Snuff-taking in England took its rise from the capture of vast quantities of the article in Sir George Rooke's expedition to Spain, in 1702. The prize of the forces was sold in England, and gave rise to a habit now general and which yields a million a year to the revenue. It is useful only to those disposed to apoplexy, increasing the secretions, and acting like a seton. There are above 120 several sorts in some of the London shops; consisting of tobacco-powder, with various admixtures, scents, &c.

JUDGE JEFFERIES.—Fierce as he was, our Chief Justice (Jefferies) did not always escape the sting of a repartee.—He once went to a country assize, when an old man with a large beard came to give evidence, but had not the good fortune to please the Judge; so he quarrelled with his beard, and said "If your conscience is as large as your beard, you will swear any thing." The old man was nettled, and briskly replied, "My lord, if you go about to measure consciences by beards, your lordship has none."

TIGHT LACING.—Tight lacing not only prevents a due development of the muscles by pressure, but, by fixing into one immovable mass the ribs and vertebræ of the back, which, more especially in youth, should have free motion on each other, makes the whole upper part of the body a dead weight on the vertebræ of the loins, which, in consequence, give way to one or other side, and lateral curvature is produced. Not only does tight lacing act directly in this manner, but indirectly it operates in diminishing muscular vigour by impeding respiration. It is well known that muscular power bears a relative proportion to the produce of respiration, animals having the highest development of the respiratory organs being the most powerful in muscular force. Tight stays compress the ribs together, and prevent the play of the respiratory muscles; when applied during the growth of the body, they prevent the developmemt of the chest, and thus lay the foundation of many pectoral diseases. The female form, at least in youth, requires no artificial aid to improve it. Who would think of putting stays on the Venus de Medicis

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A Supplimentary Number to the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is published; and a Title-page and Index to the Volume, will be ready in a few days.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART IX., *with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* AUGUST, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 4—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Aug. 24, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—A pelisse of gold coloured *mousseline-Cachemire*, the body is made up to the throat, and plain behind; it is disposed in front in longitudinal folds from the shoulder to the waist. The sleeves are of the *gigot* shape, but are somewhat looser at the lower part of the arm than many are generally made. A row of satin ribbon to correspond, turned in points in contrary directions, borders the fronts of the body, and traverses the skirt in a

perpendicular direction from the waist to the bottom, which it also encircles. The mantelet is of blond lace, with *fichu* ends, and a pelerine buele; it is bordered with long deep blond lace, headed by a row of trimming similar to that upon the dress. A second row of deep blond lace forms a square pelerine, headed in the same manner; two round rosettes of ribbon placed on the front, complete the trimming. *Chemisette* of blond lace bordered with a very full *rûche*. Crape hat to correspond with the dress, a high crown, somewhat of the cone form, trimmed with a knot of ribbon to correspond, placed at the top on one side; the plumage of a bird of paradise on the other: a band and strings, the brim of a moderate size, is ornamented with a blond lace *rûche*, disposed *en cœur*. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Walking Dress.—It is really hard that one is eternally bored by the March of Intellect, while not a word is said about the March of Fashion; and yet, dear readers, this latter March cannot be said to be without utility, when we look at the number of persons to whom it gives pleasure, and the still greater number to whom it gives bread. Among the materials introduced not many weeks ago in Paris, and now very generally adopted in London, are white quadrilled muslins, the cross stripes are alternately thick and thin. Some of these dresses are of the pelisse form, the prettiest have shawl bodies made high behind, partially open on the bust, and turning back in such a manner as to form a very deep pelerine, from which a straight band descends on each side to the bottom of the skirt; the dress fastens imperceptibly up the front, and both the pelerine and band are edged with narrow lace; sleeves of the usual form, trimmed at the wrist with lace. A crape or gauze scarf, tied carelessly round the neck, is generally worn with these dresses. We see a good many robes made of this material; they are usually worn with mantelets of black lace, which are now, for the most part, unlined. Some Cachmere shawls of new patterns have been recently introduced, they have plain grounds, tea-green, slate colour, or mouse colour; there is a bouquet of flowers in vivid but not glaring colours at each corner; these shawls are square, and of a large size; we think them elegant and likely to be very fashionable during autumn. We have observed some dresses of quadrilled muslin in colours, that is to say of one colour only, rose, blue, or green, adopted by young ladies, but we must protest against rose as being much too showy for walking dress. We have observed within the last few days some bonnets composed of English net, they somewhat resemble a cottage bonnet in shape, the corner is lined with white *gros de Naples*, the brim is transparent, the material being drawn plain over the shape, has a very bad effect; the edge of the brim is bordered with a full *rûche* of English net of the clearest and finest kind; the trimming consists of white gauze ribbons, to which a flower is sometimes added. These bonnets are too dressy for walking, and being introduced so very late in the season, they can be regarded only as a fancy of the moment. Black veils continue in very great request, and it is supposed will be fashionable during the autumn, for which they are certainly much better culculated than for summer.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. IV.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and her Secretary dicovered.*

Who'd be an Editor for half an hour,
Obliged with good humour all nonsense to greet?
Busy as Bees, or young Ducks in a shower,
Selecting for others what's pleasing and sweet.
Who'd ever sigh for an Editor's power,
Where letters, books, music, all jumble and meet;
For *did* we use it, we're sure ev'ry hour,
Some dozens of Scribblers would die at our feet.

Parody on 'I'd be a Butterfly.'

Miss Bluemantle. What a budget you have got this week, Scribblecum—if our correspondents' value is equal to their number, we shall possess much treasure.

Miss Scribblecumdash. That remains to be proved, Lady President. Here are three letters, with enclosures, from Jessy.

Miss B. Jessy is a kind friend to our little Work, and has always our sincere thanks. We trust, ere this, she has received a private communication, sent to the place she named. Before we proceed, let us not forget to acknowledge our obligations to the Editors of several provincial papers, (unknown to us), for the good opinion they have so frequently expressed of our Magazine; such praise was unsought, and is, therefore, the more gratifying.

Miss S. A letter from Charles.

Miss B. His wishes shall be attended to.

Miss S. A Tale from our correspondent J. L. C., Turnham Green.

Miss B. We like it much; it shall have an early place in our pages, as early as justice to those correspondents, with whom we are in arrear, will allow.

Miss S. The Chamois Hunter, by Laura.

Miss B. Laura had better get a spelling-book, before she attempts to set up for a writer; though, perhaps, where "Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!" Let her study "Glass' Cookery," it contains an excellent receipt to dress *calves' heads.*

Miss S. A Comic Poem, by Marion.

Miss B. It shall be inserted, though it has no title—shall we call it a Green affair?

Miss S. Poem from J. F. B., the writer requests my good offices in its behalf.

Miss B. It needs nothing but its own sweetness to recommend it, and shall appear. We trust it is original?

Miss S. A letter signed Mysic, (I think), enquiring if you intend to put advertisements in the weekly numbers, and saying they are "a great bore."

Miss B. No advertisements to lessen the general matter of the Work, or to displease *reasonable* subscribers, shall appear in our pages—to this we pledge ourselves

Miss S. E. G., and about twenty-five others, send solutions to charades, &c.

Miss B. All are thanked. The best according to our judgment, shall be selected.

Miss S. A long Poem called The Gambler, by E. J. T.

Miss B. It may be Reason, but it certainly is not Rhyme; if intended for blank verse, it is *too blank* to suit our pages.

Miss S. Letter, &c., from Jane.

Miss B. Jane has our thanks, and will see she has not been forgotten by us. Her charade is very good, and shall appear.

Miss S. The life and recollections of Tristram Freeling, also a defence of Cigars and such like nuisances.

Miss B. To shew we are *impartial*, though it is not very polite towards a valued correspondent, we will insert the letter, forthwith, probably, the life may follow.

Miss S. A Tale, from T. Jennings, without a *head;*—will he send us the missing sheet? his verses presently.

Miss S. Verses on Solitude, by W. T.

Miss B. We are too *crowded* at present, to promise them an early place, but they *shall* appear.

Miss S. Letter, charade, and poem, from Lucinda, Birmingham.

Miss B. Her former pieces were mislaid, as you know, but she will now see they are found. Perhaps her's may be the "last rose of Summer," but autumnal flowers are more lasting than those of spring,—she will understand us.

Miss S. The Primrose Girl, and the Kiss, by Joseph Middleton.

Miss B. The first we accept. Though woman, with all our sex's weakness, we decline the *last;* it hath no sweetness.

Miss S. A long poetical epistle, from T. G. S., Camberwell, who says he has been ill-used by the Council, having before sent articles which have never had any notice taken of them.

Miss B. The direction of his letter will explain the reason. If people will address to the wrong place, (and 'tis only by accident we got *this* letter you see), it is not our fault that their communications remain unanswered. We

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will give one verse of his POEM, which professes to criticise the manners of the present day, he thus describes the ladies—

"With heads ever empty as eggshells just broke,
With *bustle*, short gown, and their walk *wig-wag*,
They step forward, (not straight, but an elegant poke)
Distinguishes them from *Tag-Rag!*"

Now we put it to the vote of our fair readers, if they wish for any more of this elegant *morceau?* We think the ayes will *not* have it! Yet these are the class of writers who are daily accusing us of partiality, in publishing the poetry of known and esteemed authors, instead of *their* trash. We doubt not the penner of these lines is some third-rate would-be exquisite, and say to him with the old proverb, "Physician cure thyself!"

Miss S. A letter from H. D. D., wishing you to discontinue the "*Conundrum rubbish.*"

Miss B. We should be more than mortal if we pleased every body, but of some thousands of readers, his is the only complaint on this subject.

Miss S. A very angry letter from the braw SCOT who sent you the "Trysting Tree," published in No. 1, because it is not spelt with the genuine orthography of Scotland.

Miss B. He may thank himself for all the mistakes he complains of, had he written a hand anything like readable, our Compositor would have made it out. WE have as many Caledonian friends as himself, perchance, but did not think it necessary to call a Council of *Lairds* to correct the proof of this trifle. As to sending *him* the rough sheets, in the first place we knew not his address, and in the second we should not have thought it worth while; and as to giving the history of the ballad, we believe all our readers know the meaning of the word TRYSTING, and the ballad itself occupied too much space, to allow of "Notes and a Glossary." "What a dust WE make said the fly on the coach-wheel," verily. William Anghos, *thou* art the fly! Come, we grow weary let the remaining letters "lie on the table" another week. We marvel our favourite HENRIETTA is so silent!

Miss S. Here are some beautiful prints and music for review.

Miss B. Let them be sent to HARMONICA, since she presides over the graces of the Arts, as MODISH does over those of the Fashions! There, we dismiss you, child.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.—What can we say to those poets who soar far beyond the comprehension of the greater part of their readers, except what the Nightingale once said to the Lark, "My friend, dost thou fly so high only in order that thy song may not be heard?"

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE CONCERT-SINGER.

A TALE.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

And now I stand on fair England's ground
With the blaze of beauty and wealth around;
Bright Isle of Freedom! the Ocean's pride,
The fairest gem of all Earth beside!
Still, still, my lay,
While here I stray,
Breathes sadly of my native land,
My friends, my home, and household band.

There was a breathless stillness in the vast crowded room. The symphony was just ended, and Atalin, the graceful unassuming Atalin, had risen to begin her song—*her* song! it was a pleasant pain to hear it! She carried away the soul as if in a dream. The world melted away, one saw nothing while she sang; heard nothing but the wild, exquisite melody of her native Ranz de Vaches. She had finished—and then burst forth a noise like waves of the sea—hush! not a sound, she begins again. The gentlemen were boisterous in their praise. The ladies, some were in tears, some fainting, *all* were touched. The young songstress herself seemed the only person unmoved midst the tumultuous scene. 'Tis true if one had seen her near, one might perceive that her cheek was highly flushed, and her eyes wildly bright.

Herbert Fanshawe was "among the glittering throng." The gay, the handsome Herbert Fanshawe! He was surrounded by a splendid groupe, and among them some of his first-rate favourites; but, his diamond wit was gone: his sweet language (like the varied flowers of a Persian garden), was mute. His noble brow shone pale and chilly, and his bright beautiful smile was silent. Why did his eyes wander not, glancing and flashing like lightning, here, there, and every where? They were fixed, he saw only her touching loveliness, he heard but the wild sweetness of her surpassing voice. The mountain echo, the bird's song! No! there was *nothing* on earth like Atalin's, it yet rung in his ears and filled his confused head.

After the concert was ended, Herbert got rid of his (now) troublesome friends, and returned to the room where he found several gay young fellows like himself waiting to have a nearer view of Atalin, who still remained quietly seated in the orchestra. Herbert was just considering how he should address her, when the young singer's servant came towards her with a black satin cloak on his arm; Herbert dashed forward, and with all the blandness of a polished gentleman, tremulously tendered his gentle services. The ice was broken! language flowed in to his aid, with *his* sweet voice, and the honey upon his tongue, he soon gained her confidence.

With what a triumphant look did he glance over his shoulder at the poor fellows who lingered there, when he walked out with Atalin leaning on his nervous trembling arm.

Herbert saw Atalin again and again; and soon he had but *one* pursuit, that of winning her affections; but *one* word in his vocabulary, love! powerful, destructive love! His days were passed *with* her, his nights in thinking *of* her. He was spiritless and pale when absent from her, but in her presence fever mounted to his temples—his verses, his wild, passionate burning verses, appeared in the public prints—they spoke to the *hearts* of all the *lost in love*, and wrung tears from the unconcerned. But the idolized author of them turned away his haughty head in coldness and disgust from their praises, and sought only the approval of her who had chained his soul; he absented himself from his gay companions, and whenever her spell-binding eye could not shine upon him, he was lost to the world like a star that had suddenly set.

Herbert soon knew the heart of Atalin, and found it full of simplicity, trusting fondness, and romance. He well knew why she sung with such bewildering pathos. She loved her own bright land, aye, the most desolate spot in it, better than the sunniest in any other country, and she was an alien from it; her friends, the home of her childhood, far, far away!! Herbert had seen her shed tears on this account; *her* tears—they drove him to madness.

"Atalin, my sweet love, do not weep! and he would kiss those pearls away, between the murmurings of love and her gentle repelling.

"Yes, Mien Schatz, I have told you so; my heart is not for my country any more; it is all for *you*, till—(and she looked to heaven.) But I not speak Englise (shaking her head), *feel* it—it tell for me all my thoughts; my modare she love me very long time; my fadare, I kiss his feet, I die for him, but Herbert, my Herbert, I not see dem any more for *him.*"

* * * * * *

Herbert was again the sun of the West End gardens; he again sang to his guitar, with eyes now raised in enthusiasm, now languid in melancholy, as his song varied. He again whispered low in the language of poetry, and—love—to the haughty young beauties around him. Alas! that such a noble form should hold a heart so deeply skilled in deceiving! Alas! that such glorious intellect should, like the false light of a marshy plain, beckon the wanderer to destruction.

* * * * * *

It was a soft beautiful evening in the golden autumn, the sun had set, and the moon was quivering coldly over the water; there was just light enough to show the dark hills at a distance, a ship that was anchored within sight,

and a single boat on the heaving bosom of the sea, making for the shore against the wind.

Atalin, the bright, the beautiful, the forsaken! was watching that boat with a painful intensity, for, oh! it would convey her to her parents, her country; but from *him*, and *he* was not in sight to take the last farewell, and give his promised picture, which would be her blessing, her *curse* of memory!

All around was solitary and silent. The fresh breeze from the sea waved the long grass and thistles that grew with melancholy luxuriance on a ruined fort, where she paced to and fro, and the waves rushed in their measured wailings over the stones. Atalin heard no other sound, and surely, surely she *was* desolate!

But just now the pale cheek that the night wind and sorrow had so chilled, reddened into life and beauty, *he* was there! Herbert Fanshawe was at her side.

"I am come," said he, "Atalin, "but the anguish of this last interview might as well have been avoided." "Ah! no;" she said, not half understanding him with his hand clasped to her heart, while her eyes, her voice spoke of betrayed trust, yet deep undiminished love and—a breaking heart. Her "ah! no," and the sigh between, *must* have touched him. I will not tell you all Herbert said, how he told her that fortune and friends had compelled him to marry another, or how he dared to offer her bleeding heart *consolation*,—mockery! vain mockery! Nor will I tell you how unwittingly, and innocently she grieved over his lost love in a manner that wrung his soul more than the most bitter upbraidings. In spite of himself, and the splendid fortune that awaited him, Herbert just then was ready to cast himself into the sea.

The boat landed—Atalin's eye again faded to the chill of despair. "Oh, Herbert!" said she, after an inward struggling, "I cannot go—I cannot go—I feel that I shall die; my parents will come to meet their beloved; they will find her eyes closed; they will speak to her, she will be silent; they will kiss her lips, and find them cold; then they will die—they will die. Oh! that I may have a grave in your country; oh! that my heart would break at *once*; bid me farewell, *that*, *that* will break it—no, not yet, not—" (as he silently caressed her, too much affected to speak.) The boatmen just then advanced, saying that they could not wait another instant, as the tide would turn.

"Dear, dear Atalin, it is of no use to prolong this anguish, our fates are to part, therefore farewell, *fare-well* at once!" He kissed her arms that were stretched out towards him, and sprang suddenly away, but she was too quick for him, and once more the lovers were face to face, eye to eye; "Say farewell again, again," said she, like a maniac. "God bless you; farewell." "'Tis over!" shrieked Atalin, wildly, thrillingly,—and fell dead—*dead* in his arms!

ETCHINGS BY A WANDERER.

No. 3.

THE COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

"I do remember an apothecary,—
Whom late I noted; meagre were his looks
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds
Were thinly scattered to make up a show."
SHAKSPEAR.

We have been long progressing, but that we have arrived at perfection it is no heresy to doubt. Gas has done much, and steam has done more. The march of intellect has advanced upon us with rapid strides, breaking down the barriers of ancient customs and usages, until scarcely a vestige is left by which we may recognize the manners and pursuits of those who have gone before us; nevertheless we do occasionally catch, (in the provinces,) a glimmering "of what their glories were," and it is curious to mark the contrast between them, and the more refined and fastidious moderns of the present day.

I had occasion, not very long ago, to travel through a country town; a circumstance not at all novel in the wanderer's history; the day was hot and sultry, and I resolved upon a brief repose. There was nothing peculiar in the place, nor much beauty in the scenery around it, and I should have passed through without the circumstance awakening a recollection, had it not been that I chanced to step into the shop of the Village Apothecary, seeing in his window, amongst the other manifold rarities above described, a box labelled "Woodville Segars," which would no doubt have been mentioned, had they been known in the time of the hatchet-faced Caitiff, whose poverty and not his will consented, to retail malignant and poisonous drugs. I entered the shop, where I saw the owner busily engaged in shaking up an embrocation, then holding it to the light, with a wonderment incomprehensible, why the oil and watery ingredients of which it was composed, should not amalgamate. The hero of my sketch was a short, thin man, answering to the description of the immortal bard, but possessing an elephantine proboscis, which, under a small contracted brow, gave him a very ferrety appearance. His hair, which was a dingy brown colour, seemed very greasy, and was straight and wiry, with the exception of a single curl, like those on the wig of a barrister, which extended in front across the forehead. His eyes were keen and piercing, perpetually shifting, yet possessing a degree of consequential cunning not to be mistaken, which the sibilation of his voice considerably heightened.

"You seem to have some excellent cigars," I observed.

"Ecthellent," was the reply; at the same time the little cleanser of gallipots sidled to the counter, shook his vial between his finger and thumb, held it up again to the light, and then placing it before him, gave his unfortunate nose a pull, which appeared to me perfectly unnecessary.

"Ecthellent, thir; reel Woodvilles."

"I will give you my opinion, Mr. Gallipot, if you have not a Manilla," I said, at the same time extending my arm to reach the box; which, however, my little friend of the proboscis, had contrived with the aid of his red sausage-fingers, to land on the counter as quick as thought.

"Manillas!—I have no Manillas, never heard of thuch things; never athked for; an' if I had them who would sthmoke them? what thort are they; thame as all thigars, I suppose?"

These brilliant remarks were accompanied with another tweak of the nose, which satisfied my mind as to the real cause of its elongation and rubicundity. Having selected a few, of what I considered, the best, I planted one in the larboard corner of my mouth, and handed the remainder, to be folded in paper, at the same time requesting a light, which was speedily obtained by means of one of Jones's Lucifers.

"Useful invention those Lucifers," I remarked.

"Very, thir; march of intellect."

"March of Lucifer," I responded, rather unpoetically.

"March of what, thir?—ha, ha, you are funny.

"Funny or not, I don't know; but I cannot say much for the quality of your weed."

"Ah! thir, every body likes 'em here; approved of, I athsure you:" and another tweak indented his nasal organ; not wishing to hurt the poor little man's feelings after this voluntary punishment on his own part, I changed the subject, and he shifted his position.

"I was just thinking," said I, "of the wonderful revolutions ——

"Yes, thir, the country is in a very ecthited state—conglomerated:—

"Beg pardon, I mean the wonderful changes that have been effected among all classes of men since the reign of good Queen Bess."

An indescribable ha! ha! followed, which Mathews would describe half a smile and half a grunt, with a little d—d touch of the sneer, but I was not to be intimidated, and continued—

"I perceive, Mr. Gallipot, that the barber occasionally preserves the pole,—"

"He lives by the *poll*, ha! ha!"

"But I very much question if any of that erudite, and respectable community here, could either compound a bolus, or breathe a vein."

Here the little gentleman became fidgetty, gave his body another twist, and his nose another pull, as the carmine mantled on his cheek: it was a tender point, and he thought of the sheeted relics of his ancestry, "Comparisons, thir; I need thay no more, those

were days of Barberism, ha! excellent!"

"O, thir, we never hear of thuch things now: the College of Thurgeons, thir the hospitals—I walked Guy's."

I thought as much.

"And now, thir, wherever you go, you find men of talent; I mean in the profession—ignorance is a vice—I"—another tweak. I know the whole history of nasology," (qy. *nosology*,) "and pharmacy from Etheulapius to Galen, from Galen down to Dr. Hunter; I have compounded the prescriptions of the first men in the profession; Cooper, Abernethy, Bell, Halford, Wardrop, and Brodie; and I have nostrums for maladies of every description, epilepsy, catilepsy, hooping cough, and nettle rash, and have succeeded both with the cholera morbus, and Scotch fiddle, nineteen catheth ont of twenty: bethides, thir, I am the paragon of myropolists:—How do you like your thigar, thir?"

This was quite enough for me—a dose—and I quitted the "green earthenware pots, bladders and musty seeds," with a precipitancy approximating to rudeness. Having to dress for dinner, I made my call on the knight of the Comb and Scissors, whom I found a very communicative gentleman. He gave me a short sketch of his neighbour, which caused me to regret my lack of wit in not having discovered his qualities before—he was a poet, but being none myself, no wonder that our temperaments did not better agree, but I fear that we were something like the oil and water in the embrocation bottle. He was also the writer of many quizzical articles in the county paper, but I never read papers; to me literature and politics are gibberish, I learn by instinct as I learnt to eat; no marvel then that I thought him a little queer, when he entered into his long declamation about cow-itch and nettle-rash. He was moreover the chairman of a debating society, which had I known before I entered his shop, he would never have seen my money, neither should I have wasted one of his *home made* Woodvilles. I have, however, resolved to remain a day or two in the neighbourhood, to visit him in his capacity of chairman, as I understand it is his intention at the next meeting, to take me off; which he will no doubt do as cleverly, as the barber has despatched my beard, and I my sketch.

HUMBUG CORRECTED.

(To the Editress of the "Penny Belle Assemblée.)

FAIR MADAM,—I am an old bachelor, and a strange one, *strange* you will allow, as—being a bachelor, I dare trust my hand to touch paper, that paper addressed to either "Maid, Wife, or Widow." That bold man am I! knowing as I well do, the *syren* accomplishments of *her* to whom I write, and feeling—hoity toity! what the deuce has a gouty old sexagenarian to do with feeling? Calm thyself, dear reader—but this I protest, and, as I have sojourned in the Indies, and am an obstinate old fellow, I am likely to dio in the same opinion—this, I say, I protest, that even the man whose breast is closed to all the tender feelings—*must* love a Poetess, and he has a right to love a Poetess—she is a kind of divinity set far, far above her fellow-petticoats (*fellow* only as wearing petticoats), for men to wonder at, and to love; and am not I addressing "ASTARTE," and the authoress of "Hours at Home," (not to mention the "Petticoat Colonel" and "Maid of Switzerland,") *verbum sat.*

But this is wide of the mark at which I aim, viz. to correct injustice—flagrant injustice, to the public and to you,—so to the point. In a Number of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," appeared a sweeping objection to "*Cigar Divans*" in general, in an article intitled "The Confessions of Humphrey Humbug," by THOMAS FRICKER. Who, and what Mr. THOMAS FRICKER is, I know not; I blame not his style, nor his subject—Heaven defend I should! But Mr. THOMAS FRICKER should have added a paragraph to the effect that there are exceptions to his pictured Mundane Tartarus—yclep'd "Cigar Divans." Nay, that a man may pass an hour in a Divan, with both amusement and profit. Granted that his description of the West End "Hells" are not exaggerations (*probatum est*), although I sincerely hope the writer has never witnessed the scenes he describes; yet in justice, I should inform you of an exception to his anathema, viz., a "Cigar Divan," which is neither a sink of vice, nor a den of swindlers.

I am a bachelor, as I informed you above, (how it happens I should be so, entertaining my sentiments, I will, *with your permission*, narrate in my next), and reside in the neighbourhood of St. John-street-road. Now this is, it is true, not the very *centre* of fashion, but what have I to do with fashion? Quiet is all I require, and in —— Place, Goswell-road, I can be as quiet as the strictest solitudinarian would wish.

Well, madam, *me violà*, in —— Place, at a distance from all *respectable* places of amusement, what resourse could I take shelter in to kill *ennui?* Could I turn Walton-ite? Bah! spend my time in murdering little innocent fishes! Stop out, perhaps, all day in the rain, and—sweet reward for my perseverance—get *two nibbles*, and catch *a cold!* No, I reasoned, I cannot turn *piscator:* what shall I do? Eh! why what have they been at in Garnault-place? "*Ben's Divan?*" Psha! I hate Divans—bad places—ruinous to the morals of young men; egad! but I *do* want some snuff—I may as well—and in I went. Now, madam, pray bear in remembrance the melancholy situation of an old bachelor, ere you blame me for becoming in time a frequenter of a "Cigar Divan." I was without friends or relations, I have here found a family, and in the cheerful conversation of worthy Ben, replete with anecdote of his sojourn in India—that India where I spent so many years of toil and care—I have found a true cure to sorrowful recollections.

You may say, madam, that *your* Work is not the proper medium for my paper; but, surely, as your's was the Work that contained the objectionable assertion, you will not scruple to refute it; and in parting, let me advise Mr. THOMAS FRICKER to visit "Ben's Divan," and become *his own evidence against himself.*

I remain, dear Madam,
Your's obliged,
TRISTAM FREELING.

THE SELECTOR.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is a great difference between an Englishman on the Continent and an Englishman in London. Hence originates the erroneous opinion formed of the English on the other side of the Straits—an opinion founded on the defects as well as the virtues of their character. The fault of this error lies not in the judges, but in the judged: the former pronounce an opinion on what they see; the latter exhibit themselves in an assumed character, and this fictitious character is not so estimable as their natural one. An Englishman abroad advertises, in a manner, his desire to preserve the customs of his country: he even exaggerates these, lest any of the details should escape: he pushes his prejudices even to this extent, that he wishes to bend the customs of every country he visits to those of England; he evinces susceptibility, disdain, pride; he requires attention without making any effort to deserve it, and is everywhere at his ease. Does he enter a *salon*, he hardly bows to you—awaits an introduction (a usage foreign to every country except England) before he commences a conversation, and is offended at the least neglect of those observances of which he fancies he should be the object. The crowd should, in his idea, pack itself tighter in order to give a free passage to himself, his wife, and three or four daughters, who hang upon him, and would not for the world be separated. * * * An Englishman at home is quite a different being: prejudiced in favour of strangers, he lays himself out to please them by adopting their manners and their language, and exaggerating the advantages of both. On these occasions he divests himself altogether of his national habits, to sympathise more fully with strangers, and exhibits a politeness, a courtesy, and a readiness to oblige, which the person who had seen him out of his own country, could form no idea of.—*Great Britain in* 1833.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

At the table was a traveller, who seemed to have inherited the mantle of

Munchausen. He entertained the company with many wonderful tales, each of which he concluded with the same burthen—"On my honour, gentlemen, that is true, or my eyes have deceived me," and then generally followed, as a convincing token, a violent blow of the hand upon the table. One of these tales was striking from the novelty of the idea, and its near relation to the history of the time. * * * At the last Court Masquerade at Vienna, the Emperor kept the company waiting for him unusually long, and, in consequence, the greater part of the masks had taken their places upon the sofas and other seats provided for that purpose. When at last the Monarch entered, all rose; one only remained immovable in his former situation. The Emperor observed it—"Rise, Mask;" cried the Chamberlain; but the Mask did not move a finger. Under the idea that he had fallen into a swoon or lethargy, they gently took off his mask, and beheld with horror a death's-head; between its teeth a paper was fixed, on which were these words, directed to the Emperor—"I am Louis the Sixteenth, and was yesterday as mighty as you are at this moment. Trust not your fortune. A little, and you also will be as I am now."

MAGNIFICENT CHESS-PLAYING.

It is well-known that the provinces of Shense and Shanse contain some of the most opulent men in China. The natives say they have money heaped up like mountains; and the chief money-lenders in Canton are from these provinces. During the last years of the late Emperor Keaking, a rich widow of the name of Chun, of the district of Tae-yuen-foo, had a son who went to all lengths in luxury and extravagance. Among other idle pursuits, he was a great chess-player. But chess, on a piece of board or paper, as the Chinese have it, is a very meagre though interesting game. Master Chun conceived a new idea: he got a large room painted as a chess board, with tables for himself and friends on opposite sides. For chess-men, he purchased a set of female slaves, dressed them up in various colours, and made them perform, by a signal, the duty of knights, pawns, horses, kings, queens, castles, &c. This high chess-player saved himself the trouble of moving the pieces. At a given signal the pieces taken made their exit at the door. Of these proceedings the Emperor got intelligence, and, probably, offended by a rich subject out-doing him in luxury, he affected to be horribly offended—(his own habits gave the lie to this), at the idea of bringing slaves to perform the office of chessmen! He fined master Chun 3,000,000 of taels, and transported him to the Black Dragon River for life; telling him, at the same time, that he ought to be infinitely grateful that his "brain cup" (or head) was not separated from his shoulders.

TEA.

Tea, says the Jesuit Kircher, or *Cia*, as he calls it, possesses virtues which I should with difficulty credit, were it not for the repeated testimony of our brethren. Among other qualities, it wonderfully clears the head from vapours; so much so, that a nobler and apter remedy for literary men, or, indeed, for any class with whom long vigils are necessary, was never granted by nature. Though at first it is rather insipid and bitter, it becomes, by a short use, not unpleasant, but so delightful to the palate, that those who are once accustomed to its taste, can never afterwards abstain from it. Taken after food, it removes all acidity from the stomach, and wonderfully assists digestion. It is an antidote to ebriety; dries up superfluous humours of all kinds, is sovereign against the spleen and gravel, and not only expels somniferous vapours, but excites to study.—*Kircher's China Illustrated.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE VESPER STAR!

A SERENADE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

The lone Star of Evening
Shines over the Deep,
Looking down on the Waters
As calmly they sleep,
While all things around,
In the earth, sea, and air,
The calmness and peace
Of the Vesper-hour share!
Then Lilla! young Lilla!
Ere slumber's soft dream
Hovers round thee, come gaze
On the VESPER STAR'S beam!

How smoothly the Gondola
Glides o'er the Sea
That sleeps all unruffled
Like calm infancy!
Ere passion hath wakened,
Or sorrow oppressed,
With the ripeness of manhood,
Its innocent breast!
Then Lilla! dear Lilla!
Ere slumber's soft dream
Charms thy senses, come gaze
On the VESPER STAR'S beam!

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

"Ah! Mother dear! why grieve you so?
And weep and sadly sigh;
How can those naughty Doctors know,
Who tell you I must die?
I want to see the lilac trees
Put forth their purple bloom;
And feel the breath of Summer's breeze,
Come laden with perfume!"

"I want to hear the Linnets sing,
To watch the Lambkins play,
And see the Doves, on silken wing,
Sport through the sunny day!
And if from him and you I go,
Who poor old TRAY will feed?
Oh! Mother! though they tell *you* so,
I *must* not die indeed!"

The MOTHER heard his lisping tongue,
And through her sorrow smil'd;
A gleam of HOPE within her sprung,
And half her fears beguil'd!
'Twas *but* a gleam! those accents weak,
That fix'd and glassy eye,
And the bright hectic on his cheek,
All told her—HE MUST DIE!

"My Child! through bright and blooming bowers,
'Twill be thy lot to stray,
Where pain shall never cloud thy hours,
Or chase thy smile away!
Where thou shalt breathe each sweet perfume,
And like the Lambkin roam;
While Birds shall sing and flow'rets bloom,
In that ETERNAL HOME!"

"Shall I *indeed* be free from pain,
Nor feel this burning thirst?
And walk, and run, and dance again,
Nor be like Baby nurst?
Oh! how I long, since it is so,
To that bright Home to fly!—
Weep not, dear Mother! *now* I know
How SWEET 'TWILL BE TO DIE!"

THE MAGIC COMMISSION.

Oh! what a chequer'd scene is life—
Last week dame fortune frown'd,
Nothing but misery and strife,
And penury I found;
Friends to assist me I had not,
I've alter'd my condition,
They come by dozens now I've got
A LIEUTENANT'S COMMISSION.

I lately called on Captain KEY,*
(When I was somewhat thinner),
He sent out word I could not see
Him then—he was at dinner.
Now I've received a card per post,
Requesting my permission
To do him honour as *my host*,
Now I'VE GOT a COMMISSION.

Fair dames who never noticed me,
Now smile when e'er I nod;
Those I thought prudes, are gay and free,
Its really very odd!
My tailor who came ev'ry day,
Has changed *his* disposition,
He does'nt even hint at "Pay,"
Now I'VE GOT A COMMISSION.

My cousin Courtney, in the Blues,
Would pass me in the street,
But now he stops, enquires the news,
Whene'er we chance to meet.
I'll wed a widow rich and gay,
Of gentle disposition,
And then retire upon half-pay,
Or I'LL SELL MY COMMISSION.

THE DUEL.

Wounded and bleeding, slowly they conveyed him,
Far from the scene of bloodshed and of strife;
A friend had challenged, well he had obeyed him—
Honour was far more dear to him than life.

* A relative of the celebrated DON, we presume.—ED.

hey bore him senseless to his Father's dwelling.
A happy smiling group he had left there;
Is own Betrothed in loveliness excelling,
How would her bliss be changed to mute despair!

is friends thronged round his couch in silence weeping,
Listening in vain to catch his faintest breath;
no sure the Duellist was calmly sleeping,
The deep, the lonely silent sleep of death!

nd in his loved one was the fount of feeling,
So dried it could not yield one sorrowing tear!
nd the cold torpor o'er her senses stealing,
Told that she knew not what was passing there.

MARION.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

pon thy path, my sister sweet,
May pleasure strew her brightest flowers,
nd knowledge guide thy youthful feet
To where are twined her choicest bowers.
lay Friendship give thee every bliss
Her power can bestow,
o soften what must come of care,
To lighten every woe!
lay sweet affection's tender love,
For thee make every scene
home, and Happy as that home,
When early youth hath been!

L' INCONNUE.

STANZAS.

h! why are we born with such feelings of bliss,
/ith rapture to turn from that pleasure to this;
/hen so soon the young heart meets the chill hand of woe,
nd loses in sorrow, that beautiful glow
/hich Hope sheds around all the visions of youth,
nd colours Deceit with the bright hue of Truth?
: is that our souls may be anchor'd above,
or when broken each tie of terrestial love,
h' untenanted heart seeking comfort in vain,
ndivided returns to its maker again.

ANNETTE.

STANZAS.

Twas not because thy brow was fair—
Twas not the grace encircled there,
hat struck my fond admiring eye,
nd raised the deep and bursting sigh.
Twas not because thine eye was bright,
lancing around on me its light,
h! no, it was thy look of love
hat told me more than words can prove;
t was thy look where fondness beamed
n me—on me alone it gleamed;
t taught my heart affection's power,
nd I have loved thee from that hour;
/hy did thy speaking eye impart,
tale the feelings of the heart,
/hy did'st thou bind me with a spell,
nd never deigned thy love to tell?

LUCINDA.

CHARADE.

My FIRST often robs the young cheek of its bloom,
My SECOND speaks sadness, and sorrow, and gloom,
My WHOLE doth a theme of affection impart,
And give to the maiden the glow of the heart.

LUCINDA.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

Sir Hilary's prayer was not address'd
To Him, the Judge of all;
But o'er him the remembrance press'd
Of maids "in pall and purple" dress'd,
At Tourney, and in Hall:
And these the words which then he spoke,
As from his trance Sir Hilary woke.

Brave Knights, fight on, to-morrow's sun
Shall LIFE in some behold,
But farewell ye, when victory's won
Who lie in BLOOD,† your conflict done,
And silent, lone, and cold.
And farewell ye, for whom our pains;
Whose smiles are LIFE-BLOOD to our veins.

CHARLES.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

GOOD Warrior on—Sir Hilary cried,
To-morrow be thy courage tried,
And crowns of laurel won;
'Ere NIGHT shall draw her curtain round,
The dead and dying to surround,
Whose race of life is run.

Fair beings to man's heart so dear,
Who weep the warriors' bright career,
Dimming your blue eyes light;
List! while I breathe this hasty prayer,
Should I resign my being there,
Adieu! adieu! GOOD NIGHT!

ANNETTE.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

That all in that unequal fight
Might to their cause be TRUE
Next, the lone quiet cloud of NIGHT,
To those who falling in their might,
Are shrouded in the dew:
And to the Fair with eyes so bright
To kiss away their tears, TRUE KNIGHT.

JESSY.

QUERIES.

Why is an angry man like one in Love?—Because he is in a passion.

Why is a Will like a short petticoat?—Because it discovers a Leg I see. (Legacy.)

Why is a Stocking like a Banker?—Because it is *drawn on*.

---

* We have inserted these and the previous solutions at the request of our correspondents, leaving it to our readers to decide which (if any) is correct.

† A "cloud of blood" is one of Sir W. Scott's expressions,

"And oft shall Britain's sons arise
New Planets in these southern skies,
Thro' clouds of *blood* and flame."

ROB ROY.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

READER.—Turn'd Critic, too? on what found ye such claim?
COUNCIL OF TEN.—Above a bribe not dazzled by a name,
"JUSTICE TO ALL," our motto and our aim.

No. 1. *The Greek's Serenade.* Inscribed to Miss L. H. Sheridan; by Count Metaxà, Anzolato of Cephalonia. Mori and Co.

No. 2. *Coush la Machree.* Written and composed by Mrs. Waylett. Dale, Cockerill, and Co.

No. 3. *The Evening Serenade*, for one or two voices. Z. T. Purday.

No. 4. *The Rhine! the Rhine!* Written by Thomas Fricker. Composed by E. T. Westrop. Z. T. Purday.

No. 5. *Stars of Night!* Composed by Louis Leo. Dale and Co.

No. 6. *Jessy.* Written by Charles Jefferys. Composed by N. J. Sporle. Dale and Co.

No. 1. This beautiful song has excited considerable interest in the musical world, being the first Ionian melody (of any consequence), which has appeared here; and it truly is a most elegant specimen of the modern Greek style. The air is in Polonoise time, full of expression, with some highly pleasing changes and modulations: and although brilliant in effect, it is by no means difficult to execute; altogether we predict it will be a standard favourite. The words by the Editress of this work, were given in our third number.

No. 2. This is a ballad, full of melody, taste, and feeling, yet extremely easy. The fair writer shows that she is not only a good musician, as well as a sweet vocalist, but also a very elegant Poet, a triple-union like the shamrock leaf, though more rarely to be met with than that flower of Erin's Isle.

No. 3. We have not met with a more beautiful serenade duett, since Bishop's celebrated "AS IT FELL UPON A DAY," and De Pinna's "FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC" first stole upon our ear, "like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets!" The melody is graceful, and the accompaniment excellent. It is beautifully printed on extra-fine paper, and published both for piano and guitar, to which last instrument it is peculiarly adapted. We regret the composer does not trust us with his name, though the hand of a master appears in every page.

No. 4. A very excellent bass song, which we remember to have heard Mr. C. Purday sing at Miss Bruce's soirées this season, with good effect.

No. 5. A very graceful ballad.

No. 6. A very pleasing sea ballad. Mr. Sporle has more than done justice to the words, which are rather common place.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

Tooth Powders.—All acid preparations, such as cream of tartar, and all powders which consist of hard angular particles, and therefore act by trituration, should be avoided. On this last account charcoal is particularly objectionable, in addition to which it lodges in the space formed by a fold of the gum and neck of the tooth, where it presents a livid circle, destructive of that roseate hue which is so characteristic of health and beauty. I met with a case about two years ago, which, though it has no particular interest in its details, is yet useful as a warning and example, from its results. It was of a young lady, whose teeth were totally destitute of enamel. Upon inquiry I found she had been in the habit of using a fashionable paste, that for a time had rendered her teeth remarkably white and beautiful, a fact which at once indicated the presence of some deleterious acid in the composition. Subsequent analysis showed that this disgraceful nostrum consisted of honey, rose-pink, and vitriol or sulphuric acid, and this last having a greater affinity for enamel than bone, had rapidly destroyed the former, and stopped only at the tooth itself; but even the bone would not much longer have resisted the action of this powerful solvent. To restore the enamel was impossible, and not less so to afford any relief to the excessive and continued pain occasioned by the denuded teeth being exposed to the influence of the atmosphere. For a long time this state of suffering went on without abatement, till at last the nerves lost their vitality, and, as a natural consequence, the sensibility of the surface subsided. The pain then ceased, but her beauty was gone for ever.

Reflections on a Good Dinner.—"How thankful we ought to be to a bountiful providence who has created all things for us richly to enjoy," said ——, at the last great city dinner whilst sumptuously regaling upon *crimped* cod with oyster sauce. "The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man!" "Very true," replied his friend; "but if you had witnessed the hair-breadth escape which I experienced of being devoured alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that the horrible monster entertained just the opposite opinion—he believed that man was created for him!"

An Irish Son.—An Irishman was asked how his mother did, "My Jewel," said he, "I am much obliged to you for your enquiries, but I never had a mother." "How is that," said his friend, "Why don't you know," said Pat, "that I am the son of my aunt."

Magnanimity.—At the period when the monsters in human shape, were murdering their victims in the prisons in Paris, the Abbé Guillon was a prisoner in the Abbey prison. An order for the liberty of the Abbé Guillon arrived, he was called to the court-yard in the midst of the massacre, and the order was given to him which was to rescue him from death. He took the paper in his hand, which, after reading, instead of seizing the means it presented of escape, he gave it back, saying that there was another Abbé of the name of Guillon in the same prison, for whom he saw that the order was intended. Having said this, he walked leisurely up to the place of execution.

Long Hair.—As late as the seventeenth century long hair was only worn by unmarried ladies, and it was closely confined under the coif or *crestine* as soon as they became matrons. It was remarked as an impudent assumption, that the beautiful, but scandalous Countess of Essex (in the reign of James VI.) wore loose hair after her infamous repudiation of her husband, and intrigue with the Earl of Rochester.

Curious Bill, delivered to the representatives of the Radnor family, for repairs performed by a tradesman of Truro, in Cornwall, on a monument of that family in Truro church:—"To putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, 2*s.* 6*d.*; mending his other, 6*d.*; putting seven new buttons to his coat, 8½*d.*; a new string to his breeches knee, 3*d.*; two new feet to Phillippa, his wife, 6*s.* 6*d.*; mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand, 2*s.* 6*d.*; two new hands, and a new nose to the Captain, 5*s.* 9*d.*; to two new hands, and mending the nose of his wife, 4*s.*; repairing her eyes, and putting a new cuff to her gown, 1*s.* 8*d.*; to making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, 3*s.* 9*d.*; making a new great toe, 1*s.*; mending the handle of his scythe, and putting a new blade to it, 1*s.* 6½*d.* Total, £1 10*s.* 8*d.*

Lord Cochrane.—On the back of the £1000 bank-note, with which Lord Cochrane paid his fine, he wrote as follows:—

"My health having suffered from long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I may yet live to bring the delinquents to justice.
"Cochrane."

Curious Reward.—A reward of 1000 crowns was offered for the best quatrain on the death of the Grand Condé; it was gained by a poet from the banks of the Garonne. Anglicised it runs thus:—

"A thousand crowns to celebrate such glory,
So many noble deeds in war and peace,
And virtues, too?—a very likely story!
The victories would not be a *sous a piece!*"

A Splash.—A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, relating it to Sir T— A—, said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet." "Yes," said the Baronet, "wet, certainly, in the *Exe-stream.*"

A Breeze.—It is related of Lord E——n, that on being informed a few years ago, that, though it was very fine weather in London, it blew a hurricane at Brighton, he replied, "I don't doubt it, my dear sir, *my wife has been there this three weeks.*"

The Woolsack.—Coleman, the elder, and the late Charles Banister, dining one day with Lord E——e, the ex-Chancellor, who in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture land above a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Coleman, with an arch smile, "your Lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

The Paindrome.—A *Paindrome* is a word, line, or sentence, which is the same read backward or forward, as, for instance:—

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor,

and the English line,

Lewd I did live, evil did I dwel,

It is related that a noble lady, who had been forbidden to appear at the court of Queen Elizabeth, on account of a suspicion of too great familiarity with a certain Lord, high in her Majesty's favour, chose for a device upon her seal, the moon, partly obscured by a cloud, with this paindrome for a motto:—

Ablata at alba.

A lawyer is said to have taken for his motto:—

Si nummi, immunis.

The following line is a refinement upon the paindrome, for each *word* is the same, whether read from the first letter or the last:—

Odo tenet mulum, mappam madidam tenet Anna.

A QUESTION?

Why place that jewel on thy brow,
Thou can'st not look more fair,
Surely those eyes which beam below,
Are brighter and more rare?

J. S.

ERRATA.

In "The Trysting Tree," page 7, second line from bottom, for "*fraction,*" read "paction."

In page 8, line 16 from the bottom, for "*was,*" read "near."

A Supplementary Number to the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is published; and a Title-page and Index to the Volume, is now ready.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

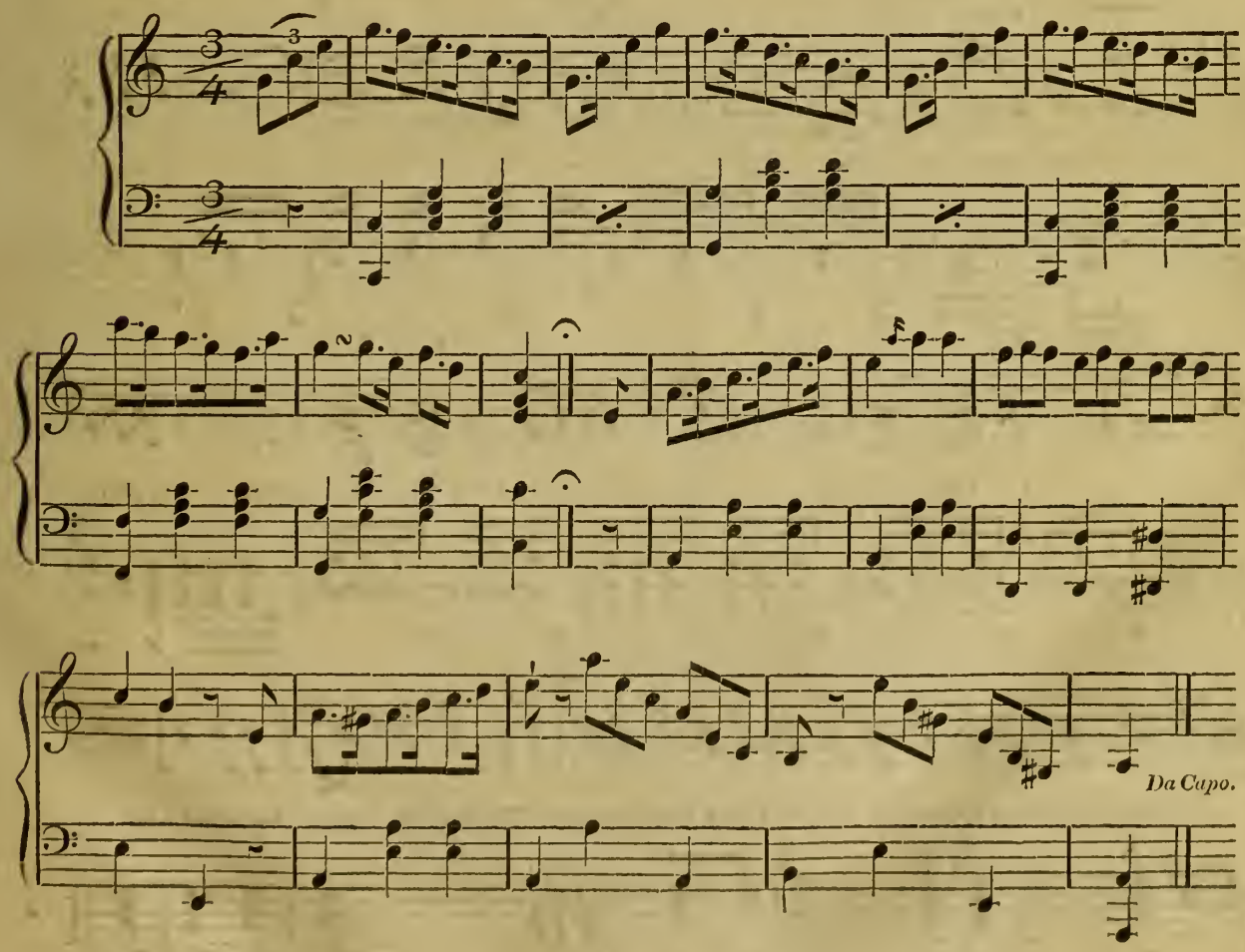
OR,

No. 5—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Aug. 31, 1833.

LA CINTA D'AMORE.

A Valtz,

By MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.



J. Teuten, Music Typ. 190, Drury Lane.

THE SIGH AND TEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE UNFORTUNATE MATILDA OF DENMARK, DURING HER CAPTIVITY.

Composed with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by T. B PHIPPS.

Voice.

Guitar.

How prone the bosom, the bosom is to sigh! How prone to weep, to weep the human eye! As thro' this varied, this varied life we steer, This valley of the sigh and tear. This val - ley of the sigh and tear. If on some love - ly fair one's face, Rich in pro - por - tion, co - lour, grace, A pearly drop should once appear, 'Tis then the lovely beauteous tear. 'Tis then the lovely beauteous tear.

f *sf.* *f*

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FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Dresses.—If ever Fashion could be said to have hit the happy medium in the size and ornaments of *coiffures*, we think it may be said to be at present. Instead of the caps, berets, and toques of outrageous dimensions, in which our fair fashionables appeared some two or three years back, they are now attired in small graceful hats, or light elegant caps of the most becoming kind. We will illustrate the truth of our observation by describing some of the prettiest we have lately seen. A rice-straw hat, the crown smaller at the top than the bottom, the brim very small, and quite turned up. The material was divided into plain spaces, about two inches broad, and open ones of the same width; the latter were cut out in blond lace pattern, and very much resembled it. The trimming consisted of a single light sprig of fancy flowers, placed in the *aigrette* style, on the left side. Another hat was of rose-coloured crape, the crown of the form above described; the brim larger, and only partially turned up, was ornamented next the face with a row of blond lace disposed in a very light style in a wreath of shells; the crown was ornamented with a bouquet of three white ostrich feathers, placed exactly in front. A rich figured white and rose-coloured gauze ribbon turned round the base of the bouquet, passed obliquely on each side of the crown, and descending through openings made in the brim, formed the brides, which flowed loosely on the bust. A cap of white blond lace with a low caul, had the trimming of the front, which consisted only of a single row of lace, arranged in the form of a heart; the cap was very short at the ears, the lace set on with little fulness, and the lappets of blond very broad and rich. A single moss rose with its foliage, was placed behind the trimming in the centre of the forehead. A cap of rose coloured *tulle* had the front trimmed with black blond lace in the butterfly style, but the trimming, which consisted also only of a single row, was very small and light; two short, rose-coloured, marabout feathers, were placed a little on one side. The lappets of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, were edged with very narrow black blond lace, of a light pattern.

POETIC PRECEPTS.

Thou entered on this stage of hopes and fears,
A helpless being, uttering plaints and tears,
While others smiled around thee, thou wert sad,
And thine alone the lip that beamed not glad.
Reverse the scene—thy parting moment come,
When thou shalt seek thine everlasting home,
May all the actions of thy life allow
That those beside thee weep—the smiler only thou!

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. V.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and her Secretary dicovered.*

Day has gone down, and sleep visits each pillow!
Hush'd is the crowd, that immense living billow!
None walk the streets, save the rake and the rover;
Rise, Sisters, rise, and your letters look over,
With the Moon! with the Moon! the gentle harvest Moon!

'Tis at such hours, when the vulgar are dreaming,
Poets are writing—thieves prowling—cats screaming—
Those who have sense in the morning may shew it;
Night is the time for the Owl and the Poet,
And the Moon the vestal Moon, the gentle vestal Moon!

Parody on 'Rise gentle Moon.'

Miss Bluemantle. We had hoped to have seen all our Council assembled this week, are they not coming Secretary?

Miss Scribblecumdash. No, Lady President, they all send excuses; our reporters say London in August is like a vast desert, with no green trees or fresh springs to repay the sojourning in it.

Miss B. Well! they are right we believe, few would remain in town to gaze on ranks of dusty hackney coaches or grottos of oyster-shells, if they could enjoy the prospect of waving cornfields or the sea-shore, so we must not fine the absentees for the preference they give to nature! Come, let us poor plodders work on. Now for the letters.

Miss S. A packet from George R., Stamford.

Miss B. He is thanked, we beg to inform him we *do* like "his style," and shall be happy to hear from him as often as he pleases.

Miss S. Letter from Charles.

Miss B. He will see *all* his communications have been safely received. We have *before* said his wishes shall be observed. We do not wish to make an unpleasant *impression* (he will understand.)

Miss S. "The Country Churchyard," by J. H.

Miss B. We must decline it on account of the great length of the article. We have before stated, poetical communications must not exceed 25 or 30 lines. We have rejected *many* valuable ones for want of brevity.

Miss S. Answers to Charades, &c.

Miss B. We again request that answers to riddles, &c., do not exceed (if possible) the riddle itself; some of them are spun out to the length of a poem. And to those who are kind enough to send us charades, we add, the solution *must* be given with them to us, or they will not in future be inserted. We cannot spend our time in finding out if the answers sent to them are correct.

Miss S. Letter from W. H. asking, "if you mean to take up the offence and defence of the Cigar system again? and suggesting that it is a subject not interesting to females, for whom our work is chiefly intended."

Miss B. We quite agree with him, and are sorry we wasted so much of the space in our last number, on so smokey a question. Our desire of impartiality alone induced us to do so. We wish to make our Magazine generally interesting, and beg to hint to our Country Correspondents, that impartial accounts of Theatricals, Concerts, or Bow-meetings, will occasionally be inserted if they will favour us with such information on the subjects as we may rely on, during the dearth of novelty in London.

Miss S. That reminds me that Mrs. Modish mentions in her letter, during her various wanderings, she had been at the Richmond Theatre, to witness the debut of a young lady, (a pupil of Mrs. Bartley), in Elvira, in the Tragic play of Pizarro, a Miss Curtis, (I think she says.)

Miss B. And what said Modish (who is a good judge) of the debutanté?

Miss S. That she thinks the softer characters of Mrs. Beverley or Belvidera, would better suit her powers; that her figure is excellent, and face expressive; but her voice not of the power required for such vehement parts as Elvira or Lady Macbeth. Her general deportment on the stage, she states to be admirable, and predicts much success from practice and a further knowledge of her own capabilities.

Miss B. We trust she may succeed in her arduous profession, Melpomene was never more in want of votaries to minister in her Classic Temple, than at the present day, when Melo-Dramatic horrors usurp the place of natural feeling. We remember a Siddons and O'Neil! Stars of Genius! "When shall we look upon your like again?"

Miss S. A valuable packet from our Hampshire friends.

Miss B. They are most kind and indefatigable co-adjutors. Would that we could personally thank them. The Tale is already published, or the fair writer's wishes should have been attended to. We endeavoured to fill up the heading to the best of our judgment. Where can we address a private letter on this subject? as we have some explanation to offer. We never received the poem mentioned, or it would have been inserted.

Miss S. Letter from L. Colls with some epitaphs, and stating he has sent communications before which have not been answered.

Miss B. We never received them; these will not suit us; such verses as—

"Here lies John Hart,
Who was killed by a cart;"

are too refined, and soar above the comprehension of *our* readers.

Miss S. Letter from John D—, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Miss B. He shall meet every atten-

tion, but we cannot promise the verses so soon as he wishes them to appear.

Miss S. James Rees, with an enclosure.

Miss B. We must consider his case, before we give our opinion, we are too much pressed for time now, to read the articles sent; next week we will attend to it.

Miss S. Charades, by Robert.

Miss B. They shall appear.

Miss S. Another answer to Sir Walter Scott's Enigma.

Miss B. As it appears to have come from the "North Countrie," we will insert it, probably it is the correct solution.

Miss S. Another from our esteemed friend Minna.

Miss B. Well, let Minna's also appear.

Miss S. An epistle from him of the Trysting Tree.

Miss B. Let him send us his *real* name and address, and we will attend any Trysting Place he chuses to appoint, and convince him "*we have an opinion,*" perhaps not at the present moment very favourable to himself or his politeness. We do not fight under a masked battery, though we stand *exposed* to the attacks of every one, who is unmanly enough to wing an arrow against us. If this Correspondent be of "gentle blood," having accused us of a *direct falsehood*, (in stating our compositor was unable to make out his hand-writing, which was the fact), he ought to give us an opportunity of shewing *he is in error.* If he be only some "sneaking rogue," who likes to find fault with what he cannot improve, he is beneath our notice, and is welcome to entertain *his* opinion, as we shall do *ours.* There, we cannot look over any more communications at this late hour, "the night is at odds with morning," if you are not weary fair Secretary, our Editorial eyes are,—so benedicité, and sweet dreams attend you.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

A TALE.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

"Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!"
Irish Melody.

There are fair and cherished spots in memory whereon we love to rest; kindly and gentle remembrances, thoughts of the past which mingle with present realities to temper their sadness, and like a dream, throw a ray of romance on the dull and heartless world around us; yes, all, all can recur to some happy period when the mind was a thing of nature, a goodly endowment of spotless purity, free from the varnish of deceit, and unskilled in the specious craft of human wisdom, or, at least, can single from the desert of blighted affection, unreturned sympathy, or the anguish resulting from a child's ingratitude, one bright patch of verdure, one unclouded moment of existence, on which the soul can delight to linger, and where it may centre the broken and scattered remnants of that which once was mind, sense, feeling.

I will not say that my heart is joyless, for it derives a pleasure from the very grief which consumes it, but it has lost the string on which hung all its melody, and when I would tune its notes to joy, they respond but sadness. Still there *are* incidents whose remembrance wakes no feeling of regret, few are they, and as simple as the heart which loves them, but their very worthlessness in the eyes of the world have endeared them to me; and I would not forget one of those slight memorials of happier and more tranquil moments, for all the wild and maddening day-dreams of fame or fortune. What matters it to one who, like me, mingles with mankind in its most busy haunts unswayed by the passions, unmoved by the caprices of those around me, whether the world applaud or condemn, cherish, or neglect? I know not what degree of sympathy may be expected from some, or to what extent I shall subject myself to the derision of others. If in the narration of one of these vestiges of the smiles and sunshine of boyhood, it should be my fortune to awaken feelings in any way consonant with my own, most sincerely, and from my soul, do I pity their possessor, but whatever be his rank in life, whatever his destiny, I respect his sorrow, and love him as a brother in affliction.

On a summer's evening, in the year 1817, a traveller was seen proceeding slowly along the road, between Carlisle and Whitehaven; many were they who journeyed in the same direction; farmers returning from market, haymakers wending their way homeward after the day's labour; sheep-shearers in their motly costume, and here and there a string of coal-carts, which had that day supplied Wigton with the produce of the pits of Hartleby and Bolton, but all these were an every day group, and attracted no farther attention from the "gude wife" who sat spinning at her cottage door, than an occasional smile of recognition, yet there was not one of those otherwise inattentive gazers, who did not that evening stay her wheel, and ejaculate a word of pity at the appearance of one who differed very far from those by whom he was surrounded. The subject of this unwonted sensation was a young man in the tattered costume of a soldier. He was tall, but sickness had made him stoop, and given him a slouch. It was impossible to say whether his face had ever been handsome, it now only presented a pretty regular set of features, on which, however, disease had committed woful ravages. It needed but a glance to see that he had mingled in the fight, for there was a scar on his upper lip, and one of the sleeves of his coat was looped up to a button, plainly indicating that its services were no longer needed. He looked around him as he walked, and often paused, as though he was seeking a resting place, for night was drawing on, and there were some who said it would be dark ere he might gain the next village, but still he passed on, a picture of poverty and wretchedness, yet asked he not charity of any one.

"Yon poor callant is in no holiday trim, Hugh, its an awfu' thing that a man should fight for his country and then want bread. Many a hard day's work has that fellow known, I'll warrant, and many's the drop of blood he has shed, and who is to thank him for it?"

"Aye, aye, Thomas, thou say'st true," replied the person to whom this was addressed; "one may ken he has played a rough game, and been the loser, or yon empty sleeve tells no true tale."

There was something in the voice of this last speaker which caught the ear of the soldier, and caused him to direct a glance towards the person from whom the words proceeded. As his eye rested on the gaunt figure of Hugh Donald, in his grey woollen coat, leathern breeches, loose at the knee, and broad brimmed hat after the quaker fashion, of whose worshipful fraternity he professed himself a member, there was that in his look which told they had met before, and that the person, as well as the voice of the farmer, were not unfamiliar to him.

"Halloa! my canny fellow," shouted the farmer; "'Tis a long step to Aspatria, and that is the nearest place where thou may'st be lodged; an' thou list to rest with me the night, I can give thee plenty of clean straw to lay thee in, and thou shalt have something to cheer thy heart and help thee on the way. No thanks, my good fellow, I do but right, for who kens, Thomas, but *we* may some day want the same?"

"True, true, an' it be God's will," said his companion.

One of the farmer's carts was a little way behind, and in that the poor soldier was accommodated with a seat. As they jogged onwards, he fell into conversation with the man who was driving, and elicited from him information respecting some families in the adjacent villages.

"And do you know the Allens?" said the man anxiously.

"I had a friend who knew him but too well," replied the soldier. "He was my comrade, and when we sought the field of battle, he prayed me, if I survived him, to seek Mary Allen, and say to her, that the unhappy, persecuted Robert Macquire forgave her father, and that his last words were wishes for her welfare."

Tears started into the man's eyes. "Robert Macquire, did you say? poor Robert, few loved him better than I did.

Aweel, aweel," added he brushing away the drops which dimmed his sight, and looking intently at the narrator, "what must be, *must be*. Did he never speak of one Will Hamilton?"

Their eyes met, and there was a pause. The soul of each could not be mistaken in its brother. There wanted but one link to rejoin the chain of their affections, and in *that* look was the bond perfected.

After the first transports of recognition had subsided, Robert learned from his friend, that farmer Allen, by a series of losses, had been reduced to beggary, that Mary still remained unmarried, and that the bailiff, who was the means of banishing him from the place of his birth, had in consequence of his malpractices been obliged to leave the country. "Aye," said Hamilton, "but not before I made him acknowledge your innocence in the presence of all of them.

They had arrived at their destination, and the farmer having dismounted, was about to invite the soldier into the house, when he was interrupted by Will Hamilton exclaiming, "An't please you, sir, I have often heard you say that well it is you would like to see the poor lad Robin, and many a kind turn should repay your having wronged him. See ye yon soldier callant; his step is not so light as once it was, broken and weakly are his limbs, and ragged are the clothes that cover them, but there's *still* the kind honest heart of Robert Macquire. 'Tis Robin, sir?"

The soldier advanced, and grasped the hand which the farmer instantly extended toward him. "It was little, I thought, my boy," said Donald, "when thou first moved my pity, that the poor wounded soldier, was no other than our once happy little Robin. Thou art sadly altered, my brave lad, sadly changed, but we will nurse thee, and when thou art well thou shalt wed Mary; aye, 'tis true, she says wert thou the poorest cripple in the world, she would marry *thee*."

"And her father?" interrupted the soldier.

"Her father," resumed the farmer, "is not squire Allen now; he has known what it is to suffer poverty, and learned to feel for the misfortunes of others; he has long given his consent to the union, should'st thou ever return to thy native village."

"God bless you, sir, I am happy now, very happy. I have one arm yet, and can work. Let me get well and strong, and I will earn her bread and mine, and—yes, and her father's too, and we will be happy, so happy."

"Come along," said the farmer, striving to hide a tear. "Sit thee down, and take a drink of ale, and Will shall tell thee what has happened since thou left us; he can give it thee best, for when I begin it makes me foolish. Aye, Will, begin."

"I need not tell you," commenced Hamilton, "how few believed you guilty of taking what did not belong to you. Some of us even went so far as to assert that Smith had perjured himself in declaring that he saw you carry home the game, but as we were unable to disprove his evidence, we were obliged to remain silent, as he threatened to prosecute us for attempting to defame his character. You are aware that Smith had courted Mary Allen, and been rejected. When you left the village, he resumed his attentions with the sanction of her father. Nothing particular occurred the two succeeding years, excepting that it was observed that farmer Allen was declining in his circumstances, and Smith but very seldom a visitor at the grange. One night, the winter before last, I was returning home later than usual from the sheep-folds, when within a few yards of Allen's house, I was startled by hearing the cries of a female for assistance. I ran to the spot, and found Mary struggling in the arms of a man who tried to place her before him on horseback. With a blow of my stick I brought him to the ground, and judge of my astonishment at discovering him to be that villain Smith. To make my tale short, he had plundered his master to a great extent, and had laid a scheme for conveying Allen's daughter to the sea-side, where, together with some companions in crime, he had prepared a vessel to carry them from the country. What were his intentions, as regards the poor girl, God only knows, for we could never get him to acknowledge them. I, however, made him confess the part he had taken in the plot against you, and in consideration of his clearing the character of my friend, I connived at his escape. Such is a brief account of the incidents which have occurred in your absence. Thank heaven you are returned, and all will be right again."

"Yes, all shall be right again," exclaimed Donald, once more grasping his hand. "Thou shalt have a farm; I will lend my assistance, and so will Mary. We will have a Bridewain."

"Aye, sir," said Hamilton, "let there be a Bridewain, and 'many a one who is o'er bashful to come forward otherwise, will there be present to contribute their mite towards making a fellow creature happy."

* * * * * *

Three months after this occurrence, I was recruiting my health with the wholesome and invigorating air of Cumberland, and it was my fortune to be a sojourner in those parts, which had been the principal scenes in this humble drama. The circumstances were related to me by a friend, and I accompanied him to the Bridewain.

We were walking up the village of Baggram, when the rustic procession met us. A number of little girls dressed in white, with chaplets of roses on their heads, came first, strewing flowers in the path of the Bride and Bridegroom. These were followed by the village musician, playing "Auld Robin Gray." Behind him walked the happy pair, the youth carrying his straw-hat, the maid having a kerchief thrown lightly over her auburn ringlets. Then came those, who through respect, or out of kindly feeling, had volunteered to take part in the charitable intents and innocent amusements which were to characterise the day.

Two of the bridegroom's friends, one of whom I understood to be Will Hamilton, carried dishes covered with a clean white cloth, by putting his hand under which, the contributor might convey his donation unsubjected to the scrutiny of those around.

I joined in their festivity and mingled in the mazy dance. In the course of the evening Mary Allen was my partner. She was a girl after my own heart, one of those beings whom fancy in a happy mood will picture as angels hovering round the short span of our existence, making some moments fraught with intense pleasure, and alleviating the anguish attendant upon others. The day was one of real happiness; there was mirth untinged by boisterous hilarity, charity without ostentation, and, what very seldom occurs in higher scenes, the partakers in this rustic pageant returned home satisfied and happy in the thought of having performed a kind and brotherly duty.

I have experienced different degrees of pleasure and satisfaction in the revelry of the gay, the sympathy of the learned, and the society of the young and accomplished, but there is no green leaf in memory my mind loves more to dwell on than the simple incident of the BRIDEWAIN.

THE SELECTOR.

SUNSET IN GREECE.

(From Miss Agnes Strickland's new Poem, "Demetrius.")

It was a lovely hour—the sun's last smile
Lingered in purple light on Scio's Isle:
From far Ionian shores the balmy breeze
Sigh'd through the blooming vales and orange trees,
Surcharg'd with fragrance stol'n from many a flower,
Whose breath is sweetest at the evening hour.
The insect tribes had plumed their glitt'ring wings
By shady rivers and transparent springs;
Some skimm'd the bosom of the crystal stream,
Some gaily sported in the sun's last beam;
While others sought the blossoms of the night,
Whose veils expand not till the closing light,
And, from the searching eye of glaring day
Still shrink instinctively and turn away,
Because that modest charms disdain to be
Gaz'd on so rudely and so ardently!
The ocean murmured like a sleeping child:
The heavens above were cloudless, blue, and mild:
The earth beneath lay in such placid rest,
As if angelic steps were there impress'd,
And perfume breath'd from many a dewy flower
In grateful incense to that gracious POWER,
Who on this world bestowed such bounteous care,
And made creation's face so wond'rous fair!

THE JEWS.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, many of them inhabited a particular part of Rome, and were very indigent. They especially practised fortune-telling. In the time of Julian many of them remained in Palestine. William the Conqueror is said to have brought them into England from Rouen; and through their means the Aristotelian or Arabian philosophy was chiefly communicated from Spain. They were tolerated by Christian Princes, because they attended to usury, and were the collectors of the public taxes, and on that account very useful. They and their property formerly belonged to the Barons in whose demesnes they resided, and they were accounted slaves. Through this situation they were subjected to very heavy taxes, whenever the Princes and Barons wanted money, for then they threatened to expel them if they did not raise it. They had their own Judges and Courts, and their own seals, because the Mosaic law did not permit them to use a thing marked with a figure; and also their own cemeteries and synagogues, though they were not permitted to sing aloud. It has been said that they were not allowed to take any thing in pledge; but this seems doubtful. They were distinguished by their habits; in some countries by a wheel on their clothes, in Italy, and in Venice particularly, by a red hat; in England by a strip of cloth. This was enacted that Christians might have no society with them; that Christian slaves might not be delivered to Jews; that Jews might not govern a Christian family, nor the latter party, upon any pretence, have their goods, or lend their own to them; and that Christian nurses should not suckle Jew boys. In trials between Jews and Christians they took very singular oaths. They are said by some writers to have been expelled by Edward I., but Lord Coke says, that upon prohibition of usury, they petitioned to depart. Ferdinand's expulsion of them and the Moors, in 1493, from Spain. through persecution, occasioned them to settle on the coasts of Africa, and form the piratical states which have since so much annoyed Europe.

"The Jews," says Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, "offered my Lord Godolphin to pay five hundred thousand pounds (and they would have made it a million), if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agent from the Jews said that the affair was already concerted with the chiefs of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and, of course, an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin when this proposal was made, and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation—the Clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it, and, in fine, it was dropped. The Jews had better success with Oliver Cromwell, when they desired leave to have a synagogue in London. They offered him, when Protector, sixty thousand pounds for that privilege. Cromwell appointed them a day for his giving them an answer. He then sent to some of the most powerful among the clergy, and some of the chief merchants in the city, to be present at the meeting. It was in the long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Rycaut, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd, and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life as Cromwell did on this occasion. When they were all met, he ordered the Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews as a cruel and cursed people. Cromwell, in his answer to the clergy, called them 'Men of God,' and desired to be informed by them whether it was not their opinion that the Jews were one day to be called into the church? He then desired to know whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could. Then he flourished a good deal on the religion prevailing in this nation, the only place in the world where religion was taught in its full purity; was it not then our duty, in particular, to encourage them to settle here, where alone they could be taught the truth; and not to exclude them from the sight, and leave them among idolaters? This silenced the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who spoke much of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. ''Tis true,' says Cromwell, 'they are the meanest and most despised of all the people.' He then fell into abusing the Jews most heartily, and after he had said every thing that was contemptible and low of them—'Can you really be afraid,' said he, 'that this mean, despised people, should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world!' Thus he went on, till he had silenced them too; and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews." These facts were communicated to Dr. Lockier, the former by Lord Molesworth, to whom he was chamberlain and secretary; the latter by Sir P. Rycaut, with whom he had travelled.

WESLEY AND WELLESLEY.

While Charles Wesley was at Westminster under his brother John, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and enquired of him if he had a son named *Charles*, for if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly, his school bills, during several years, were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length, a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and after much conversation, asked if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland; the youth desired to write to his father before he could make answer; the father left it to his own decision, and he, who was satisfied with the fair prospects which were open to him in England, chose to remain in his native country. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape; the fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for, the person who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who thereupon assumed the name of Wesley or *Wellesley*, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of Marquis Wellesley, and of the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no methodists; the British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam; and Buonaparte the undisputed tyrant of Europe, might at this time have insulted and endangered us on our own shores.—*Southey's "Life of John Wesley,"* 1820, *Vol. I., page* 45.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHAT IS THE POET?

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

What are the yearnings of the POET'S SOUL,
Its fond desires, and aspirations high?
Tend they not all to that one burning goal
Of every Hope? to IMMORTALITY!
Like the pale star that towards the west doth turn
To catch a brighter glow from the Sun's setting urn!
What are the breathings of the POET'S LUTE?
But strains that speak of purer worlds than ours;
What says its voice, when all beside is mute
At twilight's hush, or midnight's starry hours?
Does it not whisper to the musing mind
Of melodies from Heaven, for angel lips design'd?
What are the feelings of the POET'S HEART?
Bright threads whose texture is so finely spun,
That the least touch can tear the web apart!
A Lyre that yields its music unto none
Save summer breezes;—ruder winds but wake
The tuneful strings to discord—or *to break!*
What is the FAME that crowns the POET now?
A shadowy type of that immortal sphere,
Where lasting wreaths shall circle round his brow,
Not like the fading flowers that grace it here!
Where Lute, and Lyre, and Coronal shall be
Undim'd by many a stain that mars Humanity!
What is the POET'S DREAM? the vision pure
Of eyes that look on brighter scenes than this!
Of Joys that undiminished shall endure
Where never shade of earth shall cloud their bliss!
Of happiness too lasting and refined
For Earth, or earthly sense—the pleasures of the MIND!

What is the POET'S FATE ?—early to fade
Like summer flowers, that cannot stand the breath
Of chilly Autumn ; drooping in the shade,
Yet like the Rose, still fragrant after death,
Giving forth odours that can never die,
Still grateful to the sense—the sweets of MEMORY !

THE LAMENT OF POLAND.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

Hide thy glorious face from us
Thou sun so bright so great !
Darkness, darkness should be on
A land all desolate.

Thou shinest on our wretchedness
As if in mockery,
We dare not lift our eyes to thine,
Thou seemest—aye *too* free !

For we are slaves—no, no—*not yet !*
We'll struggle once again
Ere they shall bring upon our names,
That deep, degrading stain.

Each one of us, oh ! joyfully,
His heart's best blood would give
For our most ruin'd, bleeding land,
And die to see HER live.

LIBERTY ! the mad'ning word
Hath made our veins run fire,
Although enough of blood has flow'd
To bid the flame expire.

Yet—we are *men !* our quiv'ring hearts
Are glowing secretly,
With wrongs, with hate, with vengeance dire,
And throbs for LIBERTY !

On, on in silence and in night,
With our unequal band
We'll leave our hearts upon the field,
Or live free ! in our land.

TO THE EGLANTINE BLOOMING ON A RUIN.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

Thy roses grace the roofless hall,
Thou fair and fragrant tree !
And wreath their festoons on the wall,
The bowers of bird and bee.
Thou bloom'st beneath an azure sky,
Where clouds have silver wings,
And softly rolls the streamlet by,
Like music from the strings.

But, as around the ruin grey,
Thy clustering flowers entwine,
Thou seem'st to draw from its decay
A gloom which is not thine.
Companion of the sunny beam !
Adorned with balm and grace ;
'Tis sad to mark thy ringlets gleam
In such a lonely place.

The cypress o'er the sculptur'd urn
Inspires a deep repose,
And Beauty's tomb, where bright eyes mourn,
Is haunted by the rose.
But, if beneath this mouldering wall
The warrior's trumpet gave
To yon green hills its glorious call—
Fame's mandate to the brave !

Or, if beneath this precinct mute,
The Poet broke its strings,
And laid aside his fervid lute
Amid neglected things ;
Oh ! *thou* alone, of all the flowers,
Shalt bloom around the brave,
And quaff the dew of summer showers,
Where Genius found a grave !

A GREEN AFFAIR.

Sam Green he was a little man,
The smallest of his kind,
But in despite of size and shape,
He had a mighty mind ;
Now poverty encompassed him,
He knew not what to plan,
Till all at once this Sammy Green
Turned to a BLACKING man.

He sold his blacking quite as well
As bigger men could do,
Till love crept slyly in his heart,
And made Sam Green look BLUE ;
But Sammy, as I said, had mind,
And would not quite despair,
He thought, indeed he'd set his cap,
And captivate the fair.

And so he watched behind the butt
Just opposite her house,
Peeping his head at intervals,
As quiet as a mouse ;
And he kept watch and hopping there,
About a year or so,
Till he gained courage to speak out,
His final doom to know.

Sam asked her younger brother if
He'd speak a word for him ;
He only laughed and shook his head,
While Sam shook every limb.
Now handsome is as handsome does,
Says Sammy by the way,
And as I'm easy led you see,
I shan't lead her astray.

These arguments availed nought,
And all poor Sam can do,
Is to watch by the other post
The maid he loves so true ;
And she, hard-hearted as she is,
When told how Sam had been,
Said Cholera might make her BLUE,
But nought should make her GREEN.

MARION.

ON SUMMER.

Now Summer with refulgent beam,
Plays on the surface of the stream
With bright and sparkling ray,
Gilding the world's wide space with gold,
Array'd with beauty we behold,
Each fair succeeding day !
See Summer with resplendent vest,
Shines brightly from the purple west,
And tints the rising morn ;
Light, and heat, and cooling showers,
Dews distill'd on fragrant flowers,
Impearl the lively lawn ;
See Summer's sun with mighty sway,
All around his power display
With one prevailing glow ;
All potent Orb with lustre bright,
Shine all the day till shades of night
Their milder light bestow.

LUCINDA.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN No. XXXVIII.

The first wish of the brave and proud,
Is LIFE on battle plains ;
The next that TIME'S lone quiet cloud
Should shadow their remains ;
Breathes there a man of any note,
Who dares, to bright blue eyes
Refuse his LIFETIME to devote,
Nor homage pay with sighs ?

ENIGMATICUS.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

When o'er the plains of Agincourt,
The tide of war was driven,
Sir Hillary's orison so short,
Rose to the ear of Heaven—
"AH ! ye are blest," the warrior sigh'd,
"Who shall see the coming morrow,
Nor leave the hearts you lov'd and tried,
To mourn in hopeless sorrow !"

"Yet above those, who brave and true,
Die for the land that bore them,
Shall fall the gentle evening DEW
Like Love's own tear-drops o'er them ;
And ye ! whose bright eyes were to me,
While their light I yet might view,
The guiding stars of destiny,
A long, a last ADIEU !"*

MINNA.

ANSWER TO FIRST AND SECOND CHARADES IN No. XXXIX.

Methinks I've discovered Maria's Charades,
Their meanings appear to my view ;
I'll tell it to others "WIVES, WIDOWS, AND MAIDS,"
Who to Charades and Riddles are true ;
The CANDLE all matrons most ardently prize,
When the curtain of eve is outspreading,
And the STICK to the virtuous in value doth rise,
As the downhill of life they are treading ;
The CANDLESTICK is useful, too, the taper to "receive,"
Which we shall oftimes joy to prove as summer evenings leave,
Then o'er our Penny Magazine,
We'll sit and pore,
Mid pleasure's store,
For many an hour,
On many a winter's e'en.

GEORGE REYNOLDS.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 15.

A TOOTH is allotted to all,
Old and young, tall and and short, great and small,
And an ACHE'S universally felt,
But the groans of a victim,
When TOOTHACHE'S afflict him,
The heart of a millstone would melt.

CHARLES.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE IN Page 15.

Oft have I trod the sacred ground,
And oft have SWEETEST pleasure found,
Where mortals end their days ;
Where rich and poor, and young and old,
(But stay, I think your meaning's told)
Sleep in the "PERE LA CHAISE."

E. L.

ANSWER TO FOURTH CHARADE IN Page 15.

Here Nelly, toast the muffins, dear,
The jolly farmer cries,
And BUTTER from the churn d'ye hear,
Is what I chiefly prize ;
And shut the window, for the rain
Sends in the FLIES in swarms,
That BUTTERFLY I'll try to gain,
Its wond'rous beauty charms,
And as poor thing it has no soul,
I will preserve its body whole.

JESSY.

* "Ah, Dieu !"

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

NORTHCOTE, the painter, had great simplicity of habit and language. He was fond of indulging in strolls into the country round the metropolis, and one day, on Primrose Hill, entered into conversation with a stranger of gentlemanly appearance, who after some time, politely, but peremptorily, demanded his money and watch. Relating this circumstance to a friend, Northcote exclaimed, "Really the situation was so very tempting, that if he had not robbed me, I must infallibly have robbed him." "But why did you not call for assistance?" said the other. "Oh!" replied Northcote, "had it been dark, I might have done so; but, 'twas so beautifully clear a day that I could see all the way to London, and was certain that no one was within hearing!"

A PLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.—A poor rector in France, whose labours are so great, that he can no longer support them unassisted, thus writes to his Archbishop:—"My duties are beyond my strength; the numerous rural habitations within my parish compel me to travel about so much, that I can no longer support the fatigue it occasions me. My income does not enable me to afford a conveyance of any sort. I have therefore absolute need of an assistant, and I request you will deign to send me a *curate* or an *ass*, either of which will *equally answer the purpose.*"

GRATEFUL BEGGAR.—"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain, under whom he had served. "Saved your life," replied the officer, "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man, "but I served under you in the battle of ——, and when you *ran away*, I followed, and thus my life was preserved."

JUDICIOUS ADVICE.—At the commencement of the late solar eclipse, a gentleman, who had not been provident enough to procure before hand a piece of glass, to be smoked *secundem artem* was in great perplexity about it. A friend, who was present, advised him to break one of his drawing-room windows for the purpose; "for," said he, "you ought to *spare no pains* for the advancement of science."

ANECDOTE.—The Minister of a neighbouring parish was called sometime ago to effect a reconciliation, between a fisherman and his helpmate. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly in him to chastise manually his beloved *cara sposa*, the minister exclaimed, "David, you know that the wife is the *weaker vessel*, and ye should have pity on her." "Confound her," replied the morose fisherman, if she's the *weaker vessel* she should carry the *less sail.*"

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WOMEN.—What a different vocation our women fulfil from that which France assigns to her daughters! in France women occupy a station of importance; they take a share in the intellectual progress of the time; and even sometimes exercise an influence upon the political genius of the country. In England, they are consigned to the fops and fribbles, and rarely rise above the level of drawing-room insipidity. It is not because they are less susceptible of moral impressions that they are thus depressed in the scale, but that our social system is vain glorious and arrogant. Men of letters are sought and cultivated in the highest circles in France, and they give, in the loftiest sense, a refined tone to conversation; but in England, the aristocracy of birth and fashion excludes them from that intercourse which is calculated to embellish and improve the circles in which it is encouraged. Hence our women, deprived of the advantages of social improvement, are cast upon the forlorn hope of slang coteries, in which vulgar frivolities take the place of wit and wisdom.

MISTAKE OF COLORS.—There are some persons who cannot even distinguish one colour from another, and make very curious mistakes in consequence. A gentleman residing in Derby, who had this peculiar defect of vision, went to his tailor to order a suit of mourning to attend the funeral of a friend, and when shown the card of patterns, to select his cloth, he unfortunately fixed upon a brilliant red. The tailor supposed he wanted the dress for a fancy ball, and, without hesitation, made up the suit and sent it home, according to order. On the morning of the funeral, a friend of the gentleman's luckily called in to accompany him; when to his amazement he beheld the mourner make his appearance accoutred from head to foot in his splendid suit of red. The effect was rendered the more ludicrous by the serious face and unconscious manner of the gentleman; nor could he understand why his friend looked so astonished; and it was with difficulty he could be convinced of the impropriety of going to a funeral in a dress he had ordered expressly for the occasion.

FASHIONABLE MANIA.—There is some radical vice either in the character, domestic organization, or customs of the English, for they are contented nowhere; they appear tormented by a rage for locomotion which drives them from town to country, from their native land to other countries—from their estates to the sea side. It is a matter of little moment to them whether they shall be happier at this place than at that; their great object is, not to be to-morrow where they are to-day. The variety and amusement which other people seek in the exercise of their imagination, the English look for in a change of place; when they have exhausted land-journeys they shut themselves up within the narrow wooden walls of a yacht—behold them exposed to the dangers and inconveniences of the sea, sailing about without definite end or purpose, without prospect of present or future enjoyment.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.—During the President's visit at Philadelphia, a hale buxom young widow greeted him with a hearty shake of both hands, at the same instant exclaiming, "My dear General, I am delighted to see you; I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity." To which the President replied with an air of dignified gallantry, "Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier—I would certainly have walked half way to meet you."

THEATRICAL FRIENDSHIP.

Actors, as all the world agree,
Must certainly possess good hearts,
Since none so ready are, we see,
As they, *to take each other's parts.*

M.

WEARING THE BREECHES.

"What pity 'tis," said John the sage,
"That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,
By wearing *men's attire!*"

"Expose!" cried Ned, who lov'd to jeer,
"In sense you surely fail,
What can the darlings have to fear,
When clad in *coat of male?*"

M.

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THE SPORTSMAN is published every Saturday, Price Three Halfpence, and in MONTHLY PARTS, containing Five Numbers and a Wrapper, Price 8*d.*

The object of this Publication is to give practical directions on all matters connected with SHOOTING, HUNTING, COURSING, and ANGLING; TRAINING of DOGS and HORSES, &c. &c. Each subject is treated in its proper season; and it is a leading feature of the Work to encourage a taste for the Manly Sports, avoiding altogether those subjects which tend to brutalise and degrade the more noble attributes of Man.

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The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 6—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Sep. 7, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Dinner Dress. — A pelisse-robe, composed of *oiseau gros de Naples*, the body is cut very low, and descends in the crescent form upon the bosom, which is shaded by a blond lace *chemisette*, it sits close to the shape. The sleeves are between the Amadis and the *gigôt* shape; the front of the dress is marked, from the centre of the bosom to the bottom of the skirt, by a rouleau of *oiseau gros de Naples*, on which is laid, at regular distances, knots of the same

material, covered with double-grounded black lace. Pelerine of the material of the dress, covered with double-grounded black lace, the border and the fall of lace that trim it, are both of an antique pattern; the pelerine is cut round the top to the shape of the bust, is square behind, and pointed in front. The *ceinture* is also covered with black lace. Head-dress, a rice-straw *toque*, ornamented with *oiseau* gauze ribbons, and two long white curled ostrich feathers, tipped with *oiseau*; one is placed in front of the brim, the other attached to the crown, so that they droop in different directions. Ear-rings, neck-chain, and *bandeau* of enamelled gold; jet bracelets, white kid gloves. Black *gros de Naples* slippers. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fashion has of late, in out-door costume, at least, consulted the health and comfort of her fair votaries; thus, though it is yet early in the season for their introduction, or rather for their re-appearance, we have already seen a good many autumnal shawls, but none that differ either in pattern or material from those of last year.

Carriage bonnets are still of a very light description. Some of the most novel are of rice straw, with a helmet crown, which is slashed in four places with rose-coloured, green, or canary *gros de Naples*; the inside of the brim is trimmed with a band of plaited ribbon, which descends upon the hair, and a full quilling of white blond lace, which nearly meets under the chin. A knot of gauze ribbon, edged with narrow blond lace, adorns the crown: the ribbon may either correspond with the colour of the *gros de Naples*, or else be figured in that colour on a white ground. These bonnets are exceedingly tasteful; they will, no doubt, continue in favour for the remainder of the season.

Silk pelisses, made open in front, are much in request in carriage dress. They are of various colours, but green and lilac appear most numerous; they are all ornamented down the fronts, some are edged with black lace with which the pelerine, consisting of two falls and a collar, is also bordered. Others, and these last are the most novel, have the pelerines and the fronts of the dress cut out in the shape of a row of shells, in each of which is embroidered a small bouquet of flowers in coloured silks. A very narrow silk fringe, corresponding in colour with the pelisse, borders this trimming. The body is made tight to the shape, and quite up to the throat; it is nearly covered by the double pelerine. The sleeves differ from any we have yet seen, being neither so extravagantly wide at the top, nor quite close to the arm at the bottom; they are, however, still very large at the top, but of a moderate width from the elbow nearly to the wrist, where they are quite tight. These pelisses are always worn over a white cambric or muslin dress, which is frequently embroidered down the front.

White dresses are still the most fashionable in morning dress. Some of those recently made are closed before, and have the bodies made a three-quarter height; they are set in to an embroidered band, which encircles the upper part; it is rather more than an inch in breadth; the fulness at the upper part is very slight, but it descends in folds to the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are of the usual form. Aprons are very generally adopted with dresses of this kind; they are either of plain or watered *gros de Naples*, are made long and without braces. Some have the band that confines them to the waist, a little pointed in the centre at the bottom, and almost all are trimmed, the majority with black lace of a very narrow width. Some are embroidered in a Grecian pattern in black silk, and others are worked round in a wreath of flowers in different colours: these last, though pretty, are not much worn. The pockets are always made in the form of a cone, and are either trimmed or embroidered round the top to correspond with the border.

Caps are almost invariably adopted in morning dress; some of the prettiest are of very fine muslin; the caul fitting close to the head, is thickly embroidered in small open-worked sprigs in a lace pattern, and lined with blue, rose, or canary coloured gauze; the trimming of the front, which only partially turns back, is of English lace, in imitation of Valenciennes; an ornament of cut gauze ribbon surmounts the caul; it is placed in the centre of it, rather inclining to the front, and always corresponds with the lining. Another style of trimming consists of a row of small knots which descend from the summit of the head to the back of the caul; the *brides* are attached under the knot at the top, and descending obliquely, tie in a full bow on the right side.

The only novelty in evening dress materials is the pompadour muslin; it is a thin jaconot of the finest kind, a black ground printed in bouquets, each consisting of a single damask rose, with buds and foliages, and a French marygold. The skirts of these dresses are still wider than any that have yet appeared; the bodies are made low, draped upon the bosom, and descending a little in the centre of it; they are bordered with a *ruche* of rose-coloured net, scalloped at the edges. Short full sleeve, sitting close to the arm at the bottom, and terminated with a *ruche* of net. The *ceinture* should be of very rich black ribbon, lightly figured with rose-colour, and tied at the side in short bows and ends that descend to the knee.

Head dresses of hair still continue most fashionable in evening dress; they are ornamented with flowers. Where the dress is of the kind above described, a sprig or a wreath of damask roses should decorate the *coiffure*. Caps and hats are also fashionable. We refer for them to our weekly article. Fashionable colours are violet, red fawn, dust colour, lilac, *bleu Louise*, and several shades of rose colour and green.

The EDITRESS, in consequence of severe indisposition, solicits the kind indulgence of her CORRESPONDENTS for the omission of the NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ this week, and also that of the general reader for any inaccuracies observable in the present Number.

GRACE IN WOMEN.—Grace in women is the secret charm that draws the soul into its circle, and binds a spell around it for ever. The reason of which is, that habitual grace implies a continual sense of delight, of ease, and propriety, which nothing can interrupt; ever varying, and adapting itself to all circumstances alike.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE MIDNIGHT EXECUTION.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

It was on the night of the 21st of March, in the year 1804, that a party of N—'s Italian guards entered the wood of Vincennes. Their measured tread no longer resounded along the hard forsty roads; their footsteps were scarcely heard over the moss and fallen leaves. They proceeded onward in silence; many among them were pale, and many whose hearts grieved within them. One might well have imagined them to be a band of spectre-warriors, such as Baron Tediltz tells us of in his midnight review. Their commander rode foremost, this was General Murat, and his blank grey eye, that never betrayed the secrets of his soul, glanced here, there, and everywhere.

They now came to an open space of ground, in the bosom of the lonely wood. "Halt!" said a voice that thrilled to the hearts of the men. He was obeyed, not a soldier moved; the stillness and the chill of death was everywhere. The clouds just now broke away, and the moon shone on a scene of breathless horror.

The men had formed themselves round a noble looking youth, who appeared their prisoner. He was in the flower of manhood, fair, calm, but pale, very, very pale; a star glittered on his breast, and nobility (the nobility of soul), was stamped on his brow; his large bright eyes were raised to heaven, and his lips seemed moving in prayer. "Prepare!" said the same overpowering voice—the men gave a start. The fair youth turned suddenly to the speaker, and fixed on him—could those mild eyes give *such* a look of withering scorn? "One word with my God," said he, kneeling down, while a sweet change stole over his countenance, as the princely victim murmured a few hurried prayers to the God that would judge his murderer.

Now and then a stifled sob was heard among the men that were stationed farthest from their chief. After a solemn stirless pause of some minutes, the unfortunate Prince D' E—— rose from his knees. "Form," said their commander; they obeyed. "Present," their arms were raised. "Fire!" not a carbine flashed. A confused murmuring ran along the band. "Fire!" repeated the chief in a voice like thunder. The silence of death still reigned in the solitary wood; the moon shone full in the face of the noble prisoner—he was all calm. "Traitors! miscreants! fire, I say!" again thundered their commander; only the wailing of the wind was heard. Hereupon he rode up to the Prince, their eyes met! Murat

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shaded *his*, the report of a pistol broke the silence, and the next instant he was covered with the blood and brains of his victim. In a few moments the Prince lay in the helplessness of death; his quivering remains were quickly buried, and the men marched silently away from the MIDNIGHT EXECUTION.

THE POACHER'S FIRST CRIME.

BY T. JENNINGS.

"How is my poor father now, Jane?" was the question of a pallid and care-worn, but still handsome young man, who had just returned from his labour, to the low and comfortless hovel which served him for a home, and where his sister, an interesting young girl, apparently about seventeen, was employed in her household affairs. "Is he any better?"

"No!" was the brief reply.

"Is he worse?" The poor girl's streaming eyes gave an answer to the question which her tongue could not—a full one, and it was taken.

"Oh! God!" muttered the young man, as he threw himself down upon the only semblance of a chair in the apartment. "Its of no use, its of no use! here have I toiled day after day, and night after night, even until I am but a ghost myself; and yet he gets worse. Why is it," said he starting up and grasping his sister's trembling hand. "Why is it?" his look seemed to pierce into her shrinking soul—it was a look of madness—of despair—she scarcely dared to answer him.

"The doctor says he must have better food, and I know not where to get it!"

"Wretch! cold-hearted wretch! why does not *he* bring him some?" but his rage was only transient, and changing it for the bitterness of sarcasm. "Charitable man," he continued, "he sees us all starving even with what we can get, and tells us we must have better; charitable man!"

"But, my dear George, we can't expect him." He suddenly let fall his sister's hand.

"No;" said he in a tone that seemed like the feeble wailings of an infant, contrasted with his former loud gruff voice. "No, we can't expect him." The wretched girl startled at the altered sound, and turned her wet eyes upon his. He stood motionless as a statue—his gaze was fixed, but upon nothing, and he seemed all lost in reverie.

"George," said she at length, half afraid to touch his death-like form, "what is the matter?

"Yes," he muttered, "I will go and see him first—yes!" and he turned towards the door of his father's room; she followed; a horrible thrill seemed stirring every thing around her; her shivering heart was torn almost too much for reason, and her steps tottered as they entered the apartment of her only parent. A description of the place would be rather appalling than affecting, therefore I will omit it. The young man bent enquiringly over the wretched pallet, where his father lay; for a long time the hard breathings of the old man were the only sounds that disturbed the intense stillness of the room, but at last, with a low moan, at which they both shuddered, he turned his white head round on his pillow, and looked upon his son's face. "George," said he, "you look very ill; are you?"

"No, I am very well, indeed, father," replied his son, striving to assume a gaiety which he could not, for he felt that grief was the more hallowed passion for such a scene; another pause followed—and at length he rose from his knees, and reached down an old fashioned gun from over the fire-place.

"George, my boy," said the invalid, "what will you do with that?"

"It will be no harm to shoot a sparrow if I see one, will it?"

"But you have neither powder nor shot."

"Old Adams has promised to give me some."

"It's well; but mind you don't part with that gun; I shall hardly forgive you if you do."

"No, I will not," he answered, and left the room.

* * * * * *

It was a bright night, the moon shone beautifully into the lonely chamber of sickness, Jane was sitting at the low and but half-glazed window, but that mattered not then, the air was still and warm; she had gazed upon the full round orb until her bosom had almost forgotten its throb of anguish, she had always loved to look upon that golden sphere, for it infused into her mind a calmness that other things could not; it was her only comforter; she was then indulging in her airy dreams when the report of a gun from the forest startled her from her reverie.

"What is that, my girl?" said the sick man, as the sound disturbed him from his transitory slumber.

"Perhaps 'tis George, he said he should try to shoot some sparrows for you."

"The sparrows have all been at roost this long time."

"It must then be Edwards, the gamekeeper, shooting at the wild cats in the forest."

"Its likely," said he, as he tried to hush himself again into his fretful and feverish repose, and Jane had scarcely again fixed her eyes upon her pale entrancer, when she heard her brother's voice softly calling her from without; her father seemed to have composed himself to sleep, and she stole cautiously into the outer room, or rather shed of their miserable dwelling.

"Make haste, Jane," said her brother throwing a bundle of seared wood from his shoulder; "make a fire, I have better food for him now;" and taking a pheasant from his pocket, he hastily stripped off its feathers. Jane did as she was bid, and a bright blaze soon crackled on the hearth. He muttered not a word as they mutually assisted in roasting the bird, but a wild frenzy seemed to shake his frame at every sound they heard; his sister dared not question him, but her heart felt strange forebodings as she looked upon the tempting object of her suspicions; it was at length ready to be taken to the patient.

"George," said he, as his son approached the bed, "where did you get that bird from?"

"The curate gave it to me," was the reply.

"God bless him," said the old man, "he has done us many kindnesses, and would do more, but the squire's heart is against us, and they who would be his friends must be against us also."

He was going to eat, but the first mouthful had scarcely reached his lips, when a loud noise of mingled voices was heard without.

"What is that?" said he, thrusting the untasted morsel from him, "what is that, George?"

"Oh! its all over with me now," cried his haggard child, while his eyes glared wildly upon his aged parent; "but *you* live, *you* live father!"

Two men entered the room and grasped hold of his collar as he spoke. "So we have you at last, have we, and mark me, this will be the last time of your playing these pranks."

"What," exclaimed the father, raising himself up on his couch; "is this bird stolen? thank heaven I have not tasted of it."

"It was done to save a dying parent," said the young man, as the tears rolled down his hitherto unmoistened cheek, "and if your master punishes me for that, may everlasting curses——"

"Hold your rash tongue, boy!" exclaimed his fainting father.

"Oh! let him curse his fill," said the other stranger, "it will, perhaps, ease him."

"You have killed Jack Edwards," continued the first officer.

"'Tis a lie!" retorted the prisoner.

"What," groaned the sick and agonised man, "murder! oh! my God!"

In vain the young poacher swore his innocence of the crime; they dragged him from the room amid the last reproaches of his dying parent.

"Oh! George," said he, "a lie has brought on this, had you not told me a lie when you reached down the gun, we should still be happy, as far as a clear conscience could make us, but may God forgive you as I do."

The last words faltered on his tongue as he sank down upon his pillow to rise no more. Jane, who had from the first fallen lifeless on the floor, recovered just in time to hear her father's last groan usher his spirit from its earthly tenement.

* * * * * *

The sequel is short. George, who had accidentally killed the gamekeeper with the same discharge that brought the pheasant down, was tried and exe-

cuted. His sister, after wandering for some time a beggar upon the world, was at last taken in by a charitable family, as servant, where she now lives.

THE PHANTOM COACH.

We have all heard of phantom ships and phantom ladies; nay, most of us have had occular demonstration of the existence of both; for who has not seen the "Castle Spectre" at Covent Garden, and the "Flying Dutchman" at the Adelphi? But it is not of phantoms such as these, mere creations of romance, that I am about to speak. Alas! no; mine is a darker, a more fearful tale—darker and more fearful in its undeniable authenticity, its appalling truth!

In the circle of my acquaintance, which is a sufficiently extended one, I some years ago numbered a West Indian merchant and his wife, who was a lady of highly-nervous temperament, and excitable imagination. She heard many comments on the flourishing circumstances of her husband, and accordingly felt herself much aggrieved, that, with the exception of the humble dennet, which conveyed the worthy merchant, six days out of the seven, to his house of business in the city, no equipage of any description graced their establishment. On this point alone the gentleman was invulnerable to blandishments, humours, and even tears; he permitted a thousand extravagancies which had more fancy than prudence to recommend them; he never complained of the occasional, indeed frequently lavish expenditure of his helpmate, but he set his face unaccountably and decidedly against a COACH. On one occasion, profiting by the presence of several fair friends, who, like herself, considered her case to be one of extreme hardship, the lady renewed her attack from the head of the table, just as her husband was in the act of raising a glass of hock to his lips. I shall never forget the cold, composed expression of his countenance, as he put down the untasted wine, and said slowly: "have a little more patience, Mrs. ——, you will, probably, one day bitterly regret your extreme tenacity on this point."

The words, to an indifferent witness, were simple enough, and so might the crimson cheek and averted eye of the lady appear also; but it was not so; a mysterious thrill pervaded her whole being, as she listened. She attempted no rejoinder; and several of her intimates imagined her silence to proceed from suppressed vexation; they knew not the fearful feeling which was at work within her! Not many months subsequent to this event, the merchant died. His widow spared neither cost nor care to give him a fitting funeral. He went to his grave with all the "pomp and circumstance" of wealth, and was in due time forgotten. He had willed every thing to his widow for her life, and many were the surmises of her acquaintance as to how she would dispose of her princely income.

But a change had come over the spirit of the lady; she was invisible even to the most intimate of her friends; the blinds of every window in her house were closely drawn; she was never seen in the street, or at the residences of those with whom she had formerly been a frequent visitor. No one, in short, knew any thing about either her or her affairs.

Thus matters stood, when one afternoon, precisely as the clock of a neighbouring church struck the hour of two, a dark, very dark green coach drove to the door of the widow; no description of green in the painting-room of a mortal coach-builder, can convey a correct idea of the precise green of this supernatural-looking vehicle; it was of that deep, dense shade which is mingled with the more lurid tints when you burn sulphur! the liveries of the servants matched exactly with the pannels of the coach; the horses, which were fine powerful animals, wreathed with foam as they impatiently champed the bit; to the eye of a common spectator might have appeared black; but, no, no; the unfortunate lady was not so happily deceived; they were green also—dark, deep green; and even the foam which they flung from them, like the froth of ocean, had a greenish tinge. It was remarked by the servants that their lady shuddered as she crossed the hall to enter this gloomy carriage; at which, and no less at the strange attendants who accompanied it, about which and whom they had until this moment been profoundly ignorant, they stared with very natural curiosity; but the lady herself looked neither to the right nor to the left as she stepped into the coach; she remembered the words of her departed husband, and she sank tremblingly upon the well-padded seat, as the overwhelming conviction fastened upon her mind, that from the moment of her entering that vehicle she had become green also!

Her unearthly attendants obeyed her commands with a prompt obedience, which, in these days of the march of intellect and general reform, she at once felt to be fearfully unnatural. What would she not at that moment have given to have been walking quietly along on the sunny side of the street, well cloaked and clogged, like the happy individuals whom she was rapidly passing, instead of rolling softly and noiselessly along in this *phantom coach!*

True, her acquaintance bowed and smiled as they recognized her, but their greetings brought her no relief; she felt that they were blinded to the unearthly truth; that they saw nothing in her equipage but one of Adams's first-rate coaches; servants clad in sables; and a pair of long-tailed dark bays, seventeen hands high—what availed it to her that the whole world was blinded to the truth, when she was so fearfully awake!

Time failed to weaken this uncommunicable misery; every day, be the weather what it might, precisely as the last stroke of two fell upon her ear, the *phantom coach* stopped at her door. Gradually her health declined; her friends ceased their enquiries, for more than once she had passed a former favourite, when a sudden shower threatened the destruction of bonnet and pelisse, and though she sat alone in her roomy vehicle, she offered not to rescue the fluttered fair one from her extreme jeopardy. Alas! they knew not that she was enthralled, and dared not bring another within the power of the dark spell!

At length she became sick even unto death, and the good rector took his seat at her bedside; he besought her to consider the weal of her immortal soul; the word *weal* struck painfully and fearfully on the tympanum of her ear; she shuddered at the very sound; and the worthy man lost a legacy by selecting so ill-omened a word. It was a terrible visitation; it wore the luckless lady to a thread-paper—still at the same hour the coach came to the door, and was dismissed; for she had no longer strength to walk to it. Then came the last stage of her torment—every thing she looked upon became green; every thing she ate, tasted, green, her butler, her footman, and her maid, all answered to the name of Green. She dyed with a green gage in her hand, brought to her on a green desert-plate, and with the one hated word upon her lips. * * * *

The heir-at-law drives a cab, and the *phantom coach* was sold by auction at Tattersall's.

P.

LINEATIONES VATICINÆ.

No. III.

BY THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

Byron.

"In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd
Much to be lov'd and hated, sought and fear'd."

LARA.

Thou mightiest of the mighty! wayward Childe!
Whose magic diction, and whose visions wild
Have fascinated all, of every age
And every clime, who ope thy gifted page!
BYRON! thou scorner of thy fellow-man,
Whose life and feelings thou did'st sternly scan;
Thou long ago hast gone where thou shalt find
The truth or falsehood in thy works combin'd;

In us 'twere arrogance to seek to know
What sphere now holds thee, or of joy, or woe.
One sect of self-made judges dare to say
That thou art but a splendid cast-away;
While some, less harsh, perchance not less unwise,
Give thee a lofty place amid the skies;

Yet both may from the truth be distant wide,
One day the doubtful question shall decide:
Till then, in silence we indulge our trust
That thou art blest—and weep above thy dust.

Yet tho' from us departed, still thy fame
Derives fresh lustre from each well-known name;
The names of those, whose lives intensely dark,
Are lightened by thine own bright meteor spark,
The daring CORSAIR, stain'd with every crime,
Gains in thy hands an interest sublime;
With him, his fellow, deeper dyed in guilt,
LARA, unfeeling as his sabre's hilt.
And SEYD, the tyrant of the Eastern coast;
And ALP, the renegade from Corinth's host;
And bold MAZEPPA, by the chieftain doom'd,
Who, sav'd, that chieftain's tower, and self, consum'd;
And SELIM, victim to the vengeful Turk—
GIAFFIR, reveller in murder's work;
And HAROLD, noble, vicious, unreclaim'd;
And JUAN brave, for love and battle fam'd;
All these display thy power, unmatch'd below,
And these will spread thy fame while time shall flow.

Nor these alone thy monument shall rear—
A softer, sweeter, lovelier throng appear;
Thy female forms unrivall'd bear the sway,
None can excel them, equal them who may?
Fairest and foremost stands the Rover's bride,
MEDORA, who for love of Conrad died.
Then see GULNARE, for her preserver's sake
Who sets her country, honour, life at stake;
And as young KALED, all his steps attends,
Guards him while living, o'er him dying bends.
And LEILA there, who in the tyrant's power,
Sees, loves, and dies for the mysterious Giaour;
Her death's reveng'd, her lover forms a band—
The murderer dies upon the "foreign brand."
And fair HAIDEE, who only lov'd too well;
And PARISINA, slain by Azo fell.

These, BYRON, are a few whom thou didst form,
Thy glowing lays the coldest heart would warm.
Nor less thy power in wielding Satire's lash,
As erst was felt by SCOTIA's critics rash,
Who tried, ungenerously, a boy to quell,
But in thy numbers heard their own death-knell.

Farewell, great Poet, could thy haughty shade
But leave the tomb, where thy cold dust is laid;
And wandering thro' the field of all thy praise,
Cast but a glance upon these humble lays—
O! it would sure forgive the bold essay,
Th' attempt to follow where thou lead'st the way;
And "kind to youth," as thou thyself of yore,
Point out the track by which to gain Fame's shore.
Thy works the compass, thou the polar star,
A deathless goal the haven seen from far.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

The following notices of Bartholomew fair, which are extracted chiefly from scarce tracts and other authorities not generally known, may, perhaps, as descriptive of its former state, afford some amusement to our readers.

In proclaiming the fair, it was the custom anciently for the Lord Mayor to come, not as now, in his state coach, but to ride on horseback. This story is thus noticed by Davenant:—

"Now London's Mayor, on saddle new,
Rides to the fair of Bartelmew;
He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of *pig*,
That gaping lies on every stall,
And still 'come eat me' seems to call."

The allusion here made to *pig*, and its lying on every stall, was another peculiarity connected with this fair in old times. Ben Jonson makes mention of this food several times in his Drama of Bartholomew Fair," which was first acted in 1614:—

Pure. My daughter, *Win-the-fight*, is visited with a longing to eat pig.

Littlewit. Ay, sir, a Bartholomew pig, and in the fair.

On which is added in a note, "Roasted pigs were formerly the chief entertainment at Bartholomew fair." Our old writers abound in allusions to this circumstance, and *Mrs. Littlewit* is not the only instance of a citizen's wife feigning a longing for pig, in order to be taken to the fair.

Gayton, in his "Art of Longevity," Lond. 1659, alludes to the same.

And the author of "Whimsies, or a new Cast of Characters," 1631, speaking of a Puritan, says:—

"No season through all the year accounts he more subject to abomination than Bartholomew Faire; their drums, hobby-horses, rattles, babies, jew-trumps—nay, pigs, are all, are wholly judaical."

They were, according to another author who wrote near this time, then eaten in that nominally appropriate quarter of the fair called Pye-corner:—

"In the Pigge-market, alias Pasty-nooke, or Pye-corner, pigs are at all hours of the day on the stalls, piping hot, and would cry, if they could speak, 'Come eat me.'"

The immoralities of the fair and its varieties are not unaptly characterised in the piece of Ben Jonson alluded to, in the person of *Busy*, one of the *dramatis personæ* of his piece:—

"Look not towards them—hearken not to them: the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets; the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole fair is the shop of Satan. They are hooks and baits to catch you by the gills," &c.

A good picture of this annual scene of confusion, as it existed in 1641, is to be found in the scarce pamphlet of that date, entitled "Bartholomewe Faire," &c. The cloisters of Christ church, and those of St. Bartholmew's hospital, it appears, were at this time occupied for the exhibition of wares, and as well as the neighbouring cloth fair, attracted visiters equally with Smithfield.

"And nowe," says the author (after stating the fair to have began than on the 24th day of August, and to have extended into no less than four parishes, viz.:—Christ church, Great and Little St. Bartholomew's, and St. Sepulchre's), "that we may the better take an exact survay of the whole fair—first let us enter into Christ church cloysters, which are now hung so full of pictures, that you would take that place, or rather mistake it for St. Peter's at Rome, only this is the difference—those are set up for worship, these for sale."

He then continues:—"Let us now make a progresse into Smithfield, which is the heart of the faire, where in my heart, I thinke there are more motions in a day to be seene, than are in a terme in Westminster-hall, to be heard. But whilst you take notice of the severall motions there, take this caution along with you, let one eye watch narrowly, that no one's hand make a motion into your pocket, which is the next waye to move you to impatience; for the faire is full of gold and silver drawers: just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the pick-pocket, it is his high harvest, which is never bad but when his cart goes up Holborn."

The picture which he gives of these pickpockets, and their usual manner of their committing their depredations on the unwary, though quaint, is amusing enough, and shows that the same modes were adopted by the thieves of that day to effect their purposes, as are commonly used on the like occasions in ours:—

"The City Marshalls are as dreadfull to these youngsters, as the Plague is to our London actors—*that* restrains them from *playing*, and *they* hinder these from *working*. You may quickly know these nimble youths, and likely find them very busy bodies in quarrels which nothing concerne them, and sometimes in discourse with females, for the most part to be found in a throng of people. Some of your cut-purses are in fee with cheating costermongers, who have a trick now and then to throw downe a basket of refuge peares, which prove choak peares to those who shall loso their hats or cloaks in striving who shall gather fastest. They have many dainty baits to draw a bite, and, if you be not vigilant you shall hardly escape nets; fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime twig with which they catch dotterels. They are excellently well read in physiognomy, for they will know how strong you are in purse by looking in your face; and for the more certainty thereof, they will follow you close, and never leave you till they draw your purse, which they will be sure to have, though they kisse Newgate for it, unless you keep a sharp look out."

Another account, equally scarce, and printed in the same year, has this curious title:—

"The Dagonizing of *Bartholomew Fayre*, caused through the Lord Mayor's command, for the battering downe of the vanities of the Gentiles, comprehended in the flag and pole, appertaining to puppet-play."

The allusions in this are partly political, but the following may be taken as affording us an additional picture of the then nature of the fair:—

"*The 23 of August, being the day before the Apostolick Fayre.*"

On August's four and twentieth eve,
The City's Sovereigne and the Shrieve
To Smithfield came if you'll believe
To see th' ungodly flags.

The Liverymen were sore put too't,
Though some wore shoe and some wore boot,
They wer'all constrain'd to tramp on foot
God save 'em.

Ent'ring through *Duck-lane* at the *Crowne*,
The Sovereign bit began to frowne,
As if't abated his renowne
The paint did so o'ertop him.

Downe with those Dagons then quoth he;
They outbrave my day's regality,
(For his pride and partiality
Jove crop him).

I'll have no puppet-plays, quoth he;
The harmless mirth displeaseth me,
Begun on August twenty-three,
'Tis full twelve hours too early.

A younker then began to laugh,
'Gainst whom th' Mayor advanc't's white staff,
And sent him to the Compter safe,
Sans parley.

He that show'd wonders made of wax,
Spoke in behalf of his fine knacks,
Quoth he,—we spit no fire of flax,
Nor such-like puppit shows;

Besides we show his excellence,
Quoth Mayor,—that is a fair pretence,
God's-nigs, 'tis time that I were hence,
So away he goes.

On the top of booth sat Pudding John,*
(Lord would be loth to sit thereon),
I'm sure he wish'd his lordship gone,
Yet dur'st not say so;

But when his lordship left the Fayre,
John set up throat did rend the air,
And glad he was, he loud did swear,
That he was gone."——

An Order of the Lord Mayor, 24th Aug. 1707, mentions "that having seriously considered, that notwithstanding the great care which had been taken by his predecessors, for preventing disorders, in Bartholomew Fair and places adjacent, especially the cloisters and other passages of the hospitals of Christ church and Bartholomew, whereby the peace was frequently broken, the quiet of the said hospitals endangered, and the inhabitants in and near Smithfield very much disquieted; to the intent therefore to preserve the public peace, his lordship out of a hearty desire to remedy the same, ordered—That there should not be let or set any ground, within the limits thereof, for the erection of any booths, sheds, or stalls, to any person or persons that should use or employ the same (contrary to law) for Interludes, Stage Plays, Comedies, Gaming Places, Music Meetings, or other occasions or opportunities for inciting and assembling idle, loose, and debauched persons together, under pretence of innocent diversion and recreation," &c.

Similar complaints appear to have been made in succeeding times, as may be seen in the journals and pamphlets of the day, which also contain various particulars of the more modern state of the fair. But these, as too long for an article of this kind we omit. The fair, upon the whole, appears to be as well conducted at this time as in any period of its history.

W.

* Jack Pudding, or Merry Andrew.

THE SELECTOR.

EPISODE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION.

BY ISABEL HILL.

—— Let me give you another Anglicism, which ought not to sink into oblivion. The curate here is a mild chearful well-informed man, benevolent in spite of his penury, forgetful of thin attire, weak lungs, keen air, and hill-roads, whenever duty calls him to brave fatigue. Happening to meet on one of these excursions, we became friends at first sight; as I frequented his church he believed me a Protestant. It was but lately that I discovered this: in praising his form of worship, I said, "Our's is more imposing, but it addresses the soul through the senses."

"If you will share my humble Sunday's dinner, sir," he replied, after a start, and a moment's consideration, "you shall meet a friend of mine, who has travelled much in Catholic countries —Mr. Lowden?"

Making the true excuses, that I went nowhere without my wife, nor ever dined from home on the Sabbath, I begged he would bring Mr. Lowden to us, if a stranger would so dispense with ceremony.

They came—he proved a venerable man. Very shortly the curate observed, that confession, if voluntary, and even penance, if self-imposed, by sincere zeal, must, he thought, be beneficial. I agreed, adding,

"Though, as an invalid, I am exempted from some of our duties, I regret that there is no chapel, no priest near us."

"I am one," replied my new friend, smiling, "our fellow-christian hath brought us together, that I may offer you and madame my services."

"Dear father!" said I, "how dead must these dissenters be to the zeal of converting."

"Pardon me," returned the curate, "I would do my best for converting any one *to* religion; but from one creed to another, so similar on all vital points, I cannot deem such an attempt required of me."

"Yet say," I pursued, "are English Papists now free to visit those they call Heretics?"

"I hope so, answered Father Lowden; "but my very wrongs have freed me."

Your mother entreated him to explain, with real humility he complied.

"I was, for many years, a shepherd of a numerous flock, in a large city, where every faith finds an altar. There even Presbyters and Unitarians subscribed for my poor. There, like Sisters of Mercy, Quaker maidens, in their chaste attire, alone, at midnight, entered the squalid hovels of my Irish and Portuguese children. I visited the needy Protestants. On both sides, the aim was to make, not converts, but friends. It succeeded: I was intimate with all the best families, of whatever persuasion. I had laboured in the vineyard from the first hour, and trusted to proceed in peace, till called to receive my hire. But the New Superior of the district, fearing that this interchange of kind offices would lead both my congregation and myself into renegade schisms, sent me—with orders to read it in service—a Lecture, so full of anathematising rancour, that I resolved to explain away its evil tendency. I impressed on my people that our Highest Master enjoineth us 'to judge not lest we be judged.' Hold fast by the belief of your sires," I said; "but forget not that its founder prizes an upright life, a pure spirit, and a kindly heart, far above the unforgiving boasts of those, who, for pretence make long prayers. Sceptics contend with bigots, and those who are neither, remain too oft, dead to both sides of the question, *for there are but two.* Shall we dispute for trifles, and let the Great Cause go to wreck? Blessed and acceptable will be the days when fanaticism and infidelity fall together; when the children of God misuse not *His* name in cursing one another. He who hath not the grace to remember this, let him receive no more alms, nor even rewards from the Protestants. He who cherisheth not gratitude towards his benefactors, whether they belong to the Church of Rome, or that of England, puts himself without the pale of Christianity."

This address was reported, without exaggeration, and yet *I was dismissed*—as unfit for the charge of those souls o'er whom I had watched so long. Many and mutual were the tears of our parting. The poorest of them would have loaded me with presents; but a nobleman of our church offered my gray hairs an asylum, and, in a more limited sphere, I am still what I have been. My former flock have now a younger, but more rigid priest, with a most orthodoxy handsome housekeeper; he visits no one who differs from him in professions. My rich friends have withdrawn their bounty from my poor. My fair friends care not to meet the Holy Father. A man, whom I had always found punctual in spiritual offices,

now, I hear, rails against the "errors of Popery," and is a thriving attendant at one of their parish churches. His priest lately meeting—commanded him to return, and be absolved on pain of excommunication. The fellow retorted, and very naturally, "I don't want absolution, I want bread—once I could get both honestly. He that's gone would forgive me, for I know, better than you, sir, how little difference there is—in short—I've not changed at all, in siding with those who never persecuted my best friend."

A few reigns ago Lowden's true and liberal policy would have been punished at the stake.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ECHO ANSWERS—WHERE?

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Where are the ardent hopes of Youth,
When life look'd bright and fair,
And young ROMANCE was robed like TRUTH?
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where is the kindly glow of heart
Another's bliss to share?
The tear, o'er others woe to start?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where is the open, smiling brow,
Ne'er shrouded o'er by care?—
Where the light buoyant spirit now?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where LOVE, the boy with roses crown'd,
Who sought our bower to share,
When Fortune's smiles were beaming round?
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where FRIENDSHIP, too? Love's sisterflower,
(When Summer skies are fair!
Smiling beside us in Life's Bower)?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where is the bauble Fame? awhile
Like shining jewel rare,
Set in the gold of Fortune's smile?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

Where is the Mind that hath not learn'd,
The present to compare
With gone-by joys, too lightly spurn'd?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

And where the Voyager in Life's track,
Who would not all things dare,
To bring the Heart's young feelings back?—
Echo answers—WHERE?

ACROSTIC.

C ome strike the Lyre, oh! Muse of Song,
H eroic strains to him belong,
A round whose brow the Victor's wreath
R eveals the Hero, and beneath
L aurels unfading shews us one
E qual to all, surpassed by none,
S uch are the deeds of ENGLAND'S son.

N ow, now the Muse unrolls his name,
A nd loudly trumpets forth his fame;
P roud of the gallant BRITISH TAR,
I n friendship true, and great in war,
E ach daring act doth him proclaim
R ight worthy of reward and fame.

JESSY.

SERENADE.

Nay, look not thus upon me,
The maddening dream is o'er,
And my wild hopes shall grieve thee
No more—Oh! never more!
In uncomplaining sorrow
Thy coldness I deplore,
But peace this heart will visit
No more—Oh! never more!

I will not seek thy pity,
Nor one pure sigh implore,
Be thy bright Spirit shadow'd
No more—Oh! never more!
Forget thee!—do not deem it,
Deep in this lone heart's core
Thy memory reigns, to leave it
No more—Oh! never more.

MINNA.

STANZAS.

A promise, and so lightly spoken,
It seemed in *utterance* to be broken;
A word, and 'twas so quickly said,
I listened, and the sound was dead.
Why do I then in musing sigh,
And deem that *he* spoke wantonly;
Alas! why did I love that word
Far more than aught I ever heard?
I might have known that not for *me*
Were *years* of truth and constancy!
The years have passed, I reck not how,
And I weep o'er—a broken vow.

L'INCONNUE.

I WILL LOVE THEE.

I have loved thee in youth—I will love thee in age,
When thy ebon locks change into grey,
And those orbs now so bright, dull and feeble, presage
That the frame hastens fast to decay.

I have loved thee in Spring—when the flow'rets were sweet,
And their fragrance was shed all around,
And when desolate Winter, all dreary we meet,
My affection still warm shall be found.

I have loved thee in life—I will love thee in death,
When the cold damps collect on thy brow,
And when thou art fainting and gasping for breath,
In thy ear will I whisper this vow;

"I will love thee in death—and none other shall share
The affection to which thou gav'st rise—
To follow thee only now will I prepare,
And meet thee again in the skies."

E. G. C.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

Good heavens! what a lovely girl,
Her form enchants me yet;
Her step, her eye, her very curl
I never can forget;
E'en I, who *beauty proof* have stood,
A stoic hard and fast,
Would worship her—at least I *could*—
I'M FAIRLY CAUGHT AT LAST!

I'll cut my old acquaintance now,
"My revelry is o'er;"
To her I'll breathe each tender vow,
(I've learnt *at least* a score);
I'll heed no gay companion's sneer,
(My fortune's going fast),
To matrimony's coast I'll steer—
I'M FAIRLY CAUGHT AT LAST!

I never had a thought before
Of wedlock; I have been
To foreign parts; have made a tour
Thro' Europe; I have seen
The dark-eyed Spaniard, French coquet,
Unheeded I have past
Their sunny smiles, their lures, and yet—
I'M FAIRLY CAUGHT AT LAST!

I really had made up my mind
A single man to die;
A woman, gentle, young, and kind,
I'm now resolved to try,
Just such an angel as I've found,
Whom Fate for me hath cast,
(I hear she's got TEN THOUSAND POUND),
'TIS WORTH BEING CAUGHT AT LAST!

CHARADES.

I.

Sweetest of sweets, and pleasant to the taste
My FIRST is found, nor should be used in waste,
When to procure it thousands labour hard,
And toil for other's use without reward.

Noblest of all creation's works so fair
My SECOND'S seen, none can with it compare,
Favours the lover when inclin'd to roam,
Befriends the mariner when far from home.

These two will form a name you've often read,
A common term that's used when people wed;
Oh! that each couple, free from care and strife,
Would like my WHOLE pass all their wedded life.

JANE.

II.

My FIRST, half the world do six days in the week,
My SECOND oft' holds the lost trifle we seek,
My WHOLE ev'ry lady most useful doth find,
Tho' differing in form, and various in kind.

ANNETTE.

III.

My FIRST may give sport, though by many I'm dreaded;
'Tis an orator's name, who was very long-headed,
My SECOND is white, yellow, black, blue, or green;
With ladies, when walking, I often am seen,
My WHOLE is an herb, and by many well known,
In a fruit or flower garden 'tis seldom I'm grown.

W. H. BARRETT.

IV.

If you transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill show what faithless lovers are;
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do;
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do you'll then explore.

W. C.

V.

My FIRST is in every shop,
In the statutes at large is my SECOND,
My WHOLE if you do to an evil,
A very good thing it is reckon'd.

A. Z.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

A Singular Dissolution of Parliament.—On the 10th of March, 1628, the day on which both houses were adjourned, the King, (Charles I.) came to the House of Lords, and without sending for the Commons, spake as followeth:—"My Lords; I never came here upon so unpleasant an occasion, it being a dissolution of parliament; therefore men may have some cause to wonder why I should rather not do this by commission, it being rather a general maxim with kings to leave harsh commands to their ministers, themselves only executing pleasing things." And then, after some further words, the King directed the Lord Keeper to dissolve parliament. The entry on the Lords' Journal is—"Ipse Dominus Rex, hoc presens Parliamentum dissolvit."

Tate Wilkinson.—The anecdotes of this theatrical commandant are numerous, and it is notorious he had a happy knack of forgetting people's names, which used to cause great confusion among his company. One of our most respectable comedians had been strongly recommended to him, when he wrote and requested he would join him at Shields. The gentleman, who then belonged to a provincial company, lost no time, but immediately proceeded there, and waited upon the manager; on his entering the room, where he was announced by the servant, he found Tate endeavouring to knock into the wall, with a fire-poker, a small nail to hang his watch upon. He turned his head half round, and just eyed his visitor, then renewed his attack upon the nail, and said, "Hah! oh! how d'ye do Mr. *Wingrove;* can you play Rolla?" "I have attempted it," was the reply. "Oh! ha! Mr. Kemble plays Rolla—Mr. Young plays Rolla—and Mr. Elliston plays Rolla. But I say Mr. *Musgrove*, can you knock in a nail?" "I dare say I can." "What! with a poker, and without hurting your fingers?" "I'll try;" he accordingly knocked in the nail, and Tate said, "I thank you, that will do very well Mr. *Cox.*"

The Cross.—That illustrious monarch, Louis the Twelfth, when pressed to punish some noblemen, who had been inimical to him when Duke of Orleans, nobly replied, "It is not for the King of France to revenge the injuries done to the Duke of Orleans." Louis had in his pocket-book put the mark of a cross against the names of those noblemen; and they were afraid to approach him when he became King. "You have no reason to be afraid of me gentlemen," said he one day to them, "the cross that I have put against your names by no means denoted any desire of vengeance, but, like that of our Saviour, announced pardon and forgiveness of injuries."

Still they Grumble.—Farmers never yet wanted pretexts for grumbling; if they cannot talk

"Of pigs that they have lost
By maggots in the tail,"

they will turn even their best luck into an excuse. A West Country tenant coming, with "as much as he could scrape together," of his rent, thus apologized to his landlord, for the sum's deficiency:—

"I tell ee ow tiz, squire, zee! I'm a zellin every stick I've rayz'd at loss; twunt fetch its ould price, knaw, no ow!"

"Why," said the gentleman, "of what can you complain, after such a summer as God sent us this year?"

"Thur tiz, zur! that's it, bless ee; the best of every thin be common; 'bliged to use't up at whoam, stid o' taken it to market. Zummer? I bleeve ee! rayr zummer, I do call't when I han't a scrap o' bad haay to gie the lean beastis."

Patience.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Dr. Cooper, (afterwards made Bishop of Lincoln, as a reward for his literary labour), republished Eliot's "Bibliotheca Elyota," with the addition of thirty three thousand words, and many other improvements. He had already been eight years in collecting materials for his edition, when his wife, who was a worthless and malignant woman, going one day into his library, burned every note he had prepared, under the pretence that she feared he would kill himself with study. The doctor shortly after came in, and seeing the scene of havoc, enquired who was the author of it. His wife boldly avowed it was herself. The patient man heaved a sigh and said, "Dinah thou hast given me a world of trouble," and quietly sat down to another eight years of hard labour to replace the notes he had lost.

The Burthen Lightened.—A gentleman riding near Dublin, observed the blacksmith of a neighbouring village upon a sorry horse, with several weighty bars of iron, which he had purchased in the city, placed before him on the pommel of the saddle; and, feeling regret that this "mere anatomy" should labour under a burthen which he was so ill calculated to bear, he expostulated with him on the cruelty of loading the poor beast so far above his strength. "By St. Patrick's whiskey flask," exclaimed the descendant of Vulcan, "I did not think of that before; I'll soon relieve you, my darling." He then, with infinite difficulty, raised the heaviest bar, and placed it upon his shoulder: "there, trot along Teddy," continued he, "sure and you can't grumble now, seeing that I carry half your load myself."

A Proclamation.—When the Khan of Tartary, who lives in a cabin, has finished his noon-tide meal, which consists only of milk and horse-flesh, he orders a proclamation to be made by the herald, "That all the Emperors and Kings of the world have his permission to go to dinner."

Diamond cut Diamond.—Jacob B——, an opulent Quaker of New York, had a ship coming from Portugal, with a valuable cargo, valued at £40,000, and had been cautious enough to insure all except £1000, thinking he would take a line for that amount to himself; upon reflection, *however*, he determined not to take it, and late in the afternoon, sent it to his friend, Mr. H——, requesting he would take the line. Friend H—— was, however, rather cautious, and requested the clerk to call in the morning. Late that night, Jacob learned that the ship was totally lost, and in a terrible quandary summoned his head clerk, likewise one of the faithful, to counsel and advise, how friend H—— was to be induced to sign the policy, the first thing in the morning, as the loss would soon *be known*. The clerk hit upon a plan, which he put into execution as follows:—As soon as he thought friend H—— would be at his desk, he rushes into his counting-house, "Good morning to thee—oh! friend H——, if thou hast not underwritten the policy, thou need'st not do it, as there is *news of the ship.*" "Humph," says H——, who happened to have the policy open before him, "Humph," says he, catching up a pen, and writing his name, "pray remember me to my friend Jacob, tell him that the news comes rather too late, as I have already done it." "Dear me," says the clerk, "that is a pity as the *ship is lost.*"

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THE SPORTSMAN is published every Saturday, Price Three Halfpence, and in Monthly Parts, containing Five Numbers and a Wrapper, Price 8*d.*

The object of this Publication is to give practical directions on all matters connected with Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, and Angling; Training of Dogs and Horses, &c. &c. Each subject is treated in its proper season; and it is a leading feature of the Work to encourage a taste for the Manly Sports, avoiding altogether those subjects which tend to brutalise and degrade the more noble attributes of Man.

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The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 7—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Sep. 14, 1833.

OH! DO NOT LET ME SEE THEE WEEP.

WORDS BY MR. BISHOP. *MUSIC BY C. SMITH.*

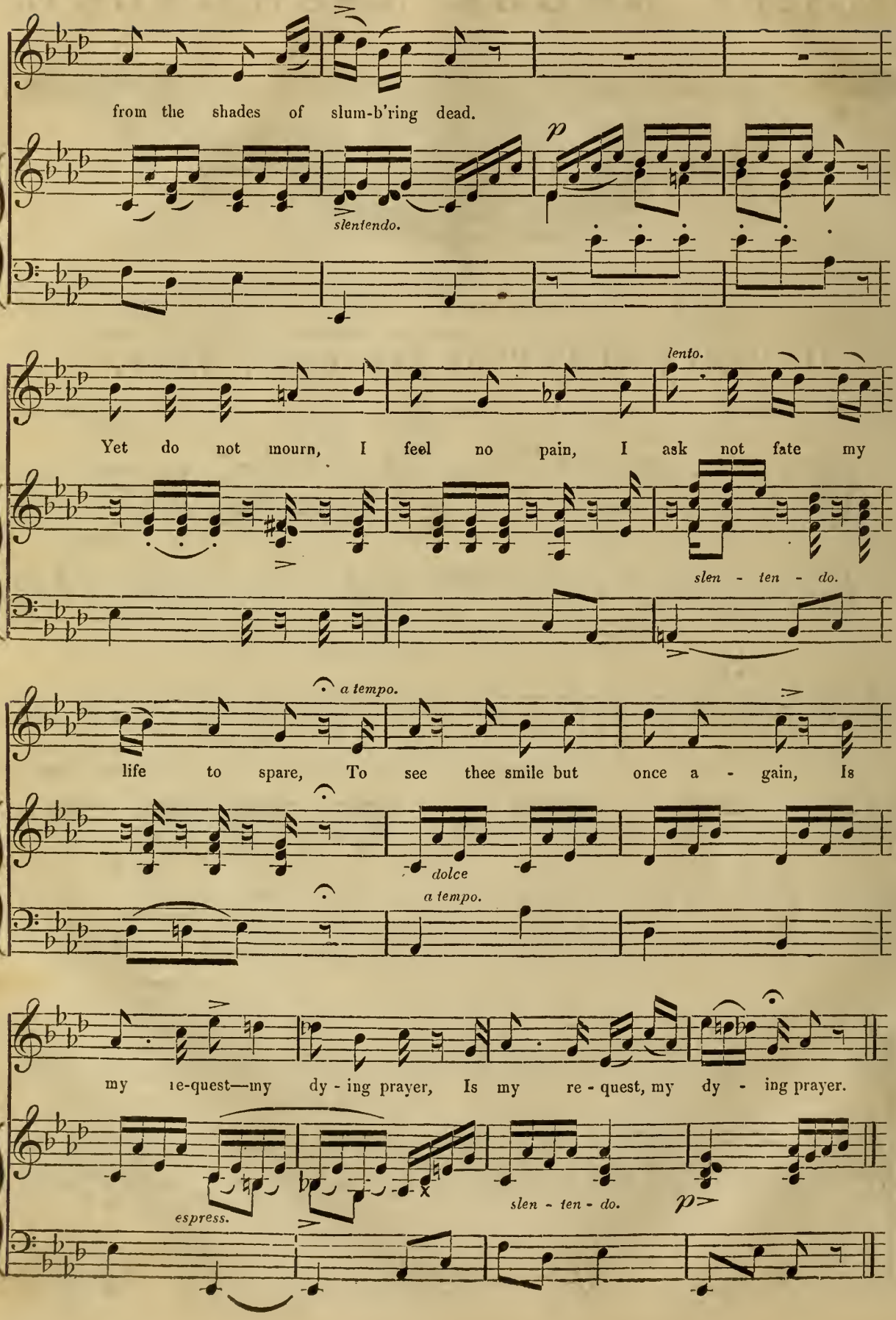
With Tenderness.

Piano-Forte.

Oh, do not let me see thee weep, Ah! let not sorrow's tears be shed, Soon

p dolce

will my broken spi - rit sleep, Far from the shades of slum-b'ring dead, Far


from the shades of slum-b'ring dead.
slentendo.
p
lento.
Yet do not mourn, I feel no pain, I ask not fate my
slen - ten - do.
a tempo.
life to spare, To see thee smile but once a - gain, Is
dolce
a tempo.
my re-quest—my dy - ing prayer, Is my re - quest, my dy - ing prayer.
espress.
slen - ten - do.
p

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

As our object is to give our fair readers correct and useful information on every subject connected with the toilet, we shall devote this article to some of those particulars in which the taste of our fair leaders of Fashion more particularly displays itself. First then for the *chaussure:* in out-door dress *bottines* are preferred; they should be either black or to correspond with the colour of the dress; *gros de Naples* or *reps Americain* are the materials adopted for carriage dress; kid leather is much in use for walking, and is certainly much better adapted for it; we must caution our subscribers against prunella, which is now obsolete, and silk *bottines* tipped with leather, are equally so. For dinner and evening dress, silk slippers only are used; those of the sandal kind are preferred; they are still cut rather square at the toes, but are rounded in front, and are not near so low as they have lately been worn; *gros de Naples* of a rich kind is the material most in favour, but satin begins to be in request; shoes for grand evening parties must be always white, but for dinner or social *soirées*, they should be either black or of the colour of the robe. Silk stockings of an open lace pattern, are indispensable to an elegant evening toilette; the most fashionable are those tinged with the faintest shade of rose colour. Open-worked silk gloves are very generally adopted in full dress; they should be white, unless, as is frequently the case, the trimming and other accessories of the dress are of black lace, the gloves should then correspond; black gloves are very generally adopted for social parties; mittens are sometimes worn for re-unions, but not generally; some ladies have appeared, in evening dress, in open-worked silk gloves of different colours, but this fashion does not appear at all likely to become general. ! A new and pretty scarf is composed of a very broad gauze ribbon, of some light colour, as lemon, pea-green, or azure-blue, each edge is printed in a small wreath of flowers in very vivid colours, and a row of black real lace of moderate depth is set on with a little fulness all round; these scarfs descend nearly to the knee, they are attached in the centre of the bosom by a lozenge pin of gold fillagree work. The most fashionable pocket-handkerchiefs are of clear cambric, with a broad hem embroidered in feather stitch, either in stars or small flowers; the hem is surrounded by several rows of open-worked points, and the corners are worked in very rich patterns.

THE BROGUE.

"If you drink so much whiskey," quoth Sandy, "I flatly
Affirm that you'll soon be a poor shoeless rogue."
With a good-humour'd smile, cried Pat, "how can that be,
When sure now I'll always be keeping the *brogue*." JESSY.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. VI.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and her Secretary discovered looking over letters.*

Our sister Blues! our sister Blues!
Ah! never look so shy;
But meet us in the evening
Your varied tasks to ply!
The day is waining fast, fair scribes!
Our toils are in arrear;
Publishing morn is coming—soon
For copy they'll be here!
Then sister Blues! sweet sister Blues!
Ah! never look so shy;
But hasten, hasten to our Council,
Your varied tasks to ply!

And name each youth and maiden fair,
Who fain with us would sing!
Apollos—Saphos—of the Lute and Lyre,
Who'd try their callow wing.
Our SECRETARY dips her pen,
And spreads their LETTERS wide;
And seals (and HOPES, perchance), are broken,
When their merits we decide!
Then sister Blues! sweet sister Blues!
Ah! never look so shy;
But meet us, meet us at the Council,
Your varied tasks to ply!

We love the Lyre! the POET's Lyre,
Too well OURSELVES, to fling
One shade of coldness o'er a hopeful Bard
Who wakes a trembling string!
But, when some IGNORAMUS comes,
Who thinks his *trash* sublime,
We hold it no discourtesy
To quiz such senseless rhyme!
Then sister BELLES! fair sister BELLES!
None ere shall find us shy,
To meet TRUE GENIUS with an open hand,
Though we check *audacity!*

Parody on 'The Bloom is on the Rye.'

Miss Bluemantle. Our non-attendance last week, fair Secretary, has "doubled your toils and trouble," we regret it, but as an Editor is "mere mortal flesh," like other persons, we are as vulnerable to accidents and illness as the rest of the world. Now for your budget.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Letter from F. O., Portman-place, Edgware-road.

Miss B. If the person who sent it, (of whose name we have no recollection), intends to be of any service, a call and explanation at the place to which the letter is addressed, will be the best way of proving the writer's sincerity. We believe the communication is intended as a HOAX, if so, there is neither wit or good manners in it. Proceed.

Miss S. "The Politicians," by ELIZABETH MARY.

Miss B. Almost too long for our pages, and we decline all POLITICS in whatever shape they may appear.

Miss S. Communications from MELISSA.

Miss B. MELISSA is thanked; her contributions are of the right sort for a little work like ours.

Miss S. Letter from T. J.

Miss B. He will see, before this, that the request it contains came too late; but we trust that his future fame will not be lessened in its brilliancy by his name having appeared in our pages. To the last part of his letter we reply, we are always happy to receive assistance from those whose writings we approve; our early insertion of his communication must answer the question.

Miss S. A little sketch, entitled "The Dying Brigand, by JAMES REES.

Miss B. It shall certainly appear. We are happy to seize the first possible opportunity of *accepting* a contribution from his pen, having before rejected so many; but this rejection has arisen, *as it does in all other instances*, from a respect for our readers, to whom we are pledged for the merits of the articles we set before them, as well as from a regard towards young writers, who might hereafter feel sorry to see themselves *prematurely* in print. We enlarge thus much on the subject, because there *are* persons who chuse to call our answers to "unsuccessful correspondents," "graceless," and "heartless;" those very persons, at the same time, being *unmanly* enough to attack us from behind the shelter of their Editorial screen, with a rudeness, as uncalled for, as unparalleled; but they have defeated, (as is generally the case with malicious persons,) their own aim, and we leave them to the enjoyment of that SUPERIOR "EDUCATION," which, doubtless, *they* possess over the generality of "PENNY EDITORS."

Miss S. GEORGE D., Walworth.

Miss B. He is thanked and accepted.

Miss S. Remember me, &c., by JAMES R.

Miss B. Part of his communication shall appear.

Miss S. EMMA.

Miss B. With all due respect and courtesy, we must "reject her addresses."

Miss S. F. T., Finsbury, alias BENEDICT.

Miss B. His "OATH" will be taken, and we will keep our *promise* of inserting it.

Miss S. Answers to Charades, &c., by JESSY and others.

Miss B. All are thanked; the best, according to our judgment, shall be selected.

Miss S. A Tale, by E. H., Peckham.

Miss B. We are happy again to hear from this correspondent, and accept it with thanks.

Miss S. An Ode to a ROBIN-REDBREAST, by J. R.

Miss B. The REDBREAST's song is somewhat lengthy for our pages, but he chirrups so sweetly, that we believe we must give it a place. We presume it is ORIGINAL?

Miss S. M. DONAGAN.

Miss B. His Fortune-hunter wants a little polish, but will, probably, appear.

Miss S. The Parting, by ADA.

Miss B. The *hand-writing* and the *inditing* are so widely different, that we cannot believe they are by the *same per-*

son. The verses are beautiful, but we suspect they are *copied* by the sender. To her query respecting our intention of having "Stories and Tales in the new series of our work, as we had in the former," we have only to bid ADA look into our present pages for an answer, if she cannot see them, we fear not even Dolland's highest magnifiers would avail, since *her's* must be *wilful* blindness. The lady she enquires after is at liberty to send Tales if it pleases her, we do not *solicit* the contributions of any writer.

Miss S. Two packets from ANNETTE.

Miss B. With ANNETTE we confess ourselves to be sadly in arrear, but she must consider her contributions generally accepted. They shall all appear as early as possible.

Miss S. SYLVA.

Miss B. We are happy to greet her again, she is accepted.

Miss S. Charade, by SARAH, of Edmonton.

Miss B. SARAH shall see we *do* think her worth having.

Miss S. "POETIC EPISTLE," from Brighton.

Miss B. If the writer is in no hurry it shall appear.

Miss S. Mary ADELINE.

Miss B. Her Farewell shall be inserted, though we should have preferred some other subject.

Miss S. A letter from G. R., on Theatricals.

Miss B. We sincerely thank G. R. for his kind offer. Our Council has the entrée to most public places, and no report of any entertainment is given in our pages, that the writer has not been an eye-witness of. We shall be happy to communicate further with G. R. on this subject, if he will favour us with an interview. Our address can be obtained at the office.

Miss S. Lines by a WEST INDIAN.

Miss B. They shall have a place in our Poet's Corner.

Miss S. Lines by EDWARD.

Miss B. Not our original EDWARD, we suppose; he has taken huff,—*n'importe*, this second EDWARD shall reign in his stead. Well, are we nearly arrived at the end of the budget? Our thinking-cap begins to "sit uneasy on our brow."

Miss S. Here are several private letters, directed to yourself, Lady President.

Miss B. Ah! intimations, no doubt, of sundry parcels of grouse, hares and partridges, the reward of our Editorial labours. No! all from young aspirants for Fame, and admirers of our Magazine! Well, we'll take their various suits into consideration, but just whisper, that when they chuse to address us *privately*, they should remember to free the postage, as they do when sent to OUR OFFICE. We trust none of those friends who KNOW us will think this hint intended for their ear, but seventeen *unpaid* letters to our private residence, from individuals unknown to us, is rather too much of a good thing.

Enter Mrs. Bloomer, Mrs. Modish, and Miss Harmonica.

Ah! "friends of our soul, this tea-cup sip," ye are welcome! see! the very Twankay assumes a richer tint at your approach, and sparkles on the board.

Mrs Bloomer. We have, indeed, been sad absentees, Lady President; but though absent in person, my mind has been employed in your service, and I have garnered in a store of literary knowledge for our autumnal feast and winter campaign.

Miss B. We doubt it not; well, ladies, have you seen any thing worth reporting since your return to the Metropolis?

Mrs. Modish. FASHION has closed her doors, she no longer walks in lighted halls in "silk attire," but seeks refuge from the fatigues of state under a gipsy hat and russet boddice. Since we returned we have been skirting about the different minor places of amusement, Astleys, the Surrey, and the Queen's; at which latter place they are playing a piece entitled "THE WHISTLER," to good houses.

Miss Harmonica. At the English Opera I was much delighted with the little Scotch drama, "JESSY OF DUMBLANE," from the pen of Captain Addison, the successful author of "LO ZINGARO." The whole piece is well played and got up, but the acting and singing of Mrs. WAYLETT alone, would ensure it a run. The songs are all old Scottish melodies, to which the author has adapted new words. Two in particular struck me as exceedingly beautiful, "Weel may the keel row," and a little plaintive ballad, entitled "Jammie," sung by Mrs. WAYLETT. The last new piece produced there, "THE COURT MASQUE," which I witnessed the other evening, on its first representation, is splendid in dress and scenery, and will, no doubt, be a reigning favourite till the close of the season; it is, however, heavy in many parts, and two abrupt in its conclusion. The music, selected entirely from "LE PRE AUX CLERCS," the closing and most celebrated composition of HEROLD, with the exception of a sweet song "Home of my Childhood," given by Mrs. WAYLETT, with all her usual gracefulness, and a beautiful trio sung by that lady, Miss MURRAY, and REEVE, I did not think so well adapted to an English theatre, as many other foreign operas, though, on the whole, it went off with great success. Had the part of Anne Boleyn been given to Mrs. WAYLETT, and that of Marguerite to Miss SOMERVILLE, I think the piece would have been more suitably cast.

Mrs. B. Look at this beautiful engraving, ladies, of the late Joshua Brooks, Esq., the celebrated Professor of Anatomy; 'tis sent for your inspection.

Miss B. A very striking likeness, and finely executed. We imagine it will adorn the study of most medical men. 'Tis from a painting, by Duppa, and engraved by W. Ward, two justly esteemed artists.

Mrs. B. I anticipated considerable pleasure, some time since, from the announcement of "*The three Sanctuaries of Tuscany*," by Lady Charlotte Bury, whose novels have so deservedly obtained considerable popularity. The poetical work was delayed by some melancholy domestic occurrences, but in a few days it will come before the public, and I am assured by an excellent judge of literature, (who has had "a private view,") that the style of this poem is pure, spirited, classic, and refined in the extreme. The volume will be enriched with several exquisite engravings of the scenery, and, also, with a striking likeness of the noble authoress, whose name, as "the beautiful Lady Charlotte Campbell," is celebrated among all connoiseurs in female loveliness; as her Ladyship's taste for the fine Arts has also made it familiar among the children of Genius.

Miss S. Here are several Musical MSS. sent for your acceptance, Miss Harmonica, many by well-known and appreciated composers.

Miss H. I thank their gallantry; the talented of our own sex, too, have favoured us. I see, 'Tis well; their "notes of linked sweetness," shall not be "*long*" before they are "drawn out," if I may so paraphrase the immortal Milton.

Miss S. I have just discovered, Lady President, by a returned letter, that no such person as your correspondent FRANCES OLIVERSON, of Portman-place, Edgware-road, is to be found.

Miss B. We suspected as much before, and caution the writer not to attempt such another hoax on us again! It will not do! "'tis but a cunning device of the enemy." Come, ladies; we think the court must "rise," (as the lawyers have it,) ourselves and secretary begin to grow weary. This day fortnight we meet again for the general dispatch of business. Be not idle in the mean time, but like the honey bee, come laden with the sweets of every flower you have plundered for our little Hive of Information and Variety.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE PARTY.

BY MRS. R. J. HARTWELL.

(LATE EMMA LOUISA SARGEANT.)

"Oh! most happy hour—I will tell every thing right as it fell out."
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Rat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat. "Oh! mercy; here is Mr. Devondale as sure as my name's Fanny," exclaimed a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, springing from her

toilette to the casement in one bound, and throwing it open, she attempted to satisfy her curiosity. "Goodness," she continued, as hastily retreating from her bending position, "if he is not looking up, and he must have seen me in this trim; I am sure I shall be quite ashamed to meet him when I go down stairs; dear me I am so vexed." "Nonsense, Fanny," returned her elder sister, taking her place at the glass, and inwardly rejoicing that she had not been the unfortunate looker out, "don't you recollect what he said the other day, when speaking of the squire's daughter, 'she is when unadorned adorned the most.'"

"Ah! but I am not the squire's daughter, Sophia," replied the young lady with a sigh, "and there is a vast difference between squire's daughters and us."

"What can't be cured must be endured," was the sage observation of Sophia; "but I am very sorry we were not ready to receive Mr. Devondale ourselves; I should not have cared if it had been the Bromptons, or the Claytons, or any body else."

"Besides," added Fanny, endeavouring to adjust her flaxen ringlets with no common care, "besides the flowers are not yet put into the china-stand, and that brown earthen jug looks so very vulgar, I thought we should have had plenty of time to dress, but there are so many things to do when one has a party."

"Especially if such a gentleman as Mr. Devondale is to be present," observed Sophia.

"Devondale," repeated her sister, musingly, "what a beautiful name; it is just such a one as you read of in a novel; a Devondale must be handsome, and graceful, and courageous, and polite, &c.; how I should like to know if he is in love!" she added, interrupting herself.

"How could he be otherwise after seeing you?" asked her companion with a smile.

"Rather say yourself," was the blushing girl's reply.

"Nay, every one allows you to be the prettiest, Fanny."

"Nonsense, besides if I was, there is your figure, I am such a little thing."

"The rarest gems go in the smallest compass, my dear sister," returned Sophia affectionately. "But come, are you ready, I have only to find my gloves, where *can* they be, I cannot possibly go down without them, for if we dance I am sure to want them, and my hands look as red and as coarse with this cold weather, as if I had done all the work in the house to day, how unfortunate!"

"I want a pin for my hair; do find me one, there is a good girl, this curl is as obstinate as a mule, it goes every way but the right," cried the younger sister somewhat pettishly, but perceiving the influence her irritability possessed over her countenance, she suddenly determined to give way to it no more.

"There are some in my drawer, but you must look for them yourself; you will be ready first after all; where can these tiresome gloves have hid themselves!

Why here," exultingly returned her sister, exhibiting them; "here in your own drawer."

"Oh! thank you; thank you;" cried Sophia, joyfully, "now I am quite ready; do let us go down."

"Stop, stop; you forget I have been finding your gloves; do see if I am in order; come, don't be in such a flurry; how do I look?"

"Oh! as you always do, most charming," was the reply.

"Go along with you," returned Fanny, pushing her towards the door; "it is no use asking, for you always flatter me; I only wish I looked as well as *you* do," and down went the sisters from the all important duty they had just concluded, pulling out their gigot sleeves, and inwardly resolving to retire earlier to their toilette another time, let what *would* go undone.

They reached the door of the parlour, it was closed, Sophia laid her hand upon the lock, and for a moment paused.

"Yes they are fine girls, as you say," said a voice from within, which they instantly recognised as their mother's, "and what's better, Mr. Devondale, that is their least recommendation, for though I say it, there are few of their age, who can brew, bake, and make butter better than my Sophy; and even Fanny promises to become no mean hand at such matters; in fact Mr. Devondale, they are just suited for what their situation warrants them to expect (and that's the way I like children to be brought up), to become mistresses of farms."

Never before had that respectable phrase grated upon the ears of the sisters so harshly; had it been spoken to young Brompton or farmer Goodman, they would not have cared; but to talk thus to one who was a gentleman born and bred, how *could* their mother be so foolish, just as if they knew no more than such vulgar accomplishments, surely she must have forgotten the whole year they spent in learning dancing, the half-one in music, the lessons Miss Wilman had given them during her visit at their house in drawing; then they could work veils, and satin-stitch, and chain-stitch, and bracelets, and urn-rugs, make chimney ornaments, and cut fire-papers, and, in fact, a thousand things beside, and wrath was giving to their cheeks a still deeper colouring, when Mr. Devondale spoke.

"Mrs. Harcourt," he said "that which delights me most, and forms the chief attraction to your family circle is the kind and affectionate conduct of all its members, and I can truly say I never entered one more realising *my* ideas of domestic felicity."

In a moment all anger flew from the bosoms of the blushing sisters.

"Ah! sir;" continued the mother, and from the tone of her voice they were certain that tears stood in her eyes, "ah! sir, they are good children, and I would not exchange one of them for any in the world."

"Dear, kind mamma," was the sudden exclamation of both, and they could have thrown themselves at her feet in repentance.

The door opened and she stood before them.

"Why, girls, what in the world have you been about?" was her enquiry upon perceiving them.

At that moment another, and no very gentle rap was heard, the mother bustled out to receive her guests, and the daughters glided into the presence of their important visitor.

He was a young man of prepossessing gentlemanly appearance, and there was a softness and urbanity in his manner, which far removed from effeminacy, won the hearts of all.

"You should have come one moment sooner," he said, smiling, as taking a hand of each, he led them to a sofa, and placing himself between them, "your kind mamma has been giving me such a description of you."

Here the newly arrived visitors entered. It was the Brompton family, consisting of the good farmer, a merry-faced jolly specimen of what farmers were some fifty years ago; his wife, a good-looking portly dame of the same date; a daughter who strove vainly to escape the punishment of small sleeves, short waists, long petticoats, and check aprons; and three sons, who thought themselves handsome, and far too affluent to need the "foreign aid of ornament" to render them a most desirable acquisition to any party in the neighbourhood, besides they knew too well the dearth of beaux in those parts, ever to fear getting settled for life much to their satisfaction whenever it should please them to surrender, not their liberty, (that they never intended), but their purse, to the guidance of another. Scarcely had this party been formally introduced, ere another and more genteel agitation of the knocker announced the Claytons.

"Now Fanny," cried Mrs. Harcourt, who had just seated herself, for as the Claytons were not the richest of her neighbours, it would have been disrespectful in the hostess to have left her guests.

Fanny obeyed, and was about to usher them into the parlour, when, accidentally mentioning the presence of Mr. Devondale, the younger part of the family positively refused to enter until they had arranged their dress, changed their shoes, for those they had brought with them, and put their hair in order, protesting the wind was boisterous. Fanny was too kind to attempt persuading them, and, consequently, Mr. Clayton walked in alone. He was one of those beings who most forcibly remind you of a may-pole decked out on its own day of gaiety; take him from head to foot you could discover no im-

perfection in his dress or its numerous ornaments, that is, provided the survey was made some few feet from its object, and Mr. John Thomas Clayton, for so he loved to be styled, was apt to keep at a respectful distance, or sit in a shady corner, but it was equally devoid of attraction; his manners were stiff, and not impolitic haughty, but on the whole he might be termed, in the true country phrase, "a very good sort of man. His family consisted of four tall and not ungraceful daughters, partaking of their father's pride, if not of his precision, were arrayed in the most modern and elegant habiliments their wardrobe boasted; which, with two or three young men who dropped in towards the evening, completed our party.

"Who will propose a dance?" whispered the lively Fanny to her sister, when by talking of it to all the young people present, she had excited them to desire it.

"I will, with the greatest pleasure, if you will become my partner," exclaimed Devondale gallantly?

Fanny was in exstacy; in the first place, coming from Mr. Devondale, the proposal could not be objected to; in the second, what greater honour could be paid her than to lead down the first set with such a partner, for that he would not place himself at the head she never for a moment imagined. The proposal was accordingly made, and, as with one consent, the whole group arose; couples were soon formed, and began to arrange themselves, when it was discovered the apartment was far too small for such a numerous party. What was to be done? Oh! some would seat themselves until their turn should come; nay, nay, surely it could be managed in some other way: suppose they formed two sets, and one of them adjourned to the hall? No, no, that would never do there, supper was already spread; well, then, if the door was thrown open the passage would give them length, but the passage, alas! was too narrow; what said they to the lawn before the house? there they would have abundance of room; the young people were delighted at the thought, but cast a fearful glance towards the mammas. "Oh! dear, that would never do, they would catch their death of cold." The countenances of the young ladies fell.

"I see no other way but giving it up altogether," cried Mr. Harcourt, who had not yet spoken, unless, indeed, you like to foot it in my malt-house."

"The malt-house! repeated his wife and daughters in a breath.

"Aye, dame, and you might have a worse ball-room, I promise you," resumed the father, somewhat piqued at the disdainful reception his proposal had met with, "for a smoother and cleaner I defy even London to produce, nor a more commodious either."

A pause succeeded, in which pride and inclination were struggling most vehemently for the mastery.

Mrs. Harcourt turned to the elder Bromptons, Sophia to Devondale, and Fanny, whose hand he still held in his, looked up into his face enquiringly.

"I think it an admirable plan," he quietly said.

"Admirable," repeated his partner with energy, "if you will but *excuse* it."

"Not another word my dear Miss Fanny," was his reply.

"Oh! excellent," echoed Sophia.

"A good thought;" "a very good thought;" "a capital thought;" now ran round the circle, and to the malt-house they repaired. It was, indeed, all its owner had described it.

"It is a strange place to dance in to be sure, but what does it signify, it is dry and wholesome," exclaimed Miss Brompton.

"And large," added Miss Clayton.

"And I am sure there are no *rats*," concluded Fanny.

The very mention of such obnoxious reptiles caused a general shudder, and at any other time would have driven back the whole group, for they were by no means so satisfied as to this last recommendation, though in no humour to yield to trifles. In this exhilitating amusement passed the hours until supper was announced, during the whole of which time Devondale quitted not the side of Fanny. The formality of changing partners, was in these domestic families, unregarded; each young man had very naturally selected the one he preferred above all others; why then should he wish to resign her, and the young ladies were equally contented, they liked not to discard old beaux for new ones, especially as Mr. Devondale solicited not the honour of their hands, for Fanny was envied no less than courted that evening.

The supper table was spread in a truly hospitable manner, and it is worthy of observation that due honour was done to it by our party. At its conclusion dancing was again proposed, but as the votes were not unanimous, the house divided, and the final arrangement was that the elder part of the assembly should remain in the hall, a large oak apartment, with a snow-white floor, and ceiling of racked bacon; whilst the younger pursued their own amusements in the parlour. All were satisfied; the fathers to smoke, drink, talk politics, and decide upon the only means of salvation for their country; the matrons to gossip, sip wine, and tell stories of their children.

Thus passed the evening at Harcourt farm. And now came that moment which must inevitably arrive, procrastinate it as we will, when the "good night" rends us from the sharers of our evening's amusements — clogs, cloaks, umbrellas, pattens, walking-sticks, and lanthorns were reluctantly brought in.

"I hate the word good-bye above every thing," sighed Fanny, as with difficulty she lifted a large plaid to the shoulders of Miss Clayton, "'tis a cruel word," and she passed on to do the like hospitable office to another of her guests. It was sometime ere the party were fully equipped, and the fathers, who had already walked to the door, returned to ascertain what caused the delay. The warm kiss of affection passed between the younger ladies, pressing invitations between the elder, a rough but hearty shake from the young men, a salute from the old, and they were assembled beneath the vine-covered porch.

"Good night;" "good night;" ran round, and all but Devondale had departed.

"I have been with the fashionable and the gay," he said, as taking the hand of Fanny he led her into the parlour, "but never have I spent a more happy evening."

Fanny was silent, had she been less interested she would have found a reply.

"You will take another glass before you leave us, Mr Devendale," said his host, taking up a bottle of the best brandy, "it will drive away the cold."

"No, not another drop."

"Oh! but you must," he continued, pouring one out as he spoke, "just while Fanny is fetching your cloak."

Devondale could not refuse.

"I hope Mr. Devondale," he resumed, "we shall often have the pleasure of seeing you, and all I can say is, the oftener you come the greater will be your welcome."

His guest thanked him cordially and arranged his cloak for departure.

"You will excuse me, sir, I know it is very rude to make observations upon people's dress," said Mrs. Harcourt, "but you really look so well in that cloak, I cannot help telling you so."

Fanny thought so too, but spoke not.

"Don't flatter me my dear Mrs. Harcourt, he returned, laughing, and he hastened to the door.

The whole family followed. A hearty squeeze, with good night, God bless ye, from the father, a warm invitation from his wife, a curtsie from Sophia, and the hand of Fanny was within his.

"I shall take the liberty of calling to see how you all do to-morrow," he said, then pressing it between both his own, whispered, "till then farewell," and disappeared.

Fanny stood gazing after him for a moment, she felt as if a new and delightful existence had been granted her, and for the first time in her life sincerely wished to be *alone*.

IMPROMPTU,

Addressed to the Editress of the "Belle Assemblee," on her sealing a letter with emblematic Roses, motto, "*We bloom to day, to-morrow die.*"

"We bloom to day, to-morrow die,"
This fact your seal discloses;
A moral we may all apply,
E'en from these sculptur'd roses!

Fair Editress! while thus you bloom,
This truth let mem'ry cherish,
That Genius still survives the tomb,
And Virtue ne'er can perish!

L. H. C.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

I THINK ON THEE!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

I think on THEE when MORNING shineth
O'er the Sea!
And when the fading DAY declineth,
I think on THEE!

I think on thee, when NOON is blazing,
While hums the Bee!
And when on TWILIGHT's shadows gazing,
I think on THEE!

When EVENING's lonely Dove complaineth
O'er Lawn and Lea;
And when the starry MIDNIGHT reigneth,
I think on THEE!

I think on thee when FORTUNE sheddeth
Her beams on me;
When in FAME's path my footstep treadeth,
I think on THEE!

I think on thee when FORTUNE shrinketh
Like ebbing Sea!
And when my heart of SORROW drinketh,
I think on THEE!

I think on thee when FRIENDSHIP smileth
So bright on me;
When LOVE and JOY each sense beguileth,
I think on THEE!

Whene'er mine eye with GLADNESS beameth
It turns to THEE!
Whene'er my heart of PLEASURE dreameth,
Thy smile I see!

There is no hour of LIFE can sever
The thought of thee
From MEMORY's golden circlet,—ever
It claspeth THEE!

ANACREONTIC BALLAD.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

WINE like riches wins the maiden,
Thaws the ice around her heart;
Soothes the breast with sorrow laden,
Heals the bosom's deepest smart!
Wine! wine!
That spell divine!
Love's surest friend is gen'rous wine!

Do friends forsake—has hope betray'd thee,
Does the false world coldly frown?
Try the charm that's sure to aid thee,
And in wine thy sorrows drown!
Wine! wine!
That spell divine!
Man's surest friend is gen'rous wine!

THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LE MARTIN.

To start to life when smiling Spring,
Bids Nature all rejoice;
To mount in air on Zephyr's wing,
And list the sky-lark's voice;
On new-born flow'rs at will repose,
And breathe the perfumes they disclose;
Shaking thy youthful wings like thought to fly,
Intoxicate with bliss to reach the sky;
When roses shed, with them to die,
This is thy lot sweet Butterfly!
Like thee we seek on earth for bliss,
Enraptur'd now by that or this;
Still restless as our pleasures cloy,
Like thee we turn to Heaven for joy.

ANNETTE.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE!

BY JOHN DANCOCKS.

The Sun hath shed its last faint golden beam
Upon the Mountain's brow and glittering stream,
The breeze whose echoes lull'd the flowers to rest,
Now murmurs gently from the ocean's breast;
The waters dance, in sooth they seem to be
Moved by its soft yet mournful minstrelsy;
The stars are shining forth with cloudless ray,
Oh! while they sparkle, seem they not to say,
"Though hush'd in deep repose, fair Nature sleeps,"
Omnipotence o'er all its vigil keeps?
There's peace, there's power, there's beauty in the scene.
The Moon hath fill'd the skies with light serene,
And ting'd with silver hue the trees that wave
In bloom and freshness o'er my MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Long years have passed since last alone I stood
Beside the grave of her, the meek, the good,
And time, which ripened childhood into youth,
Hath shown the world in all its fatal truth;
Hath given tears for smiles, for bliss despair,
And dimm'd my joyous breast with clouds of care;
Fond hopes have perish'd, one by one away,
Like leaves that fade, and fall in autumn's day.
Thou sleepest! I would not wake thee from thy sleep,
To see the child thou lov'dst with anguish weep;
To hear her tale of treachery, wrongs, deceit,
And ask not gold, nor fame, to some so sweet;
One only boon my breaking heart doth crave,
A home and refuge in my MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE POET'S HEART.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

"What are the feelings of the Poet's heart?
Bright threads whose texture is so finely spun,
That the least touch can tear the web apart!
A Lyre that yields its music unto none
Save summer breezes;—ruder winds but wake
The tuneful string to discord—or to *break!*"

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

The Poet's Heart, that happy thing!
With all its glowing dreams of life—
The lovely flow'rs that round it spring,
The sunny thoughts with which 'tis rife,
The wind's soft tone, the glad blue sky,
Raise its wild pulse to exstacy!

The Poet's Heart—that drooping thing,
Unfit to cope with this world's care;
Withering beneath affliction's sting,
And hurrying on to bleak despair,
When sunk the star that guided on,
Wreck'd on Life's desert shore 'tis thrown!

The Poet's Heart—that haughty thing!
Like the stern Spartan will sustain
The pang that 'tis inly treasuring,
Nor yield one sob, nor yet complain,
Though wretchedness is day by day
Drinking its life-blood slow away.

The Poet's Heart—that lonely thing,
Companionless through life must pass;
Passionate yearnings smothering
That are like shadows in a glass,
Its fervid thoughts, aspirings high,
Blighted by cold REALITY.

The Poet's heart—that fragile thing,
Quivering like aspens to the tone
Of Love's sweet accents; withering
Beneath an unkind word from one
It loves; what others lightly take,
The Poet's gentle heart will break!

The Poet's Heart—that lofty thing,
Soaring above this dim earth's bound,
When envy's clouds dark shadows fling,
And hatred's lightnings glare around;
Turns to itself! and gathers thence
Its proud concentred recompense!

THE LOVER REPROVED.

Now, Edwin! think no longer I'll
Endure that sullen look,
No, no; indeed that ugly frown
No longer will I brook!
Because I spoke to Captain Hall,
'Tis really quite absurd;
Such haughty airs *must* have a fall,
They *shall* upon my word.

Last night I danced with Major Few,
I glanced at you the while;
Oh! Edwin; was't at me you threw
That cold, disdainful smile?
You said he whisper'd in my ear,
The like was never heard—
I *can't* put up with it, my dear,
I *wont* upon my word.

Come, chase away such jealous doubt,
It will not do for me,
Or you must to the *right about*,
For *thus!* we can't agree;
I tell you plain, it will not do,
The day must be deferred,
I *cannot* go to church with you,
I *wont* upon my word.

Indeed I won't if you persist
To turn that frown on me,
From your attentions I'll desist,
So take your choice, you're free;
Nay, kiss me not; I will not smile,
Smiles now I wont afford,
What! joking were you all the while,
Really! upon your word?

TEIRRAH.

CHARADES.

I.

My FIRST by most is dreaded,
Though sometimes it is sought;
My SECOND's often needed,
Although it may be bought;
My WHOLE's a scene of sorrow,
And often of despair,
Yet sometimes one of brightness,
When love is reigning there.

SARAH.

II.

Quick when my sombre FIRST appears,
Each bird and beast a shelter seek;
My SECOND ev'ry day one hears,
Tho' e'en but few the words we speak;
The efforts of my THIRD we feel
If launch'd upon old Ocean's breast;
Oh! say, what can my WHOLE reveal?
A songstress sweet by all confest.

ANNETTE.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

FASHION IN DEATH.—Our forefathers appear to have pushed their respect for fashion to a strange extent: witness the following advertisement, transcribed from "Domestick Intelligence; or, News both from City and Country," Tuesday, September 2, 1679:—

"..... At the sign of the Golden Ball and Coffin, a Coffin-maker's shop, at the upper end of the Old Change, near Cheapside, there are ready made, to be sold, very fashionable laced and plain dressings for the dead, of all sizes, with very fashionable coffins, that will secure any corpse above ground, without any ill scent or other annoyance, as long as shall be required."

"One would not sure look frightful when one's dead!"

THE PUNS OF HERALDRY.—Heraldry is an hieroglyphical art, and since the distinction of real wit from punning has been defined to be a pleasing representation of ideas, as compared with a whimsical combination of sounds, we should class those heraldic *jeux d'esprit*, (some highly whimsical,) by which an object, whether animate or inanimate, is made to represent a man by a similarity of sound, under the appellation of Pictorial or Heraldic Puns. For example:—

The Lyons Lords of Glamis	bore a lion in their arms.
Roger Lord Malmain.	bore three *hands* argent on his shield.
The Lords Martel	bore three hammers, from *Marteau*.
The Veres	a boar, *Verres*.
The Martins	three martins.
The Lords Ross	three horse - collars, from Ross a Barb.
The Bullers and Bullens	three bulls heads.
The Metcalfs	three calves.
The Eagle family	three eaglets.
The Ferriers	three horse - shoes, from farriers.
The Lucies	three tench—luca, a tench.
The Arundels	nine swallows — hirondelles.
The Monks have for a crest	a demi monk.
The Stourtons	the six fountains of the river Stour.
Hengist, the Saxon / Horsa, the Saxon	a horse, the name signifying one.
The Tyrwhitts	three tyrwits or lapwings.
The Lorraine family	three alerions or larks
The Beartons or Bartons	three bears' heads.
The Nevilles—Nocls	a ship—navis, navalis.
The Montaintes	a pointed mountain, mons acutus.
The Highmoors	two moorcocks, sable.
Granada	A pomegranate.
The Lockharts	a heart in the ring of a padlock.

BISHOP THE COMPOSER.—A gentleman being observed to have fallen *asleep* during a sermon preached by a *Bishop*, a wag remarked, "that it must have been Bishop the COMPOSER."

A GOVERNESS WANTED.—An anxious mother wrote to her brother, an officer in the army, to the following effect:—

"My dear Brother,—I am in great distress for want of a governess for my daughters. As you go much into the world, and see so great a variety of people, perhaps it may be in your power to assist me. As we are out of the reach of masters, I require a person who is a perfect mistress of music, drawing, dancing, geography, writing, arithmetic, and French; she must not only understand French grammatically, but must be able to speak it correctly and elegantly; a knowledge of Italian would be a great recommendation. Other essentials it is almost unnecessary to mention; for, of course, she must be a gentlewoman in her manners, well-read, well-principled, and very good tempered, fond of children, and not objecting to retirement; for we see very little company, and Mr. —— and myself like to have our evenings to ourselves. I wish her to be about twenty-five. The salary is, &c."

To this letter Colonel —— replied as follows:—

"My dear Sister,—I have received your letter, and should be very glad to render you any assistance in my power. In the present case, however, I cannot give you any hopes of being serviceable to you. For many years I have been looking out for exactly such a woman as you describe—hitherto wholly in vain. I shall continue my search; but should I be so fortunate as to succeed, I must frankly tell you, that I shall not make the lady your *governess* but my own *wife*.

"I am, &c."

JUST LET ALONE.—A portly dame of forty, walking in her weeds at Hampstead, was met by some Sunday bucks, who, in passing, rudely observed, "There's a shop to let." "You mistake, gentlemen, said the witty lady, "the shop is let, only the bill is not yet taken down."

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

ELLISTON.—A day or two after Elliston's assault upon Poole, the dramatist, in 1824, it was asserted in the Drury-lane green-room, by one of the actors, that he was missing. "Oh! no," replied another, "that is a mistake, for he has been found *kicking at the bottom of a* POOL."

KEAN.—Oxberry used to assert that Kean's first display in public, after his infantine performances at Drury-lane, was at Bartholomew Fair, when he represented a *Monkey*.

RAYMOND, about a year before his death, took a trip, one summer's day, to Greenwich, accompanied by other actors, amongst whom was little Penley, formerly of Drury. Before dinner they strolled into the park, and, to pass away the time, a sham duel was proposed, in which it was Raymond's part to fall. Penley acting as undertaker. Soon after this Penley quitted the stage, and entered into business as an undertaker, in Rathbone-place, where, in October, 1817, it fell to his lot to officiate at Raymond's funeral in reality.

TOKELY was an inveterate sot. In the comedy of "The Green Man," produced at the Haymarket, 1818, he played Major Dumpling, and was so drunk the first night, that it was thought to be impossible he could get through the part. Get through it, however he did; and the whimsical contortions produced by his endeavours to conceal his situation, delighted the audience, who took it all for excellent acting. He afterwards, when sober, retained the same style with wonderful applause.

ELLISTON was, perhaps, one of the vainest of created beings. It was said of him, during the great run of the Coronation spectacle, in 1821, that he was so elated one night by the full house, the liquor he had imbibed, and the cheers of the spectators, as he advanced upon the platform placed across the pit, that he actually fancied himself the monarch he represented, and, looking down upon the audience, with a countenance beaming with affable benignity, he energetically exclaimed, "God bless ye, my people! God bless ye!"

POPE, it may be remembered, ranted most intolerably. Going off the stage one night, in 1815, as King Henry VI., after hearing of his son's murder, and bringing down the applause of the galleries by his tremendous roaring, he met Lord Byron at the wing, who said, "Why, Mr. Pope, you have been paying admirably to night to excite such applause." "Only *a quiet touch of nature*, my Lord," was the reply.

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 8—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Sep. 21, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Promenade Dress.—A pelisse of *terre de Pologne gros de Naples.* A high body which sits close to the shape, and is ornamented on each side of the front with a trimming composed of rouleaus interwoven in the form of lozenges; they are of the material of the dress. The sleeve is between the Amadis and the *gigot* form; it is ornamented about half-way up the lower part of the arm with rouleaus to correspond. Double pelerine, each fall trimmed

round the border in the same style. A cone trimming goes down the front of the skirt, it is formed of bands of *gros de Naples*, rolled at the edges, and interwoven. Bonnet of Swedish blue *gros de Naples*, a long brim trimmed with black blond net *mentonnières*, and bordered with a curtain veil of black blond lace; two white ostrich feathers, and knots of gauze ribbon adorn the crown. *Collerette* of embroidered *tulle*. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Head-Dresses.—We do not remember a season during the last ten or twelve, in which evening-dress, for social parties, has been at once so simple and becoming as it is at present. Head-dresses of hair, upon which we have no new observations to make, continue in favour for young, that is for unmarried ladies, but hats are more generally adopted even by youthful matrons. Some of the prettiest that have lately been made, are decidedly of the half-season kind. We shall cite a few that have just been sent down to some *élégantes* at Brighton. One is of puce-coloured crape, the crown is low, placed a little on one side, and something of the antique helmet shape, the material laid on in folds which are reversed at the top and bottom, by a knot of white gauze ribbon figured in a light running pattern at each edge with puce colour. A membrane of the plumage of a bird of Paradise is placed on one side of the crown, and droops partially over the brim, which is quite turned up. The interior of the brim is ornamented in the fan-style with white blond lace, and a wreath of gauze ribbon arranged in the form of shells, which descends from it upon the hair. A second hat is of white crape, with a crown of the conical form but rather low, and a small brim partially turned up. The brim is lined with pale rose-coloured *tulle*, worked in imitation of blond lace, and draperied in a very new and pretty style by rose-buds; there are three, one in the centre, and one in each corner; they are of a deep shade of red; a fall of *tulle* is arranged in the drapery style round the crown, and looped down on one side by a bouquet of winter-flowers. A third dress-hat is somewhat of the Spanish kind, it is composed of pale violet *poux de soie*, the crown rather inclines to a point in front, but is very low behind; the brim is rather deeper than the generality of dress hats, it turns up, but more so on the right side than the left, and is cut round in sharp notches which are edged with narrow pointed black blond lace. A bouquet of black ostrich feathers, tipped with violet, is placed on one side of the crown in such a manner as to droop in different directions.

NOTCTES TWANKAYANÆ.—Indisposition again obliges the Editress to omit the usual Notices, &c. to Correspondents.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

"Mourir gaiement pour l'honneur au l'amour."

The flame of liberty, which was enkindled in the provinces of Spain, seemed like a beacon, as a sign of gathering to the champions of sacred freedom, and drew from their homes not only the Spanish heroes, but the adventurous youths of other nations, anxious to combat in its cause, and to lend their arms towards shaking the throne of tyranny, and of breaking its iron sceptre. Of this number was my friend Alphonso, who entered the martial ranks of the liberals, or rather the *would*-be libertadones, quitting the university of Pavia, at which he studied, and at which he was making great progress in learning and in science; his youthful moustachio scarcely appeared on his upper lip, when, armed cap-a-pée, he left his family and native land for ever,—I say for ever, because he is now dead in law, proscribed, proclaimed, and his life forfeited to that law, if ever he comes under its strong arm; travelling from place to place as an emigrant, he still cherishes the feelings and principles which first actuated him in his bold career, and it is from his lips that the following narrative came artlessly and circumstantially, and which will afford a history of his passage through the romantic soil of Hispania, and of his retreat when discomfiture dissolved and disbanded the legions and cohorts fighting under guerilla chiefs. Of the actions, skirmishes, &c., we shall say nothing; artful, intrepid, and destructive though they were to the enemy, but come at once to his journey and adventures when quitting the scene where his hopes lay prostrate with many a brave youth, left on the cold, blood-stained bed of glory.

Alphonso first drew his breath in that land of inspiration and science, Rome; Queen of all cities, mistress of genius and mind!—Rome! adorned with the stupendous works of art, hallowed and irradiated by the remembrances of gigantic efforts of nature, of those works which powerfully mark the great creative hand of the Supreme, and which elevate man above his earthly sphere, Rome! which, lastly, might lead the saint and philosopher to study morality, not from the tame page or modern pulpit, but from fractured arches and capitals, from prostrate columns and mouldering temples, from originals from which even copies can come no more, from the altar and God of the infidel, bowed down in dust before the true light and only Almighty King and ruler over all! His soul had glowed with the enthusiastic energy which sacred ceremonies produce; his ambition at the same time impelled him to emulate the talents of those who had so long been consigned to their narrow cells; the arts were his delight, the beau ideal fired his imagination, and he had already made a surprising progress in the art of painting, at the same time devoting a portion of his studies to the charms of poetry and music, in both of which he excelled; he was all fire, all magnanimity, all romance, and those feelings early and easily led him into that passion, without which true romance cannot exist; our reader will guess it, and, probably, name it when it reach his or her eye—love. He had scarcely inhaled the air of Spain, when he caught the reciprocated sighs of the lovely Cecilia, a blooming Valenciana of eighteen summers, who seemed as if she had been born for him alone, so mutual and similar were their sentiments and affections; the attraction of irresistible sympathy bound them to each other as if an invisible hand had united them by a flowery chain, to bloom together, or perish if torn asunder.

At an early period of the campaign, (as has already been observed), this young couple first met; the phrenzy as well as the inspiration of harmony and poetry, served as fuel to the suddenly enkindled, yet ardent and powerful flame—serenades, stanzas of poetic expression, and looks, conveying what set all language at defiance, gave wings and impetus to the soft passion of each; tears, sighs, looks riveted to the object adored, whilst silent pressures at parting, when the very soul lingered where the body was to be snatched away by fate, completed the enchantment; all these made up the brief but impassioned account of their courtship, terminating in a solemn vow, and sealed by an union in due form, in spite of all the apparently insurmountable difficulties opposed to them; the vigilance of a duenna was obviated by a golden key, and the bravery and fidelity of watching comrades,* averted the conspiracies of relatives, and the prowling band of hired assassins, who were ready to dispose of the amorous cavalier, whilst sleepless nights and waking dreams at noon-day, occupied one half of Alphonso's life, irregular skirmishes and a flying war, consumed the other. But before we enter into this detail, I shall give an account of the first

* This was not uncommon in the civil war of Spain; Don Josse di M——, a member of the Junta, was watched and protected for months together by private friends, who followed him every where armed.

meeting of the lovers at the castle of her father, (a nobleman a little involved in liberalism), and to whom Alphonso had been sent, on a secret mission, with dispatches. The castle shall be called Castel Fuerte, a name well-known and of high rank in Spain, for we must blend fiction with truth, and mingle the imaginative with an actual story. The Castel Fuerte was composed of a centre and two wings, the latter not regularly built, but the one overshadowing and concealing the other, which gave it an antique and sombre appearance, nevertheless the whole extensive pile of building was imposing and majestic, possessing a strong feature of the feudal era, namely, grandeur and strength, and emblematic of the two leading qualities of the *chevaliers par excellence*, those heroes *sans peur et sans reproche*, namely, family pride, or the thirst for glory, courage and strength in the hot combat, and in arms in general, a high bearing, and an invincible resistance against infidelity and the aggression of their rights. The exterior part of the castel formed a gothic observatory, curiously constructed during the time of the Moorish domination in Spain, of which there are many remains, and built by the very famous astronomer Abenel Serrid, whose discoveries were the admiration of all the learned men of his century. It was in the form of a square tower, with minarets, and with fret-work *arabesques*, covered with a brilliant stucco, which preserved all its brightness through the long shock of time, and the secret art of making which is now entirely lost. A vaulted passage, supported by pillars, led to the body of the interior, constructed after the models of Juan Herrera, that great architect who built the Escurial. The ancestors of the family of Castel Fuerte had most carefully preserved this proud monument, characteristic of an age so fertile in heroic achievements; the strictest adherence to proportions, and the chastest architectural plans distinguished this majestic pile, the *contour* and features of which were, however, covered, and thickly cased with venerable ivy, assuming divers antique forms; at every extremity of the building a square open gallery surrounded each, forming a garden; while from every position or point of these galleries, the finest vistas opened to the eye, each more interesting and delightful than the other; but what was most in unison with the feelings of the romantic youth was an immense park at the extremity of the gardens, which seemed to exhibit an immeasurable space of verdure, uninterrupted by the intervention of any edifice or obstacle whatever except occasional tufts of thick and aged trees, affording shade and refreshment to a lover of melancholy and lonely musing, and over which the view of a person in the gallery passed commandingly; he contemplated for a long time the antique forms of those trees which witnessed of yore the gallant loves and wars of the intrepid Moors; he mused over the ravines now covered with long grass, which the dried up rivulet had hollowed out on former days, and he enjoyed the fragrance* of aromatic plants enamelling the verdant slope in different directions. Wandering in that absence of mind which had been habitual to him ever since temporary inaction had succeeded to the first exertions of a warlike life, he entered the park and took the first path which chance offered to his footsteps; this conducted him to a small chapel or pavillion, the front of which was open, and the roof supported only by two pillars; in the interior was a fine picture of the Mater Dolorosa, effectively lit by a silver lamp, and ornamented by chaplets of wild flowers; he entered the little oratory and felt his heart tremble on beholding a young female on her knees before the picture, and further on discovering that she was no other than the object who enkindled his first and only flame. Struck with dismay, and interrupted in her devotions, her mind estranged from all surrounding objects, she uttered a piercing scream, and rose to make her escape from the chapel.

"Stop," cried Alphonso, "stop, whoever thou art whom fate thus unaccountably throws in my way, thou art the secret of my life, the term and object of my destiny, which wills it thus; yes, I submit, and at the foot of this sacred picture swear that this hand shall never be joined to any other than thine."

At these words the lovely maiden disappeared, and fled trembling through the windings of the wood; he followed, and after some time and trouble, overtook this sylph, when dropping on one knee, and laying his right hand alternately on his heart and on his maiden sword, he swore the knight's solemn oath of constancy and devotion, and, explaining to the trembling fugitive the circumstances under which he came there, he obtained permission to see her (like Juliet), at her lattice, by the pale moon-beam; this was the first opening of the romantic drama which succeeded. A short but ardent wooing followed this glowing scene, where all nature seemed to breathe love; the rich perfume of flowers, murmuring rills, limpid streams which appeared to be formed only to reflect the features of the beloved; zephyrs which sighed, and breezes so bland and gentle that no rude touch agitated the rich foliage of the picture, which merely fluttered as they passed, whilst roses and jessamines, softly expanding, wafted their odours all around; the stilly hour of night, the calmness of the landscape, complaining nightingales, and echoes laden with lover's vows; such were the enchantments of this fairy land. To these, and to the lispings of amatory madrigals, succeeded the harsh trumpet, the shrill bugle, and the rifleman's whistle, shot flying like hail-stones, and a perpetual locomotive warfare. Harrassed by night and day, and "still in love, and pleased with ruin," the young cavalier pursued the vicissitudes of a campaign in freedom's cause. Privately united in wedlock to Cecilia, her ring upon his finger, her name engraven on his sabre's hilt, her miniature round his neck, were at once all his fortune—these and his glittering blade he clung to like life. He had promised her, if spared by the scythe of war, to return secretly and bear her off from the castle, and if the cause of liberty succumbed, to fly with her to the new world, where its eagle flight had established a resting place; all these anticipations supported him in the perils and privations of his arduous duty. Fortune, however, favoured not the brave, he fell in battle, his war-horse slain beneath him, and, with a broken limb, lay prostrate and bleeding on the ground; numbers advanced upon him in menacing attitude, a carbine was actually levelled at his head, when, giving the French officer who was charging him, the secret sign of a freemason in distress, the sword of his antagonist dropped down, and the party was ordered to spare his life. He surrendered as a prisoner, but the brave insult not the fallen brave, his arms were restored to him, and he was treated with the utmost kindness. His parole was offered him in case that he recovered, but he refused it, and thus was free to escape if occasion might offer, and again to conquer, die, or quit the scene of action whenever the warfare came to a termination. We will not detail the sufferings of the wounded prisoner, sufferings which were aggravated by the delays and disappointments of an unsuccessful campaign, and by the solitude and exile of a heart separated from her from whom it acquired its greatest warmth and activity, and without whom the whole universe offered nothing but an extensive blank, but come to that which in this interregnum betwixt the stagnation of life and despair, roused Alphonso into exertion, although it involved him in perils and difficulties which it cost him the greatest exertions to surmount. Reclining uneasily, one day, on the couch from which he was scarcely able to raise his head, and over which a pious sister, (one of those devoted, in hospitals abroad, to the care of the sick), had lately been watching, the form of a female appeared before him, deeply veiled, and who had introduced herself in disguise, when the pious sister left the ward; she approached him gently, and, placing one finger on her lips of coral, which were the margin of a double row of the purest pearl, "Senor Cavallero," said she, I have assumed this disguise, and have introduced myself into this house of suffering to give freedom to you; 'tis pity that the eaglet of liberty should be pent in this disgraceful cage, look forward with hope, I will see you from time to time, and so soon as your strength will enable you to go out, depend on me for

* These plants so rare in the northern parts of Europe, are abundant in Andalusia.

your escape," The youth looked up with amazement, scarcely daring to rust to the evidence of the senses of caring and of seeing—could it be? an entire stranger! so young, so beautiful! ere he could reply she again motioned him to be silent, and holding out her rosy palm to him, slipped gently yet precipitately out of the sick ward; a glance was all he obtained, but she had eyes of fire, yet eyes that could melt and thrill the inmost recess of a warm heart; she blushed, too, and his respiration was short and interrupted, he felt an electric spark communicated from her touch, which set his blood dancing in his veins, sickness and debility for a few seconds were overcome, his eye still sought her, his pulse became intermitting, the objects around him swam before his sight, and he fell back on his pillow, and sunk into a short interval of insensibility — what was the sensation? was it painful? no—my friend told me that he never should forget the moment, it was one that had never been, and never returned again; she was gone, but ere she fled he implanted a warm kiss on her hand, pressed it to his breast, and bedewed it with his tears: he seemed, too, as if love had again made him his victim; but, recovering from the delirium of the moment, and calling back the remembrance of his Cecilia, the veil fell from before him, he placed her miniature on his heart, and the last charm was broken for ever; gratitude was the only sentiment which he allowed a place in his mind, and he almost wished never to see the lovely visitor again, although his deliverance depended on her. She returned daily, but she had lost her attractions, the enchantment was powerless, yet did she not perceive the change, so mild, so kind, so grateful, and so unconsciously winning was the wounded cavalier. The poison was working in the maiden's veins, liberty was what she designed for *him*, whilst *her* heart wore heavy but willing chains; on one occasion when, in her usual disguise of a charitable sister, she took leave of him, "farewell alma di mi vida" said she, "soul of my life." The youth trembled, he now saw that he had raised a passion which was to embitter the days of her who was like a guardian spirit to him, that he had gained a generous heart which he must wring to its very core. What could he do! he was fast recovering, and Ines had already informed him that she had provided pecuniary resources for his flight, and hinted, blushing at the same time, that she could follow him through all the world, and sacrifice fame, parents, home, and life, sooner than lose him. The noble Roman now felt conflicting passions impossible to describe, his faith was unshaken towards the object of his attachment, yet pity, tenderest pity, lingered with the lost Ines; he had but one path to follow, and it was a thorny and perilous one, namely, to divulge the secret of his bosom to her to whom its disclosure might prove fatal,—it might even turn love into hatred, compassion into revenge, for such changes have taken place where minds are wrought to madness by jealousy and disappointment. Hard was the task, yet he met it with fortitude, the last visit was now paid previous to that on which his escape was to be effected, and for which his liberator had prepared; she was more than ordinarily animated; the Roman more than usually sad; she chid him for it, and asked whether the wings of freedom had lost the feather of exertion, whether the fair form (that of Liberty,) had faded from his sight? or, if doubt, (fear could not,) had unnerved his youthful arm of courage, or want of confidence raised suspicion in his thoughts? "None of these, angel of purity," said he, "but I have a tale to unfold which may make me no longer worthy in your sight." An awful pause succeeded to this preface, after which the fatal secret fell from his lips. Fury would, on such an occasion, have taken possession of some of the enchantresses of sunny climes, despair and dejection would have laid prostrate those of colder regions, and of softer mould—Ines was none of these. "Sir knight," said she, "you have performed your duty to your lady love, I have mine now to execute, at the appointed hour tomorrow I shall be with you again, your disguise is ready, all is prepared; farewell until then." He cast himself on his knees, when a look of her's, half tenderness, half scornful pride, fixed him to the spot, and she was gone. She had a heart which could break, but not complain. At the appointed day she performed her promise; a superb barbe, fleet as the wind, awaited near the hospital, the attendants had all been bribed; she now, after putting a purse into Alphonso's hand, together with a dagger richly mounted, and a magnificent pair of pistols, jumped into her carriage, and cast off the dress which she had assumed. Alphonso, all manly though he was, wept bitterly; one, big, round tear stood responsively in the bright eye of Ines, it trembled as it fell, nature had shed it on a cheek lovely as summer's first blush, but pride swelled indignantly as it passed, and dried up the source from which it flowed. Alphonso was horror-struck as she drew a dagger from her bosom, but felt relieved on her delivering it to him; still had he misgivings in his mind, all, all was mystery, and "clouds and darkness rested upon it."

(To be continued.)

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A FRAGMENT, BY ANNETTE.

"Cross my hand, and I'll read you the stars," had been repeated several times, in a soft clear voice, when Rosalia, whose attention was awakened by the address, looked out of a window which opened upon a balcony, and beheld a young woman, whose raven tresses and jet black eyes bespoke her Egyptian origin. "You have mourned, lady," said the stranger. The blue eyes of Rosalia swam in tears; her pallid cheek, and sable garb, spoke too plainly how deep her sorrow had been. "You have mourned, lady," she repeated; "but to-morrow's sun shall not rise on your grief; the dirge has been sung for the living; the tear has been shed for him, the sound of whose footsteps shall soon gladden your heart." Rosalia listened to her predictions with an incredulous smile, when, throwing her some silver, she added, "You may doubt, lady; but 'ere those roses which now bloom around you (as if in mockery), shall be shed, your cheeks shall be tinged with a deeper blush, as you listen to the praises of your own loveliness, from lips whose language will be music to your soul: then think on me—farewell!" The sun had set; the song of the birds was hushed, all, save the thrush, that at evening poured forth his vesper hymn; and Rosalia, reclined upon a couch, was musing on the strange prediction of the sybil, when suddenly she heard the splash of oars, and in an instant Antonio was at her side. She shrieked, and would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms; and assured her, in hurried accents, that no spirit, but the mortal form of her long lost lover stood before her. A few words explained what had caused the report of his death; in a battle with the Egyptians (in which he was taken prisoner) he was unhorsed; in the fall his helmet came unclasped, that and his steed being found upon the field of battle, when the action was over, gave rise to the supposition of his death. Twelve months had elapsed and he was still a prisoner; when Astarte, a young Egyptian whose heart he had unconsciously won, found means to set him free; she fled with him in the garb of a page; informed of his love for Rosalia, she sought her dwelling, and announced, in the character of a fortune-teller, her approaching happiness. In vain they sought the youthful being who, in ensuring their peace, had for ever lost her own! She had fled, and left no clue by which they could trace her wanderings.

THE SELECTOR.

COLONEL O'LOONEY'S ADVENTURES.

"And a very gentlemanly proper sort of a robber, upon my life," said Colonel O'Looney, "'twould have been a pity to hang such a good judge of claret. Now the London rogues are very different. I was walking one day down into the city, and stopt for a moment to look at some pictures in a window in St. Paul's Church-yard. Before I had time to say Jack Robinson, half a dozen fellows kept pushing close round me, and at last I felt a little tug at my pocket, and discovered that my purse had disappeared like lightning. I seized on the fellow who was standing

next me, and intended at all events to have the pleasure of breaking every bone in his skin for my money, when a very genteel looking young fellow came up, and says he, 'You've sustained some loss, I fear, sir?'

"Loss," says I, "to be sure I have; and this little ould rascal here denies he has got my purse, though he has been close to my pocket this last quarter of an hour."

"May I beg," says the gentleman again, "may I beg to inquire if your loss is very serious?"

"Faith," its more than I can afford, especially for so little satisfaction as only thrashing this little ould thief here."

"How much, may I ask, sir? I assure you I am deeply interested by your misfortune."

"Why, then; there was exactly fourteen sovereigns in gold, and a ten pound Bank of England note."

"Are you aware of the number of the note, so as to stop it at the Bank?"

"Not I," said I, "I should'nt know the note from Adam."

"Then, sir," replied my compassionate friend, "I am very much obliged to you for your information, for that d——d rascal, Jim Scrags, that *forked* your *cly*, swore there was nothing but five sovereigns. There are three of us the *lay*, and its just eight pounds a piece."

Before I had time to double my fist and knock his brains out on the spot, he had disappeared up some dark alley. In the mean time a great crowd had collected, and the man I had seized by the collar waited very patiently till he saw a policeman, and immediately gave me in charge for an assault. On looking at the man, he really seemed a very quiet, respectable sort of person, and I was sorry for having mistaken him for the thief. I apologised to him as well as I could, and offered him any compensation he chose. He swore it was a hard thing for a gentleman, though unfortunately reduced in circumstances, to be accused of robbery in the public streets, but at last consented to accept a douceur of twenty pounds. Luckily I was known at a shop in the neighbourhood, where I went and borrowed the requisite funds. The moment he got the money into his hands, he said, "Now don't you go telling Bill Filch or Jim Scraggs about this here trifle, as its quite a private transaction 'tween ourselves—but I must be off for my share of the twenty-four—good bye;" so that the three gentlemen made a very good thing of it, though the villains have never thought of making up for it by the smallest present.—*Blackwood's Nights at Mess.*

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE AT WASHINGTON.

On the following evening I attended the levée. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three (I am not sure there were not four) large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men fresh from the plough or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their president, and enjoy the splendours of the gala. There were also generals and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broad cloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris ear-rings and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of coloured glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers, who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another; in short, every trade, craft, calling and profession appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect anything very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levée, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps weeks' labour. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or workshop; and one individual I remember—either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage were a party of Irish labourers, employed in some neighbouring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined on the present occasion, to assert their full privileges. I remarked these men pushing aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humours of Donnybrook.

During the time I was engaged at the levée, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following, he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior of the saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup de main;* and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously dispatched, and it at length became apparent that, without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates, and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted.

The butler, however, was an Irishman, and in order to baffle further attempts at intercepting the supplies, had recourse to an expedient, marked by all the ingenuity of his countrymen. He procured an escort, armed them with sticks, and on his next advance these men kept flourishing their *shillelahs* around the trays, with such alarming vehemence, that the predatory horde, who anticipated a repetition of their plunder, were scared from their prey, and amid a scene of execrations and laughter, the refreshments, thus guarded, accomplished their journey to the saloon in safety.—*Men and Manners in America.*

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France, masquerades were an entertainment in high estimation, and public ones were often given at immense cost, on court days, and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these last spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange *rencontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise, or assumption of character.

On one occasion, a niece of the Duke de Nemours, Madame La Vallere, a woman of high rank and fashion, being separated from her company upon a very crowded staircase, was assisted by a stranger of marked activity and address. The gallant was masked, and cloaked to the teeth; but he possessed a handsome figure, and a gentlemanly bearing; and, after extricating Madame La Vallere by main strength from a situation of considerable difficulty, he surprised her something by addressing her by name. "You know me, then?" said Madame La Vallere, starting. The stranger assented. "But, perhaps, it is by name only?" That was not the case; for the respondent, though he persevered in refusing to unmask, led at once into details which could scarcely be within the knowledge even of a common acquaintance.

"This is astonishing!" exclaimed the lady; "and you will not tell me to whom I am indebted?"

"Instantly, if you command it; but if I have been so fortunate as to be useful to you, grant me the favour not to ask; and, see you are looked for—the party you came here with is approaching."

"At least," said Madame La V., whose curiosity as well as her gratitude was now awakened, "promise that I shall see you to-morrow at my house to dinner. I have just four friends to be with me."

"They are relatives."

"True, they are so—but I shall be glad to introduce you. Will you promise?"

"I do promise," replied the stranger, turning to a beaufet, "that I will present you with a glass of the same wine to-morrow, at your own table, as this which I now offer, on one condition—that you will drink it with me."

The lady touched the goblet; her friends appeared; the stranger bowed profoundly, and was lost in the multitude.

Madame La V. never slept a wink all night; and next morning was perfectly in a fever. "That she should not have been able to guess at him!—Which of her acquaintance could it be?" But dinner time approached—the servants had orders to admit a stranger—one hour more, and the mystery would be at an end. But the dinner-hour came, and the stranger did not come.

Madame La V. had announced to her friends (though without going through details) that she expected a visiter who was not known to them; but the last remnant of Monsieur the Chef's patience was exhausted, and he still did not appear.

"Are you certain, Louis," said the lady to her servant in waiting, "that no gentleman has called?"

It was impossible that he could have called without Louis having seen him.

Dinner commenced, and Madame La V. was absent and fretful. The first course, however, was got through, and she called, according to custom, for a glass of wine. The valet, who was in attendance, presented a glass of St. Perage. "How stupid!" cried Madame La V. "Do you not know that it is Bourdeaux—the *other* wine—always that I take?" "Your ladyship's pardon," said Louis, "but it was *this*, which your ladyship, last night, permitted that I should present to you."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS L. H. SHERIDAN.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Lady! I feel that verse so poor as mine,
Can add no lustre to thy well-earned fame!
Yet thou permit'st this humble lay to twine
Its blossom with the laurels round thy name;
A name that falls like music on the ear,
*While "LAUGHTER holds his sides," WIT shakes his diamond spear.

Thou "bear'st a charmed life!" for who can breathe
That spell-wrought word, the name of SHERIDAN,
And fail to circle it with Fame's proud wreath;
And all the honours that the Author's pen
And Poet's lyre have nobly for it won,
In many a radiant theme of GENIUS' gifted Son!

And THOU art worthy that immortal name!
Worthy to shed its rays on coming years!
The tide of Genius flows in THEE the same!
Tho' purified and calm'd the stream appears;
Of Genius' light, a softer tint is thine
Than HIS meridian blaze—yet not the less divine.

WIT, GRACE and ELOQUENCE! with FEELING deep;
A Heart where sentiment and taste are 'shrined,
Within whose ruby casket, safe may sleep
Love's very self—but chastened and refined,
Ere yet one stain of Earth hath touched his wing—
Such love as POETS feel, (or, rather, such they *sing!*)

But stay! some hand, fitter the task than mine,
Should weave for THEE tho Poet's wreath of praise;
SONS of the Lute and Lyre! ye must entwine
To grace *such* brow, the myrtle and the bays!
MY hand alone, a few wild flowers can bring,
To garland FRIENDSHIP'S shrine, (unworthy offering!)

* Vide Miss Sheridan's Comic Annual.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.

A BALLAD.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Come ladies, fair, awhile attend
And listen to my cry;
A trifle with poor Lucy spend,
My primroses come buy;
I've cull'd them from the mountain,
Its dews are on my feet;
There they droop'd o'er the fountain,
Diffusing odours sweet.

I rose at early dawn of day,
And left my little cot
To wander o'er the meadows gay,
To that sweet sylvan spot;
I saw the lark soar in the sky,
As I tript o'er the plain,
I heard his cheering melody
As I came home again.

TO ——

When at the midnight hour,
Sweet eyes are closing,
And each scented flower
Gently reposing.

When in gentle sleep, dreams
Deeply have bound thee,
Caress'd by the moon-beams
Hovering round thee.

Oh! then I'll watch by thee,
In thy beauty blest;
No harm shall come nigh thee,
Disturbing thy rest.

A WEST INDIAN.

SONG.

Ah! bonnie lassies ye may try
To win my Donald's heart frae me;
In vain ye speer your 'een and sigh,
He's sworn he ne'er will part frae me!
What tho' he danced wi' Meggy Blair,
And was wi' Jenny Scott sae free,
For all his prauks at Bannock fair,
He's sworn he ne'er wad part frae me.

Oh! had ye seen his love lit face,
When he and I swore truth together;
Or had ye felt his kind embrace,
Ye wad na try our hearts to sever.
Ye tell these tales, full well I ken,
To make a jealous heart in me;
I canna', will na doubt him, when
He's swore he ne'er wad part frae me.

W. H. W.

FAREWELL!

Farewell, farewell! thou heartless one,
I would not thou should'st know
The heart that thou hast heavy made,
Nor see its fruitless woe.

Farewell! there's more in that sad word,
Than common souls can know;
Farewell! thou court'st another's smile,
Though I have loved thee so.

Farewell, there's treachery in thy smile!
Farewell, there's treachery on thy brow!
Farewell, thou hast a serpent's guile!
And love is changed to hatred now.

MARY ADELINE.

SONG.

BY GEORGE DAVEY.

The south wind is waving
The green corn like billows,
The bright stream is laving
The boughs of the willows,
The blue air is ringing
With gladness and mirth;
And the gay birds are singing
The sweetness of earth;
Then let not the sigh
Mingle thus with the kiss,
Or tears dim the eye
In an hour like this.

The breeze from the wild wood
Breathes perfume around,
And voices of childhood
With laughter resound,
Though dark clouds shade the streams
And the fields in their track,
Yet the day-star's bright beams
Smile their loveliness back;
Then let not the sigh
Mingle thus with the kiss,
Or tears dim the eye
In an hour like this.

SONG OF THE BEDOUIN CHIEF.

BY T. JENNINGS.

Rest ye, Brothers! chase awhile
The battle-frown, from heart and brow
Nought but beauty's living smile
Houseth in my bosom now.
Rest ye! while my hov'ring eye
Fondly fix'd, a love-watch keepeth,
Catching ev'ry fragrant sigh,
While my Bride, my Ina sleepeth.

Bring me not my armed zone,
Bear my prancing steed away,
My spirit hath another love,
It loathes the war-god's madding sway.
Hush! for now no bandit cry
O'er the burning desert sweepeth,
Breaking her low-breathed sigh,
While my Bride, my Ina sleepeth.

HOME.

Do you not heed as borne upon the wind
Some strain falls sweetly on the list'ning ear,
Not light the song, but soothing to the mind
At this calm hour, are those sweet sounds we hear.

It is my Ellen's voice! and where wild flowers
Creep by the open window, you may see
Where at her harp she sits to wile the hours
That pass but slowly while awaiting me.

Sweet is that voice to me, and now more sweet
When length'ning shadows bid my labours cease,
And evening brings the wished for hour to meet
My Ellen's welcome to our Home of peace.

Me, dearest Ellen, may that welcome long
Continue thro' successive years to bless,
And may thy love, thy music and thy song
Make home still home, and our best happiness.

REMEMBER ME.

BY JAMES REES.

Beneath the branches of yon oak,
A little flower you view,
Remembrance past it quick revives,
And seems to blush for you.

The bitter sigh you soon may find
Distend your heaving breast,
It gives the wound, it heals it too,
And lulls the heart to rest.

When memory (traitor as it is),
Forgets, go then and see
This little flower, and view it o'er,
And then "Remember me."

CHARADES.

I.

Fair Stella saw me, and my colours gay
Won her young heart my worth at once to pay,
I to her home was borne, when cruel man
At her command to cut me up began;
Then Stella view'd me with admiring eyes,
And now to join me once again she tries;
I am at once an ornament and friend;
My station's low, yet I on kings attend;
But for my services all tread me under feet,
And often times my hapless form is without mercy beat.

E. HAMILTON.

II.

My FIRST in my SECOND is usually seen,
Tho' oft from its bounds it is free;
My WHOLE will acknowledge its debt to my FIRST,
For without it, it ceases to be.

S. P.

III.

My FIRST is new, and never will be old;
My second gains fresh value from its years;
My WHOLE in Cornwall, so at least I'm told,
Has oft been seen, and there it still appears.

S. P.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN No. XXXVIII.

GOOD REST, Sir Hilary whispered forth,
Lord grant to me I pray,
And GOOD to all who shall outlive
To-morrow's sanguine day,
With REST to all who on the field
Shall fighting yield their breath;
GOOD REST to every beaming eye
That weeps the warriors death.

J. W. D.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 8.

Fair Jessy! I think I've the CUE,
Nor will CUMBER you more with hard guessing,
But at supper partake soon with you
Of a CUCUMBER, all your own dressing.

HORATIO.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE IN Page 23.

Whene'er the functions of the BRAIN
Pursue their wonted course 'tis plain
Our reason's sound, our health is good,
Yet reason's dictates oft aside
Are cast in youshful passion's tide,
With its vast o'erwhelming flood.
In daisied field, in vale, or grove,
Under the shadowing TREE we rove
Or sit, and shelter'd from the sun,
Hear the fond tale from lips we love,
Or watch the peasant homeward move
When his morning toil is done,
And BRAINTREE is the place you mean,
Famous for bays and says I ween.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO CHARADES IN Page 47.

If calculations just are made,
The answer to your first charade
Must without doubt be "HONEY-MOON,"
Whose sweetness flies, alas! how soon!
The second, if I truly guess,
A lady's "WORK-BOX" does express,
"FOX-GLOVE" must be the third I ween,
In flower-gardens rarely seen.
The answer to the fourth is "VEIL,"
Which ladies use when they look pale;
Veil, if it be transposed aright,
Will "VILE" at once bring to our sight,
And "LEVI" next, and after "LIVE,"
Then "EVIL" doth each version give.
I now have only to contrive
An answer unto number five,
Is "COUNTERACT" the right solution?
I think it is, so make conclusion.

A. N.

ANSWER TO FOURTH CHARADE IN Page 47.

To hide her griefs a VEIL Rebecca wears
To meet her now the VILE and faithless LEVI fears,
She seeks to LIVE, but ah! not here below,
But in those realms above where none can EVIL know.

J. W. L.

QUERIES.

Why is a pretty woman like a plum pudding?—Because she is *not plain*.

Why is a hackney-coachman heavier than a bargeman?—Because the latter is a *lighter-man*.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

READER.—Turn'd Critic, too? on what found ye such claim?
COUNCIL OF TEN.—Above a bribe not dazzled by a name,
"JUSTICE TO ALL," our motto and our aim.

1. *The Musical Album*, parts II. and III. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

2. *The Parma Waltz*, with variations for the Pianoforte; by Robert K. Brewer. G. Luff, Great Russell-street.

3. *I hae nae body now.* Ballad, composed by Edwin J. Nielson. Aldridge, Regent-street.

4. *Where hast Thou been Roving?* Ballad, composed by Charles W. Glover. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 1. We have before spoken of this little monthly Work in terms of approbation, and the two parts now on our music-desk, serve to confirm us in our recommendation of it to our musical friends. The second Part contains, amid other compositions, a very pretty Ballad by Mr. Turnbull, and a brilliant Waltz by Mr. C. Glover. The third Part a beautiful song by Mr. F. Romer, and a Duet by J. Kench, of no mean pretensions.

No. 2. This is a very brilliant piece for the Piano, in two sharps, and reflects the highest possible credit on the young and talented composer, who is a promising scion of the Royal Academy.

No. 3. One of Mr. Nielson's happiest efforts. We have more than once been fortunate enough to hear this Ballad sung by Miss Bruce, for whom it was written; when we say it drew the tribute of our tears, we think we need add no more in praise of its touching sweetness.

No. 4. A light and playful Ballad, the very opposite in point of effect upon the feelings to the foregoing; *this* playing over the chords of the heart, like the sportive zephyr; *that* murmuring like the sighing breeze, through the Æolian strings. We subjoin the words, and advise our fair vocalists to procure the music.

"Where hast thou been roving
My own Love! my own Love?
Where hast thou been roving
My own young Love?
Hast been amid the village maids,
Or 'mong the Fairies' haunted shades
While daylight's orb of glory fades,
My own young Love?

"Where hast thou been roving
My own Love! my own love?
Where hast thou been roving
My own young Love?
Forgetful of my plighted truth,
Hast sought a rival fickle youth,
Must I be jealous? aye in sooth,
My false, false Love!"

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

MOTION OF WAVES, A DECEPTION.—There is a curious optical deception attending the alternate elevation and depression of the surface of a liquid. The waves thus produced appear to have a progressive motion, which is commonly attributed to the liquid itself. When we perceive the waves of the sea apparently advancing in a certain direction, we are irresistibly impressed with a notion that the sea is itself advancing in that direction. We consider that the same wave, as it advances, is composed of the same water, and that the whole surface of the liquid is in a state of progressive motion. A slight reflection, however, on the consequences of such a supposition, will soon convince us that it is unfounded. The ship which floats upon the waves is not carried forward with them; they pass beneath her, now lifting her on their summits, and now letting her sink into the abyss between. Observe a sea-fowl floating on the water, and the same effect will be seen. If, however, the water itself partook of the motion which we ascribe to its waves, the ship and the fowl would each be carried forward, and would have a motion in common with the liquid. Once on the summit of a wave, there they would continually remain, and their motion would be as smooth as if they were propelled upon the smooth surface of a lake. Or, if once in the valley between two waves, there likewise they would continually remain, the one wave continually preceding them, and the other following.

NAUTICAL JOKE.—One morning when we were scudding along under bare poles in the Bay of Biscay, two youngsters walked up to Lieutenant C., who was in no very good temper, pacing the deck, "We are *aground*, sir," says one of them. "Go to the mast-head for an hour, sir;" answered the angry Luff. After the disconsolate mid. had descended from his bold situation, and the lieutenant was in a better humour, he offered to bet with him that they were aground; the lieutenant, who sometimes made more free with midshipmen than superior officers usually do on board, took the bet, which he won by explaining in the following manner: "My name is Alexander Ground, and my brother's Alfred, consequently we are A. Ground. Now for the champaigne, sir."

A BAD DEBT.—A certain facetious actor being pressed by a creditor to pay a debt of long standing, together with the interest which had accrued thereon, sent the following reply:—"Dear Sir, in answer to your favour, I must take the liberty to inform you, that at present 'tis not my *interest* to pay the principal, nor my *principle* to pay the interest."

THE TRINITY.—Doctor B. once told Horne Tooke that he had just witnessed a personification of the Trinity, for that he had seen three men in one whiskey! "Poh! poh!" replied Tooke, "that is no exemplification at all, you should have seen *one* man in three whiskeys."

A STRONG FORTRESS.—A builder, at Chester, had one of his houses standing empty a long time, owing to the exorbitant rent he asked for it. One night a wag inscribed on the shutters in large characters GIBRALTAR, and when asked to explain his meaning, replied, *it never will be taken.*

CUSTOM.—When long usage was urged in behalf of some abuses of old standing, which Chancellor Audley wished to suppress, he replied, "The custom hath been to rob at Shooter's Hill, is it therefore lawful?"

A USEFUL WEAPON.—An Irishman at a sale, bought a fowling-piece with a crooked barrel, and being asked his reason, replied he thought it would be found mighty convenient for firing *round corners.*

A PUN.—A gentleman of the Bar, married to a lady who had lost all her front teeth, and squinted so curiously that she appeared nearly blind, happened to be speaking of another lady, who had run away from her husband. "Well," said H., "you have some comfort as to your wife." "What do you mean, sir?" said the barrister. "I mean that if once you should lose Mrs. ——, you will never be able to *i-dent*-ify her."

A BREAKFAST PARTY.—A Lieutenant Campbell, who, in 1762, was sentenced to death for forgery, sent the following invitation to many of his friends, the evening before his execution:—"Lt. Campbell presents his compliments to ——, and requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a cup of chocolate, and to do him the honour to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution."

HINT TO THE LADIES.—Goethe's mother when she hired a servant, used to make the following condition:—"You are not to tell me of any thing horrible, afflicting, or agitating, whether it happens in my own house, in the town, or in the neighbourhood. I desire once for all, that I may hear nothing of the kind. If it concern me, I shall know it soon enough,—if it does not concern me, I have nothing whatever to do with it,—even if there should be a fire in the street in which I live, I am not to know of it, 'till it is absolutely necessary that I should."

MARRIAGE.—The frogs in Æsop (says Selden) were extremely wise; they had a great mind for some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they knew they could not get out again.

A QUALIFICATION.—A merchant lately advertising for a clerk, "who could bear *confinement*," received an answer from one who had been *seven years in jail.*

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Two young chimney sweepers were passing by Astley's a night or two ago, when one of them said to his companion, "This is the minor for me, Joe, I like it better nor all the others, indeed, I hardly ever goes to the *Hitalian Hoppera* when *Hastley's* is open.

THE BET DECIDED.

Such little chance I always found
Of gaining Betsy for a wife,
That I had wager'd Dick a pound
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to heav'n, my anxious care
Is all remov'd, the knot is tied,
And Betsy, fairest of the fair,
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,
Well pleas'd, I hold myself in debt,
For, by the oddest luck, 'tis found,
I lose my WAGER, win my BET.

W.

ON A BAD DANCER TO A BAD FIDDLER.

That Orpheus fiddled while the brutes advanc'd,
And groves responsive to the numbers danc'd,
I fancied fiction, till amazed I see
So vile a fiddler move a log like thee.

EPIGRAM.

On Rosa's breast the snow-flake fair,
Fell from Heaven's crystal sphere;
But wept a rival whiteness there,
And melted to a TEAR!

W.

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THE SPORTSMAN is published every Saturday, Price Three Halfpence, and in MONTHLY PARTS, containing Five Numbers and a Wrapper, Price 8*d.*

The object of this Publication is to give practical directions on all matters connected with SHOOTING, HUNTING, COURSING, and ANGLING; TRAINING of DOGS and HORSES, &c. &c. Each subject is treated in its proper season; and it is a leading feature of the Work to encourage a taste for the Manly Sports, avoiding altogether those subjects which tend to brutalise and degrade the more noble attributes of Man.

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 9—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Sep. 28, 1833.

MARY; A VILLAGE SKETCH.

"Sin, with *vanity*, had fill'd the works of men." Milton.

Mary C—— was decidedly the prettiest girl in the village she inhabited; her bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fair complexion, were the admiration of all the neighbouring swains, but in particular of Richard Ross. He loved her with a devoted affection, and she appeared to prefer him to all others. Bright was the garland which he wove to crown her Queen of the May. Animated as her smile was the look of admiring affection with which he regarded her in the circling dance, and ere the annual return of that day he fondly hoped their hands would be united! In the beginning of June, Mary accepted an invitation to spend a few days with a relation who resided in a small town about twenty miles from her native village. It was a clear sunny morning, when Richard accompanied her to the spot where, by crossing a stile, they entered on the main road, and where she was to take a seat in the passing stage. Their way lay across some meadows; the simple daisy and the rich butter-cup literally strewed their path with flowers; they walked on some time in silence; at length the lover spoke—"You are going to a large town, dear Mary, and no doubt you will see there many whose pretensions to your favour may be far superior to mine, but be assured you can never meet one whose affection will exceed that which I feel for you;" his lip pressed hers as he lifted her over the last stile; a presentiment of evil stole over his heart, and he felt as though that parting kiss would be the last he should ever take. At that moment the stage drew up; it did not lessen his misgivings when he saw there was only one inside passenger,—a young and handsome man of gentlemanly appearance. "All's right," cried the coachman; crack went the whip, and the coach whirled rapidly away. Mary waved her white hand as the vehicle turned the corner, and hid from her view the look of anxious and deep affection which often haunted her memory in after years. Her travelling companion entered into cheerful conversation with her, pointed out the prettiest views, and in short paid her all those little polite attentions so customary with men of the world; but Mary, used only to rustic sincerity, felt not a little gratified by the notice of one so evidently superior in manners to the village swains. When arrived at the house of her relative, he assisted her to alight, pressed her hand, gazed admiringly in her bright blue eyes, and resumed his seat in the vehicle. The slumbering sparks of vanity were kindled in her bosom; Richard's plain manners and quiet affection lost their value. The visit of a few weeks was prolonged to as many months, at the end of which time she married Mr. Moore, a man of small independent property in the neighbourhood, and returned no more to her village home. From that day the health of the unfortunate Richard declined. There was a small eminence on which was a group of tall trees overlooking the garden of Mrs. Moore; one day, about two years after her marriage, the servant, who had rambled with her little boy in her arms to the top of the little mount, came running back to her mistress, saying a gentleman was there, either fainting or dying,—he certainly was very ill! Mary hastily provided herself with wine and other restoratives, and accompanied the servant to the spot. Alas! in the fixed eye and emaciated form of the sufferer, she beheld the victim of her despicable *vanity*, for to *that* alone the agony of her heart told her she had sacrificed the dearest affections of both, and the life of a worthy man, whose devoted attachment had brought him in his last hours to that place to catch a glimpse of his soul's idol, as she walked unconsciously in the garden below; he *did* see her—and as pale and trembling she bent over him, and chafed his cold temples, a placid smile stole over his features; he pressed her hand in token of forgiveness, then breathing a gentle sigh, his head fell back on her shoulder, and that faithful heart ceased to beat which her vanity had broken. Jessy.

THE DEATH OF THE BRIGAND.

A FRAGMENT, BY JAMES REES.

It was night; the moon shone in resplendent beauty, and the stars glimmered in the sky, revealing to the eye of the traveller a solitary cottage, which stood upon the projecting eminence of a rock. A pale gleam of light shone through the battered casement, but no sound was heard; all was still; but there was a meaning in that silence, for it was the silence of death.

Worn down with fatigue, anxiety, and care, a tall figure lay reclining on the ground, and now and then breathed forth a deep sigh;—he was evidently labouring under the stroke of death. By his side sat a young female weeping. There was something in her appearance which excited attention. Her long tresses of jet black hair, her graceful form, and the sorrow which hung upon her brow, added fresh beauty to her person. Her mind seemed wholly intent on the object of her care, and every sigh he drew brought fresh tears to her relief. The room was small and close, and the disorder of the furniture plainly bespoke that house to be the house of affliction. The sufferer spoke not, but now and then cast his eyes upon his weeping partner, his countenance strongly expressive of anxious solicitude; but all hope was past.

In this state he continued till the grey streak of early twilight announced the approach of day, when he faintly requested some water. This was quickly procured, and again all was stillness; not a footstep was heard, not a sound, save the harsh breathing of the dying man, which too surely told his hour was come; he cast his eyes once more to the partner of his cares and toils, stretched forth his hand which she eagerly grasped, pressed it, but spoke not. Every breath he drew seemed the last; a few moments, and he gave a convulsive start, uttered a deep groan, and—all was silence; but that silence was caused by the "*Death of the Brigand.*"

PRINCE OF WALES.—His late Majesty when Prince of Wales, once felt strongly inclined to attend a masquerade, but being seriously indisposed, he consulted his physician on the subject, who informed him it would be highly dangerous. The prince still anxious, said, he only wanted to go in a *domino*. The physician still persisted in his objection, which he enforced by adding, "it will probably be your death." The prince replied, "Beati sunt illi qui morientur in *domino*," and followed his inclination happily without any ill effect.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. VII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—All the Members present.*

We've been roaming, we've been roaming,
Through the squares and through the street,
And we're coming, and we're coming,
For no novelties we meet!
We go roaming, we confess it,
Through the streets both great and small,
And we own, (though perhaps you guess it),
That of news there's none at all.
London city in September,
Is a desert vast and wide;
Every dandy, every member,
To the country now has hied!
Dogs and guns, and partridge shooting,
Nought save these are now the go,
So 'tis useless our recruiting
News or novelties to show.

Mrs. Modish. If there *is* such a thing as vapours, ennui, spleen, or the blue diavolo, they must surely be found in London, about the MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER; pavements repairing, churches beautifying, theatres steaming, and ladies afraid of wearing a smart dress, lest they should be stared at for the novelty, by the few idle boys and hackneycoachmen who are yet left in the almost deserted streets; these are the associations of a London autumn! Heaven defend me from another such month!

Miss Bluemantle. Why Modish, you seem quite out of your element. WE have spent the whole summer in London, "have borne the burden and heat of the day" at our desk, and have never been visited by any BLUES, of *less* agreeable aspect than yourself and our fair sisters. Come, Secretary, let us to our task ere we discuss other matters.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Lines by E. L.

Miss B. They do both the heart and head of WILLIAM credit, but are of too private and local a nature to suit the *general* reader; will E. L. try his hand on some other subject?

Miss S. A Sketch, THE ONLY SON.

Miss B. We agree in the sentiments of the writer—as an only daughter have *felt* their truth. It shall appear.

Miss S. Lines on ROMANCE, by E. T., aged eleven years.

Miss B. Poor child, she little knows the thorny path she is treading; cold REALITY *must* come, made doubly bitter by early ROMANCE. We never hear of an adult writing poetry, without an inward shudder and a sigh of pity. We will insert E. T.'s verses, but advise a close application to the needle—the book—anything *but* the PEN, to counteract the fatal poison of POETRY and ROMANCE.

Miss S. Lines, &c. by S.

Miss B. Part of his communication shall be inserted.

Miss S. A packet from GEORGE DAVEY.

Miss B. We sincerely thank him, the Tale shall appear.

Miss S. WILLIAM ANGUS.

Miss B. A private letter shall be sent to him. Ere he sees this notice he may have received it.

Miss S. Letter from W. T., Plymouth.

Miss B. He is a most kind friend, and we thank him; all he desires shall be attended to.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from MINNA.

Miss B. We suspect she is a wayward chiel, and will "gang her ain gait," but her communications are always welcome.

Miss S. A French epistle from PHILIP C., (the writing not very distinct.)

Miss B. He is thanked, doubtless our readers *do* understand the language, but as we profess to be strictly English, and write for JOHN BULL, French articles will not suit our plan.

Mis S. Answers to Charades, by H. W. J., &c., &c.

Miss B. The best, according to our judgment, shall be selected and inserted.

Miss S. A Tale by our correspondent at Turnham Green.

Miss B. It shall have as early insertion as possible.

Miss S. Packet from our correspondents in Hampshire.

Miss B. Sincere thanks are due to them, all shall appear in due time.

Miss S. Lines by MARION.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. J. W. L.

Miss B. We are sorry J, W. L. does not approve of our giving music. We wish to please all our readers, but he stands alone, we believe, in his dislike. There is plenty of literary matter without the "song," for the price of the work, so J. W. L. must be content now and then to bear with the tastes of "those who have instruments and take delight in music."

Miss S. SARAH P., of Edmonton.

Miss B. She will see WE do not deem her "worthless," *tout au contraire.*

Miss S. Lines by NUGENT T.

Miss B. His verses shall have early insertion.

Miss S. Letter from J. H., Chapel Court.

Miss B. We are sorry to answer in the negative to one part of his letter, but will send a private communication.

Miss S. Riddle, by T. G. G.

Miss B. Too long by half, but it has merit, and we will try to make room for it. We have received answers from T. T., to first Charade, in page 15, and the one in page 31, but, as we think they are not correct, will "ANNETTE" and "LUCINDA" favour us with a note, saying what the solutions are, that we may not insert any answers but those which are right.

Miss S. HENRY V.

Miss B. He would not do to be engaged in a Chancery suit, we assure him,—*two months* is a short time to be on our file. Our promises are not *quite* so brittle as the generality of the pastry he speaks of. We will look for the article, but it must wait its turn.

Miss S. Communication from P.

Miss B. It shall be inserted.

Miss S. HENRIETTA.

Miss B. We rejoice again to greet her, but regret that *indisposition* has deprived us of her good offices so long. We can, alas! but too well sympathise with her.

Miss S. A letter from T. JENNINGS, requesting you will not place his *name* at the head of his articles, as it is in "opposition to his interests."

Miss B. The Tale was in print before we received his letter, wherein he had changed his mind, and thought writing for a PENNY MAGAZINE must give the death-blow to his future FAME. The last Song was inserted by mistake. But we do request and charge all our female readers, (as, doubtless, the said T. JENNINGS is a young Poet on his preferment; and, moreover, JENNINGS is so *uncommon* a name in London, that every lady will fancy it must be HER JENNINGS who poetizes), to cancel the name in her copy of the numbers, in which the said articles appear; and that the talent of the writer may not be degraded in the eyes of the PUBLISHING WORLD, we beg to state that the pen of a JENNINGS, never, save in the solitary instance of our PENNY MAGAZINE, let its ink flow forth, or name appear, in any work of *less* magnitude than a *fourpenny* Periodical.* Oh! ye MINNAS! ye ANNETTES! ye JESSYS! drop your best curtsey, and think of the honour ye have enjoyed, in having your names printed in the same Work with that of a JENNINGS?

"Ye little stars hide your diminished heads!"

Well, ladies, have you nothing fresh to report?

Miss Harmonica. It has been hinted to us, Lady President, by many kind friends and readers of the Work, that a *regular* weekly notice of the DRAMA will be more acceptable to our general readers, than that hitherto given in our "NOCTES," we therefore propose furnishing one on a brief scale for each Number.

Miss B. We approve of the plan, and that your notice may contain as much information as possible, will keep a column open to the last moment of publication.

Mrs. Modish. As WE shall not copy our "DRAMATIC REPORTS" from the "TIMES," verbatim, as *some* of our contemporaries do, but *really witness* what

* The ALBUM WREATH.

we write about, and give an opinion of, I beg to premise that no theatre to which we have not the free entrée, will be spoken of. Neither myself or Harmonica, are so public-spirited as to pay seven or five shillings each, every time we go to a theatre in the capacity of reporters to a paper. We will do managers every justice, let them meet us with the same spirit of liberal feeling.

Miss B. Oh! in common gallantry they will open their doors when Ladies knock for admission. Well, Bloomer, you seem very quiet. Is there a stagnation in the literary world, too? Are all the authors and poets gone partridge-shooting?

Mrs. Bloomer. No, for if they did, they would, probably, verify the old song of the man who "shot at a pigeon and killed a *crow!*" "The Headsman," by Cooper, is a tale of deep interest, I would give you an extract, but that I see your "Selector" will not this week admit of it. By the way here are two little books, which, though being inteuded for children, do not strictly come under my surveillance, yet having by chance fallen into my hands, I am induced to introduce to your notice. They are called "Spelling made Easy," and "Genders of the French Nouns rendered easy to Children," by familiar rhymes, both very clever little Works in their several branches of education; I regret the authoress (for they are by a lady) will not allow her name to be made public.

Miss B. They seem very useful little publications for young beginners.—Come, ladies, we being on the invalid's list, begin to grow weary, and therefore beg to propose an adjournment. The twankay is waiting, let us take a cup and then depart.

CHIT CHAT OF THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden will not re-open till about the 10th, in consequence of the interior of each undergoing repairs.

The Olympic and Adelphi Theatres re-open on Monday next; meantime we shall content ourselves with saying a few words on the prospect of the ensuing season.

As regards the two large houses; let us but for a moment look back on last season; the attractions in every branch of the Drama were then very great, and the performers engaged exceedingly strong and efficient in every department, yet the speculations did not answer; the houses did not fill although we had a Kean and Malibran, to say nothing of expensive ballets, spectacles, &c., &c., and, therefore, (unless the prices of admission are lowered), the approaching season will be still worse. It is not to be expected that the public will pay equally dear to see inferior performances, and, as the salaries of the Stars are reduced, and the rent of the premises lowered, we do not see why the prices of admission, to the boxes at least, should not undergo a similar reduction. Five shillings are quite enough for an evening's entertainment at any Theatre.

An entirely new Opera of Rossini's will be produced at Drury Lane next April.

The Olympic and Adelphi Theatres have each an extremely good corps; in addition to the established favourites of last season, Mr. Keeley and pretty Miss Ferguson are engaged at the former; and that public favourite, Mrs. Waylett, at the latter.

The Strand Theatre will shortly re-open with an excellent little company, under the able direction of Mr. J. Russell.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

(Continued from page 58.)

Pleasures are like the poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-flakes in the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flits ere you can point the place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

Burns.

Alphonso was free, but a heaviness hung over him, the doom of his deliverer, her very name and history were unknown to him; he had pressed her on that subject when first her charitable ministry alleviated his sufferings; then, she replied, "that it would be time enough to discover all *that* when freedom and altered circumstances would afford more leisure," adding, "that whenever he was put in possession of the secret, he would have nothing to regret." At the moment of his enlargement he dared not to repeat the request, because the mournful pride of disappointment and unrequited love, had placed a sort of awful distance between them, and had imposed upon him a duty not further to trespass on her confidence, nor further to wound her anguishing sensibility. He was free, he was in a lonely vale, he looked round him with delight, yet with dubiety, something seemed to tell him that still harder trials awaited him, he contemplated nature with a fond eye, and then gazed on the expanse of heaven, with a feeling which no language can express, and which innate religion causes to glow within us; he pondered, looked back, gave a sigh to Ines, (that name she had revealed to him,) caressed his barbe, which was at once to be his war-horse, or means of retreat, his safety and only companion; and once more he looked back, when a tear stole from his eye-lid, he chid his manhood, took the miniature of Cecilia from his breast, smiled, cherished hope, and flew like lightning onward on his journey. A miserable posada, sad contrast to the country around it, which was almost an earthly paradise, received him at the end of a journey of about forty miles; here he was eyed and examined with suspicion, but the gold which he produced, bought respect, and, at a very early hour, after a disturbed repose, he rose

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

Nature again was the object of his admiration, but it was one that ended not here, it soared higher, to the great Creative Power which formed these dear consoling objects. "They end," said the young patriot, "they change, they fall and rise again, for a period, which is a moment when compared to eternity," (to which, in fact, comparison cannot stand), "a mere speck, when thought on with a reference to infinity of space; but there must be a climate unchangeable, flowers never fading, sweets beyond decay, an object to centre our affections, where death and disappointment are trodden under foot, and and where error and passion are put to flight:" thus musing, he was lost in thought, when he found himself far distant, faint, and fatigued, another proof of what is the lot of poor humanity! what the nature of our earthly journey! A second posada, still worse than the first, was the only resting place for the young prisoner enlarged, and here he was viewed with mistrust, and so ill off for provisions, that he had recourse to visiting the village apothecary, the great oracle and Æsculapius of his district, and to whom he ventured to make himself known, aware that he was a freemason, and one of *los liberales.** Here he met with good treatment, kindness and hospitality, which enabled him to resume his journey with redoubled vigour the ensuing day, although not with the hopeful anticipations with which he entered the village, which was only one day's journey from the abode of her whom he used to call "lumbre di mis ojas," (light of my eyes). The cause of this sudden change was briefly this. In his conversation with Bernardo, he made enquiries about the object of his adoration, and was informed that she had been sought in marriage by a *grande Espagne*, who had made successful overtures to her father, to detach him from the constitutionalists, in favour of the cause of Ferdinand,

* It is remarkable that, during the civil war in Spain, a close connection was preserved betwixt the patriot-troops and the incorporated freemasons of Spain, of these an immense number were medical men, as well as artists and men of science in various departments,—through the former succour was afforded, communications kept up, and a train of intelligence and mutual assistance established incalculably useful to the cause of the constitutionalists, the very nature of the profession afforded easy access and unsuspected assistance.

and that Cecilia having refused this splendid offer, was now immured in a convent for life; this information was like a thunder-stroke to the impassioned lover, he now saw all his hopes blighted, and had nought but despair before him; the truth and constancy of her who held his heart captive in a flowery chain, rivetted that heart to her still more than ever, but the inseparable bar now placed between them, closed the golden career of love and glory, which once lay open to his youthful enterprise; defeated in the cause of freedom, he had still another object in view, which an act of parental tyranny had now wrested from him, "for what?" said he to himself, "has the enemy spared me to live a living death?" The disciple of Æsculapius endeavoured to console him but in vain, consolation even was unwelcome, he prepared to bear, and it required all his manly courage to do so. Misfortune, but above all overpowering misfortune, is the touchstone of the human heart, in that terrible crisis which seems to extinguish at once the vital force of sensibility; a weak man abandons himself to the unavailing transports of rage and despair; the selfish and impassioned egotist, resorts for his relief to impotent revenge; the proud man leans upon the deceitful support of a delusive mendacious philosophy, of which he makes his oracle; the man whose soul clings not to the earth, nor grovels midst finite, terminable matter, turns to the celestial source of ineffable consolation, namely, to its Author; he offers the sacrifice of his essence and existence, and casts himself into the arms of that merciful Parent who never refused succour to the accents of pure and dutiful sincerity, nor to the stricken heart, the broken and bruised spirit making their resigned oblation. So did this stroke of fate act upon Alphonso, doubt and allusion fled before the axe of affliction—Cecilia surrendered thus to the tyrannical violence of a vindictive parent, disappointed at the failure of his ambitious views, was to her lover like the sweetest flower snatched from his bosom to wither at distance in the shade. She was lost for ever to him who had expected to dedicate his life, his chequered and uncertain fortunes, together with his best hopes and affections, to her alone; an abyss now opened between these two lovers, united by the charms of sympathy so as to form but one heart, one being, and one life, and that abyss was—eternity! Alphonso could love no more—yet he could not, even dare to regret the *altered* object of his earthly devotion, for her life might be dedicated to holiness, yet all his connection with earthly happiness was now broken off. All the ties which bound him to a terrestrial state were severed, his views could be directed but one way, his thoughts had nothing to rest upon in this world. Pensive and motionless, for some moments, the hero seemed to cease to be; "my friend," at length he uttered, "I have need of solitude, I have strength of mind sufficient to bear this stroke of fate, but I have not enough to converse on the subject, let a few days pass without seeing each other; as to our former concerns, I fear that the cause has failed for a long time, although the spark of freedom may again be rekindled." Thus saying he left his friend, who, accustomed to yield to the natural passions of our nature, could by no means account for this almost miraculous return of serenity. Alphonso shut himself up for a while, and then, after writing an affecting letter to his hospitable host, he mounted his fleet barbe and took the road to the proud mansion of Castel Fuerte, resolving to look his last on it, there to breathe a prayer for the idol of his love, there to sacrifice his last attachment to the world, to pour upon the limpid stream which had reflected her loveliness, to give his last sighs to those shades which were to pass from his view for ever, to resign to echo the last adieu, to that echo which had repeated so many tender accents, and recited so many solemn vows, He journied on, regardless of the road, lost in bitter reflection, and scarcely knowing how time and distance passed by; to weariness and hunger he seemed quite indifferent, until not only the sunken sun, but the sable mantle of night warned him of the necessity of seeking a place of rest and shelter for himself and charger, and an almost fainting debility forced him to make choice of the foot of some umbrageous tree, or to look out for some humble roof; the latter soon presented itself to him, announced by a glimmering of light and the harking of dogs. He was soon at the door of the humble roof, when, "*hola a qui?*" informed him that the family was up; "a traveller benighted," replied the cavalier, on which the peasant to whom the cottage belonged, thrice crossed himself, for fear that a foe might be near, and then prepared to exercise the duty of hospitality; bread, honey, and a draught from the limpid stream, formed all the traveller's short repast, and his cloak served him for a bed, smoothed down on the bare floor. "How far are we from the dwelling of the Senor del Castel Fuerte?" said the stranger. "The first rays of light will point it out to you at about two gunshots," answered the peasant. "His daughter," resumed Alphonso, "has lately taken the veil," (meaning thus not to know exactly how matters were). "Not yet," said the peasant, "poor lamb! she has been confined with sickness, but is to go on her noviciate in a few days; she will make an acceptable sacrifice, if her heart does not linger with earthly objects, which I fear it does, for they say that she has a lover, but all in an honourable way. Alphonso hid his face in his cloak, the blood once more mantling in his cheeks, and a ray of hope again lighting up his eyes; sleep he had none, one half of the night was consumed in asking questions, and listening to the peasant's story, and the other half passed away in forming projects for an elopement. Welcome was the rosy-fingered morning as smiling Aurora first raised night's curtain, and admitted the first streak of daylight; on beholding it the noble Roman fell on his knees, and shed tears of mingled gratitude and joy. He paced the wood, and hid himself beneath a variety of trees, which erst had sheltered his love and him; he looked out in all directions, and sometimes lay prostrate on the earth, at length he caught a glimpse of one of the servants, who, from the frequent application of gold to his palm, had been favourable to the young lover's interests, and, by his means, he got a letter conveyed to Cecilia, and received an answer which produced an interview. I may not paint the rapturous moment, when, locked in a close embrace, they mutually swore to part no more until the glaive of death should sever the thread of life. Alphonso had purchased another horse and a mule, and with these and a hired guide, did the young couple commence their journey through all the uncertainties of life; their road was long, intricate, and perilous, but love was their guiding star,—love and young hope, which beguiled the tedious way, smoothed the rough passage, and sweetened those hours which, (without it), fear and fatigue would have rendered painful; in speaking of fear, it is applied to the gentle traveller, the knight knew it only by name, except that fear of losing what we love, when just cause of anxiety presents itself to the mind. We will not, gentle reader, waste your time in a mere diary of journies, in the measuration of distance and time, nor even in the descriptive, albeit though the soil of Spain, the maiden soil of its interior, possesses the romantic and the picturesque in a superlative degree; we will omit the Arcadian life which here might be led, feasting on the rich figs, pomgranites, dates, oranges, and grapes, the last fresh gathered from their graceful festoon, products from the olive and other goodly trees; neither will we expatiate on nature's bountiful and choisest gifts in the land abounding in corn, wine, and oil, but arrive at the the most striking scenes on the way which this pair of lovers took, alternately sleeping in humble cottages, or in the open air, and avoiding high roads, frequented paths, and, above all, the eye of worldly men; nature and simplicity, peacefulness and innocence, were what they sought, and finally, and above all, safety in flight and a secure resting place, after their adventurous enterprize.

(To be continued.)

Aphorism.—Consider every day as the last to be enjoyed, because *that* will always give pleasure which we receive beyond our hopes—Horace. This sentiment of the Epicurean poet, rather clashes with the modern Essayist on man; "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

ETCHINGS BY A WANDERER.

No. IV.

REGRETS AND REMINISCENCES.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."
SHAKSPEARE.

When time has torn the roses from the cheek, and quenched the beamy lustre of the eye, yet will palsied remembrance garland the happy thoughts of early life, and contemplate with a deep and unaffected regret, the few white days of our existence, when the heart enjoyed all the delights of fascinating hope, or revelled in the actual enjoyment of the mingled though delusive pleasures of the world. The innocence of childhood, the elasticity of boyhood, the vigour of youth, all bring to mind recollections which years have failed to erase from the tablet of the heart; and though the wrinkle is emplanted on the brow, and the blossom of the grave begin to bloom over it, yet will the smile tinge the cheek, and light up the fading embers of the eye, as we twine the wreath of rosemary and pansies in honour of the days that are gone.

Yet, how often is it, when we commence these contemplations, that the heart is doomed to become sickened with the "fennel, columbines and rue," the "crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples," that also present themselves to our notice; these are the disappointments and crosses that have met or overtaken us in our path; the friends we have lost, or have been estranged from us; "the love that was tender, and yet could decay." These throw the mind back to the fearful reality of its state, and then, like the narcotic drug, which first exhilarates the system and then leaves it more than ever debilitated and weak, we find ourselves brooding over calcining fears, until the vision becomes dim, and the soul clings through very weariness.

Who is there among us that has not experienced such moments? If such an one there be, he is not to be envied.

The heart which like a stagnant pool
In caverns under ground,
Hath never felt the sun of bliss,
Nor hope's delicious bound,
May wither through its dark dull day
Too passionless to break;
But wish not thou thine heart so rude,
Nor sigh that it can ache.

To mourn over the joys that never can return, is indeed a folly; to muse over them, and to draw a lesson for morality, is philosophy. To recal the days of our youth, is out of nature, and we must ever look in vain for a return of those happy moments, when care had not snapped the strings of the heart, or passion tuned them to its fervid melody.

The recollection of first love, though decayed, possesses a pleasing melancholy; it has its rapturous delights, as well as its tormenting pains; and as under its holy and benign influence, we felt the heart to grow rich, and expand with generous views, so its decay dries up the fountain of joy, withers the green leaves of happiness, and we remain like the sapless, scathed tree in December, rent, leafless and cold. Still will the "hallowed form" lingering in memory's secret cell recal the joyous past, when the bright beam lighted up the soft, meek, hazel eye, as the smile sat enshrined on the coral lips of her beloved; it will recal the modest blush that tinged her lovely cheek, which rivalled the peach's down; yes, it will recal those hours, when it was

"Bliss to meet," or "pain to part."

If the smile was then entrancing, the sigh was more tender and bewitching still;—when the tear dimmed the eye, its ray was not less bright, nor its glance less beautiful; and when the flushed cheek betrayed the heart, did we think that cheek less fair? No! the rapturous ecstacy, the thrilling ardor of love, were still reigning paramount, and we felt ourselves more than ever bound by that silver chord, which if once broken can never be again united.

I have often called to mind that beautiful contrast of the love of woman and that of man, and convinced myself of the truth of the poet's delineation of the former, that it is a

"———— a lovely and a fearful thing,
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown."

The daily avocations of life call men away to the pursuit of various objects—

"Man may range
"The court, the camp, the mart;"

but gentle woman is destined to the sweetness of quiet and retirement, walking the earth, the image of love, the perfection of love, and all her toils are, or ought to be, "the work and labour of love;" and first love with them is the Divinity of the heart; all others are distanced, or in the shade, in comparison. I have often wondered to see parents (maugre all this) sacrifice their children on the shrine of earthly policy; a more cruel immolation cannot be; the fate of the Indian Suttee is enviable to that of the poor creature who is destined to give her hand, but cannot give the heart also; mine has bled to see it; and I pitied the donor, as I have pictured in my mind her coronal of "rosemary and pansy," I pitied the receiver, and did not forget the "fennel, rue, columbines, the nettles and long purples." The traffic in hearts is a debasement of human nature, if affection owns not its proper influence, a sway beyond the power of kings;—and wretched indeed must be the state of those who are thus doomed to plod on their weary pilgrimage, amid conflicting doubts and fears; what are the reflections that occupy their leisure moments, what are their consolations when the spirit droops?—

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left the vault to brag of;"

The day revolving brings with it little beyond the cold commerce of the world; the past presenting a page of painful reminiscences and unavailing regrets; while the future seems all dark and lurid, where the eye faintly beholds, though the heart distinctly feels, the horrors of DESPAIR.

To trifle with the tender passions betrays a fatuity little short of madness. The withering frame and the breaking heart, are poor consolations to the obdurate parent; the velvet pall, and crape hat-band are sorry exchanges for the bridal garment and the wedding feast—

"For Love shall feed on youthful cheeks,
And not the earthy worm."

THE SELECTOR.

MODERN CHARITY.

Modern Belles like French Milliners fill'd with grimace,
Take Charity's name and stand forth in their place.
Flaunting abroad in a furbelow'd gown
The wonder and pride, and the gaze of the town:—
O how they sigh at a story of woe
A sigh so becoming to bosom of snow—
Oh! how they beg, looking pretty the while,
Till hearts and subscriptions are gain'd by their smile;
They sit in their boudoir, surrounded by beaux,
And look *so* divine making poor people's clothes,
And fans of goose feathers, and shoes made of scraps,
And fire-screens, and needle-books, and babies caps,—
Then so tender and busy they levy a war
'Gainst the gentlemen's hearts at a FANCY BAZAAR.
Oh! CHARITY flaunts it in feather and plume,
And smiles like an angel—in rouge and perfume,
She flirts at her booth—she's the gayest of belles,
And hardly she bargains, and dearly she sells;
And customers wonder, that lady so free,
So kind to the poor, and so tender should be;
A truce to your wonder—she heeds not the poor—
If once she is married she's tender no more.
Ah, me! that such labour, such feeling and care,
Should all be bestowed upon Vanity Fair,—
And deeper the error, and darker the shame,
That this is transacted in Charity's name!
From the "*Village Poor House.*"

MATRIMONIAL PARAGRAPHS. FROM, A WHISPER TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

TEMPER.—Perhaps your husband may occasionally bring home an unexpected guest to dinner. This is not at all times convenient. But beware, gentle lady, beware of frowns. Your fare at dinner may be scanty, but make up for the deficiency by smiles and good humour. It is an old remark, that "cheerfulness in the *host* is always the surest and most agreeable mode of welcome to the *guest.*" Perhaps, too, un-

seasonable visitors may intrude, or some one not particularly welcome, to spend a few days with you. Trifling as these circumstances may be, they require a command of feeling and temper; but remember, as you journey on, inclination must be continually sacrificed; and recollect also, that the *true* spirit of hospitality lies, not in giving great dinners and sumptuous entertainments, but in receiving with kindness and cheerfulness those who *come* to you, and those who *want* your assistance.

Endeavour to feel pleased with your husband's bachelor friends. It always vexes and disappoints a man when his wife finds fault with his favourites—the favourites and companions of his youth, and probably those to whom he is bound not only by the ties of friendship, but by the cords of gratitude.

Encourage in your husband a desire for reading out loud at night. When the window-curtains are down, and you are all seated after tea round the fire, how can his time be better employed? *You* have your work to occupy you; *he* has nothing to do but to sit and think; and think too that this family scene is extremely stupid. Give interest to monotonous hours by placing in his hand some entertaining but useful work. The pleasure which you derive from it will encourage him to proceed; while remarks on the pages, will afford improving and animating topics for conversation.

Reconciliation.—Let me entreat your particular attention, gentle lady, to the following advice. Whenever any little discord or coldness takes place between you and your husband, remember that *concession* is *your* duty rather than *his*, and never close your eyes in sleep till you have endeavoured to obtain a reconciliation. Tell him the resolution you have formed; and then you may good humouredly add, that perhaps he would not find you so very forgiving, but really you should dread breaking through your determination. Again, let me entreat you to adopt this plan, it may appear trifling and immaterial, but you do not, you cannot, without experience, know the wide-spreading good it may produce, the wide-spreading evils it may prevent.

Many a matrimonial dispute occurs, not so much from an unwillingness to give up the contested points, as from a dread of being conquered. Beware of the slightest approach to contradiction, and be assured every little dispute between man and wife, even itself of the most trivial nature, is dangerous. It forces good humour out of its channel, and undermines affection, and insidiously, though perhaps insensibly, wears out, and at last entirely destroys, that cordiality which is the life and soul of matrimonial felicity.

Gentleness.—How indecorous, offensive, and sinful, is it to see a woman exercising authority over her husband, and saying, "I will have it so. It shall be done as *I* like." But I should hope the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner, is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

Never join in any jest or laugh against your husband. He may be a plain and insignificant, even a ridiculous man; be it so; why did you marry him? You should have known all these defects before marriage. It is now too late: and as a wife, self (not to say a word of duty) calls on you to hide his faults; and, whenever you possibly can, to bring him forward, and make him of importance.

Assiduously conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. In the married life, confidants are by no means desirable. You may be listened to with sympathy and interest, but will this redress your grivance? By no means. Therefore never complain of him. In the first place, you violate a sacred duty, by exposing your husband's faults; and in the next, even a certain degree of female dignity, should combine better motives to prevent it.

I would recommend a concealment from others of any little discord or disunion which occurs between you. Repeated with additions and aggravations, it only gives food to the busy whisper of the malevolent; and "is sure to be remembered long after the honest people have quite forgotten it themselves." Besides, on these occasions rely on it, the world is much more inclined to be your husband's advocate than yours.

Neatness.—Much will attention to order and regularity contribute to the comfort of your husband. Men particularly love neatness, tidiness, and method; anything soiled, or out of place, discompose them; and a littered room will make them peevish. Meals should always be ready at a stated hour; a little decision and firmness will soon make your servants punctual. Rise early; give your orders early; breakfast early; be ready to sit down to your work-table early. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives you a command of the day, and gets you through it with ease. But, adieu to all this order and regularity, if you are fond of lying in bed. "Eight hours sleep," says our physicians, are "quite enough," and the woman who prefers her pillow to the numerous advantages which early rising produces, would not, I fear, have strength of mind to perform more important duties. An hour rescued from sleep does wonders, and your health is much benefitted by it.

Dress.—There is not an hour in the day in which a man likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bedroom, and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment *vanity* stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to see and to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very sake of pleasing her husband, thar she appears thus neat; some one says, "a woman should never appear untidily dressed in presence of her husband." While he was a lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught you dressed to disadvantage! "Oh, dear! there he is, and my hair all in papers; and in this frightful unbecoming cap; I had no idea he would have been here so early; let me be off to my toilette!" But now that he is your husband, "Dear me, what consequence! my husband is gained; my efforts to win him, and all my little manœuvres to captivate have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life in endeavouring to *please her husband!*" I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman, and yet when she sat to her breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness and attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object; and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman, dressed, soiled, and untidy; for believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps, is he himself conscious of the cause) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ONE MOMENT.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

'Tis bliss to meet thee ere day's curtain closes,
And twilight's blushes linger on the grove!
'Tis bliss to meet thee where the dew-gem'd roses
Sigh forth their sweetness, like the breath of love;
Dearer than festal scenes, or crowds to me,
One moment passed at day's decline with thee!

'Tis bliss to meet thee, when the dews are weeping
Their tears of balm, on floweret, leaf, and tree;
When from the skies the early stars are peeping,
Like guardian Spirits, watching infancy;
Dearer than lighted hall, or festal bower,
One moment with thee at that fairy hour!

'Tis bliss to meet thee, ah! what bliss to linger
Beside the fountain, or the murm'ring stream,
While Fancy traces with her magic finger,
Scenes that might furnish Bard or Minstrel's dream!
Gladly I fly the Banquet and the Ball,
For one such moment far outweighs them all!

BALLAD.

"I shall never smile again!
No! never, no!
All my joy is turn'd to pain,
Heigho! heigho!
Since young Love in Friendship's vest,
Stole disguis'd into my breast;
There he dwells, a treacherous guest!
Oh! woe! oh! woe!"

Thus a simple maiden sung,
On a day! on a day!
Whom the Archer Bee had stung,
And flown away! flown away!
But a youth who heard the strain,
Answer'd thus the maid again;
Did she find his answer vain,
Ladies say? ladies say?

"Maiden! thou *wilt* smile once more,
Ah! yes! ah! yes!
Thou'lt be happy as before,
I guess! I guess!"
Say not so, all hope is o'er,
Nought on Earth can charm me more.
So your mother said before,
Ah! yes! ah! yes!

W.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE QUEEN!

Lines suggested by the PRINCESS VICTORIA presenting the 89th Regiment with their new colours, at Plymouth, August 3, 1833, loyally and submissively inscribed to Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF KENT.

Young hearts were light and pleasure beam'd
In every happy gazer's eye,
The Hoe with Youth and Beauty teem'd,
Ev'n Age had thrown its crutches by
Upon that happy day,
It was so bright it was so gay;
The Bells rang merry peals, the Bands were playing,
And Joy with bright ey'd Liberty was straying!

The troops in proud array had met,
To be drawn up in close review;
The Eighty-Ninth in order set
Impatient for their colours new.
On prancing charger gay,
The gallant HILL first led the way;
The noble Royal party next appearing,
Received and own'd the People's hearty cheering.

Then gave VICTORIA, England's future QUEEN,
The brave old EIGHTY-NINTH their flag unfurl'd,
On which depicted gloriously is seen,
Their signal victories throughout the world;
And can each soldier ever
Forget her gracious mien? Ah! never!
The kind urbanity, the gentle manners,
With which they were presented with their banners.

With what enquiring eagerness she spoke
When thus she added to her learning's store,
"What means," she asked, "each Soldier's *leaf of oak?*"
The Twenty-Second Regiment that day wore.*
Ye ardent British youth
Of every age, ne'er lack forsooth
That thirst for knowledge and praiseworthy zeal,
Her bright example ever bids you feel.

Now is my lay spun out, and I have sung
Of England's future QUEEN, all happiness
Attend the Royal house from whence she sprung;
Our favour'd land may it exalt and bless!
And when we hail the day
She's call'd our sea-girt isle to sway,
May she reign happy, o'er a nation free,
And Briton still be *Mistress of the Sea!*

WILLIAM TAYLOR

Plymouth.

* The author has been assured of this fact by a gentleman who stood close to the Royal carriage; an enquiry (thus originating with the young Princess Victoria), was immediately made, when it was stated, that the privilege of wearing an oak leaf in the cap on all state and royal occasions, was granted the 22nd regiment by George the Second, after the battle of Dettingen, for their great bravery on that memorable day when his Majesty commanded in person.

A THOUGHT.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Behind a darkling veil of cloud,
Night's silver lamp is hid from sight,
Yet still the heavens are overflow'd
With one broad sea of liquid light;
Not e'en yon dark and vapoury mass,
Can *all* obscure the radiant gleam,
Still through the veiling shroud will pass
Its gentle but resistless beam.

Thus patient merit struggles on,
Through clouds of slander, scorn and blight;
Its radiance may not *all* be shown,
Nor can those shadows veil it quite.
Thus Genius through a world of foes,
Lone and majestic onward steers,
And sheds its glorious light on those
Whose envy shades with gloom its years.

SONNET TO ELIZABETH.

BY GEORGE DAVEY.

"Wide though we sever—
Parted for ever—
Lassie! when far awa, dinna forget!

IMLAH.

Well! thou art happier far than I can be;
Thy hours are not as mine—a dreary void,
A cheerless desert where all life's destroy'd,
And nought up-springing but the cypress tree;
My breast is torn by passion, thine is free;
Beauty has shower'd her gifts upon thy form,
And sunshine shed its radiance o'er thy path;
Thou ne'er must know the raging of the storm,
Or brave the tempest in its mighty wrath;
I ask thee not to share my wayward lot,
I would not cause one pang to thy dear heart—
Yet grant one look, one word, whene'er we part,
One smile at meeting, for, though I may not
Be *loved* by thee—I would not be *forgot*.

AN ODE TO A REDBREAST.

BY J. KINDER.

Social Bird of blushing breast,
Singing ere I break my rest,
Telling me of Autumn-time,
And the changing of the clime;
Would I, like thee, with sprightly lay,
Could warble out my little day!
Pretty stranger, at thy coming
Bees are heard no longer humming;
Woods are fading, flowers dying,
Leaves upon the ground are lying;
Phœbus, in his warmth declining,
Farther off is brighter shining.
Why comest thou to sing thy ditty
So near the smoke of London's city,
Leaving as yet the sylvan scene,
Where all is quiet and serene,
To seek a place of crowd and strife,
And hear the vulgar noise of life;
Hopping full many a threshold o'er,
And picking crumbs from door to door?
Is it that in thy nature, too,
A touch of selfish man we view;
Who only seeks an olden friend,
With lending heart, and means to lend,
When he, most inconsid'rate elf,
Unable to assist himself,
Comes forward with a hungry reason,
To court his friend in winter season?
But when propitious gales arise,
And Fortune brings auspicious skies,
He flys the warm and social hearth,
Where Jollity and festive Mirth,
Have given him a sweet repast,
And shelter'd him from many a blast.
Oh! is it not then sad to learn
The worst of baseness in return?
That baseness, which,—however view'd,
I blush to name—INGRATITUDE!
But let me pause, confiding Bird!
Ere such a charge 'gainst thee's preferr'd;
For dost thou not, with grateful lay,
My kindest acts full well repay?
Singing to me a sweeter song,
Than heard the vernal groves among—
That sweetest lay, for little food,
The song,—that song of GRATITUDE!
Come, as often as thou will,
Chirping on my window-sill,
I will feed thee from my store;
Meet thee at my cottage-door;
As oft as thou, with grateful lay,
My friendly acts to thee repay.

TO THE ROBIN.

Sweet harbinger of Autumn, art thou come
To say the season that I love is near?
For, oh! sweet bird, amid the four, there's none
To this sad bosom like brown Autumn dear.

Stern Winter but reminds me of old age,
When all is lost, and nought to cheer is left;
And smiling Spring recalls life's early page,
Gay with bright flowers that Summer has bereft.

Yes, changeful Autumn's dearer far than all,
Her foliage resembles blighted joy;
Her sober liv'ry never can recall
Childhood's blest hours of bliss without alloy.

And thou, sweet Robin, pour'st thy cheerful strain,
When Summer's choristers have ceased their song,
So sweet thy note, it steals the heart from pain,
While distant echo pleas'd the sounds prolong.

ANNETTE.

HOPE.

'Tis sung that hope is but a dream,
That Friendship's all a cheat,
That Joy is but an April beam,
That Love is sad, though sweet;
Grant we that Joys too oft deceive
For us to sigh about them,
That Loves and Friendships bid us grieve,
And Hopes the heart all lonely leave—
But what were Life without them?

MELISSA.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

LAW.—The longest suit on record in England, is one between the heir of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and the heir of Lord Berkeley, respecting some property in Gloucestershire; it began at the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was depending till the beginning of James I., when it was compounded, being one hundred and fifty years.

In 1466, the salary of Thomas Littleton, Judge of the King's Bench, amounted to £136 13*s.* 4*d.* modern money, besides about 17*s.* 7*d.* for his fur gown and robes. *It is now* £10,000 per annum.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—At a recent ladies' fair in Boston, America, Mrs. O—, who presided at one of the tables, for the sale of articles for the benefit of the blind, attracted no little attention, as well on account of the graces of her person, as the rarity and elegance of her wares. Whilst engaged in the avocations of the day, a sailor approached her, and exhibited strong symptoms of becoming a purchaser of some of the rich articles with which the table was decorated. He drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill, and after looking for sometime stedfastly at the lady, he laid the money on the table, and was about to withdraw: "*Will you not take some articles for your money?*" said Mrs. O—. The honest Tar turned again towards her and looked—then with an expressive hitch, sheered off, saying, "*No, I've had my money's worth.*" This anecdote bears some affinity to, and is not less complimentary, than that which is told of the Duchess of Devonshire, at whose *eyes* the coalman asked leave to *light his pipe;* that celebrated lady always declared, that after the coalman's compliment, all others were vapid.

PATRIOTISM.—During the war in Russia, in 1812, the King of Naples gave orders to General Namouty, who commanded a division of cavalry, to charge the enemy. The horses being worn out with hunger and fatigue, the charge was unsuccessful. Murat having complained to the General, the latter answered, "I dont know how it is, sire, but the horses possess no patriotism, our *soldiers* fight pretty well, even when they are without bread, but the *horses* will absolutely do nothing unless they get their oats."

METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS FRESH AS PRACTISED IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—Put the eggs in boiling water, where let them remain a minute or two, according to the length of time you wish to preserve them; this forms the white into a hard film which protects the yoke by preventing the admission of air. No one can be ignorant that this method here described, is preferable to the varnish, recommended by M. Reaumar, inasmuch as it costs nothing.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—A wag the other day denied that John Bunyan was the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Being vehemently contradicted—"Nay," said he, "I question even if he *contributed* to the work—for it is impossible that a *bunion* could contribute to any *Pilgrim's Progress.*"

JOHN WESLEY.—"When I was a young man," said John Wesley, "I was sure of *every thing*, but in a few years finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of *any thing* as before." This is a lesson, which many young divines, who handle the abstrusest mysteries with dogmatical certainty, would do well to profit by.

SWIFT being asked what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all over embroidery and lace, full of bows, congees, and gestures, said it was Solomon's importation, "gold and apes."

SIR S. SMITH.—An officer mentioned in the presence of Sir Sydney Smith, that he could not attack a particular part because it was *unattackable.* "Sir," said the gallant chief, "that word is not *English.*"

A TRAP PARLIAMENTARY.—Mr. F. O. Connor came into the House one morning, lately, with a bright green cravat round his neck, a waistcoat of many and brilliant colours, which was displayed to the very armholes, a gold watch chain all abroad, and a pair of double bleached duck trowsers. He had a speech to make, and was dressed in this conspicuous fashion that he might *catch the Speaker's eye.* He had seen persons in dusky black and brown, stand up ten times a night, stretch out their right hands, and then sit down again, each time invisible or dimly seen; and. therefore, he assumed this glittering array; and no sooner did he dart into the light, than the speakers opties were fascinated as by a rattlesnake, or a flash of lightning.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—"It seems sometimes odd enough to me," says Godolphin, "that while young ladies are so sedulously taught all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be *exhibitors*, he wants a *companion.* He wants neither a *singing* animal, nor a *dancing* animal, nor a *drawing* animal; he wants a *talking* animal. But to *talk* they are never taught; all they know of it is *slander*, and that comes by *nature.*"

SIMPLICITY.—A person asked a boy which was the elder, he or his brother? "I am the older of the two, now," said the boy, "but if my brother should live another year, we shall be both of an age."

CELEBRATED AMERICAN HORSE.—A highly-finished Engraving of that celebrated American Horse "Carolinian," will be given in the Monthly Part of "THE SPORTSMAN," published on the First of October, price 8d. May be obtained, by order, through all Booksellers. OFFICE, 49, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE.—The pronunciation of some of the Polish words seem as nearly unapproachable to English articulation as anything short of impossibility can be. It has been said of the cognomen of one of the Polish generals, (a great man, but one of whose names, as Lord Byron says, wants nothing but pronunciation), that in order to give it utterance, you must *sneeze twice*, and then add the syllable "*sky.*"

CROMWELL.—During the Protectorship of Cromwell, it happened that a secret expedition being about to sail, one of the fanatical preachers whom Cromwell was obliged to please sometimes, although he generally disapproved of their conduct, came to the Protector, and demanded an audience. When this was granted, he said, "The Lord wishes to know where the secret expedition is going?" "The Lord knows already," replied Cromwell, "and *thou* shalt know also; for thou shalt go *with it*," and he immediately sent him on board the fleet.

ERRATA.

In "MY MOTHER'S GRAVE," page 55, third line from bottom, for "And ask not gold," read "*I* ask not gold."

In "THE POET'S HEART," same page, dele "*that*," in third line of third stanza.

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THE SPORTSMAN is published every Saturday, Price Three Halfpence, and in MONTHLY PARTS, containing Five Numbers and a Wrapper, Price 8*d.*

The object of this Publication is to give practical directions on all matters connected with SHOOTING, HUNTING, COURSING, and ANGLING; TRAINING of DOGS and HORSES, &c. &c. Each subject is treated in its proper season; and it is a leading feature of the Work to encourage a taste for the Manly Sports, avoiding altogether those subjects which tend to brutalise and degrade the more noble attributes of Man.

Communications should be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, at the Office,

49, *Holywell-street, Strand.*

May be had, by order, through all Booksellers.

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

A few Copies of the first Volume of "THE MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS MAGAZINE," *bound uniformly with "The Penny Magazine," may be had, Price 6s. 6d. each.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

Supplement

TO THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 10—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Sep. 28, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of Indian green *gros de Naples*. A high body; sleeves of the usual size at top, and of an easy width from the elbow to the wrist, where they fasten with a band close to the arm. Pelerine of black real lace, square behind, a little pointed in front, and sitting close up to the neck; the lower part is bordered with broad black lace, the upper with a full *rûche* of blond net, which descends to the waist. Neck-knot and *ceinture* of taf-

fety ribbon to correspond with the dress. Black lace cap, lined with *gros de Naples* to correspond with the robe; a round caul, fitting almost tight to the head, the front arranged in the butterfly form, is bordered with a black blond net *rûche;* a full knot of green gauze ribbon is placed within the trimming on the left side; a band of ribbon encircles the caul, and terminates in a small bow behind; a high knot, formed of ends of ribbon, is placed upright above the trimming, over the forehead. Flesh-coloured kid gloves. Black satin slippers of the sandal kind. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Fancy Articles.—We have selected from a number of pretty things, which a cynic would say are of no actual use, some that we think our fair readers will find both useful and ornamental accessories to their morning and evening toilettes. We will begin with morning dress, for which aprons are more than ever in request. One of a very novel and pretty kind is composed of green, or violet *gros de Naples*, embroidered round the border in a Grecian pattern with black silk. A row of black lace, set on with very little fulness, encircles the border. The pockets are of the pocket-book kind, and ornamented with embroidery. The braces form a kind of low body of the heart shape before and behind, they become gradually larger from the bottom of the waist to the shoulders, over which they fall in the *mancheron* style; they are trimmed with black lace, but not embroidered. We should observe that aprons of this description are worn only by married ladies, or spinsters who are not very young. For those who are, the most fashionable aprons are of clear muslin, lined with pink or blue taffety, and embroidered round the border. The most elegant are also trimmed with narrow lace at the edge of the border, and on the pockets.

Black lace mantelets have lost nothing of their vogue in evening-dress. Those of a simple form are now the most fashionable. They are rounded behind, and descend only to the waist, but the ends in front, which are also rounded, pass considerably below the *ceinture;* they are made half-high, and trimmed round the top with a row of scallops, which fall over the mantelet, and descend upon the shoulder in three very deep scallops. There is no trimming set on, but the border is of uncommon richness and beauty. They are usually attached by a knot of riband at the throat, and another at the waist.

We have lately seen some very pretty *reticules* of rose-coloured-watered silk, embroidered in silver, they are just large enough to hold a very fine cambric handkerchief and a purse. Instead of acorns, the strings terminate in a tulip at each end. The leaves are formed of rose-coloured fancy silk trimming, and the hearts of silver. We need hardly say, that these *reticules* are only suitable to a very elegant toilette. Some of a more simple, but very pretty kind, are of muslin lined with coloured taffety, embroidered in the centre in a very rich pattern, either in white, or colours. Some are also edged with narrow lace. We have seen with pleasure, several of our young friends occupy themselves in embroidering these pretty *reticules*, and we do not hesitate to recommend the same agreeable occupation to our fair readers.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

This month may be called an interregnum in the reign of fashion; no alteration is expected to take place in the forms of robes, and but little in hats or bonnets; but yet the invention of our milliners and dress-makers does not stand still—if there is little change in forms, there is always some in materials and trimmings, and their fancy articles. Mercy on us! if we had not had the fear of the Council of Ten before our eyes, we should have made our weekly article on that subject as long as a milliner's bill, instead of compressing it into, what we flatter ourselves, our young readers will think, very moderate space. But to proceed to our report.

Some of the new carriage bonnets are of dark green, or violet *gros des Indes*, lined with citron or cherry colour; the lining is partially covered with white blond lace, disposed in the fur style; an ornament composed of ends of cut gauze riband is placed immediately over the forehead, close to the face, it may be either the colour of the bonnet or the lining. The crown is low, and set in very backward. A bouquet of American marygolds, or a single flower, as a poppy, or dahlia, is placed on one side of the crown, near the top. A taffety riband to correspond with the bonnet, is twisted round the stalk of the flower, or those of the bouquet, the ends of this riband bordered with a very narrow floize silk fringe to correspond, fall upon the brim.

The most elegant hats are of pearl grey *poux de soie;* the brim, which is very short at the ears, is edged with a *rûche* of black blond net. A bouquet of short curled ostrich feathers, pearl grey, lightly tipped with rose colour, ornaments the crown. The interior of the brim is trimmed in the cap style with a *rûche* of rose-coloured *tulle*, bordered with narrow white blond edging of a very light pattern. Nothing can be more advantageous to the features than this light and pretty style of trimming.

We have seen within the last few days some very pretty caps for evening home dress and for social parties, one of the most generally becoming, is the *bonnet à la Roxelane;* it may be made either in blond lace or *tulle*, the front of moderate size and height, is arranged something in the butterfly form, but in a much lighter style than any we have before seen; the caul is very small. *Aigrettes*, formed of cut gauze riband, sustains the trimming in front. We have seen some of these caps composed of rose-coloured *tulle*, the trimming of the front bordered with *rûches*, of white blond net; although less elegant than those of blond lace, they are still a very graceful and pretty head-dress.

The *bonnets à la Clementine* are more dressy, but they are only calculated for ladies whose beauty is of a regular and majestic kind. They are placed very far back upon the head, and the trimming of the front is arranged something in the style of a turban; two bouquets of the sweet scented pea are placed so as to droop in different directions immediately behind it.

Light materials begin to give way to silks in evening dress, and some new ones have already appeared. One of these just imported from Paris, is called Maintenon satin; it has a plain ground, with satin flowers of very vivid hues, the ground is always of a dark colour. The *corsages* of these dresses are made low, some draped in the Grecian style, and bordered with a blond net *rûche*, which is, in general, black. Others, and these last are really novel, are also made low, quite square and tight to the shape; they are trimmed with a lappel of the same material, square behind, of moderate depth, and cleft upon the shoulder; the front descends in a very pretty form between the shape of a stomacher and a heart, and terminates in a point under the waist riband. The lappel is usually bordered with black blond lace, set on nearly plain, The *ceinture* is generally of riband, flowered to correspond, and is frequently fastened in bows, and long ends in front.

Robes of plain *gros de Naples* are also adopted in evening dress; they are, for the most part, made with plain low bodies, which are very little seen, black lace mantelets, fichus, &c., being an almost indispensable accompaniment to these dresses. We refer to our weekly article for the most fashionable forms of these accessories. Long sleeves are in a majority, but where they are short, they are of the single bouffant kind.

Hats are very much in request for evening toilettes; the most fashionable are those that we have described in our weekly article, 21st September. We have also seen since then, some very pretty head-dresses, which we scarcely know how to designate, their form not being exactly either that of a hat or a cap, but a something between both. They are composed of blond lace, the caul is shaped like the crown of a hat, and is of the conical form, but not high; the front consists of a single row of trimming turned back, and forming a kind of round brim, full next the face, but plain at the edge, which is sustained by an almost imperceptible riband wire. The pattern of the lace

is of a very rich and beautiful kind. The trimming consists of three Marguerites, each of a different colour, but all of full wintry hues. A rich gauze riband, white ground, figured in one of the colours of the flowers, is twined round the base of the bouquet, which is placed near the top of the crown, descends obliquely to the bottom, and tied in a full bow behind.

Fashionable colours are, meadow-green, bright rose, lavender, bishop's violet, jonquil, tea-green, and a fancy colour of a brownish cast.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE.

Dinner Dress.—Of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, a low *corsage*, descending a little in the centre of the bosom, and trimmed with a double lappel, which forms a *demi cœur;* both falls are bordered with blond lace. The sleeves are of the usual size to the bend of the arm, and shaped exactly to fit the lower part of it. The *chemisette* is composed of *gaze blonde;* it is made half-high, and trimmed with a row of blond lace, which stands up round the bust. Head-dress a rice straw hat, the brim is rather close at the sides, and standing very far back over the forehead; it is trimmed with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers, and white gauze riband. *Collier à la Jeannette* of fancy jewellery.

Opera Dress.—Of green gros de Princesse, *corsage à la vierge* and gigot sleeves. A trimming formed of points of white gauze riband, is disposed in the form of a cone on each side of the skirt, from whence a single row goes up the centre of the *corsage*, and round the top. The sleeves are ornamented by pointed cuffs, of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed to correspond. A row of butterfly bows of green gauze riband ornaments the centre of the skirt. Head-dress, a white crape hat, a low crown ornamented only with a knot of gauze riband on one side, a sprig of roses is placed under the brim. The *brides* hang loose.

Walking-Dress—Of lavender *gros de Naples*. A high body and Amadis sleeves. A large pelerine bordered with a fancy silk trimming of quite a new description. The front of the skirt is ornamented *en tablier* with the same trimming. Bonnet of French grey *poux de soie*, trimmed with gauze ribands and flowers to correspond. Square collar of embroidered muslin.

Carriage-Dress.—A pelisse of bird of Paradise *gros de Naples*, fastened down the front with knots of gauze riband of the same colour, figured with black. Similar knots adorn the lower part of the sleeve, which is of the Amadis form. Plain body and double pelerine of moderate size. Bonnet of rose-coloured *poux de soie*, the edge of the brim trimmed with blond lace. The crown is adorned with knots of gauze riband, and a bouquet of rose buds. Turkish scarf.

Half-length Figures and Fashionable Millinery.—No. 1. Evening-Dress of blue crape. A low pointed body trimmed with a lappel *en cœur*, both are edged with a light trimming composed of white *tulle*. The body is cut in the corset style, and ornamented with an embroidery in white silk. The skirt is worked round the border to correspond. Bèrét sleeves. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a wreath of roses placed at the back of the head.

No. 2. Evening-dress.—Cap, composed of blond-lace. The front of the bèrét form, is decorated with a sprig of roses, the caul is trimmed with lilac gauze riband.

No. 3. Evening-dress hat of French grey crape, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, blond lace, and grey gauze ribands.

No. 4. A back view of the dinner-dress hat.

No. 5. A back view of the blond cap.

No. 6. Evening-dress of white *mousseline de soie*. A low *corsage* disposed in drapery folds, and bordered with a blond lace *rûche*. Bouffant sleeves. Head-dress a white Grenadine gauze toque, trimmed with lilac gauze-ribands, and full blown roses. Sable boa tippet.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

MOONAH.

BY MRS. HAMILTON.

Around a fire that was blazing brightly on the cold earth in the thickest and almost impenetrable part of the Hycorniah forest, was grouped one of those gypsey throngs that infest Germany. The loud laugh went merrily round, and ever and anon their quickly drained flaggons were once and once again replenished, while thus they sung:—

"Give us the calm night, while the Moon shines so kindly,
Ah! where glows the lamp that can vie with her light?
Life—life is but short, shall we spend it blindly?
Then pass the cup freely ere we say good night!

On couches of down senseless forms are reclining,
Woman's heart is the pillow that lulls us to rest;
Woman's voice is our music, who'd then be repining,
When a Monarch we know is rarely so blest!

Then pass the cup freely,—the world may condemn us
For plundering them,—we're true to our brother;
The world may condemn, but it cannot o'erwhelm us,
Since we rob only them,—and they plunder each other."

The sound of the midnight chimes of a distant castle clock startled their dark-browed chief, who had sunk into sleep, overcome with weariness and fatigue. With a dignity that would not have disgraced a higher state, he rose, and in the same moment ceased the rude mirth of the wandering tribe. "To-morrow," began the chief of the dark descendants of Egypt's sons, "to-morrow holds forth a golden treasure; and those who fear not———" He paused, as a shew of hostility passed over the countenance of each sanguinary one as they murmured within their closed teeth—"fear—bah!" "To those who fear not," he resumed, "death nor gore——." A thrill of horror ran through the hearts of the women, but the dilated eye and scarcely drawn breath of the other sex betrayed their anxiety to learn the purport of the prize. Again their leader spoke:—"Lindon, the late lord of yon domain, ye know, was killed in this forest whilst hunting; that was truly a fine day's sport, for the noble Buchard, his brother, from whose sure arm, some say, Lindon received the fatal aim." He stopped, and his dark and sunken eye glanced round the crew, and rested on the slight form of a girl, whose youthful but sad brow seemed scarcely to have numbered seventeen summers. Her distracted look, her agitated bosom, and almost bursting heart, was lost to all but to him who spoke, and to him it augured well. "Buchard," the chief continued, "has ever been our friend, and we must not refuse to serve him. There breathes (to mar his wishes) an infant heir. Enough! ere daylight sinks again before our eyes, that little form must mingle with the father's dust!" The gypsey women stifled the groan of anguish and pressed their hardy offspring closer to their bosoms, whilst the eyes of the chief again rested on the girl. "You, Moonah, with the starry eyes, although so young, it is you to whom I give this trust. Hie ye with to-morrow's dawn, without the crew, and with ye bring back Blanche's boy. Speak Moonah; I think ye understand. I know ye fear not." Her raven locks the gypsey wildly threw back from her burning brow, and her fine eyes grew painfully bright. "Yes," she exclaimed, in a hurried and almost frenzied voice,—"yes! Moonah knows, and does not fear; a mother's tear was never shed for her. Trust but to her, and, ere to-morrow's eve, the Lady Blanche shall boast no son!" "Enough, young Moonah! keep well our trust, and clip the wings of Blanche's brightest bird! Now, all fill to Moonah's starry eyes, nor pause until the flaggon bids ye stay. But Moonah, my little sparkling Moonah, why droops that pretty brow?

Come cheer us once again, and sing like ye did when ye first came amongst us." The girl sullenly bowed her head, and in a wild but clear tone began the following ditty:—

"Ah! know ye the hut at the foot of the mountain?
Ah! know ye the stream that round the hut glides?
Bright, bright flows the stream, though it drank the life's fountain
Of Moonah's old father, who dwelt on its sides.

"Why, why did he die there? Sad Moonah could tell;
For, ah! the dark truth still burns in her breast;
Soon, soon shall revenge that fierce fire quell,
And Moonah, sad Moonah, shall sink into rest!"

"Very well, indeed, Moonah; very well!" exclaimed the chief, filling his cup and pledging her. Then again was raised the rude laugh and coarser song, until their heavy eyelids became bound in sleep. Before the stars had glided from their radiant sphere, the gypsey girl had awakened from her disturbed slumber she threw her mantle across her shoulders, and, casting her glittering eyes upon the sleeping vagrants that were extended at her feet, she clasped her hands in joyous emotion, and burst from this guilty throng, never, never to return. The chimes of the castle clock had struck the tenth hour of the morning ere Moonah had reached the magnificent abode of the Lady Blanche. The young mother had just pressed her infant son to her bosom ere she resigned him to the maid Annette, Moonah sang at the outer portal.

"List, Maiden, list; I'll tell ye true,
Where beats the heart that sighs for you;
His name does in a circle dwell,
Which Moonah by her art can tell.
Then cross my hand with bright, bright gold,
And I your fate will quick unfold."

The sound of the gypsey's voice soon brought the simple Annette to the portal, who held her hand to the gypsey to learn her destiny. The wily Moonah (like the sybil of old) delivered her oracles in verse, that, like them, they might be deemed more prophetic.

"Ah, Maiden! ye'll have cause to weep,
If this young babe awakes from sleep;
For by the spell that binds thy fate,
This babe will mar thy happy state.
But can'st thou by yon chapel walk?
Then Moonah could more freely talk."

With beating heart the maiden passed the portal, and followed Moonah to the ruins of an old chapel, a short distance from the castle; the gypsey drew a packet from her bosom, and then began:—

"This, Maiden, is the mystic book;
'Tis here, 'tis here,—look, Damsel look,
What happy stars upon thee wait;
How bright the prospects of thy fate.
The noble youth, by deep wrought art,
Waits even now (with beating heart)
By yon thick wood. Haste, Maiden, haste,
And not another moment waste.
Give me the boy, without delay;
Be wise, be wise, and me obey."

Now Moonah's arms the infant bear. "Great Heaven, I thank!——but, ah! what have I to do with yon bright region?" she wildly exclaimed, as her uplifted eye shrunk from the heavenly sphere and glared like the orb of the lion upon the serene countenance of the sleeping boy. "In thy young life," she madly cried, "revenge, revenge, at last is mine!" With more than earthly speed she hastened o'er the plain, and breathless she stopped by the bank of a calm and beautiful stream that flowed by a once happy but now for ever desolate cot. It had been Moonah's home. She gazed on the scene before her; the thought of her once peaceful life maddened every feeling. She turned to her beauteous burthen to look once more on the fair brow ere she hurled him to his early death. "Ah, boy! thou hast the brow of thy father! the brow of the deceiver, who blasted my hopes of earth and heaven! 'Till then I was the pride, the hope of the old man who sleeps for ever beneath these waters! And he, the spoiler of my fame, ah! did he not spurn the heart and condemn the wretched Moonah to everlasting shame." She hastened to the brink, and another moment had ended the young life's early dream. The child awoke, and smiled upon the guilty, frenzied Moonah. "Ah! beauteous features, with joy I trace in them thy father's face!"

"Yet I those features will destroy,
Fair as thou art, my baby boy!"

But, ah! that smile unnerves her arm,—that smile recals the charm that first won, and then broke her heart; for she, the wild, unhappy Moonah, had loved too well; and as she gazed on the softened resemblance of the heartless betrayer, she forgot her wrongs, she only thought how intense she had loved. Her heart's tide was overflowing; could she have summoned a tear to have cooled the burning agony of her throbbing brow, but no, her last tear had long since fallen, as the curse of her father lingered on her youthful and early blighted head. No more: she hastened from the spot; a shudder of horror thrilled all her frame as she clasped the boy convulsively to her bosom. "Thy mother's heart, it must not break!" she said, as she sought the maiden. How joyful looked her face, as once again she clasped the infant heir; while Moonah mournfully sung:—

"Maiden, now, guard well this boy,
Or vulture's soon will him destroy."

Then Moonah sped across the plain,
Her form was never seen again;
The moon yet smile upon the wave,
Which bore the gypsey to her grave.

An elevated genius employed in little things, appears like the sun in his evening declination—he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

THE LAST TEAR.

"More would'st thou learn? then seek the rose
That bloomed so sweet on yonder tree!
And if thou find'st it sere and dead,
Oh, ween that sweetets rose was she!

We were all seated round the winters's hearth. It was Christmas-eve. On such occasions the busy memory will still revert to the past, and in the retrospect we felt that our hopes had been blighted,—that our little circle had been thinned and contracted in the brief interval which divided the present and the preceding year. There was an empty chair at the hearth—there was a silent lute on the wall, and as we dwelt in silent contemplation on each, there was a tear in every eye. It was, besides, a day of family festivity, but recollections which chilled the warmth of expected hilarity, pressed heavy on our hearts, and rendered the conversation grave and desultory.

At length the hour arrived for visiting the cathedrals, and hearing that glorious morning announced which gave a Saviour to man, and ransomed the captive! With the exception of myself, the party repaired to the sanctuary to attend the midnight mass, and the other holy ordinances appointed for this day; but my grandmother, who was enfeebled in all but intellect, and at this moment labouring under recent indisposition, was forced, for the first time, to absent herself from the approaching service. I sat by her couch; we remained silent for some time, till fixing her eye upon a portrait that hung in a recess nearly opposite, she was suddenly overcome by the intensity of her feelings, and sobbed aloud. I looked at the portrait; it was indeed the emblem of loveliness, though scarcely to appearance entered on the stage of womanhood; the eye seemed radiant with hope; the check glowing with health, and strewn with rosebuds that had not yet expanded in blossom; over her bright fair forehead a profusion of ringlets fell in glossy redundance, and lay so lightly there, that it seemed as if a breath would have parted them, and infused life into their folds. It was altogether such a picture as awakens the softest sensations in the heart, and prompts the proudest subject for the imagination. It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, and while on my part, I saw nothing in the gaze but what was calculated to inspire love and admiration, every look on the other hand seemed to call for fresh tears. The good old lady observed the sympathy her tears had created, and without waiting till they had subsided, she imparted to me the history of the portrait, in words, as nearly as I can recollect, to the following effect; while her sorrow, having found a listener, became calm and resigned as she proceeded in her recital—

"Yes!" she sighed, "the poor dear child—I saw her die at the early age of seventeen! How often, alas, did I ex-

press my fears to her mother when it was first talked over in our little circle. 'She is too young,' I said, 'much too young to be encumbered with the cares of a family; besides, her health is extremely delicate; the physicians have warned us, and indeed we may ourselves observe, that symptoms of consumption are but too well marked. Her beautiful figure is like a delicate and premature flower, which the first cold blast will crush; let us wait at least till her form is a little more developed,—till her constitution is a little more confirmed.' Alas! my remonstrance was considered in the light of an old woman's counsel, to which, though they patiently listened, they silently refused to coincide."

"Yes," she continued, "I lived to see her die, before she had numbered the fourth part of my years. She was the idol of every one. I loved her as if she had been my own child, and this love renewed my age and prolonged my days. Oh! look upon that faintly shadowed semblance,—it is beautiful indeed, but its beauty bears but a small proportion to hers. It can express none of the thousand charms with which her elegant mind was gifted,—none of the ever-varying and ever-fascinating words that fell in music from her lips,—none of the pure and delicate sentiments which lent such sweetness to her speech, and animation to her countenance. Ah, no! all are fled, and yet all are as fresh in my memory as the events of yesterday.

Always anticipating my wishes,—never for a moment weary of the numberless wants, which are as much the natural offspring of my own advanced age, as caprice is the usual attendant of hers.

Alas! I had all along a painful presentiment that I should lose this beloved child; and when they came and told me that the young Count de Montlehry solicited her hand, I felt as if paralyzed, and a gloomy presentiment again flashed upon my mind.

Previous to their consulting me on the subject, I had spoken my mind without reserve. But Adolphus adored Clotilda, and entreated that the marriage-day should be speedily fixed upon. At the age of twenty-five, impatience is the natural character and expression of love, and the Count, free to choose and absolute master of his own fortune, had only to wait a few months before being called to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. This alliance was flattering to the ambition of her father, my son-in-law.

Clotilda, without loving as yet the Count de Montlehry, pictured to herself in the alliance, no doubt, both the allurements of an elevated station, and the happiness of becoming the wife of a young nobleman, no less distinguished for elegant personal accomplishments, and the endearing qualities of the heart, than he was for external and more imposing advantages of birth and fortune. She gave her consent—the marriage day was fixed.

I implored a blessing upon her union—I prayed that she might enjoy happiness unalloyed—but, when I looked upon her,—while my lips pronounced a parent's benediction—my heart misgave me; I felt that the prayer I breathed, would never reach its accomplishment.

I was present at the benediction before the altar.

Instead of the consecration of a happy union, my enfeebled eyes beheld nothing but a sacrifice rashly and imprudently consummated; and as she was about to pronounce the fatal "Yes!" and Clotilda turned round to observe if pleasure and satisfaction were expressed in the countenances of her relations around her, I did my best efforts to force a smile, while at the same instant my eyes filled with tears.

That happiness upon which every one else was eager to compliment them, made me sick at heart; I felt it was a duty to take advantage of their artless confidence to lull them into joyful anticipations of the future. My regrets were now of no avail.

At six o'clock the same evening, Clotilda, all radiant with the innocence and blushes of her age, came softly to my apartment and threw herself into my arms. Her husband, moved at my affection for her, kissed my hand and pressed it with filial tenderness.

I addressed him for the first time as my son! Alas! it is mothers only who can comprehend how much this effort cost me to pronounce the name.

Clotilda, I said, is very delicate!

I know she is, replied Alphonso, but I hope she will be happy! Heaven only knows he continued, how I love her!

To this I made no answer for my grief became suffocating.

They had not yet numbered a full year from the day which had been pronounced the happiest in life when, to those preparations which had ushered in the bridal fete—to the details of gaities that succeeded it; there was added express and officious compliments—flattering illusions—fruitless vows—hopes and projects which the morning was doomed never to realize—and, with these perhaps, empty regrets of the past. I repeat that a year had not yet rolled from the time that Clotilda was offered a bride at the altar till she was a mother and a stricken victim on her death-bed! Who was there now that spoke of happiness?

Alphonso beheld her pine away from day to day; she seemed to melt from our eyes like the vernal snow, while her features became more celestial, as she approached the shores of immortality. The friends of the young Count were inconsolable. As for my myself I sat at the head of the bed making a faint effort from time to time to inspire hopes which I did not feel, and as it were to throw a veil over the fatal presentiments they had so often heard from my lips. It was now with lively regret that I recalled a prediction which every one now present, and above all her unhappy parents, accused themselves of having weighed too lightly.

Clotilda alone was unaware of her danger; her whole occupation was with the parental projects which at every moment she suggested to her husband, respecting the future education and career of her first-born. She earnestly insisted on fulfilling a mother's first duty, that of nursing her own babe.

Alas, she knew not that the breast she offered to her child was a deleterious fountain which the slow fever of consumption was fast drying up.

At length we were compelled to drag the babe and its cradle from her bedside; and, how shall that agonizing moment be ever eradicated from the too vivid tablets of memory!

Clotilda's malady presented that symptom of hopelessness which is the peculiar and never failing attendant on pulmonary affections—namely, the fatal privilege of a disease without remedy, which defies not only the combined efforts of medical skill, but which smiles at those cobwebs of hope which its fated victims so confidently indulge. Hope, like a meteor, glitters in the van, but in the rear death makes rapid strides, till, like those whom human laws have consigned to an untimely end, the victim is drawn backward and backward till in a moment he stands on the threshold of dissolution, and the star of hope vanishes amid the brightness of immortality.

(To be continued.)

THE SELECTOR.

MICHAELMAS DAY,

The festival of St. Michael and all Angels has been celebrated with great solemnity by the Christian Church ever since the fifth age, and was certainly kept sacred in Apulia as early as 493.

The dedication of the great church of Mount Gorgano, in Italy, to St. Michael, gave rise to the celebration of this feast in the West. It obtained the common name of Michaelmas, and the dedication of numerous churches at Rome and other parts of Italy subsequently took place on this day, a practice followed in other countries.

The churches dedicated to St Michael are usually to be found on elevated spots, in allusion to this Saint's having been the highest of the heavenly host. St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, and that in Normandy, are confirmations of this remark.

Michaelmas-day is one of the regular quarter days for settling rents; but it is no longer remarkable for the hospitality which once attended this anniversary. At Martinmas, the old quarter-day, the landlords used formerly to entertain their tenants with geese, then only kept by opulent persons. But these birds being esteemed in perfection early in the Autumn, most families now have a goose dressed on St. Michael's-day;

At Michaelmas, by custom right divine,
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.

Very many inquiries have been made by antiquaries into the origin of eating goose on this festival, none of which, however, prove satisfactory, and, in our opinion, it had no particular meaning, except that stubble geese are now in perfection. People like to do things that are pleasant on holydays; and feasts, both among Polytheists and Christians, make up a great part of the miscellaneous customs attached to their calling. Geese are eaten likewise at Martinmas; and in Denmark, and other countries, where they are later in being ready for the table, this is usually the time when they are in vogue. As matter, however of antiquarian information, we shall cite the various explanations of this custom from different authors. It has been ascribed to the accidental circumstance of Queen Elizabeth's being at dinner on a goose at the time she heard of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and that in consequence she ate of goose every year on that anniversary.—In *Gascoigne's Flowers* we find,

And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent;
At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose;
And somewhat else at Newyere's tide, for feare their lease flie loose.

It is a popular saying, that "if you eat goose on Michaelmas Day, you will never want money all the year round." In the *British Apollo* the proverb is thus discussed:—

Supposing now Apollo's sons,
Just rose from picking of goose bones,
This on you pops, pray tell me whence
The customed proverb did commence,
That who eats goose on Michael's Day,
Sha'n't money lack his debts to pay?
This notion, framed in days of yore,
Is grounded on a prudent score;
For, doubtless, 'twas at first design'd
To make the people *seasons* mind;
That so they might apply their care
To all those things which needful were,
And, by a good industrious hand,
Know *when* and *how* t' improve their land.

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1695, under September, are the following quaint lines:—

Geese now in their prime season are,
Which, if well roasted, are good fare·
Yet, however, friends, take heed
How too much on them you feed,
Lest, when as your tongues run loose,
Your discourses do smell of goose.

THE NEGRO CHARACTER.

Our readers cannot fail to be amused and interested, by the following illustrations of this subject, extracted from the evidence given before a committee at Trinidad, appointed on the 4 Nov. 1824, for the purpose of obtaining a correct knowledge of the Negro Character, as exhibited in that colony, in the state both of freedom and slavery:—

Antoine Victoire St. Bresson, Esq., examined.

How long have you resided in this colony? Since July 1797.—What profession or calling have you followed during that period? I came here as an officer in the Royal Foreign Artillery, in which corps I remained until 1802, being then a captain; I then became a sugar planter, which business I have followed ever since.—Do you manage your own estate, and continually reside upon it? Yes,—Have you been in the habit of hiring peons and free labourers? At the commencement, when I had free negroes, but not lately.—Why have you given up that practice lately? Because they are not to be depended upon; they only work as they please, and in consequence I was often deceived in my calculations.—Do you consider chastity to be an ordinary virtue among female slaves? Not in the least.—Have you any female slave on your estate who has confined herself invariably to one husband? I have some who have lived regularly with the same man, but who have certainly not been faithful to him during that period.—Do you not consider it to be the interest of the master that slaves should be married together, and remain faithful to each other? Certainly, I have done all in my power to promote it, but they have invariably objected, and claim the right of consulting their own inclinations.—Did you ever punish them for changing their wives or husbands? I have occasionally punished some of the younger ones, but it had very little effect; and the elder generally allege such plausible reasons for a change, that I have considered that I should render them miserable by obliging them to remain together. Whenever I find a man with two wives, I endeavour to persuade him to give up one; but their general customs admit it; the women themselves do not object to it; and it is so well understood, that they have a particular appellation for two women living with the same man; they call each other "combosse."—Do you then think it is impracticable to cure their ordinary habits of licentiousness? I think it impossible to do it for some generations.—Are slaves generally sober? Some are, the women much more than the men; but it is necessary to restrict them as much as possible from liquor, to prevent their making an improper use of it.—Are husbands and wives ever divided for sale? Never, where the parties express a wish to live together; but as they have frequently more than one husband or wife, they are not very tenacious themselves on this point.—How long do you think it would take an individual so to master their language as to explain to their comprehension the ordinances of the Christian religion; I really cannot say, I think a very long time, for I have many negroes to whom I cannot teach the LORD's Prayer, although I have endeavoured to do so for these many years; they attend for that purpose every evening out of crop, and every Sunday morning in the year.—Of what faith are you? The Catholic.—Is the practice you have stated of collecting the negroes to prayers general amongst the Catholic proprietors? I believe it is.—Have you had an opportunity of seeing negro dances and entertainments in this colony? Yes, I have.—Under what regulations do these take place, and are they frequent? They take place only by permission of the master, and the driver or headsman attends to keep order.—How often do they occur on your estate? Once or twice a month; but when not on my estate, on that of one of my neighbours, so that every Saturday night there is a negro dance.—Are they not frequently too much fatigued from the labour of the week to be able to dance on Saturday night? Never; but I have frequently known them to be too much fatigued on Sunday morning to go into their grounds.—In what style are these entertainments generally given? In a general way they dress in their best clothes, dance both Creole and African dances, drink lemonade and rum and water; but on particular occasions they have subscription balls, or what they call bouquet balls, so named from the king and queen of the night wearing a nosegay, which they present, when leaving the table, to two others, who preside at the next entertainment in the same capacity; on which occasion, every person pays, on entering, two or four bits each (10d to 20d sterling), for the general expenses. On these occasions they have roast pigs, roast fowls and capons, sometimes hams, a great variety of cakes and fruits, rum and claret, with coffee and chocolate, sugar and syrup, as much as they can eat and drink. These entertainments begin with a dinner, and last until day-break the next morning, being from twelve to eighteen hours, during which period some of the negresses will go to the expense of changing their dresses two or three times; they wear muslin gowns, India smonckers, Madras handkerchiefs, earrings and necklaces in profusion, and many dress in shoes and stockings.—Do not the regulations restrict dancing beyond nine o'clock at night? They do; but on common occasions you cannot restrict them to that hour unless you leave your bed yourself; and on the particular occasions which I allude to, they would be so discontented if not permitted to follow their usual custom, that no master would venture to prevent it.—How often do these bouquet balls occur, and are they always in the same expensive style? About once in every two months in my quarter, with very little variation in the same style; and I believe they occur as frequently in every other part of the island.—In what manner is a negro's property distributed after his death? In general, they state before their death how they wish it to be disposed of; should this not occur, it is distributed amongst the nearest relatives.—Should it occur that

a slave dies immediately after the annual distribution of clothing, is he considered to have the power of bequeathing it as his own property? Always.—Did you ever hear of a master interfering with the property of his slave, or taking any portion of it? Never, under any circumstances.—Do disputes frequently occur amongst slaves themselves respecting property, or any other cause? Frequently; but oftener from jealousy of their wives or husbands than from any other source.

Josiah St. Jago Robbins, Esq., examined.

Are the women much given to wandering? Yes, they generally accompany their husbands on their hunting expeditions, and are fond themselves of fishing, being frequently absent in the woods two or three nights with their children.—What are their domestic habits and occupations? They do little or nothing but work the provisions for their families, and wash their clothes when they have a change, which is not often; the greater part cannot sew, and employ those who can to make up the garments for them; they spend the greater part of the day in smoking and sleeping.—In what condition do they keep the cultivation on the ground which you gave up to them on your Chaguanas estate? There is not now a sign of cultivation; for the first two or three years they had some provisions in consequence of my allowing them to reap what was growing on the land which I had previously trenched and planted with provisions and cocoa, and which it was understood they were in consequence to keep clean; but in this I was disappointed, and have given that plan up.—How do they now subsist themselves? They depend entirely upon their wages, with hunting and fishing.—Do they profess to be Catholics? They do.—Are they attentive to their religious duties? In no one respect, but in tenaciously keeping all the holydays and feast days, and they generally abstain from dancing and music during Lent; I believe only two or three of the women know the LORD'S Prayer.—Have they been regularly married together by the priest? I believe they only live together as suits their inclinations; some of them have changed their wives and husbands two or three times since they have been on my property.—Are these parties held in less estimation, or considered as less reputable characters by the rest of their country-folk? Not at all; constancy seems not to be considered a virtue amongst them, and chastity is, I believe, quite unknown; three of the women notoriously live with two husbands, one in particular, who is considered a headwoman amongst them, occupies a house, in two wings of which her two husbands quietly reside, and, in fact, I may say they live in a state of nature.—Are they fond of strong liquors? They are extravagantly attached to rum, and will do anything to obtain it.—Do the women drink rum as well as the men? They are equally fond of it, and will drink to intoxication when they can procure it.—Are they quarrelsome or violent when in liquor! Very much so; I may safely say there is a drunken riot every Sunday.

James Meany, Esq., examined.

As the women work regularly with the men, do you find them equally able to bear the fatigue? By no means; I consider a fortnight's labour for a female to be equal to a month's for a man.—With respect to the general conduct of the prisoners, do you observe any difference between the free labourers and the slaves? Yes, I find it more difficult to govern the free people; they are more insolent and riotous than the slaves.—Amongst the slaves do you observe any difference in the conduct and behaviour of the sexes? Yes, I find the men easier managed than the women; the latter are more insolent, use worse language, and are more quarrelsome amongst themselves. I am rarely obliged to go into the men's ward at night, but am frequently called into the women's ward to keep them in peace and order; and I have generally observed less of decency and propriety of behaviour amongst the most intelligent of the female slaves who reside in and about Port of Spain than those who come in from the country.—What are we to understand by less of decency in the behaviour? I mean that those who reside in and about the town are more bold and daring than the others in their indecent behaviour; there seems to be very little sense of shame amongst any of them. Whenever a heavy shower of rain suddenly falls, it is the regular duty of a person under me to prevent them stripping themselves stark naked, and standing under the waterspouts; and at the time appropriated for the men to bathe, if a vigilant look-out is not kept, they will slip in and mingle with the men, which has frequently occurred. In this respect I have observed that the Bermudian and Antigonian women have less shame than those of this colony.—How are the baths arranged for the use of the men and women? There is a room used for that purpose, about ten feet by eight, in which four half puncheons are placed, filled with water from a pump close to it; every prisoner is obliged to bathe once a day; the women bathe first at day-light, the men immediately afterwards.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RICHMOND HILL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Sweet spot of Song! I seek thy breast
  To muse awhile, unchek'd and free;
As wearied birds that seek a nest,
  And shelter 'neath some spreading tree;
I come to lose the sense of ill,
Amid thy shades, sweet RICHMOND HILL.

I seek 'mid Nature's smiling scene,
  That calm of heart, the world denies,
Thy waving boughs and foilage green,
  The olive-branch of peace supplies
To the worn soul; that feels a thrill
Of long lost bliss on RICHMOND HILL.

Far from Life's crowd and clamour rude,
  With wearied frame and fever'd brow,
My spirit courts thy solitude,
  Since the gay throng forsakes thee now;
And all around is hush'd and still,
Save my lone step on RICHMOND HILL!

I watch the snowy sail expand,
  Fair THAMES! upon thy winding stream;
By gentle gales and zephyrs fan'd,
  (Like Hopes that fill Life's early dream,)
And thoughts as calm, my bosom fill,
Whilst gazing thus from RICHMOND HILL.

Joy-haunted spot! remembrance turns,
  Far from this scene of peace and thee!
The bounds of TIME fond fancy spurns,
  And brings me back to childhood's glee;
And hours, when I have rang'd at will,
In girlhood's bloom, on RICHMOND HILL.

MY CHILDREN now thy green-sward press,
  Their footsteps print thy velvet sod,
With all that buoyant happiness,
  As erst my careless feet then trod.
Ah! Mem'ry! Time can never chill
Thy glowing tints on RICHMOND HILL.

Sweet spot of Song! when I am gone,
  Some loftier Bard may wake thy praise,
Haply while musing thus alone,
  He flies the "hum of men" to gaze
On NATURE.—spoil her how they will,
She'll still be Queen of RICHMOND HILL!

WHAT I FORGET!

I forget, I forget,
  All I care not to remember;
When bud and bloom in May have met,
  Wherefore think of bleak December?
Song and dance alike I seize,
  Gayest of the merry revel;
And I never sadden these
  By vain thoughts of gone-by evil.

I forget, I forget,
  All the vows of absent lover,
Gazing on the eye of jet,
  Bright and flashing, of another;
What avails it to live sighing
  For the suitor off and gone,
When the moments may be flying
  Gaily with another one?

I forget, I forget,
  All the past vows *I* have plighted;
Better so, then thought of yet,
  Only to be broke and slighted:
But, should my first love return,
  Then I should not wish to blot them;
And I easily could learn
  To forget that I forgot them! P.

A LADY'S CHOICE.

BY MISS MESSUM.

What, turn him off for Count Rosemont,
  I do not think I can;
Mamma, 'tis hard; it is, indeed—
  So sweet a gentleman.
The Count tho' has a pretty name,
  A pretty fortune too,
While Charles is only Ensign D———,
  Oh! that will never do!

And yet "I cannot choose but weep,"
  I do regret it so;
For very few are like poor Charles,
  So bland—so "*comme il faut.*"

You say the Count is *agaçant*,
Yes, that is very true;
A splendid villc,—or barrack-rooms!
Oh, that will never do!

I wish poor Charles were Count Rosemont,
We should be quite the *ton;*
With such a curricle and *pair*,
Mais, hélas! c'est trop bon!
What name shall be upon my card?
For I must have some new;
La Comptesse R——, or Mrs. D——?
Oh! *that* will never do.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY NUGENT TAYLOR, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "SANTA MAURA."

Farewell to thee, Season of sweet scented flowers,
Farewell to thy roses fair roseate glow;
Farewell to thy gayest and sunniest bowers,
Farewell to the fragrance thy valleys bestow.

Yes, rich in the spoils of thy once blushing lightness,
E'en Autumn will smile on the close of thy beams;
And cherish the beauty that err'd o'er thy brightness,
And envy the soft winds that floated thy streams.

But Spring will return with its fond breathing pleasures,
And Summer again will re-open to view;
And remembrance will point to where flourished thy treasures,
Will point to the tuft where the violet grew.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE IN Page 47.

The bee makes his HONEY at morning and noon;
To lover and seaman how welcome the MOON;
The young married pair, too, will love its mild beam,
As together they rove by the side of the stream;
That season of bliss during life shall not end,
If they in each other discover a friend.

JESSY.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 47.

Although it is seldom I take such a freak,
To WORK with my needle six days in the week;
Still less I should do I have reason to fear,
If my working mood came and no WORK-BOX was near.

JESSY.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE IN Page 47.

No doubt it gives sport to the jovial squire,
To follow the Fox through brake and through briar;
And every man must the patriot love,
And every lady hath need of a GLOVE;
For a walk in the country if you are inclined,
On a bank which is shady the FOX-GLOVE you'll find.

JESSY.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.—As we were travelling through a forest we surprised a hunting party of natives. Mr. Hume and I were considerably in front of our party at the time, and he only had his gun with him. We had been moving along so quietly that we were not for some time observed by them. Three were seated on the ground, under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches, cutting out honey. As soon as they saw us, four of them ran away; but the fifth, who wore a cap of emu feathers, stood for a moment looking at us, and then very deliberately dropped out of the tree to the ground. I speedily advanced towards him, but before I got round a bush that intervened he had darted away. I was fearful that he was gone to collect his tribe, and, under this impression, rode quickly back for my gun to support Mr. Hume. On my arrival I found the native was before me. He stood about twenty paces from Mr. Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing me approach, he immediately poised his spear at him, as being the nearest. Mr. Hume then unslung his carbine, and presented it; but as it was evident my re-appearance had startled the savage, I pulled up, and he immediately lowered his weapon. His coolness and courage surprised me, and increased my desire to communicate with him. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as Mr. Hume kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismount, after the first astonishment had subsided, he struck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. We easily made him comprehend that we were in search of water; when he pointed to the west, as indicating that we should supply our wants there. He gave his information in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and when the party passed he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion.

SAGACITY OF CROWS.—Near Broughton House, adjoining Aylesbury, a rook was seen, about a month ago, returning to her nestlings. The youngsters perceiving her approach, were giving her welcome, with their accustomed glee, while she, carefully reconnoitering the premises, had perched upon a neighbouring tree. The observer checked his pace to witness the result; when the wary old bird, who was evidently watching his motions, communicated alarm and caution to her young in an unusual and authoritative tone. It was but one note she uttered, but that was sufficiently significant. In a moment the clamour of the nestlings was hushed, and all the time the observer was sauntering near the spot, not a chirp from the young birds could be heard. As soon as he halted, the watchful parent rested on her perch, on the look out; and when he walked, she rose on wing, hovering over him, and attempting to drive him away.—Such artifices, we are aware, are not uncommon among the feathered tribes, nor are they peculiar to the species. Among them, however, there seems another fine faculty in exercise, in a more remarkably degree than any other animal—the faculty of promptly perceiving the "food convenient for them." Quadrupeds, in general, are slower in their decision upon this point; many of them examine their meat with all the senses they can apply to it, and some of them with much doubt and suspicion. All birds, on the other hand, appear to be directed in a moment to their proper food. Let grain or bread-crumbs, and cheese-parings, of any shape, be mixed with the seeds of oranges or lemons, and thrown before domestic fowls, they will as quickly reject the latter as they will seize either of the former, though the latter resemble their barley corns.

SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

THE SPORTSMAN is published every Saturday, Price Three Halfpence, and in MONTHLY PARTS, containing Five Numbers and a Wrapper, Price 8*d.*

The object of this Publication is to give practical directions on all matters connected with SHOOTING, HUNTING, COURSING, and ANGLING; TRAINING of DOGS and HORSES, &c. &c. Each subject is treated in its proper season; and it is a leading feature of the Work to encourage a taste for the Manly Sports, avoiding altogether those subjects which tend to brutalise and degrade the more noble attributes of Man.

Communications should be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, at the Office, 49, *Holywell-street, Strand.*

May be had, by order, through all Booksellers.

☞ The EDITRESS must not be held responsible for any inaccuracies observable in the arrangement of this, or the preceding number; severe indisposition having prevented Mrs. C. B. WILSON's usual superintendance of the Work.

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

A few Copies of the first Volume of "THE MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS MAGAZINE," *bound uniformly with "The Penny Magazine," may be had, Price 6s. 6d. each.*

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART II., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* OCTOBER, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 11—Vol. I.] {New Series.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Oct. 5, 1833

[An accident, which occurred just as we were going to press, has prevented the insertion of the Music intended for the present Number. We trust, under the circumstances, our friends will excuse the omission.]

A GRAVE DISCUSSION ON RISIBILITY.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Ladies, do ye ever laugh? Start not! If it would be at all inconvenient to *try*, at this moment, I have no design to agitate your facial muscles; but I dare say, now, you all *think* you can laugh; whereas, in fact, very few persons know how, and still fewer can practice if they do. Many make strange noises, and stranger grimaces; but, though perfect laughter be peculiar to our species, the gift is not bestowed on us all. The mouth may gape, like a *ha, ha!* between nose and chin, without a tolerable ha, ha! proceeding from it.

Shakspeare's expression,

"My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,"

proves that he held not man the only breast. [illegible] in a bird, though but w[illegible] heart, laughter sheph[illegible] visible, so it is worc[illegible] ds; with others, his h[illegible] e, not audible. were [illegible] ful are far from the n[illegible] representatives whils[illegible] s. I have seen the s[illegible] at laugh," *take* air w[illegible] n Cheshire, the of ge[illegible] y permitted to dogs [illegible] to art, [illegible] l many a horse ling, [illegible] ds the [illegible] specially if the prop[illegible] arly one. [illegible] are seems to [illegible] y "that idiot [illegible], than Milton, [illegible] negro give forth [illegible] most sublimated [illegible] king that Gold- [illegible] melancholy and [illegible] ng of

MANCES

IN.

* [illegible]

round [illegible] d his Estre[illegible] is re- sump[illegible] o use the [illegible] shep[illegible] talian

[illegible] ores."

"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

The mind *should* now and then be vacant, and the laugh loud.

Byron says, of some hero, that

"You ne'er could trace his laughter to the eye."

That abrupt, unsmiling burst belongs to spleen, scorn, anger, abstraction, or dullness; sometimes to all of these attributes united in a vain bosom.

Richardson makes Mrs. Sinclair, or Mrs. Jukes, shew the *cases* of their teeth? what a picture of vulgar, malicious immorality!

Then Clare's laugh, when her child, putting on the look of her dead friend, calls her "my dear,"—that hysteric—But hold! I believe ladies generally don't read Rousseau. Scott's Bertram Risingham says,

"I could have laughed, but lacked the time."—

This I do not exactly understand; though I frequently lack the courage. If I could titter, simper, or giggle, I would trust myself with comic excitement; but, alas! when I do give way, the shout would bring down an avalanche; and then I've another restraining principle, or "preventive check"—for mirth so misbecomes my features, that, if ever tempted to indulge it, I call to mind that impressive line in Young's Night Thoughts, (which I once heard as aptly applied by a philosophic ploughman to his frolicsome filly)—

"Know, *Smiler!* at thy peril art thou pleased!"

A good laugher requires good sense, good voice, good nature, good teeth, and at least *intuitive* good breeding;—admit the possibility of such a thing, aristocratic reader. I could cite "Sayings and Doings," not by T. H., to prove its existence.

Languor and affectation are sad foes to the graceful reception or expression of fun. I hate to see people frown, or look crying, while they enjoy a joke, though tears may flow plentifully as spring showers.

Well! I shall not go to my grave without having heard that melody of the heart, a perfect laugh, without having seen its "appropriate decorations."

'Twas not the hearty, *internal*, cheek-crampling chuckle, about which I once heard a little child say—"You never laugh, you only *twinkle*." I *like* that. 'Twas not the suppressed, silver treble, the effervescence of pleasure's champaign. I *love* that—I live but on the hope of listening for it again—fancying I hear the whiz, because I see the sparkling bubbles—but the laugh *par excellence*, was a peal of Cupid's joy-bells, rung out lustily, to celebrate the wedding of wit and worth. Simple harmony! poured from the soul over full dimpling lips, 'neath broad bright eyes, wild with young wonderment, and guileless audacity. No coward, no flatterer, no slanderer, ever sung to that tune—

"He would roar ye, an it were any nightingale!"

A beautiful scene, a benevolent action would set this powerful instrument in play; he thought virtue a capital jest, the sight of happiness had in it a humour for him; he imagined none but *arch* angels, and could *not* believe in the *arch* fiend,—he had his sorrows, and pitied even those of his enemies—for *such* he had, of course—being a half scholar, and a whole genius,

"The loveliest, chastest, best, but quite a fool!"

He has been offered high terms, if he would open an academy, and set up as a professor in the Art of Laughing; but, having no professing arts about him, he swears that his accomplishment, like poesie, is "unteachable, untaught;" it won't come with a whoop, nor come with a call, it must come *with a good will*, or not at all,"—"and, addeth he demurely, "my system would so try the lungs of my *female* pupils, that I'm afeared before they understand much of the matter, they would have acquired a habit of sighing—although *I* know how to laugh and grow fat."

There, ladies! take my attempt to please, and laugh at me for my pains.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.
No. VIII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—Mrs. Bloomer discovered in the President's chair. The Secretary attending with letters, &c.*

When She who presided has left but the name
Of herself and her writings behind;
We feel a regret that no reader can blame,
For the task that to us is resign'd!
Yes; regret! for however base rivals condemn,
CORRESPONDENTS of ev'ry degree
Must admit she was candid and faithful to them,
And impartial though strict in decree.
Parody on 'Irish Melody.'

Mrs. Bloomer. I regret, fair Secretary, that our President's chair must this week be occupied by so unworthy a representative, and that the responsibility of answering CORRESPONDENTS, by reason of the President's indisposition, has thus devolved upon me. Should I fail in the discharge of my new duty, I must offer the usual plea of a first appearance in the character, and claim the indulgence allowed on such occasions. Now proceed.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Lines entitled A FAREWELL, by X. E. T. D.

Mrs. B. To the best of OUR judgment, (I must now, in my official capacity, use the noun plural, according to the approved usage of Crowned Heads and EDITORS,) WE do not think this "FAREWELL" would enrich our pages. It must go to the REJECTED file.

Miss S. A second communication from the same X. E. T. D., complaining of the "disdain and contempt" you treat him with in not giving an answer as to the fate of his Lines. The Lines are dated September 23rd, the angry note of enquiry the 28th.

Mrs. B. Such ignorance and folly need no comment. If the writer is in such post-haste to get to Parnassus, we advise him to put a little more sense into his rhymes, and civility into his pen, or he will never get there—at least by our conveyance.

Miss S. POVERTY, by SARAH P., Edmonton.

Mrs. B. Very well written, and we take upon ourselves to promise an early insertion. We cannot answer the writer's enquiry as to the *motive* that induces her to send to our Work. Papa may, however, not be very wide of the mark in his conjecture—SARAH will understand us: she is a shrewd one, we suspect, and we covet a better acquaintance.

Miss S. A packet from JOHN DANCOCKS.

Mrs. B. Not so good as his former efforts. We fear he grows careless. He should not let success lead him to negligence.

Miss S. Sonnet, by JOSEPH.

Mrs. B. It shall appear. Why will not this writer favour us in the style he knows most acceptable? His letter came too late to avert the notice, which for *his* sake only should have been spared, though it was richly merited.

Miss S. Poetry by JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Mrs. B. It will, probably, appear.

Miss S. Fragment, by E. L.

Mrs. B. We must see the whole before we can decide on its insertion. We have no idea, at present, to what it tends.

Miss S. Sonnet, by JOHN DAVEY.

Mrs. B. It shall appear. His request will be complied with, we doubt not.

Miss S. ANNETTE.

Mrs. B. We wish all our Correspondents would evince the patience and good humour of this writer. Humility is ever an attendant on true genius. 'Tis only your IGNORAMUSES who are insolent and impertinent, from *such* we pray to be delivered.

Miss S. MARIA, of Hull.

Mrs. B. She is thanked, and her contributions accepted.

Miss S. I. F. B.

Mrs. B. This Poem shall appear, but the heading has already been adopted by the Queen of Song, Mrs. HEMANS.

Miss S. A PARADOX, by R. N.

Mrs. B. Accepted.

Miss S. Letter from G. D. Lambeth.

Mrs. B. The article G. D. alluded to was sent by a Correspondent, as he conjectures, but we did not insert it as *original.*

Mi S. Letter from J. W. L., alias JEAN, we think.

Mrs. B. WE did not make the blunder alluded to, but know it is sometimes a difficult task to ascertain from mere style and hand-writing, the fact so mistaken—in her case.

Miss S. WOMAN'S KISS, by a WEST INDIAN.

Mrs. B. It partakes rather too much of the burning soil of India, for our pages, nevertheless, we will venture to give it to our readers,—perhaps the ordeal of the printing-office, may somewhat subdue its luxuriance.

Miss S. A Poem, by CHARLES.

Mrs. B. It does him credit; the other as early as he pleases, and let brevity be his motto. The former exceeded our limits considerably.

Miss S. I wish our Correspondents would be more liberal of their paper when they send us more than one poem, and write each separate. It would save my fingers much fatigue in retranscribing them, where all, as is generally the case, are not used at once.

Mrs B. Well, we see your budget's out, and we're sure our patience is nearly so; next week we trust to resume our usual quiet seat in the Critic's corner; the reins of Government are two heavy for our feeble hand to guide, though we have so able and experienced a postilion to guide us,

"Lets us to supper with what appetite we may."

[A small DEVIL appears at the door, who beckons and whispers (not "soft nonsense") to the Secretary, and vanishes in the smoke—*of a cigar.*]

Miss S. I beg pardon for keeping your stewed oysters waiting, but the Printer has just sent to inform the Council, an accident has happened to the Music, intended for To-morrow's Number (a sweet ballad, by Mr. Chas. Glover) which will render it impossible to appear this week, and from the lateness of the hour, without causing great delay in the time of publication, a Cut cannot be substituted.

Mrs. B. Our Editress's regretted illness seems to have brought nothing but mistakes and disasters to the Work. We can only state the TRUTH, and throw ourselves upon the kind feeling of our Subscribers. Doubtless, the loss will be made up to them by an additional Song or Plate, when our President is "herself again," and able to make those arrangements over which WE have no control! Come let us adjourn!

CHIT CHAT OF THE DRAMA.

As we do not, like certain of our contemporaries, report on pieces we have not witnessed, we are compelled, owing to the early period of our going to press, and other unforeseen circumstances, to defer giving any (rather than an imperfect) notice of the performances of the past week, a full account of them shall appear in our next; meanwhile let us take a brief view of present events.

We are extremely happy to state that Miss E. Tree will resume her station at COVENT GARDEN on her return from Hamburgh; her engagement at that place will expire in about a month.

At the VICTORIA affairs are in a very flourishing condition. Knowles, (who has refused to come to terms with Bunn,) has been engaged as author and actor, and has promised them his next play. Mrs. Gore, Serle, and Don de Trueba, have each pieces in preparation. The season will not terminate till the end of the year.

Webster has left the OLYMPIC, in consequence of the engagement of Keeley.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, RO
AND ANECDOTES.
Written expressly for this Work

RECOLLECTIONS OF SP
BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

True love is mute, leaves eloquence
And chains the accents when he bin
heart.

(Continued from page 68.)

The enamoured cavalier an
young bride felt the truth of th
mark, they were not accustomed (
the language of a delightful I
poet—

"Gia per lungo uso da raggionar d'am

st forty and Wi-

"THE AZINE,"
Maga-
h.

aintings, are sent essed to , where be for-

VERY HIONS

d: sold Pater- n Town

Strand.

In silent contemplation they viewed each other for miles together, looks meeting looks, and blushes of fondness, not shame, flushing responsively as mutual admiration and attachment were depicted on their countenances. On the third day of their journey, the sun having been very ardent, they had worn the day out to its last glimmer, from having been obliged to lay by in the sultry hours, and from their cavalry being rather jaded. Cecilia suffered much from fatigue, so that slow feverishness diffused itself over her frame; she was forced to alight, and to loosen the bosom of her dress; her eyes looked dim, and she became faint. A cloud of sorrow overcast Alphonso's face, a tear fell upon her snowy breast, which seemed to revive her. Whilst they were transporting her to a place of repose, Toribio, their attendant, informed his lord of the good luck which he had in meeting with a couple of Merino* shepherds, "who are," said he, "the simplest and most honest beings on earth, and who preserve the primitive uprightness and purity of their forefathers; amongst them we shall want for nothing, hospitality is a part of their religious duties, they inherit it from the Arabs of the desert; they are faithful and steady as the ancient people of Castille, grave and prudent as the Visigoths, and intelligent as the Andalusians. If ever I get back safe to my home after this crusade with your honour, I will burn an additional lamp to the honour of Saint Francis *d'Assise*, in gratitude for our good fortune. They arrived shortly after, at the spot which served as the head-quarters to the Merino shepherds, and where the weary travellers were to pass the night; in the centre of a circle, formed by the saddles of about forty horses, a pile of oak-wood and chesnut trees burned brightly, near to which an old man of a wise and benevolent countenance was seated on a complete throne of sheepskins and worsted cloaks; his sparkling eyes shone through the enormous tresses of bushy hair, as white as the driven snow, a beard, of the same silvery hue, dropped in curls, formed by the hand of time, and reached to the lowest extremity of his broad well proportioned breast; he also was clad in sheep-skin, but was distinguished from the other shepherds by a long grey cloak, and he wore a black velvet triangular cap on his head. A dozen young shepherds were preparing the supper and making the necessary arrangements for repose; whilst numerous flocks of sheep covered the surrounding plains, and filled the air with their bleatings and the tinkling of gently sounding bells; the faithful dogs were the centinels of their dwelling, and kept the flocks within their proper limits. On perceiving the strangers approach, the venerable old man rose up, and going forward to meet them, thus addressed Alphonso, "Sir Knight, thou art welcome to the rancho* of the Merinos of l'Escurial, thanks be to providence and to this faithful and intelligent guide who accompanies thee, and who has thus procured us the pleasure of rendering you any service. My noble sister seems bent under a load of anxiety and fatigue, but let her fear nothing, I am skilled in the virtue of all the medicinal plants, from the Bidassoa to Guadalquivir. Let me see the sick lady. Thou art," addressing Cecilia, "amongst men who know how to spare a portion of what they have, to share it with the stranger, and who say to the unfortunate, thou art my brother." On saying this he approached the lovely traveller, felt her pulse, questioned her as to what had befallen her, and, after having reflected a few seconds, he said to one of his subalterns, "Camacho, go and fetch some water from the limpid streamlet which flows from the lover's rock,† gather a few leaves from the herb desmuyos, and then go and fetch some honey, and make haste with it." Whilst he was thus giving his orders, and the medicine was preparing, the shepherds arranged a couch for Cecilia of the softest skins which they had, and which was canopied like a tent, in the centre of the circle. On this the fair sufferer was gently extended, the old man now turned once more to Alphonso, and thus expressed himself: "Courage Sir Knight, anxiety or care cannot alter or prevent what is written in the book of life; rest is the best remedy for our noble Sister, she appears feeble and exhausted, but a little food and drink will give present ease, our humble supper will soon be ready, in the mean while let her take the milk of our flocks, which is pure as the air they breathe and wholesome as the rosemary which forms a carpet for their feet; come, humble brother, begin, and set the example to thy illustrious friend." Thus saying, he presented him with a cup of milk, but himself he preferred the contents of a goat-skin,‡ which he perceived hanging to the branch of a tree, and out of which, after drinking to the health of Alphonso and of his venerable host, he moistened his clay with excellent Xeres wine, which he swallowed as he contemplated with upturned eyes, the starry vault of deep and serene blue which over-hung the scene. The beverage was now ready, and was administered by Alphonso with delighted tenderness to the sole object of his affections. "A little rest" resumed the ancient, "and we shall see the good effects of this remedy." Alphonso wished to watch by the couch of his beloved, but the aged man observed with dignity, "Sir Knight, I am the *Rabadan** of the flocks of the reverend fathers of l' Escurial, it is my post to tend the sick, thy presence can be of no use." "You are right," said Toribio, "he is our *pastor bonus*, and we must obey him, in the *Ranchos* of l' Escurial the voice of the Rabadan is a law." In half an hour after the Rabadan returned to his patient, "Alas!" said he, "the fever rages still, it will last other twenty-four hours, these herbs will not impart so much relief as a better bed and the warm air of day; to-morrow, ere the first blush of morn, we will transport our noble sister to the next village; four bearers and a litter are ready, and at her orders." On hearing this, Alphonso and Toribio exchanged a significant look, but, after a short pause, the former resolved to confide his whole secret to the Rabadan, whose candour, sincerity, and primitive honor made him trust-worthy, he therefore hid nothing from him, not even the avowal that her whom the venerable shepherd took for the young knight's sister, was destined to be his avowed bride, and was now solemnly betrothed and privately married to him. "Sir Knight," said the Rabadan, "I pity and respect thee, thou hast many perils to encounter I fear with this dove which thou hast taken from the dove-cot, here ye are safe, and it shall be our prayer that ye may be alike safely forwarded on your journey; our services, I repeat, you may command." The venerable man did as he promised; the morning air fanned the tresses of sleeping beauty as a gentle breeze ruffles the foliage of the rose to open more sweet after its repose, the litter and bearers were ready, and proceeded on, the cavalier and attendant following on horseback. "You must allow, Senor, that we are in a pretty situation," said the latter after about a league's travel, "proscribed, and forced to hide ourselves from mortal eyes, are we not my noble master, (I speak not for myself, but you) supremely unhappy?" "Unhappy! Certainly not," exclaimed Alphonso, "life never appeared to my eyes half so attractive as at present; have I not now in my possession the richest treasure in nature and the object of my idolatry, and you call this unhappiness? Man of little-heart! love must be a stranger to thee, I would not change my situation with the most powerful monarch on earth." Toribio—"You then love this young maiden very dearly?" "Love her! you know I do. The universe should not sever us, and she alone keeps me in Spain, where danger surrounds me on every hand, but my prisoned soul lives only where she dwells, and I trust

* The Merino sheep travel all the year round; they pass the winter in the plains of Estremadura and of Andalusia; and the summer in the declivities of the sides of the Pyrenees. The manners of the Merino shepherds are still unaltered.

* So these shepherds call their encampment, or, rather, bivouac for the night.

† Every rock, hill, or elevation in Andalusia, is distinguished by a name which the inhabitants give it, depending on some historical, traditional, or accidental circumstance, which the peasant or shepherd can explain to the stranger.

‡ This goat-skin serves as a leathern bottle, it is in shape something like a fig, large, like a purse at the bottom, and tapering to a point, to suspend it by at the top, it gives a flavour to the wine which the natives like.

* Such is the title of the chief shepherd of the Merino flocks.

that we shall still be the wonder and admiration of adventurous lovers, the pattern of the faithful and enterprising, and safely escape from our fierce pursuers, ending our days in the land of liberty; be assured that thou shalt be liberally rewarded for thy fidelity." "I doubt not that, Sir Knight," said Toribio, "but I must say that I mightily dread the ire of the Castel fuertes; but what is done, is done," he sighed, and silence ensued. The litter was frequently set down to give further repose to the fair traveller, and at the eighth hour she was in a tranquil hamlet, consisting of a few dwellings; the Merino shepherds were known and beloved by the hospitable inhabitants, who welcomed the strangers on that account. Their fare was humble, scanty might be added, but the Rabadan had provided rich fruit and bread, which he gave with his blessing at parting, and Toribio had foraged wine of Xeres and a bundle of cigars. Human happiness what art thou? The momentary absence of pain and uncertainty, an instant preceding endless existence, a gleam betwixt the cloud of infancy and the darkness of the tomb, the sound of one note of harmony, the heart's unconscious expansion, a thought, a dream, the passage of the fire-fly, an illusion, all is comparative; such was this hour, dear to love and to romance; a fond embrace explained a grateful sentiment of dependence and support. Alphonso struck his guitar, and Toribio enjoyed the weed luxuriously and consequentially.

SONG, (FROM THE SPANISH.)

This bosom shall pillow thy head, my Love,
When the sun-beam brightly burns,
And this bosom shall be thy bed, my Love,
When the star of night returns.

The beat of this heart, shall watch, my Love,
O'er thy slumbers in soft repose,
And these lips shall the fragrance catch, my Love,
Of thy breath still more sweet than the rose.

These eyes shall their vigils keep, my Love,
To guard thee from dire alarms,
And adore thee in gentle sleep, my Love,
'Till thou wakest within these arms.

Such was the husband and lover's lullaby, whilst the beloved of his soul enjoyed a sound sleep. Health beamed on her refreshed cheek in the morning, and after having handsomely remunerated the poor cottagers, they again took the bye-paths and cross roads of a sweet but intricate country.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST TEAR.

(Concluded from page 77.)

The angel of death tarried not on his way. Clotilda became feebler and feebler,—her voice as it were ceased to hold intercourse with the beings of earth. The physician left her couch in silence, and returned no more. We all stood around, profuse in attentions and helpless in tears. The impress of immortality was upon her features—death had sealed her as his own. Her breath was quick and feverish, and her eyelids were half-closed. I bathed her temples with a scented water which she had been in the habit of using—alas! my tears were copiously mixed with it.

While I was performing this melancholy yet soothing task, she softly lifted her languid eyes, and in an audible whisper articulated "Sweet friends I feel that I am dying." She feebly pronounced the name of her husband—he leant over her in convulsive emotion—she strove to address him, but her voice died away in the fruitless effort—she next made a sign for the little cherub, in whose behalf she was so soon to resign her short-lived maternal cares, but yet rejoicing in the emphatic language of scripture "that a man child had been born into the world."

She pressed the unconscious infant to her parched and colourless lips—she folded him for the last time to her bosom, but, alas! the emotion it occasioned, and the effort it excited were too powerful to be supported even for a moment—she resigned her beloved babe into the hands of her husband, and fainted away. There was not a dry cheek in the room. The servants stood sobbing on the stairs, for she had gained the hearts of all that approached her.

In the midst of our tearful suspense she again opened her eyes, but they were now dim, and appeared to be fading in the eternal night. She beckoned to her husband, who stood over her weeping—he stooped to catch her faltering words.

"Dearest Alphonso," said she, (in all the ardour of affection, but faintness of speech), "when thou choosest another mother for our child, cease not to love him—to love him for my sake—promise me this?"

"Never, never!" eagerly ejaculated Alphonso, and invoked heaven to witness his promise.

* * * * * *

Clotilda had now been dead a full hour!

Her hands were cold and colourless, and clasped together. Her lips were yet half open, as when the last words of prayer passed from them for ever. Death had placed his seal upon every feature, and the avenues of pain, or of pleasure, were for ever shut. Her eye had opened on immortality, and her ear listened to the harps of angels. It was in vain, therefore, that Alphonso in a transport of sorrow and despair sought to re-animate the faded form he had adored.

In vain he weeps in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes,
Nor love's own kiss could wake those eyes,
To lift their silken lashes.

Clotilda's eyes, hitherto of a celestial hue, wherein life and animation sparkled like the evening star in a cloudless horizon, were now covered with the dense shadows of mortal dissolution—the first fearful hour had expired when, from her half closed orbs, sightless now as those of a statue, Alphonso beheld a sudden tear drop trembling upon her cheek.

It was doubtless a tear, which with a dying effort of tenderness and grief, Clotilda had struggled to conceal, till death betrayed the secret and released the last pledge of her love.

Alphonso overcome with the emotion such a phenomenon excited, fainted at the sight, and it was only at this moment that he could be torn from that lifeless form, which but a brief twelve months before, was at once the fairest and gentlest of her sex.

From this time I uniformly remarked, that at the recollection of this tear, Alphonso became pale and agitated.

But at my age, when experience ought to foresee and explain every thing clearly, I must confess that life and the ways of the world become every day more mysterious, more inexplicable. Till I had passed my sixtieth year, they appeared to me as admitting of explanation, but thenceforward they have become a total enigma!

I have seen the blossom of hope withered in my grasp. I have seen the bridal garments replaced by the burial shroud, and within a few months stood at the marriage banquet—the baptismal font and the grave—the three steps on to eternity.

But I have lived also to witness the young Count forget his sorrow, dry his tears, prepare his halls for fresh espousals, and welcome the arrival of another bride.

When the news was first told me I could not check my feelings. Alas! said I, already Clotilda is forgotten, and her child, the poor little Adrian, is to be sacrificed—to be consigned to the care or the caprice of a step-mother.

But I wished not to appear unreasonable. The Count had appeared sincere in his regret, and if this was but short-lived,—he was young, the representative of an illustrious family, graceful and accomplished,—to him, the future was embellished with every hope,—and could I blame a step which so many had sanctioned with their approbation.

The morning of the marriage I yielded to the impulse of a melancholy curiosity, and went to attend the ceremony.

I was anxious to see the beauty whom Alphonso, without consulting me, had selected as the future step-mother of my infant grandson.

I placed myself near the altar, when they were closing the ceremony.

Around me the whisper circled, "Is not the bride very beautiful—she seems the very personification of style and elegance?"—"'Tis his second wife," whispered another; "had you known the first, she, indeed, was charming, but soon sickened and died." . . .

The young Count, as I eyed him unobserved, appeared calm and happy; he had pronounced with emphasis the solemn vow of conjugal love to his new bride.

In another moment I saw his colour vanish, and I beheld him staggering back, as if struck with lightning, sink down upon the steps of the altar.

The company pressed around him, and I stood at his side.

The means used for his recovery were successful, and the first words he uttered were "the tear, the tear! you know that tear; I saw it drop upon my burning hand—Clotilda is there"—then again interrupting himself, and as if ashamed of this superstitious impression, and making a strong effort to conceal it, 'twas a sudden spasm, he said, which had seized him, and the fatigue of the day which had caused him to faint, and there was nothing to be alarmed at, nothing serious.

His eyes were fixed upon the Countess with a mingled look of pain and apology.

The next moment she was withdrawn with her family, in order to escape from the excited curiosity of the crowd that pressed upon them on all sides, watching with a cruel satisfaction the distress and confusion into which this strange accident had thrown her.

Alphonso made every effort to follow her; before he could accomplish this, however, he was seized with a brief and violent convulsion of the heart, and expired.

This very winter the Countess Clemence di Montlehery is a welcome visitor in all the higher circles—there is a fearful interest connected with her history, the same hour pronounced her a bride and a widow.

As the good old lady finished her touching narrative, the young people returned from church, and from them we learnt that the young Countess had that morning quitted her widow's weeds to share the wealth and honour of the Mareschal d'Alkmar.

B.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the current of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands: we are happy to hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by equally short-lived disappointment, But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our grief are alike left behind us, we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of his waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal. W.

THE SELECTOR.

SINGULAR SAGACITY OF THE TAME BEAR.

A nobleman in Novogorod being out hunting with several other noblemen, perceived, in a forest, a bear with a muzzle on, tied to a tree; the animal appeared to be very tame, and, by his wailing, indicated that something particular was the matter with him. The nobleman gave orders to untie him from the tree, on which the bear, led by a countryman with a rope, immediately ran to a neighbouring spot, and began very eagerly to scratch up the ground. The creature only wanted language to show that something which nearly concerned him was there buried. The possibility of this was evident to the nobleman, and he ordered his people to dig up the spot pointed out by the bear, which consisted of very loose earth. To the no little astonishment and horror of all present, they soon found two dead bodies covered with blood, which appeared to have been very recently interred, whose wounds the bear, with a lamentable howling began to lick, making the persons who stood around understand, by a very singular look, that they should remove the bodies. They made a bier of young trees, on which they laid the bodies, to convey them to the next village. The bear, still led by a peasant, goes first, and seems to follow like a dog a scent that he has of the murderers of his masters. He is suffered to take his own way, and they soon reach a village on the skirts of the forest, when he halts at the door of a cottage, and his former wailings are changed to a dreadful roaring. This induces the nobleman to call together the male inhabitants, and place them in a certain order, thinking, perhaps, by the help of the bear, to discover the murderers, as of course all deny any knowledge of the deed. The people belonging to the hut before which the bear stopped, also came up from another side, and scarcely had they, according to the nobleman's desire, placed themselves with the others, when the bear, with a dreadful howl, rushed upon two tall fellows, whom only the animal's muzzle saved from his fury. He was removed from them by force, but the persons so singularly accused were immediately subjected to a strict examination. They confessed all; the two bear-leaders, who had money about them, had been murdered by them in the forest, and hastily buried; the hunting horn of the party having made them fly precipitately, leaving the bear tied to the tree, by which the discovery of the murder was effected in a manner almost incredible, and the criminals were delivered into the hands of justice, and will be brought to the punishment they so justly deserve.—*Travels in Novogorod.*

LEARNED PARTIES.

The Earl of Blessington had often intellectual parties, selected with solicitude, at his table, and one day the Countess resolved to have for her friends,

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

for which purpose, some of the most brilliant orbs of London were brought into conjunction. Her Ladyship, in asking me to be a gazer, told me what phenomena would shine out, assuring me that many a day might come before the cycle of such another meeting would come round; nor, indeed, was it possible to conceive that so many accomplished characters could be assembled, some of them greatly distinguished for their conversational brilliancy, without eliciting sparkles and scintillations. Alas! empty as musty filberts are all earthly expectations! It proved one of the dullest congregations that ever sat making long faces together in a conventicle.

When the company adjourned to the drawing rooms, the aspect of things rather improved, and the dread of one another, to which, no doubt, the dullness of the dinner table may be ascribed, was lessened by the scattering, and by others coming in; but a more complete failure cannot be imagined; in all social case it was below a very common party: nevertheless, to me one incident was memorable.

I was standing near a window in the back drawing room, when Earl Grey and Mr. Canning did me the honour of addressing me. From the place in which I stood there was no moving, nor was I much inclined, for after a short conversation, they began to converse together, and I became interested. The opportunity of comparing two such eminent men was too precious to be neglected.

Whether owing to the impression left on me by "the dirgie" of the game in the dining room, or really to some greater dignity of manner, I shall not attempt to determine, but Earl Grey both in colloquial taste and expression, seemed decidedly superior. His remarks were not less simply and neatly made, but there was a sustained aristocracy about him exceedingly characteristic, and I should think from the tones of his voice and his general deportment, he must have been very pleasing to those with whom he was intimate.

Mr. Canning had more of the House of Commons about him, with something like pertinacity, especially when there was any difference of opinion between them, and the conversation happily was

apt to bring out peculiarities of that kind; indeed, he differed with his noble antagonist, I thought, as lustily as if they had been discussing the previous question elsewhere; but the matter in question was no less debateable.

At Earl Grey's elbow stood a beautiful marble statue of a female in fashionable nudity, and their debate arose from observing her feet, respecting the point of beauty in a female foot, his Lordship maintaining that it consisted in a certain smoothness of fleshy fulness, and Canning thought the reverse, and, finding themselves as little likely to agree as on a matter of *status ante bellum*, Sir Thos. Lawrence, who was one of the party, was appealed to. He of course sided with the Earl, but Canning was not satisfied, and continued the controversy. Sir Thomas, as all the world knows, was a very saponaceous character, but I suspect, not possessed of the most mellifluous spirit. Being pricked by the pertinacity of Canning, he said, that if there were no other way of convincing him, he would call in the Countess, and ask her to shew her foot. "Oh," replied Canning, "if you'll do that, I'll say black is white, and give in!"—*Galt's Autobiography*,

LONDON LOCALITIES.

Lord Byron wrote the "Siege of Corinth" in No. 13, Piccadilly, which overlooks the Green Park. Gibbons, the celebrated carver, was born in Spur-alley, in the Strand, and resided in Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, where he carved a pot of flowers so exquisitely, that they shook in the wind. The Baptist Head public-house, in St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, was one of the resorts of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and others, who used to call in here on their way to and from Cave's house at St. John's Gate. In Clerkenwell-close, near Newcastle-place, is the house of Colonel Titus, and the place of conference between Cromwell, Ireton, and other republicans. At the place called King's Cross was fought the battle in which Queen Boadicea so distinguished herself against the Romans, whence its former name of Battle-bridge, and here the original Roman north road began. In a house which looks into Fetter-lane, and Fleur-de-lys-court, lived Elizabeth Brownrigg, executed in the year 1767, for cruelty and murder of her apprentice. Dryden resided in Fetter-lane, in a house which stands at the corner of Fleur-de-lys-court; it was then a genteel neighbourhood it has also an entrance from Holborn, between Nos. 22 and 23. No. 3, Ivy-lane, formerly a tavern, was frequented by the literati of the days of Goldsmith and Johnson; here, according to the "Spectator," was held the Humdrum Club, who used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. In the garden of his friend Alderman Bridger, in Lovell's-court, Paternoster-row, now belonging to Messrs. Rivington, Richardson wrote his novels of Pamela and Grandison. At the Bell Inn, Warwick-lane, Archbishop Leighton died. Gray, the poet, was born at the house now No. 41, Cornhill; the original house was destroyed by fire in 1748. Defoe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill, and stood in the pillory there, for writing a pamphlet entitled, "The shortest way with the Dissenters." The shop of Sir Thomas Gresham was in Lombard-street, on the site of the house No. 68. The old King's Head Tavern, in Leadenhall-street, was the house where Guy Fawkes and his city adherents assembled; it escaped the great fire. Stowe lived and died on the site now occupied as No. 71, Leadenhall-street; the remains of a little Norman chapel are still to be seen under it. In Fenchurch-street, at Denmark-house was lodged, according to Hollingshed, the first ambassador sent here from "the emperor of Cathaie, Muscovia, and Russeland." In Seething-lane, in the reign of Elizabeth, were the residences of Sir Francis Walsingham, secretary of state; the Earl of Essex, and other eminent personages. The sign of the Goose and Gridiron, on the north side of St. Paul's Church-yard, was intended as a satire upon the Academy of Ancient Music, when a seperation followed a dispute among the members. Dr. Franklin worked at Wall's printing-house, in Portugal-street, in 1725, and lodged at an Italian warehouse, facing the Roman Catholic Chapel in Duke-street. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were both beheaded on the site of the present Lincoln's-inn-fields. At No. 436, Strand, was Wimbledon-house, a large mansion built and inhabited by Sir Edward Cecil. The chapel in Oxenden-street, Haymarket, was first used for religious purposes by Richard Baxter. Hogarth resided in what is now the Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester-square; and there, when lately in town, the Countess Guicoli also resided. Sir I. Newton's house, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, is still in perfect preservation; it stands between the Chapel and Long's-court. Thomson wrote his "Winter," in a house in Whitehall, opposite the Admiralty. John Bunyan, when in town, used to preach in the chapel in Union-street, Borough, the oldest dissenting meeting-house in London. The Flying Horse public-house, in Bishopsgate-street, opposite Widegate-street, was the residence of Sir Paul Pindar; its ancient Gothic front still remains. The only places in which the ancient London wall can be seen to any extent are in in Little Bridge-street, a passage running in a parallel line behind Ludgate-hill from Great Bridge-street, through Saint Martin's-court, into the Broadway; next on the south-side of the church-yard of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, where this wall forms a barrier to the yards of the houses on the north side of Bull and Mouth-street; and the third is on the south side of Cripplegate church-yard, where are the remains of the only one of the round towers which used to crown the wall at given distances.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

I have waited for thee till the moon-beam grows pale,
And the Ring-Dove has ended her lay;
While the hum of the Hamlet that stole on the gale,
Like my Hopes dies in silence away;
Ah! why did'st thou promise, false Love, to be here,
And breathe that soft promise to me,
In accents like music to poor Lilla's ear,
"I'LL BE FIRST AT THE OLD TRYSTING TREE!"

I have counted the stars as they glimmer on high,
I have numbered each leaflet that fell;
And oft have I fancied thy footstep was nigh,
As the breeze waved the Pines in the Dell;
All around is so still, that I hear my heart beat,
As the shade of the Willow I see;
Ah! false were thy lips, when they whisper'd so sweet,
"I'LL BE FIRST AT THE OLD TRYSTING TREE!"

BALLAD.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Let's sing the Song we used to sing,
When Life was young and Love was new,
When rosy Joy awoke the string,
And sorrow but by name we knew!
Haply if down thy cheek should steal
Fond Memory's tear; I'll only say
It was not thus we used to feel—
And kiss the pearly drop away!

Let's sing the Song we used to sing!
Like shadows of departed years,
Past scenes before our eyes 'twill bring,
Although we gaze on them thro' tears!
And if a sigh for Friends estranged
Should heave thy breast—I'll only say,
Dear Love! OUR hearts have never changed,
And chase the tear and sigh away!

TO A PASSION FLOWER.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Beautiful floweret! so lately blooming—
Lovely as *her* whose gentle hand bestow'd
Thy starlike beauty—which then brightly glow'd
With boney'd sweets the lonely air perfuming.

Beautiful floweret! already fading—
Child of day! thy life's brief course is done—
Thy leaves must perish 'ere tomorrow's sun,
E'en now their loveliness death's hand is shading.

Thus born to bloom and wither in an hour,
With hues too fair, too delicate to last;
Which, while the heart bends o'er to love, are past—
Oh! rightly art thou named the *passion* flower.

Like thee, pale earthly star! in life's clear dawning,
Hope sheds upon the heart her beams of light,
Too soon experience, with her chilling blight,
Clouds those bright rays of youth's delightful morning.

And, oh! as frail is early Friendship's power,
We deem the chain she weaves for ever twin'd,
Yet clashing interests, with envy join'd
The golden links can sever in an hour.

Within the young unsullied bosom springing,
Love's fragrant blossoms bloom as fair as thine,
And all their perfume, as upon a shrine,
O'er one lov'd heart in sweet profusion flinging.

Yet are those early buds of feeling glowing,
With hues too beautiful and bright to last—
They droop and sicken when the world's chill blast
Comes like the dread simoom above them blowing.

But in the heart they once have made their dwelling,
No after years can *all* destroy the bloom,
Which lingering rests around their early tomb,
The dim'd Mind's worldliness with light dispelling.

Oh! pallid flower! thy faded petels closing
Tell that thy evanescent life is o'er,
The harp but strung for thee shall sound no more,
But sleep beneath the willow's shade reposing.

POETICAL LETTER.

No. V.

BY HENRIETTA ———

I have just come to town, what a horrible place,
Surely Regent-street's got the blue devils,
And in Waterloo-place you may challenge a race.
Once the scene of our pastime and revels,
Its a positive bore to be seen in the streets;
An idea that I have quite emphatic,
That at this time of year every Dandy one meets,
Must have made his descent from an attic.

Now there's nothing but beasts in the Royal Exchange;
Clerks with bags full of writs and indentures;
Or a Prince or a Lord come to town for a change,
No doubt for a day of adventures;
To-morrow I'll shut myself up 'till 'tis dark.
They tell me, though nothing surprising,
It's a libel on fashion to go in the Park,
When the rest of the world's ruralizing.

I called on some friends who I know are in town,
I met with an answer repelling—
They are gone on a tour, so the blinds are drawn down,
And they live in the back of their dwelling.
Oh! spirit of Adam! say, when will this cease,
In nothing like us but in feature,
Did'st thou think thy poor children would 'ere be such geese,
When thou first till'st the garden of nature?

But like swallows they'll fly from their nests in the grove,
When boreas first rudely shall bellow,
And I care not how soon, for I feel like a glove
Gone wandering in search of a fellow.
But a friend's just dropped in—in the words of Paul Pry—
And far liveller thoughts must enrol us,
So farewell 'till the season commences, then fly
To your friend and companion.

SAM SOLUS.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY A. KYNE.

Say, have you seen a village maid
Down where the flocks are feeding,
With health and russet stole array'd,
Nor rank nor riches heeding;
Who gaily chaunts her rustic strain,
Devoid of guile or malice;
Free from ambition's anxious pain—
Down, down among the vallies.

Say, have you seen her by the brook,
Sweet pinks and roses twining,
Expressing pity in her look,
To see each flow'ret pining;
She is the maid I'd fain possess,
The gem of pleasure's chalice;
Her presence would my cottage bless—
Down, down among the vallies.

AN OLD MAID'S SONG.

Well, never mind, though you may laugh,
And point as we go by,
An old maid's life's the happiest,
That no one can deny,
And though you scorn and call us names,
We show no signs of woe;
For if we seem neglected now,
It was not always so.

But as for me, I little care
For aught that others say,
They only wish they were as free
As I am every day;
I heard a married dame remark,
I'm mistress to be sure,
But I'd rather be a simple Miss,
Than tyranny endure.

And then she'd say, ah! you were wise,
You never would be wed,
And though 'tis useless talking now,
I'd quite as soon be dead.
I really pity married folks,
And fain would give relief,
Though had they been as wise as I,
They ne'er had cause for grief.

For freely I aver I love
An independent life,
No marital control for me,
No matrimonial strife,
I would not be a young man's slave,
Nor yet an old man's dear;
All kinds of slavery I hate,
And gouty feet I fear.

So cease your jests, nor think that all
Old maids must be the same,
For I'm not stiff and starched I'm sure,
And therefore 'tis a shame
To make one suffer for the faults
Of two perhaps or three,
Though still we have the laugh at you,
For *we*, yes we, are FREE.

MARION.

CHARADES.

I.

Without my FIRST, all nature would decay,
Flowers ne'er would blossom, but soon die away,
Yet devastation oft I spread around
And blight the produce of the fertile ground.

In former days when foes did us invade,
To Britons then my SECOND lent its aid;
A noble monarch once I caused to die,
Which made tears flow, and many bosoms sigh.
My WHOLE is seen in various hues array'd,
Glorious and bright, though soon am doom'd to fade;
When storms disperse, I then sometimes appear,
And may be seen all seasons of the year.

M. DONAGHAN.

II.

My FIRST a mild lustre displays,
My SECOND each day charms our eyes;
My WHOLE with its beautiful rays
Doth o'er the wide universe rise.

LUCINDA.

III.

My FIRST's used in battle, and out of it too,
My SECOND would do good to many,
My WHOLE makes my FIRST say what none else can do,
Though it grumbles when handled by any.

HENRY V.

IV.

My FIRST is a sheep, and my SECOND a bird,
My WHOLE points at letters that make out a word,
Which ladies are fond of, and so are the men;
Tell me my name, fair readers, and then
I'll try if I cannot another compose,
Which if not in rhyme, why it shall be in prose.

A YOUNG ASPIRANT.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 23.

'Tis said by one who truly knows
How vain is all beneath the skies,
"From IGNORANCE our comfort flows,"
The only wretched are the wise.

T. R. YORK.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 304, Vol. I.

No Doctor's PILL, or St. John Long,
GRIM Death can from his victims scare;
So Fate decrees—then each plod on,
A PILGRIM through this world of care,

HORATIO.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE IN Page 55.

The NIGHT unto the earth hath brought
That hour of deep and holy thought;
When hush'd IN slumbers deep repose,
Each fiercer thought the bosom knows;
While streams the moonlight down the vale,
And floating on the balmy GALE,
The NIGHTINGALE'S sweet song of love,
With music fills the leafy grove.

MINNA.

QUERIES.

Why is a trunk which is well secured with cordage, like a vessel going abroad?—Because it is *outward-bound.*

Why is a thief who is plundering in an upper room, like an honest man in a cellar?—Because he is *above, stealing.*

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

Dogs and Puppies.—One morning, during the last sporting season, the son of an Ayrshire baronet, entered the travellers' room of an hotel at Greenock. He joined the breakfast party who were then at table, but being afraid, we suppose, that some one would make off with his "*shocking bad hat*," he kept it stuck on his head while occupied with the repast. With the eatables, &c., he found many faults, and gave the waiter considerable trouble; at last, having pretty tolerably set at rest the cravings of nature, he called to the waiter, "Waiter? bring in my dogs to breakfast." Before the waiter had time to reply, an elderly gentleman, who sat at the head of the table—one well known to have an utter detestation to all presumption and impertinence, and who had, in common with the other gentlemen around him, been much annoyed at our hero's impudence, called out in a loud voice: "Waiter? you bring no *dogs* here—we can tolerate a *puppy*, but no *dogs*. Our poor sprig of nobility was immediately struck dumb, and in a few minutes very quietly slunk out of the room, amidst the jests and laughter of the party assembled.

An old Story.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin, and that, no doubt, the child was gone to heaven. "*Ah! sir*," said the simple-hearted creature, "*but Bobby was so shy, and they are all strangers there.*"

Quick Letter delivery.—The late Duke of Queensbury undertook, for a heavy bet, to convey a letter fifty miles within an hour. The letter was inclosed in a cricket-ball, and thrown from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, and delivered within the time.

Invasion of England.—At the period of the projected invasion of England, Napoleon made the experiment at Boulogne of his famous flat-bottomed boats, in which were embarked a fine regiment of cuirassiers. The regiment entirely perished in view of the army encamped on the shore. The commander of the fleet, Admiral Bruix, had opposed this embarkation, which he refused to command, notwithstanding the repeated orders of Buonaparte. The following day Napoleon dined with the Admiral, when an enormous turbot was placed on the table. The Emperor expressed his astonishment at the size of the fish. "It is not to be wondered at sire," said the Admiral in a tone of discontent, "*when you feed them with cuirassiers!*"

Louis XIV.—In 1672, when Louis XIV. was at the gates of Amsterdam, it was thought impossible for the city to resist him, and the alarm became general. The magistrates assembled to deliberate as to what was best to be done, and it was unanimously agreed that they should go and offer Louis the keys of the city. When they had concluded, they perceived an old burgomaster asleep, who had, consequently, not given his opinion. They awoke him, he enquired their decision? To offer the King of France the keys of the city." "Has he asked for them," grumbled the sleeper. "Not yet." "In that case, gentlemen," said he, "I should advise you to wait, at all events until they are *asked for.*" It is said that this reply saved the republic.

Boorish mistake.—Two rustics were lately struck with a hatchment affixed to a house at Stamford, and agreed together, that it was the sign of the *Bull's head* to a *new* public-house. They resolved to try the ale, walked up to the door, through the garden in front, and giving a thundering knock, which soon produced their admission, the following curious dialogue took place between them, and the servant. "I say, my chap, you don't seem to be troubled with much custom at the *Bull's Yead*, bring us a mug of beer." "Bull's yead, mug of beer!" muttered the servant, looking at his customers with astonishment; "why, what's the chap staring at; if you don't know your business, send up *Mr. Resurgam.*" "Mr. Resurgam!" repeated the servant with increased amazement. "Yes, that's the name under the sign, be'ant it your measter?" bellowed the rustic. "Hush, my master's dead." "Well then, send us *Mrs. Resurgam*, your missus." "My mistress is in London," said the footman, with no little imagining that the intent of his visitors was more wicked than charitable. "Well then, bring us the ale, said the bumpkin in a rage. "Ale! where does the man think I am to get ale; why, I am on a separate maintenance." "What be that?" "Why, board wages, to be sure; what the deuce do you take me for?" "Take you for," roared the bumpkin, "why for a long-legged, woolly-headed imposter, and if Resurgam was not dead, he'd deserve a good larruping—you and your Bull's yead—catch I inside a Bull's yead again, or any other yead that's kept by one of sich a family as your Resurgam's. Come along, Gekup!"

The Pride of Talent.—General Bec had once a dispute with a Spanish grandee, who, in the violence of his passion, so far forgot himself as to reproach the gallant soldier with the obscurity of his birth. "How dare you contradict a man of my rank?" said the proud Castilian; you, who were formerly a coachman! is there no difference between us?" "Yes," replied the general, "a very great difference: had you commenced your career as a coachman, you would be so at this moment."

Mrs. Sheridan.—Lady Lucan was heard to say the following very neat thing to Mrs. Sheridan, "You must certainly be a very happy woman, madam, to have the felicity of pleasing the man that pleases all the world."

Rustic Wit.—A young man on his way from Bath to Midford, having come to the four cross-roads, asked a lad, "*which way does this road go?*" pointing to one. "*Why*," said the lad, scratching his head, "*I doant knaw as he dó go anywhere, I pass 'em every morning, and I do always find 'em here.*"

LINES, WRITTEN IN A RUSTIC ARBOUR.

Shun, Lady, shun the crowded walks of life,
Replete with cares, with disappointments rife;
And seek the woodland and this calm retreat,
Embalmed with violets pure, thy emblem meet;—
Here by this brook, oh! may thy moments glide,
Pleased as its song, unruffled as its tide!

Melissa.

ERRATA in the first 2000 Copies of our "Supplement,"—page 79. in the Poem of "Richmond Hill," line five, verse one, for "loose," read "lose;" "scene," read "sense" Verse two, same page, read thus,

"I seek 'mid Nature's smiling scene,
The calm of heart that crowds deny,
Thy waving boughs and foliage green,
The honied balm of peace supply
To the worn soul;" &c.

Verse five, for "Joy-passing," read "Joy-haunted spot!"

MRS. GRAY, late MISS ZERBINI, of the King's Theatre and Theatres Royal, begs most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that she has opened her Academy for the season, at 25, Castle Street, Leicester Square. Ladies instructed in every department of Fashionable Dancing for one Guinea per quarter. Private Tuition, eight Lessons for One Guinea. A Juvenile Class every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

N. B. Seminaries Attended.

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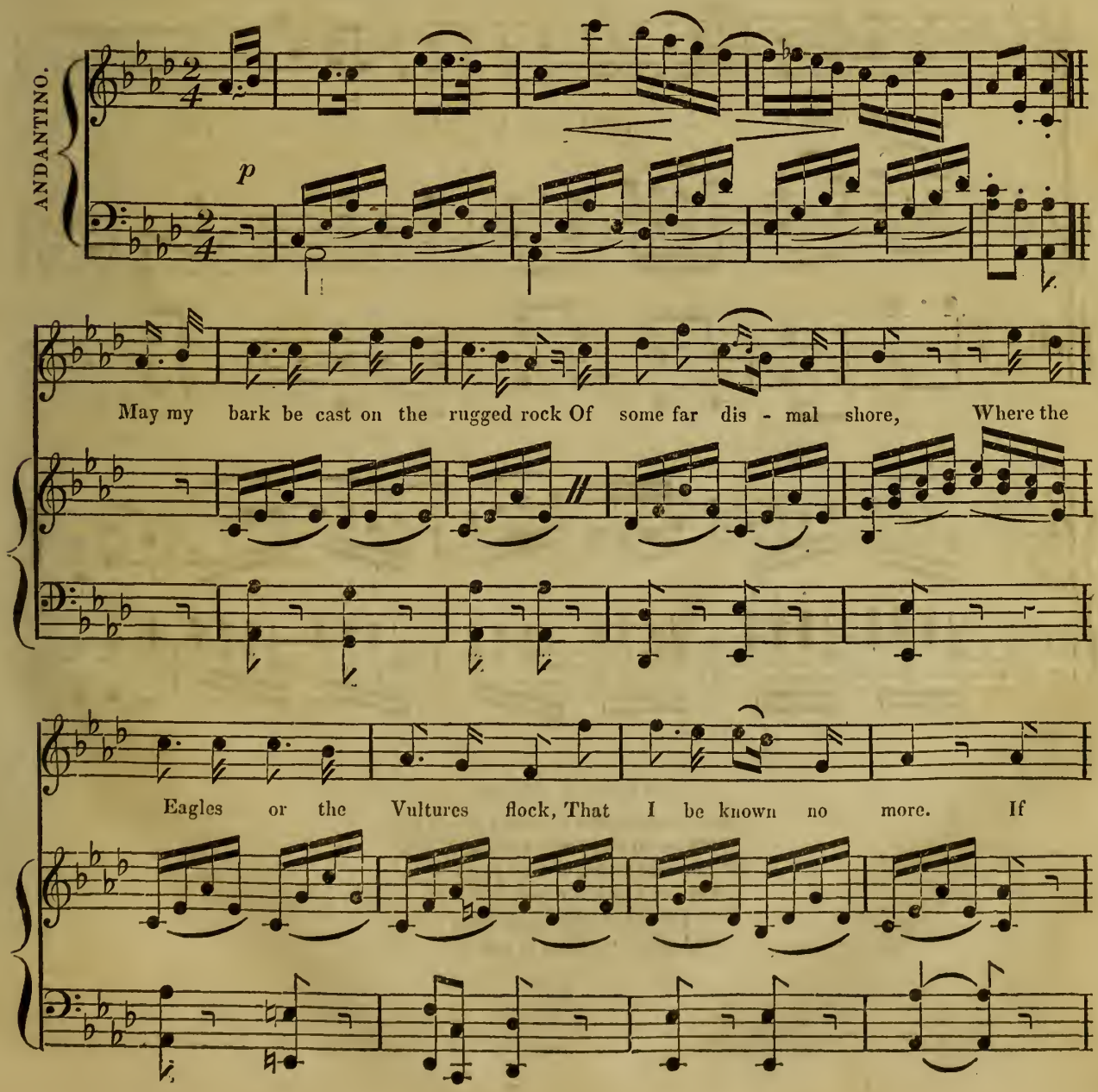
THE
PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,
OR,
MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 12—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Oct. 12, 1833

BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES W. GLOVER.



I prove false to thee, love, If I prove false to thee, love, If

8va. tr tr loco.

I prove false, If I prove false, If I prove false to thee.

SECOND VERSE.

May the light that shines on other's days,
Prove dark and dim o'er mine,
If this soul seeks, or ever prays
For any love but thine;
Then prove not false to me love,
Oh! prove not false to me.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

WINTER MATERIALS.—In compliance with the pledge which we originally gave of making our RECORDS OF FASHION useful to the generality of our fair subscribers, we beg to submit to them some account of, and some observations, on the materials most likely to be in favour for plain walking dress, and home costume, during the ensuing winter. Merinos are expected to be very prevalent in the first; the colours will be dark, such as bottle-green, slate-colour, and puce. With regard to the make of dresses, little, if any alteration is anticipated in out door-dress. It is, however, supposed that the mantelets which were last season so fashionable, will this year be much less so, shawls being expected in the early part of the season at least, to be more generally adopted. When we speak of Merinos, we include Indianas, which though called by another name, are really of the same fabric, but we must observe that though something finer than the generality of the former, they are by no means so serviceable. Chintzes will be very much adopted, indeed, in home dress, and particularly for the morning. Shawl dresses will continue to be worn in a certain degree, but there is every reason to believe that they will no longer be considered as elegant, owing to the numerous imitations of them which have lately appeared. Indeed it now requires an experienced eye to discern the difference between a fifteen shilling dress, and one of three guineas; besides the patterns are common, there being now a number of cottons printed in them. The new patterns for chintzes that we have seen, are of a very rich kind, but larger than in general, than is, we think, consistent with good taste; there are, however, one or two exceptions; we mean those printed in small columns of flowers on a black ground, and those printed in small bouquets, formed of a single flower, as a rose or pink, with one or two violets or forget-me-nots, and their foliage. The richness of the colours, and the delicacy of the patterns, render these chintzes really beautiful. We do not perceive any new patterns in painted Merinos, nor do we think it likely they will be much worn. They declined, indeed in favour last season, and we do not wonder at it, for their appearance is not superior to chintz, and they are double, sometimes triple the price. Fancy materials are, generally speaking, suitable only for ladies who can afford to be perpetually changing their toilettes, while those of a plain but good kind, will always look gentlewomanly. Remember, ladies, we give this advice to those only to whom economy is an object.

Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil that covers futurity, is woven by Mercy.

CHIT CHAT OF THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

This house opened for the season with a new drama, from the pen of Mr. Fitzball, entitled "*Lekinda, or the Sleepless Woman.*" The plot and incident are of the most supernatural description, and aided by the powerful acting of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Honey, O'Smith, Buckstone, and Reeve, the piece was very favourably received. The singing of Mrs. Waylett, or the ludicrous personation of harlequin by Reeve, would have been sufficient to have ensured its success. The scenery was most splendid. The "*Mummy*" followed, Reeve, as the hero, was as amusing as ever. A revival of "*The Loves of the Angels,*" which was produced at the Strand Theatre last season, concluded the entertainments. We have seldom seen or heard Mrs. Waylett to greater advantage.

OLYMPIC.

This charming little Theatre re-opened the same evening as the Adelphi, with three new burlettas, the one in which Keeley made his *debût* here, has been since withdrawn. A very laughable extravaganza, called, "*High, Low, Jack, and the Game,*" was the concluding piece, and abounds in puns in allusion to cards; some excellent parodies were sung by Madame Vestris, Bland, and Salter, but the best part was the quadrilling at the end, after the characters had received orders to "SHUFFLE and CUT." The dresses, "from paintings in possession of every body," were most splendid, and the appeal to the audience, in favour of the piece, was delivered by Madame Vestris with her usual *naïvété*. The piece was entirely successful.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

This pretty little Theatre opened its doors under a new management, on the same evening with its rivals, and, we think, with every chance of success. We have not yet been able to visit it, but intend doing so this week, and duly reporting in our next. We think if a gallery could be added, it would add greatly to the managers profits. We admire "the Gods," and are no friends to the *aristocratic* plan of a pit and boxes alone. 'Tis not in accordance with ENGLISH feelings.

RICHMOND THEATRE.

We have, during the past week, witnessed Mrs. Hooper's personation of Lady Teazle, at this Theatre, with much pleasure. It is a chaste and lady-like performance, that would tell well upon the London boards. Messrs. Ellar and Paulo have been *starring* it here, to the wonder and delight of the juvenile portion of Richmond, and "*Puss in Boots*" has had many admirers.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

"Vincit omnia amor."

(Continued from page 84.)

Early in the morning the young travellers proceeded onwards, and had repeatedly to hide from armed men, who were discovered to be hired pursuers; this intelligence was collected from a fragment of a conversation, overheard by Toribio as he concealed himself near a tree where two of them were reposing and smoking their papelejo. In great terror and dismay the lovers accomplished this day's journey, and Alphonso deposited his treasure in a place of safety, whilst he and Toribio were obliged to go further to purchase some provisions and other clothing as a disguise, this was performed in the night, and with success, the clothing being that of a young student and a travelling mendicant. In the interim the following adventure happened to the fair fugitive, which relieved her from further apprehension on the way. In the silence of solitude a sound of music struck her ear, it came closer and closer, until the united harmony of a great number of guitars were heard all at once, accompanied by the vocal minstrelsy of young travellers; these were a band of students on their return to the University of Grenada, from the different towns and villages in which they had passed the vacation, and levying contributions, in the style of the montem of Eton, but for the purpose of defraying the expenses of their journey; these gentle mendicants approached the village of Caserio, and received from the passengers on the road, or the delighted villagers at their doors, that voluntary mite which formed the joint-stock purse; they were always welcomed with kindness, and they trolled their love ballads so agreeably that it was a kind of fête to the rustics of the neighbourhood. These poor students had no other means of existence than these musical and poetical peregrinations, to which they dedicated four spring and summer months of the year; living frugally the while to enable them to pass the remaining eight at the University, studying theology, law, or medicine, a sublime study, which has ever been in a poor, if not degraded state, in Spain. Formed into bands of ten or twelve, dressed in a long black cloak, and an under drapery of the same colour, the guitar suspended from their shoulder, and fancy flashing in their dark eyes; thus they traversed the provinces, assisting at weddings and baptisms, and accepting whatever the generosity of the parties concerned might

bestow upon them; for this season the simple peasant impatiently looks, as the greatest source of national amusement. Each year produces fresh melodies, abounding frequently with wit, fine harmony, and genuine poesy; occasionally the Homer of the band, strong in his superiority, is placed on an eminence, surrounded by his rural auditors, whence he declaims, emphatically, long passages from the plays of Calderon and of Lope de Vega. Unlucky is that hamlet or house which is wanting in hospitality to these wandering poets and musicians, satires and epigrams, pasquinades and puns, nick-names and terms of ridicule are fixed against them, like the grape and round shot of the most expert artillery; nay, even it has occurred that the neglect or ill treatment of these peaceful children of Apollo and Minerva, have been revenged by serious disputes, going to the extremity of a bastinading; never were the able and merciless reviewers of modern times, greater objects of terror to the trembling incipient author or bard, than the adherents of the student minstrels to those who were unfriendly to them. Cecilia drew near to her window, in order to ascertain the cause of this musical treat, when a single glance brought to her mind the determination of making these youths instrumental to carrying her project of joining her lover into execution; she attentively observed the students who had already gathered round them all the population of Caserio and of its environs, who were, as usual delighted with their vocal and instrumental powers. When the concert was over, and the musicians had collected a quantity of copper pieces, Cecilia had them called up to her apartment, under pretence of regaling them with a breakfast, which she did to their great satisfaction, so that when they had played an active part at table, and received a piece of silver each, inspiration was at its highest pitch, and gratitude played a tuneful second to it; full of admiration for their fair patroness, they once more touched the trembling string, with the design of treating their benefactress with the most select pieces of their collection. After a pause, the leader of the band begged leave to consult the taste of the noble lady, in order to play and sing what might be her own choice. "What shall we give you to prove our respect and gratitude?" gravely asked the Bachelor Solis, "does the pastoral style please you, such as the sighs of Damon and the cruelty of Amaryllis? or do you prefer tragical catastrophes, for instance the murder of Peter the cruel by his brother Henry; or the exploits of chivalry, as the adventures of Gonsalvo of Cordova, and the brilliant combats and success in arms of the lover of Clymene?" "I delight in the adventures of brave christian knights, the pearls of perfection, the very mirrors of knighthood," said the romantic traveller, "I venerate the zeal, the enthusiasm, and above all their respect for our sex, together with the valour which they displayed in the defence of female innocence against persecution; but, in the present crisis, I should prefer actions to romance, and if I could find a few virtuous youths who would protect a young lady to Grenada, a purse of one hundred doubloons would be their reward, together with her grateful prayers." "Noble dame," replied the Bachelor Solis, "(for I am convinced by your appearance and discourse that you are such), although you see me thus poor and humble, forced to defray the expenses of my journey, I am the son of a Hidalgo of Castille, who bore on his bosom the noble order of Calatrava, nor is there one of my companions who has to blush for his family, and much less for his actions; we are all poor but full of honour and loyalty, and if any one of us were to cast a stain upon the name of a Spaniard and gentleman, he would be expelled from the classes of the University, and turned out of our society with contempt; deign to entrust us with the guard of the unfortunate young lady whom you honour with your protection, and she shall be as safe as if she were in one of the strictest convents in the country; the sum which you generously offer, will prevent us from depending on this mendicity, and enable us to pursue our studies, but our greatest reward will be the discharging a duty imperative and dear to every man of honour, and above all to a true Castilian." "What say ye to this gentle youths?" cried the delighted lady to the rest of the band. "I say," exclaimed the mouth-piece of the rest, "that the Bachelor Solis has forgotten one thing, each of us carries a brace of pistols and a dagger manufactured at Toledo, which shall never be used but in the defence of honour and innocence." I have two good an opinion of my countrymen," resumed Cecilia, "to doubt the truth or nobility of your sentiments, learn, therefore, that the unprotected traveller is myself; a most important affair calls me to Grenada; the enterprise, however, is not easy; I have many enemies, bent on my ruin, and I have a brother, who shall be introduced to you, involved in the same danger." "We defy them all, we are ready to perish in your defence," ejaculated Solis, the blood of the brave flushing in his beardless cheek; "and," added the second orator, "not to talk of our bravery only, here are ten heads, full of such talent and invention, as would defeat all the constables of the Santa Hermandad to catch us, if we chuse not to be caught." Cecilia knew the Castilian character too well to have any fears for her safety. The next point was to hit upon the best mode of conveyance, to elude all suspicion and search, and to cause as little fatigue as possible; and, after some deliberation, it was decided upon to purchase a mule, humbly caparisoned, on which she, in the disguise of a student of Grenada, should travel, pretending to be sick, and to owe her means of travelling to the charity of some one who had given the party a mule, in order to transport their comrade to his college. Every preparation being made, and Alphonso and Toribio having returned, they left the village, the latter in their disguise, with the pleasing reflection that she had endeared herself by numberless acts of goodness to all its inhabitants, and from whom she withdrew at dusk, when the simple inhabitants shut their windows and doors. They were forced to take a round-about way to avoid all chance of falling in with their pursuers, and they travelled all night without meeting with any one; the next night they halted at a miserable inn, frequented by the *arnirors*, driving caravans, drawn by mules, such as carry on the whole interior trade of the provinces. The approach of the student-minstrels was a signal of joy for them. "Come," cried a number of them, "tune up your instruments, and we will pay for your suppers and your quarters this night." "Alas!" replied Bachelor Solis, "our guitars are mute, and much I fear that they will next be attuned to notes of heart-felt sorrow, and that the poet's wreath will be converted into a cypress crown; this youth whom you behold, and who is youngest and feeblest amongst us, has fallen ill; we are conveying him to Grenada; we owe him all our tenderest care, he is a most promising genius, and one, who, if preserved, may be the brightest jewel in the diadem of our *alma mater*." "Batchelor," gently accented the incognito, "I am much better since the *Apoticario* of the last village gave me a medicine, upon which he bestowed some hard word of Greek derivation, I pray thee sing to oblige these *gentlemen*." "Well, then, since Senor Antonio permits," said one of the arnirors, "sing some terrible adventures, tales of love and murder, these make the fortune of romancers; doubtless you have composed some couplets on the carrying off of an illustrious damsel of the house of Castel Fuerte, by an intrepid Roman knight, and how the lady's father and followers were in hot pursuit after him, determined to shed his blood." At these words Toribio shook with fear, and Cecilia turned pale, but the knight stood firm and unmoved; Solis examined their countenances the while, and whispered to one of his most intimate companions, "I'll be expelled from the University if I do not think that our male traveller is somehow concerned in this affair, and who knows but the lady—" here she put her finger on her lips, and it was a command for sacred silence. When the noble strangers were again left with the minstrel-students, they entrusted their secret to their chief, and received from the chivalrous harmonic band, safe escort to Grenada, where the stipulated terms were complied with from friends secretly attached to the cause of freedom. Toribio was well rewarded and dismissed, and the travelling students took their leave, playing and singing a lament.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANGE OF SEASONS.

To a reflective mind, the works of creation are a convincing proof, (had we no better), of the existence of a Deity. Can it be supposed for a moment that this fair world was the work of chance? Could the seasons follow each other in such regular succession, delighting us with their varied productions, unless the unseen hand of the Divinity directed their course? Why should not winter be clothed with the verdure and blossoms of spring, and the fruits of autumn be gathered in summer? The allwise Creator of the Universe, in thus providing for our wants, and ministering to our pleasures, has given us in the change of seasons, (would we but view it as we ought), a striking emblem of the life of man, and the immortality of the soul. The gales, the showers, and the sunshine of spring, give birth to the blossoms, some of which become fruits in summer, others are not matured 'till autumn; thus providing for the cheerless barren winter. In childhood, (which may be termed the spring of life), those precepts are inculcated which form the basis of man's character, and render the summer and autumn actions of his life good or evil. Childhood, like spring, is a season of smiles and tears. And the acts of manhood, (which may be compared to autumn), render the winter of age happy or miserable, as vice or virtue predominates. Winter is the grave of vegetation, the trees, the flowers, all appear devoid of life, 'till spring returning, fresh flowers burst forth, fresh foliage decks the woods, the earth, the very air teems with life. Death is the winter of the soul; the body in the grave, the resurrection, like the spring of nature, shall wake us to a second life; when the soul, disencumbered of its clay, shall rise in renovated beauty.

ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

HUMOURS OF HARVEST-HOME.

The day for the celebration of the harvest-home had arrived; the bake-house teemed with joints of beef and plum-puddings; the best white frocks, blue-stockings, and leather-breeches were looked out; cotton gowns, blue chequer aprons, and the best bibs and tuckers were pounced upon with eagerness. The last load of corn was coming over the bridge, with many a social follower in its train, and all the villagers seemed happy at the approaching festival. Old Michael and Dame Dorothy, who, for the last five years, had been inmates of the parish work-house, obtained from the worthy master a holiday, and were hobbling, side by, along the main street, and chattering about a merry-making which would make about the sixtieth they had enjoyed under the patronage of the family of ——. But although a hundred merry hearts and gladsome visages graced —— village, which was once a market town, there were two whose countenances betrayed a different emotion; yes, although husband and wife, they were two, and not unfrequently *two odd ones*. Madam was determined to be present at the harvest-home, but that both should be there was impossible; the husband, as determined as his spouse, intended to follow her as soon as she was off. Madam dressed, and so did her good man; he even unshipped his old wooden leg, and prepared to put on his best. But, alas! she was ready first, and snatching up both the poor man's *timber toes*, bore them off in triumph to the feast, to the great amusement of the company, and the discomfiture of her husband; but it was of short duration, for Will the ploughman, happening to call, took him on his back, and fairly carried him to the family mansion, and set him at the head of the table, next to the host, unperceived by his loving spousy. The feast was over, and mine host called for a song; but round the call went, without success; all were too sober yet. A few more mugs of home-brewed ale set them all singing at once; but the unexpected visitor had lungs of tolerable strength, and sung out with such stentorian voice, that his wife recognized it in an instant, and turning to the end of the room where it proceeded, went off in strong hysteric fits, believing she had seen his ghost. She was carried home, but on coming to herself, she discovered the real state of things, and ran back, vowing vengeance on her hen-peck'd husband. But he was too happy to be disturbed; all her scolding and threats were answered by fragments of songs, toasts, or sentiments, and the following is but an imperfect picture of the scene between this loving couple—

Wife. Where did you come from, you wretch?

Husband—

"I came from a land far away, far away,
My parents to—"

Wife—Don't tell me about your parents,—curse your parents.

Husband—

"Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,
Why—"

Wife—You good-for-nothing fellow, if you don't come home, I'll murder you.

Husband—

"Oh, stay! oh, stay! when old morning ever break
And find such beaming eyes awake, as those which sparkle here?'"

In vain did his wife rage and storm; she could neither stop his singing nor induce him to move; but being prevailed upon by the company to desist, by repeated offers of the cheerful mug, she at first sat quiet for a few minutes, and no sooner did she begin to resume her grumbling, than a repetition of the dose was offered from all hands, till at length she burst into a love fit, as ludicrous and extravagant as her hate. She would sit next her husband, who now began to be noisy, and, on his being requested to be a little silent, transferred all her rage to the company, very orderly buckled on his best leg, and, telling the assembly that they did not know how to behave, stumbled out with him to go home, whither they arrived, after sundry falls and rolls about the roads. Joy and festivity was now the order of the evening, and the air rung with the cheers that followed each loyal toast; till, wearied with exertions, satisfied with their entertainment, and having sung and hallooed themselves hoarse, three huzzas, outside the house, were given with the little voice they had left, previous to their departure, thus ending the humours of Harvest-home.

W.

REASON *v.* RHYME.

Hast thou given up TRADE in a panic,
For the POET's more elegant doom?
Oh! if thou'rt "*indeed* a mechanic,"
Stick close to thy last or thy loom!
Thou know'st not, the evils awaiting
Like Demons, the Gifted One's lot;
Though FAME may be very elating,
Did Fame ever yet *boil the pot?*

Believe not false Hopes that deceive thee,
And tell thee, the bright path of Fame
Is the path thou should'st tread; and then leave thee
As they have done thousands the same!
Leave to fools who are rich and have plenty,
The Poet's unfortunate doom;
With brains ever full, pockets empty—
Stick thou to thy last or thy loom!

Look to Burns, Bloomfield, White—look to many
Whom rhyming and verse have undone;
Of the millions who scribble, are any
The richer or better?—Not one!
But once, through a long course of ages,
Is a Genius like Shakspeare's display'd;
And for one who has liv'd in Fame's pages,
What thousands have sunk in the shade!

Rocks, quicksands, and shoals are abounding,
With which the young Poet must cope;
Critics frowns—Flatt'rers praise, (hollow sounding),
Fevered pulse—aching heart—blighted hope!—
The tremours of LOVE are a flea-bite
To the feelings the Poet *must* know;
And the scowl of the cold passing Levite,
Is a look HE must oft undergo.

Then give not up trade in a panic,
For the Poet's more elegant doom!
But, if thou'rt "indeed a mechanic,"
Stick close to thy last or thy loom!
And shun all the evils awaiting,
Like Demons, the Gifted one's lot;
For though Fame may be very elating,
Thou'll find, Fame will ne'er *boil the pot!*

W.

THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

Female influence, upon the first view, appears to be on the decline; at least, that overpowering, absolute dominion, which, in ancient days, lost Mark Anthony a world; and in more modern times, led men to hang or drown, and

commit all sorts of extravagancies in public to prove their devotion. We hear of no single reigning toast, no Cynthia of the minute, who queens it over all hearts, and commands universal adoration. The Opera and the Park are splendidly furnished with beauties, but no particular Houri is singled out to be exalted by public estimation to a goddess, before whom all mankind must fall down and worship. Admiring crowds, do not as heretofore, press round the chariot wheels to gaze upon the triumphant idol of the day, opera-glasses are no longer simultaneously levelled at one box, nor are poems written upon ladies tresses, or duels fought for ladies' smiles. Education and vaccination, by increasing the number of beautiful and fascinating women, have divided, and thereby weakened their power. Where all are fair, it is difficult to say which are fairest; and where all are accomplished, the palm cannot be bestowed upon a single individual. Accustomed to the contemplation of loveliness and merit, men ungratefully disregard perfection; it has grown common, and elicits nothing but faint praise and languid admiration; but though women are no longer flattered by those extravagant compliments, which the Valentines and the Millamours paid to the Belindas and the Angelicas, or assailed by the violent persecutions of the Grevilles and the Pollexfens; yet they have attained a more noble and more stable pre-eminence. Coffee-houses and taverns are deserted for conversationé and quadrille parties; the pleasures of the bottle are less regarded, and women, instead of being madly celebrated, and passionate-pursued, are esteemed as rational companions, and awarded by universal suffrage, the rank in society which they are justly entitled to hold. Happily secure from the temptation to evil, which so constantly beset the other sex, and gifted by nature with feelings of the most exquisite tenderness, little effort seems necessary to render women angels; and it is a subject for deep lamentation, when, swayed by paltry ambition, they neglect the cultivation of those enchanting attributes, those soft humanities, and that bewitching sweetness, which indulgent heaven has bestowed upon them, to enter the lists with men, and are induced to sully the snowy purity of their characters, by emulating masculine manners, and trenching upon masculine pursuits. Fortunately, such instances are rare; but still we frequently look in vain for that gentleness of spirit, that meekness of heart which should characterise the sex. Pope deserves to be forgiven for all his libels, in gratitude for the beautiful lesson which he has given his fair countrywomen—

"Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-day."

Withdrawn from public pursuits, and blessed with abundant leisure; encouraged to search for founts of knowledge, and to drink deeply from the Pierian spring, we may reasonably hope to see females aim at something beyond the mere glittering accomplishments which render them the ornaments of a ball-room. Superficial acquirements may gain transient admiration, but the best object of education is not attained by the highest proficiency in shewy graces which are useless, unless the fair exhibitants can command an audience to admire them. "A youth of folly, an old age of cards," is the consequence. Many are deterred from engaging in higher pursuits, through fear of being stigmatised by the appellation of learned, which, when applied to the fair sex, seems to imply something in deed, in word, in thought,—to be the prime grace of her sex, she need not apprehend that any acquisition of knowledge will render her a pedant. When a woman, vain of her talents, studies only to shine, it is possible she may miss the reward for which she toiled; for men censure and dislike presumption; and the most ardent admirers of female genius, will shrink from a bold declaimer, who, if she be equal to themselves in talent, will excite their envy, and if she betray her ignorance, will elicit their contempt. To increase the number of rational enjoyments, to lay up a store of mental resources for that period when the roses of youth shall have fled, and the power of pleasing, by exterior loveliness, is at an end, will render the morning of life happy, and the evening tranquil. Fantastic whims, froward humours, pretty affectations, and spirited coquetry, have many charms when graced with youth and beauty; there is something very fascinating in the airs and insolencies of a Lady Betty Modish; and the gay caprices of a lovely woman, intoxicated with admiration, insatiate of conquest, and despotic in her power, is a bewitching spectable; her very weaknesses are charms; we love what we hate, dote upon what we disapprove, and, against our judgment and our reason, swell the train, and pamper the vanity of one who "nicknames God's creatures, and makes her wantonness her ignorance." But when the hour of glory has elapsed, and the fair conqueror's reign is closed, the decayed beauties drag out a miserable existence, hateful to others, and burthensome to themselves; their conversation is made up of scandal, their hearts are filled with envy, they become pests of society, spectres in their bedrooms, and wild cats in their parlours; and children, dependants, and servants, feel the keen edge of that tyranny which in youth was pretty waywardness and sweet caprice.

M.

Once feel the rapture of having been secretly magnanimous, and it will cure you of boasting for the rest of your life. Query, is the remorse of having privately wronged another as likely to prompt confession.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS,

ON PERUSING A PACKET OF MY EARLY POETRY, SENT MANY YEARS SINCE TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Ye silent relics of departed years!
Ye "sealed Fountains," that so long have kept
Sad Mem'ry's stores;—your greeting is fond tears
From "faded eyes," that have not lately wept.
My Heart resembleth some wild-gushing spring,
Long (as if spell-bound) held, in icy chain;
When Summer gales have fan'd it with their wing,
And warm'd to feeling and to life again!
And as I gaze upon this treasured store,
O'er which Remembrance, like a Mother mourns;
The dreams of "other days, are mine once more,
And all the freshness of the Heart returns!
The fond impressions of unclouded Youth,
Come dancing onward with their syren smile,
When fairy FICTION wore the garb of TRUTH,
When Friendship hid no sting, and Love no guile!
'Twas then the POET's flow'ry chaplet fair,
Was wreath'd thus early round my baby brow;
Hope's flowers of ev'ry hue and tint were there;
Tho' change'd to Cypress and the Willow NOW!
That Spring of Life and Hope with me is past,
Gone, too, the glow that brightened Summer-years;
Cold Autumn comes—its shrivel'd leaf—chill blast—
Are fitting types of what my FATE appears!
Ye silent records of departed days!
Ye "sealed Fountains," that so well could keep
Fond Mem'ry's treasures—as ye meet my gaze,
Ye call up tears, in eyes un-used to weep!

BALLAD.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

When shall the hour of our meeting be?
When Night sets her seal upon Earth and Sea!
When Twilight's tear hath the rose-leaf wet,
And the Stars in their radiant course are met;
When through the depth of the clear blue Sky,
Echoes the Nightingale's melody!
When Night spreads her mantle o'er Earth and Sea,
THEN, shall the hour of our meeting be!

When shall the hour of our meeting be?
When our path is from prying watchers free!
When slumber hath shrouded the jealous eye,
And no wandering step comes our pathway nigh;

When the poison that lurks 'neath pale Envy's tongue
Is hushed, as the silence the dead among;
When Night sets her seal upon Earth and Sea,
THEN, shall the hour of our meeting be!

TO MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Though some may address a poor old withered leaf,
Or about a dead fly feel a great deal of grief;
To have such fine feelings I do not pretend,
While composing these lines on a useful old friend;
'Tis my arm-chair I mean, and in which I now sit,
With the fire freshly trim'd, and the candles just lit,
And all things around me so quiet and snug,
With my feet on a stool, and Miss Puss on the rug.
That we English like comfort, is pretty well known,
So much so that quite it proverbial is grown,
And certainly I most ungrateful should be,
Not to praise what affords so much comfort to me.
I sigh not for riches, I ask not for fame,
But to bear through my life an unsullied good name;
And when near its close, what I wish and desire,
Are two high elbow-chairs, an old friend, and good fire.

MARIA—HULL.

MEMORY.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

I love in Memory's glassy page, the moments past to trace;
Moments too deeply graven there for time to e'er erase;
And fancy lends her fairy aid, and pictures to my view
Sweet scenes and forms that boast more charms than novelty can do.

I often, gentle Memory, prefer an hour with thee,
To revelling in pleasure's train, where Hope may beckon me;
Her raptures to the mind too oft an ignis fatuus prove,
But thou hast joys, which from the heart death only can remove.

Still, 'midst thy sweetness, Memory, the bitter is entwined,
For moments sad and sorrowful thou bringest to the mind;
(Those moments I would fain recall, and act a better part),
Such recollections lacerate anew a wounded heart.

The forms we loved so tenderly, again before our sight
Appear to live and smile on us, and waken fresh delight;
But ah! a sadly mourful voice, accompanies thy joys,
And whispers forth the solemn truth, which the vision bright destroys.

Yet, gentle Memory, I will still unto thy pleasures cling,
For though of melancholy born, thou still dost pleasure bring;
Oh! never may the hour arrive, when I thy presence flee,
Thou e'er hast been, and yet shall be a favourite with me.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

His bed is dark, his eye is dim,
The earth is laid upon his breast,
But she has ne'er forgotten him
In his lonely rest.

She who watched his dying bed
In agony and breathless fear,
'Till all of hope and life had fled,
And left her here.

Bereft and stricken to the heart,
With drooping soul and pallid brow,
Her spirit from the world apart,
Is with him now.

The first dark days of grief are done,
But all for her on Earth is o'er,
Her joy has set, with his life's sun
For ever more.

POVERTY.

Deep were the traces of despair she wore,
Her look was haggard, careworn, and oppress'd,
A smile of bitterness play'd round her lips,
A smile which more than tongue could have expressed—
All mortals fled her, and the very beasts
That prowl'd about the forests were afraid,
As noiseless she approach'd; the warm life-blood
Was chill'd and frozen, and its course delay'd.

Her spectral figure chas'd the smile of youth—
Age stood aghast, and shudder'd as she came;
Love, Friendship, Honour, scap'd not from her grasp,
And to avoid her thousands sunk to shame;
Where she resided, few would dare approach,
The very air pestiferous seem'd to be;
In her were centred Woe, Dishonour, Death—
I asked her name, 'twas wretched POVERTY.

SARAH P.

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM BRIGHTON.

Dear Ellen, once more an epistle I'll send,
With a trifle from Brighton, it comes by a friend;
I've been fairly tricked; you a secret can keep,
It vexed me so sadly, I scarcely could sleep.
One morning, parading with Jane through the town,
We complained of fatigue, so proposed sitting down.
Five minutes had flown, when three exquisites pass,
One, a dashing Dragoon, with his sword and eye-glass;
He withdrew from his friends with excuses polite;
They acknowledged the "favor," were soon out of sight.
We arose from our seat and then walked to the Pier;
Only guess our surprise on perceiving him near;
He enquired where we lived, said "the morning was fine,
The air pure yet bracing, what hour did we dine?
By the bye there's a pastrycook's over the way,
With permission, dear ladies, we'll lunch there to day."
His looks were persuasive, we nodded assent,
And relished our "ices," much more so the gent;
Then, suddenly rising, "mon Dieu," he exclaims,
"I'll order my cab, only see how it rains."
We waited some time, but he did not return;
Alas! our expenses I soon had to learn;
Then, addressing the mistress, she smilingly said,
"Twas often the way that these red-coats are fed.
I paid her the bill, but a lesson I've learnt,
Like the child who dreads fire when its fingers are burnt.
On Wednesday, for certain, I leave this sweet town;
You'll meet me by six, dearest girl at the "Crown?"
Keep "Charles" in the dark, or I'm sure he will say,
"This girl's a coquette, when I'm out of the way."
I must try to secure him, my time's on the wing,
('Tis a secret between us), I'm THIRTY next Spring.

SUSANNA.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 31.

Says Jane, "I LOVE to hear a TALE,
Related oft with glee;"
Sly John replies, "I'll tell you one,
And a LOVE-TALE it shall be."

FANNY.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 63.

In combining use with ornament our manufacturers try,
And sure their pretty CARPETS cannot fail to please the eye;
When languid or at needle-work no luxury's more sweet,
Than on a Turkey CARPET to rest one's weary feet.

JEAN.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE, Page 63.

Now every FLOWER which bloom'd of late
Within the GARDEN, sweet and fair,
Are one by one all drooping off,
And the FLOWER-GARDEN's nearly bare.

R. B. B.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE, Page 63.

How fond are all people of something that's NEW,
If promised, they're charmed at the thought.
But hold! I'm too fast, for whoever did know
A gentleman charmed with new PORT.

Port wine, when 'tis new, we all very well know,
Is generally voted a bore,
At least it was so, when at NEWPORT last year,
I dined with a party of four.

JEAN.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

ANECDOTE OF GAINSBOROUGH.—One day whilst he was young, he was making a sketch in his father's garden, when he observed a country fellow looking over the wall at a pear tree. He immediately sketched him, and the likeness was so striking, that it was recognized by several neighbouring farmers, who had had their orchards robbed, and upon the countryman being taxed with being the depredator, he admitted the fact, and enlisted into the army to avoid a prosecution.

A HINT.—A physician being enamoured of a young lady, and having at length "come to the scratch," was at a loss to express his intentions, as all are in that awkward predicament. Fortunately, however, the lady happened to say, "I should like to be a doctor, to be always driving about in a carriage;" and the son of Galen thinking this too favourable an opportunity to be lost, promptly replied, "why, ma'am, I won't take in hand to make you a *full doctor*, but I can easily make you a doctor's *better half.*"

CROMWELL.—During the Protectorate of Cromwell, a report of his death was circulated, when the Tuscan Minister thus wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead, others say that he is not; but for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other."

A BALL.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland, led off the dance at a country ball out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honour, challenged the intruder, and received the following reply:—

"Sir,— I cannot understand why because I opened a ball last night, a ball should open me this morning. I am, &c."

HUMOROUS LETTER.—The following letter was addressed by a veteran to Admiral Boscawen:—"Sir, I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman was made a *Lord.* I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman has been made a *Lord.* Each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely, I who performed both, ought at least to be made a *Lieutenant*, which is all your honour's humble servant requires, &c."

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A steerage passenger must be very uncomfortable, especially when the weather is rough, and the waves beating over the sides and bow of the vessel. It is perhaps necessary, however, that one should have felt the misery of a steerage passenger, in order to judge of the comparative comforts of a Packet's cabin. It is better to begin life in the *steerage* of society, and finish it in the *cabin*, than to have to walk backward in old age. or late in life.

MENTAL SYMPATHY.—There is a sympathy between minds and persons, which in all cases, will in common intercourse, speedily attach certain individuals, who neither attract, or are attracted by the other. It is an old remark, that no man ever looked on at a game of chance or skill, played by two people, both previously unknown to him, without, in less than five minutes, feeling an interest in the success of the one of them over the other; and there are, certainly, some undefinable points of accordance, some harmonies of thought or expression, of which we are not ourselves clearly conscious, which almost immediately attract the attention, and fix our thoughts upon the individual, who as unconsciously as ourselves happens to possess them.

ANECDOTE.—While the Edystone light-house was erecting, a French privateer took the men upon the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of Louis XIV., he immediately released them, and put the captors in their place, declaring, that "though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind." He directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents; observing "that the Edystone light-house was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France.

A DRUNKEN APOSTLE.—Quin was fond of making every one in company insensibly drunk. On one occasion there was a clergyman in company, who, as he had been told, was more than a match for the hardiest Bacchanalian. Quin was therefore ambitious of conquering the parson. All the company were soon overcome with wine, and lay senseless on the floor. Quin was as senseless as the rest, for he had fallen asleep, but still retained his seat. When he waked, he looked with triumph upon his prostrate companions, and was anxious to find the parson among them but in vain; he therefore concluded that the poor man had been taken ill, and carried to bed. "But," said Quin, "it was a fine summer's morning, and to my extreme mortification, I saw the parson through the window, bathing his head before a pump, and a shining steam arising from it, *like a glory over the head of an apostle.*"

MRS. SMITH AND TAGLIONI.—Mrs. Smith, of the Borough, hearing some gentlemen talk of Taglioni's *pas* in the second act of the *Sylphide*, asked, with her usual simplicity, "Pray, who is Maddamazell Tallhyhoni's *papa?*"

ORIGIN OF BUMPERS.—When the English were Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner. "*On bon pere,*" whence the word *bumper.*

A SAVOURY CAUSE OF SORROW.—"How sorry I was," said a pious son, "when my mother died, she used—to make such *nice gravy.*

ANECDOTES FROM DON PEDRO'S EXPEDITION IN PORTUGAL.

THE OPORTO COBLER sitting, during a bombardment, under one of the trees, in busy prosecution of his calling, a shell burst at an awkward proximity to him, but, happily, with no worse effect than that of deranging his tools, and covering him all over with sand and dust. Nor was he by any means more frightened than hurt, for, he very collectedly put together his traps before shifting his position to another tree at a little distance, with the observation, "*No doubt that is meant for me, let us find out a safer place.*"

CAPTAIN GLASCOCK having occasion to wait on *Senor Freire*, the minister of war, on the subject of one of his men being killed, and considerable damage done to his rigging by a cannon-shot which had been wantonly fired, was received most uncourteously by that personage, who turning upon his heel, desired the captain would *write* to him, and make his complaint in an official and formal way. The spirit of the British sailor was roused at the insulting manner shown towards him, and he is reported to have said, "*Aye, I will write on the next occasion with a vengeance, and dispatch my letter to you by an eighteen-pound shot.*"

MRS. GRAY, late MISS ZERBINI, of the King's Theatre and Theatres Royal, begs most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that she has opened her Academy for the season, at 25, Castle Street, Leicester Square. Ladies instructed in every department of Fashionable Dancing for one Guinea per quarter. Private Tuition, eight Lessons for One Guinea. A Juvenile Class every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

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OR,

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Public Promenade Dress.—The pelisse is composed of *gros d' Orleans*: the colour is that dark shade of grey, called Mantle of Socrates. A shawl body, quite high behind, but a little open, so as partially to display the chemisette in front; the shawl part is cut out on the shoulder in Grecian *dents*, bordered with silk fringe to correspond; it is surrounded with a light embroidery in silk, also to correspond. *Gigôt* sleeves. The skirt of the usual

width, is richly embroidered on each side of the front, and is closed from the waist to the bottom, by a row of butterfly bows of rich grey taffety ribbon. Pink satin hat, a moderate size and very open brim, bordered with a *rûche* of blond net, and trimmed next the face with a folded band of gauze ribbon to correspond. The crown, of the conical form, is adorned with a blond lace drapery, *en marmotte*, and a bouquet of pink ostrich feathers placed upright in front. A sable boa tippet should be worn with this dress. The sitting figure gives a back view of the costume.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Dresses.—Although it is too soon to say that winter fashions are at all decided, yet we may venture to predict that they will in some points at least, bear a strong resemblance to those of last season, particularly as regards fancy black, which there is no doubt will be very fashionable in evening dress. When we say fancy black, we do not mean dresses with black ground and coloured patterns, but those composed of black silk, satin, or velvet, with coloured trimmings and ornaments. We have already seen some very beautiful dresses, which are now in preparation; they are composed of black grenadine gauze over black satin. The bodies are cut low and square at the upper part; the back is plain; the front is disposed in folds on the shoulder, which descend in the stomacher style on each side, and meet at the bottom, where they form a point; a piping of crimson satin edges the bust, and is surmounted by a row of narrow black blond lace, set on plain, which stands up round the neck. A rich crimson silk cord and tassels encircle the waist, and ties at the point. The sleeves are short, and remarkably full; they are terminated by a band edged with crimson piping, and a row of lace set on plain. The border of each dress is embroidered from the extreme edge about half way to the knee, in a wreath formed by sprigs of geranium interlaced; the flowers are bright crimson, the foliage apple green. The effect of this trimming is very beautiful, indeed the *ensemble* of the dress is the most tasteful and novel that we have seen for some time. We were also much struck with the tasteful appearance of a small black blond lace cap, intended to be worn with one of these dresses. The front was of the butterfly kind, but each wing of the same size. A bouquet of crimson marabout feathers were so placed, that two stood nearly upright in front, and one drooped over the trimming so as to fall upon the hair. We should observe that the cap was to be worn very far back. The feathers were its only ornament.

You may give alms rudely, but should always refuse with civility.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. IX.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and her Secretary discovered.*

Oh! think not an Editor's tasks are as light
And as free from fatigue, as they seem to you now,
Nor fancy, the Answers, awarded to night
Are giv'n in a moment—without caring how;
No, our life is a round of wearisome hours,
The pathway is rough, (and we're troubled with corns),
In Literature's Garden, where culling the *flowers*,
Our fingers are apt to get scratched by the *thorns!*

Parody on 'Irish Melody.'

Miss Bluemantle. We feel ourselves happy, fair Secretary, in again being able, though with a nerveless hand, to resume our duties as President of the Council Board. How long we may continue to do so, circumstances at present render very doubtful. However, as "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," we will not anticipate a "Farewell" to a Work for which we have felt an almost maternal solicitude, and we will add notwithstanding the present aristocratical state of publication, we shall never feel ourselves degraded by having been the Conductor of a Penny Periodical!!! It is not the *price* of the Publication, but the matter which emanates from its pages, that confers, honour or dishonour, on those who support it. Now to our task.

Miss Scribblecumdash. A letter signed "Detector," which, for the benefit of the Press at large, you must allow me to read aloud—

TO THE EDITRESS OF THE PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

"Madam,—As I was reading your monthly Part this day, I perceived that you had received a communication from one Frances Oliverson, who described herself of Portman-place, Edgeware-road. Now as I am acquainted with the character, and likewise with the pursuits of the lady, I will give you as much information concerning her as I can.

"1st. The name of F. O. is assumed, as is also *her address*.

"2nd. She, (under various fictitious signatures), writes to the whole of the *periodical press*, for the purpose of *annoying them*.

"3rd. Whenever she hears of a periodical being prosperous, she will immediately sit down and write to the Editor (or Editress, as the case may be) eight or ten letters, in various hands and assumed names, on the most trivial circumstances; sometimes (she says) she has gone so far as to hint at a conspiracy among the publishers and printers to stifle the sale, &c.

"And, lastly, she endeavours to obtain the names and addresses of the Editors, to write to them in *private*, but she never *pays* the *postage*.

"I could shew you no less than fifty *answers* to various letters written by her. As a specimen in the *medical line*, I beg to refer you to No. 68 of the "Doctor," where she assumes the signature of 'Amicus,' and likewise the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Nos. of "The Physician," where she is the only *correspondent answered*, though other persons who read those numbers would imagine that there were *several*.

"*Vide*—Also numerous Numbers of "Figaro in London," "National Standard," "Sixpenny Story Teller," "Scourge," "Whig Dresser;" the early numbers of "The Tourist," "Asmodeus in London."

"I remain, Madam,
"Your obedient Servant,
"Detector."

Miss B. A very pretty exposée. We hope our contemporaries will benefit by it. As for ourselves, we now know this Lady Blue-Devil, and will, if she sends us any more of her impertinence, publish her full name and address.

Miss S. The Soldier's Return, by a Subscriber.

Miss B. Very pretty; it shall appear.

Miss S. "Noctes Twankayanæ *Extraordinaire*," by R. R.

Miss B. Very extraordinary, certainly. We *do* claim the privilege of writing the leading article to the magazine ourselves. We know not if this "Noctes" be intended, by him who sent it, for wit or impertinence, though some parts savour strongly of the *latter* quality. We will, however, in propria personæ assure him, we do not lay claim to one touch of the beauty he fancies discernable in our lineaments, though in some cases, "handsome is as handsome does." We beg to decline the honour of R. R.'s assistance in *this* article.

Miss S. A Packet from Hampshire.

Miss B. It comes from kind hearts and kind friends, and is received in the same spirit of sincerity in which it is sent.

Miss S. Lines addressed to "Maiden Ladies."

Miss B. By-and-bye it may, perhaps, appear.

Miss S. Charades and Stanzas, by Maria.

Miss B. Though not Sterne's Maria, we will not be stern to them; *accepted*.

Miss S. "My Whiskers," by Henry V.

Miss B. "Now Jove, in his next comodity of hair, send us a beard," as our friend Shakspeare says. "The Whiskers" shall flourish in our page.

Miss S. "The Rose," &c., by Miss L. K.

Miss B. "That which we call a Rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." Accepted with thanks.

Miss S. Lines by A. N., "The field of Battle.

Miss B. Too long for us, but we will *try* to give it room.

Miss S. "The Deserted," by Minna.

Miss B. Does Minna suppose any woman could be such a simpleton as she has made *her* heroine? Like the spaniel dog, to caress the very hand that struck her. Fie, fie, Minna, we thought

that *you* had been "made of sterner stuff." It shall appear.

Miss S. LUCINDA, of Birmingham.

Miss B. She is thanked for her attention.

Miss S. I. W. L., alias JEAN.

Miss B. For her good wishes and regrets she is thanked, her contributions are all accepted.

Miss S. Letter from a "constant reader," on the subject of a heading for our Magazine.

Miss B. We are too good a judge of AUTOGRAPHS in this case. "Charity, we are told, should not let her right hand know what her left does," this writer sends us a Poem with *one* hand, and writes in *praise* of it with the other. Contemptible! TRUE *genius*, like water, will always find its *own level*.

Miss S. A Sketch, entitled "THE FISHERMAN'S FATE."

Miss B. When we have space it shall be inserted. We presume it is *original?*

Miss S. A Sketch, "THE WIDOW," by MARIA, of Lambeth.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. "GLEE," by GEORGE DAVEY.

Miss B. Accepted with many thanks. How could Bloomer be so stupid last week, as to call this writer JOHN?

Miss S. A letter signed E. L., but I have mislaid the enclosure. We asked him to send us the rest of the "FRAGMENT," to judge what the *whole* would be. I must look for the enclosure, but amid so many letters it has got confused.

Miss B. Well, don't be so careless again. We really feel ourselves so much fatigued, that we cannot attend to any more communications this sitting. Your budget is not yet half expended, but our kind friends must excuse us this week, and let us off on the INVALID LIST. Those that remain unanswered shall receive every attention, and we will look to their different claims when we meet again.

Miss S. Farewell, Lady President, Health and better spirits attend you.

CHIT CHAT OF THE DRAMA.

We have been favoured with the following account of the musical Festival at Norwich, by a correspondent in that city, and regret that it was inadvertently omitted in our last week's Number.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

This rich musical treat commenced on Tuesday last by a concert in St. Andrew's Hall There were engaged among the principal female vocalists, MALIBRAN, DE MERIC, Miss BRUCE, and Miss CAWSE; among the male, DONZELLI, HORNCASTLE, H. PHILLIPS, E. TAYLOR, and HOBBS. With such an assemblage of talent, aided by a capital instrumental band, among whom were F. CRAMER, DE BERIOT, LINDLEY, and DRAGONETTI, it was no wonder that the performances went off with great *eclât*. The concert on Tuesday evening commenced with the sinfonia in D. Mozart, then came the National anthem, the principal singers taking a verse each, with full chorus. After this followed a quartet by Master HOWE, Miss H. CAWSE, HORNCASTLE, and PHILLIPS, *Where the Bee sucks*. This was charmingly given. Miss BRUCE, in recitative *E Susanna non viene*, and aria *Dove sono i bei momenti*, from *Figaro*, admirably succeeded; her execution was most brilliant, and was most warmly applauded. Next came a trio from *Giovanni*, by MALIBRAN, DE MERIC, and DONZELLI, *Protegga il giusto cielo;* followed by a fantasia from *The Haunted Tower*, by DISTIN, on the trumpet. A trio from SPHOR's opera of *Azor and Zemira*, *Night's lingering shades*, by Madame de MERIC, Miss BRUCE, and Miss CAWSE, followed. The ladies had well studied their parts, and their voices seemed admirably adapted to each other. This was succeeded by a song by Mr. E. TAYLOR, a very successful composition of his own, *Away, away, on the sparkling tide;* after which came the grand finale to *Fidelio*. On Wednesday morning there was a grand selection from sacred music, followed by SPHOR's admired and impresssive oratorio of *The Last Judgment*. In this MALIBRAN, DE MERIC, and Miss BRUCE, particularly distinguished themselves. The intonations of Miss BRUCE's voice are peculiarly adapted to the solemnity of sacred music. In the evening was another concert. MALIBRAN and DE MERIC were encored in *Ah Perdona*. Miss BRUCE, in a recitative and air of surpassing difficulty from the *Azor and Zemira* of SPHOR, acquitted herself in a manner which delighted all the connoiseurs of fine singing present. Madame MALIBRAN seemed particularly charmed with her execution. LINDLEY followed with one of his enrapturing solo concertos on the violincello. MALIBRAN's scene from *La Somnambula* was omitted, and caused some disappointment, the reputation of her performance in that part having travelled far and wide. She, however, made ample amends for the omission. Her duet with DONZELLI in the second act from *Temistocles* was a splendid performance, and did not weary by its length. The recitative and air from *Der Frieschütz* was also relished as a delightful morceau. *The Sea, the Sea*, by PHILLIPS, and the favourite glee of *Mynheer Van Dunk* by ROBINSON, HORNCASTLE, and TAYLOR, brought the second concert to an end.

THE PATENT THEATRES.

We never, during our theatrical experience, remember, at either of the patent houses, so inefficient a company as that now provided for *both*. We have neither Braham, Phillips, Farren, Jones, or Warde. The only circumstance worth recording is the revival of Foote's ever laughable farce of "*The Mayor of Garratt*," with J. Russell as *Jerry*, Dowton as *Major Sturgeon*, and Mrs. C. Jones as *Mrs. Bruin*. Such a cast reminds us of old days. Lewes's drama of "*One o'Clock, or the Wood Demon*," is about to be revived at Drury Lane. This is injudicious, the taste for the horrible has departed.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

A new farce, entitled "*His first Champagne*, from the pen of Mr. W. L. Rede, has been produced here. The plot is very good, and the dialogue abounds in puns. *Mr. Moréton*, (Mr. Smith), has two marriageable relations, a daughter and niece, *Emily Moreton*, (Mrs. Chapman), and *Harriet Bygrove*, (Miss Crisp). *Horace Craven*, (Mr. Rede), a very bashful young gentleman, pays his addresses to *Miss Bygrove*, who is not very well pleased with his bashful demeanor, and therefore favours the attentions of *Captain Smith*, (Mr. Roberts). *Horace* finding that "faint heart never won fair lady," has recourse to a bottle of champagne. The first bottle has a most marvellous effect, dissipating his modesty, and endowing him with all the requisites of a gallant gay Lothario. *Horace* now chases the maids, makes love to *Miss Moreton* in preference to the niece, and being locked in by cross *Mrs. Moreton*, (Mrs. Griffiths), sets fire to the room to free himself. The whole family are thus brought together, and the drama winds up with the comfortable union of the respective parties in wedlock. Mr. Wrench as a brazen-faced Valet, Mr. B. Hill as an Irish Footman, and Mrs Rede as a pretty Servant Maid, each contributed to the success and merriment of the piece.

ASTLEY'S.

This elegant Theatre closed last week, after, we believe one of the most successful seasons on record. The attractive nature of the performances induced the managers to continue them a few supplementary nights. All the talent that could possibly be engaged, were introduced into the gymnastic and equestrian feats, and the house being nightly crowded to an overflow until the very last, will, it is hoped, amply remunerate the proprietors for their unparalleled exertions to amuse the public.

ADELPHI.

Great houses here every night, applauses and encores. Mrs. Waylett, though suffering from a severe cold, has maintained her ground, and warbled as delightfully as ever in despite of indisposition. The dismals of the Demon piece prepares the audience well for the broad laugh-exciting drolleries which follow.

TO AN ABSENT AND ALTERED FRIEND WITH A "FORGET-ME-NOT."

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Fare thee well, lovely one, take this last token,
Warm'd by a sigh, and bedew'd by a tear,
'Tis the bequest of a heart that is broken,
'Tis from a friend whom those lips have call'd dear.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SPAIN.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."
POPE.

(Concluded from page 92.)

Safety, owing to disguise and vigilant friends, together with repose, restored health to the faithful Cecilia and to her enamoured partner; happy in each others affections, the world had ceased for them, they lived but to love; for sympathy had so connected their hearts, that they seemed but as one, while that ardour which perils and difficulties, opposition and persecution, only serve to augment, as the storm fans the flame instead of dissipating it, endeared them to each other daily more and more; desire furnishing the fuel of of hymen's flame, and anxiety was keeping its ignition alive. Such is the nature of clandestine unions and mysterious liaisons; all is rapture, enchantment, dear delirium, and hyper-romance; the scenes of delight are painted by fancy's pencil, whose colouring is far more vivid than the most florid realities, and whose creative and anticipating power, too frequently ceases to be when the hour of promise comes to maturity—enchanting, yet deceptive sensations! When this interregnum betwixt a calm, and the active agitation of adventure was over, Alphonso put into execution his plan of eluding pursuit, by repeatedly changing his route, and by finally gaining the port of Cadiz; there to embark for England, and thence to seek other regions where the flag of freedom would be ever unfurled, and the ensigns of tyranny and oppression be unknown; where salutary and protective laws, equal rights, virtue and humility might create an eternal spring to liberty and love, universal friendship and the true fellowship of mankind. Another delusion! for our hero might as well have expected another golden age—another Eden—another perpetual spring, as beautifully delineated by Ovid—

"Ver erat eternum, placidique tepentibus auris,
Mulcebant Zephyri natos, sine semine, flores."

as to have looked for such a state of things in this sublunary globe; nevertheless did this romantic husband and ardent patriot set out on his pilgrimage, imbued with these ideas, and full of the fire of Rome and the amatory flame of sunny youth. The faithful couple travelled now in a close carriage, having parted with both their cavalry and their guide, but the geographical knowledge of the cavalier, rendered the latter unnecessary, nothing being so instructive on this subject as a campaign on the guerilla plan, which, in some measure, embraces the life of a soldier and a sportsman* together, each knowing all the strong positions, land marks, open plains for chase or action, and the hiding places of the country, together with its resources for forage and provisions, its springs and rivers, and the whole history of field and flood. Their journies were long and fatiguing, and again did the fair fugitive adventurer sink under these heavy trials, and was more than once obliged to halt for some days, in order to recruit her wasted strength: upon one occasion they were in great danger, having been surprised by the bandit band of that marauding chief Muchacho, they were actually in his bands, when the trampling of mules of a larger number, put the party to flight, and the lovers found themselves surrounded by a host of contrabandistas (smugglers); it might be imagined that was falling on Charybdis in avoiding Scylla, but it was not so:—one word here *en passant*, on the Spanish banditti. From time immemorial the mountainous surface of Spain was found favourable to the wandering life and predatory bands, to civil war, and to the desperate enterprises of robbers and adventurers. The towns and villages, built (almost all) in plains or vallies, are far distant, and quite cut off from the inhabitants of the highlands, divided in vast ramifications, extending from the Pyrenees to the straights of Gibraltar, and from the mouth of the Ebro to that of the Guadalquivir; the dense forests and gigantic raches, of which these elevations form a chain, offer, every where, an asylum to those who are forced to fly from society, to the poacher, the smuggler, or to him who lives a marauding life; thus it was that during the Peninsular war, and still much further back, in the long and desperate wars of the Moors, and, lastly, during the invasion of the French, immense and powerful armies traversed whole provinces ineffectually, yet were harassed and surprised by flying bands of antagonists, appearing on eminences, scouring the country, and flying off as if by magic; the mildness of the climate and the sobriety of the native Spaniard, make the means of subsisting easy in peregrinations of the wanderer or fugitive, and the facility of embarking at ports where a safe coast and small scattered population render all pursuit uncertain, and at all times very hazardous, caused the escape of many criminals, and favoured the traffic of the contrabandist. The bandit band, of which Muchacho was the chief, had a constant intercouse with a small port on the coast of Malaga, whence it was easy for him and his friends to evade the pursuit of the civil authorities, in case of necessity, and thence to transport his plunder. The contrabandistas also had always an eye to the coast, and on this account it was that these two forces came thus almost in collision with each other. On the flight of the former, the leader of the smugglers approached Alphonso, who was actually sabre in hand, with his back against a tree, and the other arm round his fond partner; they had been obliged to descend from their carriage, which had been rifled by a part of the banditti, whilst two of them were closing with Alphonso, thus bravely defending himself and her who was dearer to him than his own life, and accosting him with much respect, said, "Senor, fear not, you are in the hands of men of *honour*, who, although forced to these shifts, know how to respect the laws of humanity, we are contrabandistas, Senor Cavalero, but we are *Spaniards*." This last word was uttered with much dignity and pride. Alphonso extended his hand to him, and then turning and embracing Cecilia, said, "we now put ourselves under your protection." At these words the whole band of smugglers uncovered their heads, and Rodrigues, their chief, alternately touched his breast and the handle of his pistols, which language was easily understood. The caravan (for such it looked like,) now advanced by secret, well-conducted marches, to the sea-coast, not without peril, for the young couple had now before them the chance of an attack upon their escort as enemies to government; this, however, did not take place, nor did any thing novel occur on the road, save that of the cavalier's recognizing a soldier amongst the smugglers who had formerly fought bravely, although unsuccessfully, by his side; this was an additional claim to respect and adherence, so that the services of the party were zealously devoted to my friend and to his fair companion. They neared the sea-coast, when, wandering at moonlight in a church-yard, near which the caravan lay bid, Alphonso sauntered about, deeply ruminating on the future and the past—on the shortness and uncertainty of life, the levelling of all ranks, and the assumption of all greatness in the silent recesses of the grave—how the prince and the peasant, the hero and the hermit, the sage and the unlettered, rest alike in comparative oblivion; a little while and the remembrance of ancestry and arms, of science and deeds of celebrity, ceases, the trump of fame is but a breath, short and evanescent as evil or good report; the worm and the weed alike disfigure the mansions of the dead, and feed on the features of beauty or deformity; "all ages," said the night walker, "come here alike, no time of existence possesses security." At this moment a monument, newly raised, struck his view; it was newly erected, the moon-beam lit it up, he approached and examined it—it was Ines! A momentary chill overspread his whole frame, he faltered and fell on the lap of earth, of mother earth from which we spring, and whither must all

* The name of Caçadores means chasseurs, *i. e.* hunters or light infantry.

return. He arose, and, bursting into tears, pondered awhile on the remains of loveliness, thought retraced the sacrifices which this unfortunate lady had made for him, the cause of her untimely end was as yet unknown to him, but he seemed to accuse himself of being somewhat concerned in it. He sought his Cecilia sadly and thoughtfully, he was obliged to confess the cause, and, for the first time, her heart felt a pang,—it was jealousy even for the dead. Woman! thou art formed of exquisitely refined and delicate materials, how near, in *thee*, are love and hatred, jealousy and adoration, attachment invincible, mixed up with feelings which, if wounded, can be healed no more; and more particularly are the component parts of this finely drawn veil, which is spread over the female character of the mind, fragile and sensitive in the daughters of a meridian country. Cecilia was supremely miserable, to the detriment of her already declining health, nor was it until many days after, that the returning composure of Alphonso, and his unremitting kindnesses and assiduities brought back the *status quo*, in which the loving heart first stood; the calm was gentle, peaceful, and confiding, but, ever and anon, (and this is always the case), complaint broke out, observing that such grief was stolen from exclusive love, and that the regret for the departed, took off from the devotion to the living. We come now nearly to the conclusion of my story. The embarkation at Cadiz was effected in safety, and a Spanish merchant, confiding in the simple word* of honour of Alphonso, furnished ample means for his being transported to Great Britain; here he arrived with his world and fortune, a wife and mistress in one and the same person. The sea-voyage shattered her delicate frame, so that she was obliged to repose one week before she could proceed to the capital; here all was, at first, admiration; the streets, spacious and well paved, and, as Voltaire observed, on arriving in London, proving the free constitution which proceeded alike from the comforts and the equal rights of the rich and poor, the noble and the lower ranks, the respectable appearance of the middling classes, the freedom of the press, the open publicity of the debate, with many other constitutional measures and enactments, which gave to a monarchy all the value of a republic without its disadvantages, but, alas! the young couple soon missed the bland Zephyrs, the genial warmth, the native climate of southern regions, the mode of living in England was also uncongenial to them, they had no longer that freedom in society, where talent, pleasure, courtship, and dissipation blend so gently and imperceptibly;* the voice of Cecilia became faint, the lute of Alphonso was mute, national interest had ceased and even their adventurous life would have created a beneficial activity of life; the sun but half shone on them; summer scarcely seemed to beam over their path; the siesta, which they daily enjoyed, was all that remained of Italy and Spain, whilst Sunday, was to them, like a Friday in Lent; but this was not all, the physical force of the lovely fugitive gave way, and she sank to rise no more, With her closed every scene of hope and happiness on my friend; the cause of freedom still claimed his arm, and it was upraised in Poland and Portugal, 'till now in vain, —he is an exile, interesting and undone.

* Nothing can exceed the honour of a Spaniard; the old character of the nation is lofty, religious, scrupulous, romantic, chivalrous, and most highly principled. Money transactions, in the mercantile world, are, in Spain, transacted to an immense extent on mere verbal obligation; the collision, however, of the Spaniard with foreigners, have not improved him.

* All these are to be found in the Tertulia.

THE VALLEY OF ROSES.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

It was night, the moon was in the heavens, and her smiles were on the earth; she had set her silver seal on all things, there was quietness above and around. Her light, (like the shine of pearls), softened the glare of the sweet flowers, and they stood motionless in their spirit-like beauty, not a leaf among them whispering. The blue, the beautiful, the holy sky! was unspotted by a single cloud; the dew was scattered about, and the varied perfume of the summer-flowers lingered in the air. On such a night as this, Zelie, the soft-eyed, the bewildering, sat alone and sorrowful in the Valley of Roses, and her tears fell on their mossy stems. Oh! was it for such a bright one to weep? But, alas! tears come as the dew, to fall alike on all things; and sorrow comes to the hearts of old and young, the innocent and guilty.

No more did the sad songs of Zelie sweetly disturb the night, she was silent in her anguish; her lute lay at her feet, its murmuring tones were hushed. She sat half reclining on a bank, one little fairy hand was buried in the glittering curls of her hair, the other clasped a miniature of inestimable value to its possessor. And she might be sleeping, but no, the long black lashes hide all the deep blue of her eyes.

Presently she heard a rushing of the trees; it was not the wind; a footstep came lightly over the moss. Where were her tears? gone! gone! Why are her cheeks all rose-colour? It was *himself!* Her white jewelled arms were stretched out towards him. "Selim, Selim, my own love!" He stood before her in his glorious beauty. "Zelie, my adored!" Once more they had met, and then, oh! such a tale did Selim pour forth of hopes, fears, happiness, anguish, heart-burnings, and all the other contradictions of love,—how he had felt no joy since last they parted,—how her image had been with him night and day, and how thoughts of her had been to him like a star to the lonely wanderer or dew to the thirsty flowers. And Zelie, she had much to say of *her* fears and *her* unhappiness, for her father, whom she loved, nay, almost as well as Selim, was going to break her heart by marrying her to Abbon Hasson, the Grand Sultan's favourite. Now Abbon Hasson might be handsome enough, agreeable enough, for what she knew, but then he was not Selim. Abbon Hasson was very rich; she did not like him a bit the more for this. Selim had neither gold nor jewels, but he possessed what was a thousand times more valuable—Zelie's whole heart. And so she was unhappy, but did not dare tell her father (the Emir) that her tears were caused by love and Selim. But to return to the bank of flowers and moss where Selim and his own love sat with the roses clustering over their heads. The silence of night no longer reigned in the wild valley. Zelie, her lute, and her lover, joined together in harmony, sweeter than the bulbul's own. Then they ceased, and the silver silence came again. Zelie was gazing on the heavens, and Selim was looking into her eyes in all the deep delirium of enchantment, when—oh, misery! oh, sorrow! Jaled—Jaled in all his stern merciless anger, stood before her! their eyes met; the father and the daughter, and neither could move from the fascination, the spell-binding gaze of the other; there was a dead silence for some minutes, at length a wild, wild scream rung through the valley, and Zelie fell—no, not into Selim's arms, though he madly strove to receive her. Jaled gave him a deadly blow, and snatching his daughter, bore her away to her home, leaving the unhappy Selim living, but deprived of every hope. One minute he beat his breast, and gave himself up to despair, the next he clashed his shining scymitar, like a brave warrior as he was, and vowed to rescue her by the aid of his glittering weapon. Just then poor Selim had great cause for courage, when some of the Sultan's guard appeared and made him their prisoner. Very few words were spoken on either side, and Selim was conveyed to Jaled's palace, beneath which were terrible dungeons, and in one of these he was confined. Poor Selim heard nothing all day but the dashing of the river against the walls of his dungeon, the rattle of his heavy chains, and when these were silent for a few moments the "*tick, tick,*" of the large spiders about the damp shining walls. Oh! it was dreadful! the darkness, the silence of the unearthly place, only fit for the abode of snakes! and here, here was Selim, beautiful as the noon-day sun! brave as Achilles, the loved of Zelie! the flower of his warrior band! here he was in such desolation! No more, no more could he listen, like one spell-bound, to the voice of music! No more, no more could he forget all earthly things when looking into her sweet eyes! When may they meet again? In heaven!

* * * * * *

Darkness! darkness eternally! oh!

what a long, long night to Selim! Will he again see the blessed face of the sun? No food to keep him from fainting! No water to cool his burning lips! they have left him to die! And was not Selim despairing? No; for he put his trust *where trust was never betrayed*, and in the dead of *real* night a beautiful creature came like a ministering spirit to relieve him; she gave him wine; she unfastened his chains; all in breathless silence and intense dread—but he was free, he was free! and Zelie by his side.

Soon they lost sight of the dreadful, splendid palace that held such dungeons. Selim and his young deliverer (who had bought over the guards with every jewel she possessed), hurrying onward, hardly daring to congratulate each other, or Selim to speak his deep gratitude to Zelie; not only for giving him freedom but herself. Zelie wept when she thought of her desolated, childless, silver-haired father. But, oh! he was so cruel or she *never* could have left him—even for *Selim*.

It was the break of day; the stars had faded, one by one, and the golden clouds came rolling over and over to tell of the sun's glorious approach. The fainting, tired lovers gasped for breath in the fresh cool air. Now Selim carried his Zelie, now they hurried forward again, but, oh! unfortunate, it was in vain; they were pursued, overtaken, and, amidst the half-maniac struggles of Selim, conveyed back. But they were not parted; no, they could not part them. "Let us die; let us die together," said Zelie. But Selim wound his arm round her, while drops of anguish stood on his deathly brow, and his eyes glared on those around as if he would exterminate them by a glance; but, when they turned on *her*, how changed was their expression.

Now they were borne along again until they came to a high place that hung over a river, here the whole party halted. Just as they were recommencing their journey, a great sensation was excited; the Grand Sultan and his splendid train was coming; Abbon Hasson and Jaled among them. The eye of Selim showed plainly his frantic feelings. Zelie had fainted; and by the time she recovered, the Sultan's party was near enough for her to distinguish her father, whose eye she dared not, could not meet. They came nearer; she clung to Selim; he dealt defiance with his eyes; not a voice was heard; nothing but the rush of footsteps, and every eye was on the lovers. Zelie was drooping; her long hair hung over Selim's shoulder down to his feet; presently she started; they whispered together. "Part them, part them," raved the father. "Never!" they both cried at once, and the word rung through the air; they rushed to the edge of the precipice, there was a short wild scream, a plunge, and the water closed over the brave and the beautiful.

* * * * * *

"Save them! save them!" cried the deranged father. "Save them! save them!" echoed a thousand voices. And, oh! they were saved; yes, and by Abbon Hasson, the generous, the good, the deserved favourite of the Sultan. He brought the half-dead, dripping lovers to his Serene Highness' feet, first obtaining his consent and then the father's to make them the happiest of the happy.

THE SELECTOR.

SHAMPOOING IN ALGIERS.

The entrance is through a large gate, and beneath a vaulted passage which lead by a few descending steps into a square hall; on the right, before descending, is the office where you pay; on the left, a recess where coffee is prepared. Along three sides of the hall runs a colonnade, beneath which are platforms raised about three or four feet, ascended by wooden steps; in the middle of the hall is a fountain playing into a marble basin. As you enter, a young Moor, naked, with the exception of a blue cloth around his loins, leads you to a platform where he begs you to undress; this done, he knots round the centre of your body a white linen cloth; he then makes you put on a pair of wooden slippers, and conducts you through a large door which closes behind you into the bath-room. This is a square room covered by an octagonal vault, admitting the light through glazed apertures; in the centre is a block of free stone, on which you are made to sit down. The temperature appears high, yet the centigrade thermometer which I brought with me, did not stand above 32° (about 90° Fah.). Along three sides of the room are little recesses, formed by walls projecting into the room, and arched circularly at top; in each of these recesses are two cocks, one discharging cold, and the other hot water into little marble basins, whence it runs on the heated marble pavement, which quickly converts it into vapour, filling the whole room. After you have sat a few moments on the block, the young Moor returns and conducts you into one of the recesses, where he spreads a cloth on the floor and makes you sit down upon it. In about five minutes your whole body is covered with perspiration, and you experience a general pleasing sensation. The Moor then seats himself behind you, slightly embracing you between his legs; on his right hand he wears a cloth glove, which he dips in the reservoir of hot water, and proceeds to rub your back and shoulders with much tenderness. When he has well rubbed the upper part of your body, he causes you to lie across one of his legs which serves you as a cushion; he then twists your arms and legs in every direction, and kneads your body as if it were dough. Afterwards he rubs your arms, the lower part of your body and your legs. After these, he rubs the head and face, and then leaves you. During the whole time that he is shampooing you, he sings an Arabian melody, in a tone capable of setting you to sleep in spite of the movement which he is impressing on all parts of your frame. Five minutes after having left you, he returns, bearing a dishful of soap-lather, with a handful of the fibres of the *agave* soaked in it; with this he gently rubs your body, and when this operation is finished, upsets the dish over your head, which he rubs well between his hands; then he takes warm water in his dish from the cock, and pours it over your entire body; after which he presents you with the dish and retires in order that you may finish washing yourself. After some time, he comes back, changes the cloth which was round your middle, and leads you to the same block in the centre of the hall, on which are placed linen cloths, perfectly clean, with these he dresses you in the Arabian manner, covers your head with a turban made of a napkin, throws over your shoulders a cloth which serves as a mantle, and leads you back to the platform where you had undressed previously to entering the bath-room. There, is laid on a rush mat, a thin mattrass with a slight cotton coverlid; you lie down on this mattrass, wrapped up as you are, and in a moment an attendant brings you a pipe and coffee. (Sumptuous dogs, these Turks.) To allow the perspiration to pass off, you remain lying down about half an hour, smoking, drinking coffee, and conversing with those around you. When you wish to rise, the shampooer returns to take off the clothes in which he has muffled you, and to assist you in dressing. All this ceremony costs you a *real-boudjou*, about one shilling and sixpence.—*Rozet's Algiers.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE'S COMPLAINT.

A ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Wearied on his Mother's breast
Cupid lay, by sleep oppress'd,
Loose his slacken'd Bow was thrown,
And his Arrows pointless grown!

Beauty roaming through the wild,
Paused to view the sleeping Child,
Fearless, from the placid air
Of the Cherub-Archer, there.

Soon the Maid become more bold,
Smooth'd his locks of waving gold,
And his velvet cheek did press
With a Sister's fond caress.

Love awoke! by Beauty fir'd!
Rage the Urchin's breast inspir'd!
"Mother! is't not strange," he cried,
"Beauty's ever at my side?"

"If I steal for balmy rest
To the haven of your breast,
Even *there* her melting kiss
Wakes me from my dream of bliss.

"If my soaring pinion tries
The blue heights of Summer skies,
Through the trackless fields of air,
Beauty's spells pursue me there.

"If amid Earth's rosy Bowers,
Tir'd-I rest when Evening low'rs,
In each breeze that passes by
Comes the murmur of her sigh.

"Every fragrant Flower that blows,
Every sweet that Nature knows,
All that's bright in Earth and Skies,
Mem'ry of her charms supplies.

"Though blind Mortals worship ME
As their ruling Deity,
'Tis the light from BEAUTY'S shrine
Guides their wand'ring steps to mine.

"Mother! aid your helpless Boy!
BEAUTY'S potent spells destroy,
Since despite the power you gave,
Love is only BEAUTY'S Slave!"

THE FISHERMAN LEAVING HOME.

TO ILLUSTRATE A PICTURE BY COLLINS.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

The Moon is rising full and round over yon tranquil deep,
But round her many a gath'ring cloud in low'ring masses sweep,
That in their caverns dark, the mighty wind and thunder keep,
Foretelling that not long will be that quiet sea's deep sleep.
Yet o'er that trackless element, and 'neath that boding gloom,
The Fisher's little bark must in the midnight hour roam;
And he must leave, e'en now must leave his lov'd and peaceful home,
To wrestle with the stormy wind amid the wild waves' foam.

He lingers yet to give one kiss, and bid a fond farewell
To those sweet ones, who are to him, oh! more than words may tell;
His eldest boy must with his father brave the billows' swell,
And his *last one* rests within the arms of HER who can dispel
By woman's tender meekness and self-devoting love,
Toil, care, and weariness; the thought of her will rise above
The wide sea wrapt in darkness, through which he soon must rove,
A star to lead him safely back to his home of peace and love.

Oh! she will keep her lonely watch while others calmly sleep,
With a pallid cheek and feverish brow, and silent tears will weep,
And meekly pray that Heav'n with its protecting love may keep
The bark which bears her husband and her child upon the deep;
And that Holy pow'r of Mercy, to whom she pours her pain,
And to whom the prayers of humble faith and hope ne'er rise in vain,
Will stretch his mighty arm o'er the darkly heaving main,
And guide her dear ones back to their lowly home again.

POETIC PRECEPTS.

Seek not too oft the woodbine bower,
Though sweet it bloom for thee;
'Twill guard thee not from storm or shower,
And such, alas! there be.

Frequent the ivied moss clad cell,
Where lichens, fragrant heath,
And blushing holly thickly dwell,
Nor fade with Summer's breath.

In the gay woodbine may be seen
Pleasure's fair fleeting hour;
In the bright holly's changeless green,
Wisdom's unfading power.

MELISSA.

THE ABSENTEE.

My dear absent Sister, at evening no more
We hear thy glad voice with its sweet merry tone,
Thy harp, too, is hushed, and its music all o'er,
For the mistress who wakened its sweetness is gone.
We join in the dance, but the step that was lightest,
The form that was fairest, the heart the most gay,
The one we loved best, and the eye that shone brightest,
In thee all united, are far, far away.
I've heard *thy* songs sung, but another's voice sounds
Tho' sweetly, to me not so sweetly as thine,
The words are unchanged, but my heart never bounds,
I only can feel 'tis no sister of mine.
Our home is not one, yet the same lamp is burning,
Which welcomed thy music, thy smiles, and thy song,
But now no glad sister can greet me returning,
And, oh! the dull evening seems weary and long.
Return to that home, the same love and affection
Which hallowed our dwelling, still hallows it yet;
Ah! soon may we meet, Love, for in this reflection
Fades some of the sadness I cannot forget.

J. F. B.

ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, thou brightest gift of Heaven,
To erring man in mercy giv'n;
Thou balm for all our sorrows here,
I hail thee with a joy sincere;
But for the peace thy smiles bestow,
What were our pilgrimage below?
A barren wild, uncheer'd by flowers,
Or fruits to charm our weary hours;
But thou can'st bid a smile appear
On pallid cheeks, and dry the tear,
The bitter tear, by sorrow shed,
O'er lov'd ones number'd with the dead.
Then hail, blest spirit! Friendship hail!
Still bid my breast thy influence feel,
And o'er this grief-devoted head,
Thy choicest rays of sunshine shed.

ANNETTE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Oh! sweet is the feeling
At close of the day,
From care and excitement
When far, far away,
To linger by ocean
And gaze on its swell,
And fancy each wave
A fresh story can tell.

While one has been rolling
On INDIA'S strand;
And another escaped
From the FIN'S frozen land;
A third might bring tidings
Of GREECE and her woes;
And a fourth of the blood
Which in PORTUGAL flows.

And all join in telling
This story to man,
"Improve thy brief life,
Which at best is a span;
Thou hast risen like us,
And like us thou shalt fall,
Nor behind thee shalt leave
Any vestige at all."

Like a dream that is gone;
Like a sand-written verse;
Like the vows* of a woman;
Or scroll of a hearse;
Like a bubble of air;
Like the gossamer's thread,
Is the hope of a mortal,
False, fleeting, and dead!

Oh! mournful the feeling
At close of the day,
From care and excitement
When far, far away,
To linger by ocean
And gaze on its swell,
And fancy each wave
A fresh moral can tell.

CHARLES.

CHARADE.

My FIRST was discovered by Noah of old,
And has oft since by poets been sung;
My SECOND's a coin, but it is not of gold,
Used chiefly Americans 'mong;
My WHOLE is a songstress of beauty most rare,
With a voice sweet as "ony wee bird of the air."

GEORGE DAVEY.

RIDDLE.

I am found at the Grave,
I attend at each Ball;
At Raffles, at Plays,
I appear in them all.
Wherever is gaiety,
There I am too;
And, Ladies, I'm ever
Attendant on you.

SARAH P.

QUERIES.

When out of health my physician told me in one word I required something to strengthen me, and in the same word told me what I ought to take; what word did he use?—*Sup-port.*

Why is a Reverend Divine with a broken leg, like *two men?*—Because he's both a Clergyman and a lame 'un. *(Lay-man.)*

Why is a lady who is playing whist, like another whose husband is handing her out of a carriage?—Because she receives assistance from the hand of her partner.

* "Believe a woman, or an epitaph."
BYRON.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

THEATRICAL ELOPEMENTS.—An extraordinary occurrence took place at the Edinburgh Theatre. A fishmonger, named Stirling, ambitious of displaying his powers in the character of *Hastings*, obtained leave from the manager to gratify his vanity. When he had gone nearly half through the part, amidst the din of catcalls, hisses, and roars of laughter, he retired, but it was supposed would return to finish what he had so ludicrously begun; when, to the utter disappointment of the laughter-loving critics, Mr. Bland, uncle of Mrs. Jordan, made his appearance, and thus addressed the audience:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Stirling, a very good *fishmonger*, has been so much mortified by your disapprobation of his performance in "*Hastings*," that he has not only made his escape suddenly from the theatre, but, I vow to God, ladies and gentlemen, he has taken away with him Mr. Ross's best *pair of breeches*."

————.—A still more curious incident occurred many years ago in the North of England, at an amateur performance of the "*Distressed Mother*," and is thus related in an account of the affair written at the time:—"*Andromache* was of an extraordinary size, her representative being a blacksmith, about six feet high, rather slim than corpulent; his complexion suited to his profession; his face very long and meagre; his eyebrows large and black, and his audible voice rather bass than treble, though by sudden transitions from one to the other, he gave it a vast variety. This wonderful personage succeeded well for the three first acts, when malice, in the shape of hisses, attacked this incomparable heroine, which he (excuse the confusion of genders and take them as they come), bore with heroic grace, till, in a most pathetic speech, an half-sucked orange hit her over the eye with such force, that the spread pulp oversmeared and closed the luminary. The son of Vulcan started, mad with rage, dropped all his pomp and energy of rant; and with that handkerchief which late wiped tears from royalty distressed, freed himself from the incumbrance of the hostile orange; then, with collected fury in his looks, and anger darting from his open eye, he tore the tragic trappings from his head, and a bare skull presented to the view, which bore the indented mark of many a wound; then with tremendous frown, terrific voice, and attitude strong fixed, in words like these he to the gallery spoke—'Whatever scoundrel threw the orange at me, I tell him he's a rascal to his face; and if he dares do me justice, let him come down, and I'll box him for the amusement of the good company; for if any rascal shall use me ill, or put me on the footing of a common stage-player, I would have you know, dog, I am no such person, I play for my diversion, and can afford to give any such low-lived fellow as you a bowl of punch at any time; for though I am a blacksmith, sirrah, I never want money; look here you scoundrel.' At these words he whipped his hands under his petticoats, to feel for his money; when lo! such a tatterdemalion pair of breeches appeared, as excited the whole assembly to laugh. This unpolite treatment, the injured *Andromache*, not knowing the true cause of, took as the effect of malice and party, foes to her vast merit, stalked off the stage, swearing at them all for their impertinence, and muttering that he deserved this usage for demeaning himself so much as to go on the stage."

WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF TWO IRISH BEAUTIES.—"The two Miss Gunnings, two Irish girls of no fortune, are declared the handsomest women alive. They can't walk in the Park, or to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday. The crowd was so great that even the noble mob in the drawing room, clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatres, when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties. * * * The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flocked to see the Duchess of Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about the inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into the post-chaise next morning. A shoemaker at Worcester, got two guineas and a half, by showing a shoe that was making for the Duchess at a penny a piece."

A CHILDLESS PARISH.—It was stated by the overseers of Wikton in Yorkshire, at an examination respecting the county-rate, that there was not a child in the whole parish, which consists of 600 acres. It was gravely remarked, that as the squire of the place was a bachelor, many persons had followed his example. Malthus must be delighted with this intelligence.

A STRETCHER.—An elderly gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, though, by the way, somewhat addicted to story telling, relates the following:—"During the early days of this town (Connecticut), before carts came into vogue, he was accustomed to haul his wood by the aid of an old black mare, kept in his service. Now the old mare's harness consisted of a breast-plate and traces made of the untanned hide of the ox. At the close of a rainy day, he went into his grounds about half a mile from his dwelling, for the purpose of procuring a load of wood. After having cut a log which he judged might be a fair load for his beast, he fastened her to one end, with her head towards home, and gave her the rein. The old mare continued her course till she arrived at his door, when, to his surprise, he discovered, that owing to the great extensibility of the traces, they had stretched the whole distance without breaking or moving the load an inch. Throwing down his axe, he went to his beast, and removing the harness from her, threw the breast-plate over a post that stood near the door, and went to bed. Upon rising the next morning he found the heat of the morning sun had so operated on the contractibility of the traces, as to bring his wood up to the door ready for hewing and splitting."

ADVANTAGES OF LOW PRICES.—A gentleman in one of the steam-boats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money, (one shilling each, for the best cabin), "if there was no danger of being blown up?" The steward promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we can't afford to *blow people up* at these low prices."

JUNOT.—The Duke of Abrantes was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine, or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance, "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe that he plunders me by wholesale." "Then why not get rid of him?" "It is of no use," said the Duke, "he is in other respects a good man, he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services; besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the year, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the Duke, came to offer customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift. "As to you, sir," addressing the steward, "I will make you a present of every thing you have robbed me of during the past year." The steward made a low bow, and retired.

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THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 14—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Oct. 26, 1833

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Dinner Dress for a Social Party.—The robe is of blue *poux de la Reine*, the body is made high, and trimmed round the top with a frill of blond lace, which stands up round the throat; it sits close to the shape, and is pointed in front at the bottom of the waist; a pelerine lappel, of a new form, is set on just over the shoulders; long sleeves, between the *gigot* and Amadis shape; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed in a very novel style, with knots of very

broad rich gauze ribbon, a single end floats from each over the hem. A rich blue cord and tassels encircles the waist. Blond lace cap, the caul sits close to the head, and is trimmed with a band and trelliswork of blue gauze ribbon. The front of a peculiarly light description, is sustained by a double band of gauze ribbon, and a light sprig of blue flowers. A bouquet of white marabouts placed immediately behind the trimming, droops over it, so as partially to shade the flowers. Blond lace *brides* of the lappet form float loosely over the shoulders. White kid gloves. Black satin shoes. Brooch and earrings of dead gold. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Winter Materials and Dresses.—Winter materials of uncommon richness and beauty, have this year made their appearance earlier than usual. Cashmeres, printed in small patterns, for half-dress, and others in large and very beautiful ones for grand costume. There is also a great variety of satins, both plain and printed; and, certainly, if our good grandmammas could see them, they would allow that they fully equalled in richness and beauty the "stand-alone silks" of their girlish days. As to the make of dresses, no decision has yet been come to by the first-rate Paris dress-makers on the subject; all that is positively settled is that pelerines will coutinue to be worn both in out-door, and half-dress, and that pockets are to be an appendage to robes, both in full-dress and *negligé*. They are to be made very small, and will certainly be more ornamental than useful, for there is a good deal of taste and fancy displayed in the trimming of the pocket-hole. The most novel style is a wreath formed of little puffs of flowered ribbon, with a bow and ends at each extremity.

Accessories to Morning Dress.—There is quite a mania for caps; even the most youthful *belles* adopt them in morning-dress. Some are of lace, others of embroidered muslin, but the forms of all are simple, and the trimming light and tasteful. Those of black *tulle*, lined with coloured gauze, and trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, are most in request. One of the prettiest of these caps is lined with emerald-green gauze, the front trimmed with a *rûche* of *tulle*, cut in small sharp *dents*. This trimming is sustained by a half wreath of gauze ribbons to correspond, disposed in foliage. Bands of ribbon cut in the same manner formed a double aigrette, which was placed on one side, above the trimming; it was divided in the middle by a band of ribbon, so that one part of it drooped over the ear, and the other stood nearly upright.

Aprons of very fine Merino have recently appeared, which we think likely to become fashionable. They are made with a waistband of the Grecian form, that is high and pointed in the centre; the pockets are very deep, and form the shape of a V. The apron is entirely bordered with a kind of fancy wreath, which resembles coral-roots, but is in different colours, and always contrasts with that of the apron, which should be of a dark kind.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. X.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and her Secretary discovered. Subs and Candlesnuffers in attendance.*

We've oft been asked by witless men,
(At least an hundred times,)
What joys are in the Author's pen,
Or in the Poet's rhymes?
And tho' such dull cold clods we scorn,
Yet will we not disdain,
To tell why oft we write till morn,
And oft shall do again!

Romance for Us has lost its charms;
We look upon the world
As a vast wilderness of harms,
Where ills, like snakes, lie curl'd.
Life's path for us hath no sweet flowers
Like that which Youth doth tread;
Pleasure has no enchanted bowers—
Joy's festal Rose is shed!

There's many a face now wears a frown
Where smiles we'd used to see,
And Time has ploughed deep furrows down
Where dimples wont to be.
And many a friend we lov'd is dead,
Or grown estranged and cold;
The dreams—the hopes of youth have fled,
(But that's a tale oft told.)

Still the romance of Mem'ry lives
Within the Poet's lays;
And by the light that Fancy gives
We call back happier days.
The *bloom of heart* revives again,
And hovers round the lyre;
Then wherefore chide the Poet's strain
That can such bliss inspire?

The Lute or Lyre can banish care,
And chase dull thoughts away;
Gilding the gloom of dark Despair,
With Hope's young morning ray.
When sadness steals across our brain,
We strike gay Fiction's lyre;
And now we give you reasons plain,
Nor need ye more inquire.

Parody on Capt. Morris' celebrated 'Anacreontic.'

Miss Bluemantle. Before we proceed to new subjects, let us finish the letters left unanswered last week; they claim our earliest attention.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Very well, Madam;—here is one from your highly valued correspondent Isabel Hill, which, for the benefit of your subscribers, I will read aloud—

TO THE EDITRESS OF THE PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

My dear Madam,—I have endeavoured (not *essayed*) to suit, or at least to meet half-way, the *supposed* tastes of your fair readers.

If you approve the tale I send, and it is too long for one number, it may be divided as I have marked; for, though I blush to wreck you on the horror of printing that old-fashioned disappointment, 'To be continued,' yet in stories short as you require, there is little scope for character, description, or originality even. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' but not of 'sentiment.'

Do not think me either presumptuous or selfish in expressing my opinion that one lively paper 'per week' would be acceptable, even to 'young ladies.' People can be amused by 'a notion,' when too idle to pursue a plot.

Every body, almost, can write (Billy) Lackadaysically, but surely the women of our day seek not historically to

'Dream *all* night of love and murder.'

Even to those who do, more healthful themes are *owed* by every female scribe.

A zest for the *larmoyante* is generally but acquired. Hence romance readers lose all natural manners, their very morality becomes artificial, whereas, I believe that there are few English girls but *begin* life with a wish to exercise their reason cheerfully, against all morbid and fictitious sensibility and superstition. Heartless levity is rather the fault of our female fashionists at present, than mawkish tenderness. I dislike either extreme.

May not a vigorous tone of feeling blend with our most laughing moods? Why should not poesie be still the *gai science*, and Cupid, a thriving crowing boy? Why should we mistake *la belle passion* for consumption? or an excuse for bargain-driving and vanity? Let us wage war alike against mere worldly forms and prejudices, and the still more dangerous zeal for scenes, adventures, attitudes, in fact do not lend *your* countenance to any sort of affectation. True benevolence *can* be inculcated by humour; may abler pens than mine supply it. Fear not that it can hurt the character or *circulation* of your work—or *its readers*. It is not incompatible with real elegance and delicacy; but tends to neutralize the cares and disgusts of this working-day world.

I should risk the displeasure of any *other* editress by these hints, but, as Leigh Hunt hath it—

"Madam, *you* are I know,
All sweetness, pardon *me* for saying so."

And believe me ever,
With sincere respect,
Your admirer,
ISABEL HILL.

Miss B. The writer has our thanks, as she has long possessed our admiration and esteem.—Her tale shall grace an early number.

Miss S. "Stanzas on the Marriage of a Young Lady," by J. R.

Miss B. Much too long and of too local a nature to suit our pages.—We should be happy to oblige the writer, but on these accounts must decline this Epithalamium.

Miss S. A "Tale" by Jean.

Miss B. It shall appear.

Miss S. The "Faithless Maid," by Jane.

Miss B. We hope she does not "draw from self."—When we have room it may probably appear.

Miss S. "The Fancy Ball," by J. F. B.

Miss. B. Prose is not this writer's forte—at least if we may judge from *this* specimen.—If we say Yes, 'tis with reluctance, he can do better we suspect.

Miss S. Letter from A. N. whose initials I before mistook for R. N.

Miss B. The Paradox is safe and shall be used,—the other communication you mislaid.

Miss S. Perhaps A. N. will favor us with a duplicate, for I lost his enclosure and some others during the hurry and mischances attendant on your illness, for which carelessness I beg to make every apology.

Miss B. Persons sending to a periodical, should always keep copies of their articles — for however careful, accidents *will* sometimes happen.

Miss S. Charades and answers to Charades from various correspondents, too numerous to particularize.

Miss B. All shall be attended to.

Miss S. A Packet from ANNETTE.

Miss B. She is sincerely thanked, —this lady is a most kind coadjutor.

Miss S. A Packet from HELENE.

Miss B. Accepted the first vacant column.

Miss S. "The CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH," by GUILLIAME, who adds this note to his epistle.—"The Poem on Poverty published in your last, appeared a long time back in the National Omnibus."

Miss B. Indeed! we will look through the pages of the Omnibus, and if possible ascertain the fact. But we call upon the young lady who sent *us* the Poem *as original*, to contradict the statement if untrue. We have her name, and if she *has* played us false, will make it public for the benefit of others; and we here beg to state for the twentieth time at least, that we suppose all articles sent to us are *original* and have not appeared elsewhere. We do not want correspondents to send us *copied* Tales or Poems, as we are, we trust quite capable ourselves of selecting from published matter when we require it.—But persons who send us articles as original, will find they play a dangerous game if they prove *not* to be so, and the truth *will* come out some time or other.

Miss S. A communication from J. W. W.

Miss B. The writer is thanked. We *guess* we have seen the hand before; but may be mistaken.

Miss S. "WITCHES SONG," by ST. MAUR.

Miss B. It shall have a place in our Poet's Corner.

Miss S. Letter from J. H. Chapelcourt.

Miss B. Our severe illness is the best excuse we can offer for our omission. His tales certainly are on the ACCEPTED list.

Miss S. ENIGMAS, &c. by JESSY.

Miss B. Jessy is *always* welcome. There is an air of friendship in her communications, that an Editress seldom meets with. Would we knew her better!

Miss S. "FRAGMENT," by E. L.

Miss B. We think we shall say "YES." But the first sheet has not been sent us, surely; two only are here; will the writer send us the beginning of the tale? There is evidently an omission of some part. Alas! we see yet a formidable bundle on your table—pray, in mercy, spare us this week, for to parody Coleman's celebrated song in the "Mountaineers:"

Now the drowsy clock has tick'd "to bed,"
And the weary President hangs her head;
Still and mute
Be each pursuit,
For nodding SUBS look wearily;
So must we
From Council flee
If at morn we would look cheerily!
When an Editor's duties cease with day,
Then our toils and troubles are merely play;
And all in vain,
We do complain—
Such murmers look like knavery,
But *now* we know
'Tis time to go,
For at MIDNIGHT they are slavery!

And as the legislature kindly forbids labour more than *twenty-four hours in the day*, we hastily say adieu!

THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

This truly elegant little theatre, maintains its well-deserved character for *variety*.—Since our last, it has produced two pieces, one the very *Ill Penseroso*, the other *L'Allegro* of the Drama. GRACE HUNTLEY, of the former class, is a Domestic Burletta as the bills express it, of "intense interest." Nothing can exceed the sympathy excited by the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Yates. Though we own ourselves to be "flinty hearted" and made of "sterner stuff" then the genrality of our sex, as far as regards DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS, yet we felt a very choking and hysterical sensation during the last few scenes! It is a beautiful, but painful, (almost too painful) picture of real life. The melancholy feelings produced by GRACE HUNTLEY, find a good digestive in the lively *L'Allegro* movements of P. P. or "THE MAN AND THE TIGER." Here the contrast of Yates' acting is wonderful.—That disciple of Momus, John Reeve, kept the audience in full roar—this little Jeu d'esprit is a hit, and we predict will have a long run. "*Wooing a Widow*," has been transplanted to these boards, and (Mrs. Waylett) as the "*Widow*" has lost none of her former attractions in the character. Her Ballad "*Come dwell with me*," was rapturously encored, and *Nora Crena* was given with all her usual archness. We do not like the cast of getting up, of the "*Loves of the Stars*," (*alias*) *Angels*, at this house so well as on its original representation at the Strand Theatre—but perhaps first impressions and associations may have made us fastidious! —The only fault we find with the Adelphi is its want of ventilation—the heat even in the dress boxes is *insufferable*.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE EAST-INDIAN.

What had he done? like many other men,
Seen distant lands, and then—come back again.

I remember paying a visit two summers ago with a kind and respected friend of mine, which will never be effaced from my recollection; it was not a visit of ceremony, or a visit of sociability, or a visit of curiosity, perhaps I may be the least likely to err, when I call it one of compulsion. I shall not, *par bienséance*, declare the name of the person visited, for many reasons, one of the best of which perhaps is, that I would not wilfully give pain to the feelings of, it may be, a worthy man, even though I may recall his oddities for my own amusement, and I trust also for that of my readers. Mr. Bangkitmagan (the name is at least in good keeping) had (to initiate the reader at once into the secret of our visit) purchased from the friend above-mentioned an estate, beautifully situated near one of our fashionable watering-places; it had been a favourite toy when in the hands of its last proprietor, and as we rapidly cleared the distance between the town and —— Lodge, I was entertained by the daughter of my friend with a glowing description of the well-remembered retreat: perchance no persons could have been selected less calculated than these two ladies to encounter ignorance, vulgarity, and conceit,—the chance could not have fallen more unhappily; but so it was. My friend and my friend's daughter were fated to this charming interview.

"I remember the lodge," said the amiable girl who sat at my side in the barouche, and a moisture swelled in her fine eyes at the recollection. "I remember it as one of the first pictures I retain of my childish existence, and I cannot help rejoicing that this projected lawsuit has given us an opportunity of visiting it; — the fine smooth lawn, where I gambolled away so many happy hours with my pet lamb, and my scarcely less spoiled spaniel;—the green-house, gay with a thousand blossoms, which I have pilfered so often to deck my favourites. Oh! it is all before me like a fairy vision! aye, even the yard railing which, to the manifest detriment of my poor little fingers, I have so often striven to tear away near the ground, to give liberty to the imprisoned fancy fowls; and then the lectures I got from indignant gardeners and poultry-feeders, and the dreaded weekly enumeration of blossomless geraniums, incapacitated camelias, and uprooted tiger-feet, and snake-roots, and lion-plants, and fifty other things, whose very names ought

to have been a sufficient protection from such a tiny foe; and the fearful record of the missing tufted hens and squatters (I think they call them) from China, and tame pheasants, who showed their good breeding by making the best of their way from beneath the green nets and brass-railing, and long-legged Danish fowls, looking like officers of the Life Guards out of uniform (the St. James's portion of the poultry establishment)—I never could bear those tremendous, impudent-looking fowls, but it was a fancy of mamma's. Oh! I remember all my tremours and tremblings as the awful "killed, wounded, and missing" were enumerated with tedious emphasis on the fingers of their too zealous guardians;—it all comes on me like a thing of yesterday, as fresh and as distinct as if, alas! fourteen years had not intervened."

Catherine's reminiscences brought us to the Lodge gate, but the attractive park paling, and the porter's pretty little dwelling had disappeared; a wall of the reddest brick stretched along the high road, crowned at its summit by broken bottles sticking in dry mortar. The elder lady opened her eyes in wonder, and the younger burst into tears. The gate was a good substantial gate, one which was determined that no one should see through it, and thus all the changes which had taken place on the property did not burst on us at once. I ought to have told my readers that Mr. Bankitmagan had realized a large fortune in that once fortune-making land, India, and had returned (like a wise man, in this at least) to spend it in England.

The gate opened, and now the Indianic mania came on us in all its glory; in the middle of the Macadamized road, which traversed a space looking more like a paddock than a pleasure-ground, stood a stray wheelbarrow, built and fashioned after the manner of a palanquin, laden with most unsentimental potatoes,—to our right rose a good unpretending cherry-tree, with a mandarin among its branches to scare away the birds, and a Sabadar in plaster of Paris, pointed to the garden gate; here we could proceed no further, so we alighted, and on foot reached the entrance of the lodge. The hall, which of yore was bright and odourous, with choice plants, and gay with birds of fine note, or tinted plumage, was in itself a curiosity; we could scarcely tread for sandal wood elephants, huge punkahs hanging in idle gracelessness, and stuffed reptiles of all sizes and shapes,—valuable only, as it seemed, for their hideousness; and before us, in all the disgusting ugliness which a faithful delineation could confer on it, towered an huge Fakir, in wood, painted, "*con natura*," performing his self-inflicted penance! We were ushered by a dirty serving woman into an apartment which had been the dining saloon, and had once looked over a broad landscape of hill and valley, but here another wall as red, and as high, and as well finished as its prototype of the high road, presented itself, varied however by an oriental looking dog-kennel, and a Bengalese pig-sty, and a well-fancied hen-coop, surmounted with Chinese bells, destined probably to give the fowls a taste at once for barley-meal and music. The room was decorated with bows and arrows, and elephant tusks, and the grinders of wild boars; and the mantel adorned with a splendid set of chessmen, curiously carved in ivory, and the window draperies were composed of gold muslin, confined by clusters of the pure and graceful feathers of the chitagong; the curtains themselves were of genuine British chintz, gay with a thousand nondescript caricatures of birds, in every colour of the rainbow: every thing bespoke opulence, subservient to bad taste, and worse invention.

At length the master of this concatenation of curiosities gave us an audience. He was a little bilious, muligatawny-looking man, of about fifty-six or seven, in a shabby blue coat, with bright buttons, leather small-clothes, and top-boots, with a superb brilliant brooch, fastening a shirt, which, for cleanliness and quality, would have revolted a true bred Englishmen. He made three dips as he entered,—the first to me, for I was standing near the door, contemplating the delineation of an oriental procession; a lower one to my young friend, for she is a fine girl; and a third and still more profound one to her mother; his face wore a perpetual smile, sadly to his disadvantage, for his teeth unhappily had gained an additional tint from every currie which had been offered to their notice during an intercourse of five-and-twenty years. Mr. Bangkitmagan took snuff too: but of that—suffice it to say that it was a point in his history which no one would have attempted to dispute. The first half hour was spent in questions and communications relative to the lawsuit in which he was about to engage, and ended sadly to his dissatisfaction; it was a thing of small importance, he had merely, with all the modesty incident to a *nouveau riche*, made free with the boundaries of a neighbour's property, and introduced a carriage-road to his own stable-yard, to the acquaintance of a fine cluster of young timber on the off side of a slight paling, which he found but little difficulty in squeezing a few yards further from his own domicile. Now, the question at issue was, the right he had to make this pleasant little arrangement, which, to say the truth, appeared somewhat questionable. As the discussion ended, something entered the room, to which it appeared difficult to assign its most fitting appellation: that it was not a lady, one glance sufficed to convey the assurance, and it would have been presumptuous to have called a figure, clad in a garment of crimson, orange, and sky-blue, (somewhat soiled by the way) with a cap full of green and pink flowers, and decorated with a huge watch, a chain which had "India" in its every link, and about fifteen seals, which had they been sold by weight, would have produced no despicable sum; it would have been presumptuous, I say, to have called this a woman. Sooth to say, that same classification of the fair sex is a most nervous thing; and perhaps the arrangement made by one of these demi-demoiselles, who used to execute evolutions in gauze and muslin for the adornment of my mother's draperies, is after all the most satisfactory one extant: and she designated this unhappy bridge between gentility and vulgarity, a young "person." The general adoption of this ingenious *entre deux*, would be, it strikes me, a very good one; and, amongst other happy results, it would prevent such overbred notices, as one which once feasted the eyes of the public from the window of a fashionable corset-maker in our refined metropolis, and which announced that in this flourishing manufactory of fine figures for the fair sex, "two young ladies were wanted as stitchers."—Now, in France, where dress-makers "organize" boddices, and perfumers trade in "Imperial pommade," this may be bearable, but in England—I had forgotten entirely that I was in Mr. Bangkitmagan's house, and that I had kept the young person at the door while I was settling her identity—she entered.

I do not remember now whether her name was Gubbins or Scrubbins, and it is of no consequence; she was the neice of Mr. Bangkitmagan, vulgar, by right of her father's shop and Houndsditch, and genteel, by virtue of her uncle's money, and ——— Lodge; she had one of those faces which haunt you in London when your unlucky stars pilot you to the wrong side of the Bar; good black eyes, rather too prone to stare, from being accustomed to penetrate a smoky atmosphere, and a complexion which would scarcely have excited astonishment among the copper-coloured Indians; what her uncle had gained by bile, she had realized by a slight disregard to cleanliness, and from the moment I beheld her, I felt satisfied of their relationship. Mammon was the idol of the uncle—Mr. Bangkitmagan was the idol of the niece—he had been to foreign parts—talked himself out of breath about Sabadars, Kitmagars, Hookabadars, and was entertainingly incomprehensible and learned. Spoke of the Nawab of Mourhadabad as an intimate friend, and smoked scented tobacco out of a pipe seven feet long.

As the "person" *plumped* down on the first chair she could find, and as I chanced to be near her, I had the honor of being the victim of her volubility, but as she never required any comment or assistance, I bore it tolerably well.

"Fine day, Ma'am. Laws! I hope as uncle has asked you to take a bit of something,—but he ain't may he, for he is'nt used to our English ways, for I suppose you know, Ma'am, uncle's an Ingun."

"It must be very convenient in an unattached house,' said I, venturing on a remark, "for fire is an awful calamity, and one which it is judicious to guard against."

I was rewarded for my condescension by a vacant stare, which was, in time, succeeded by a giggle. "Laws, Ma'am, I did'nt say nothing about an Engin; I said as uncle was an Ingun, just come from Bengal, you knows; all full of outlandish ways; eats Kyan out of a teaspoon, and sits tailor-fashion on the sophy. Is'nt that the lady as my uncle bought the estate of, afore he went to Ingy the last time? Laws, she must see a power of improvements! Why my uncle has builded a wall as cost eight hundred pounds, and that 'ere nasty road, as the fuss is about, cost him a power of money—p'rhaps you'd like to see the garden, Miss?" addressing my fair friend. Catherine acquiesced, and we followed our dingy Iris,—"You knows it was all grass when my uncle, Mr. Bangkitmagan, bought it, but laws! we've made fine works with it—"—and to say truth, they had; the poor lawn had disappeared; in the centre was a huge mound, full of sunflowers, holly-oaks, and dahlias, interspersed with lavender bobbin and twenty other vilely-smelling plants; on either side a sunken tub contained about seven gallons of dirty water, which we were told "had a power of gold and silver fishes in them;" if they had so, the fish modestly kept out of sight, not wishing, perhaps, to be seen swimming in such pea-soup looking liquid; then the wall was apostrophized—the glorious, red, bottle-topped wall—and the strawberry-bed just under the drawing-room windows, where there was to be fruit some day. When we had made the tour of the garden, we arrived at the door which led into the stable-yard, and we then received an invitation to look at "a love of a monkey," which Mr. Bangkitmagan had presented to his niece: "Aye, come, just look in at him," said the worthy Ingun, "I know ladies are fondish of monkeys"—and as he spoke, he chanced to look back, and I involuntarily glanced in the same direction; gaping at us all with a look of stupid astonishment, stood a greasy-looking man of about five-and-twenty, with a sky-blue cravat, beyond all doubt, the suitor of the monkey's mistress, and I should suspect, favoured, from his resemblance to her pet. The sweet animal was, I shrewdly conjecture, christened by the erudite Mr. Bangkitmagan, Jauggernaut, after an idol only more frightful than itself, but his niece gave it another reading, (even the immortal Shakspeare has suffered from such) and called it Jug-or-nut, which she ingeniously explained by affirming that the sweet creature drank strong beer and eat cracked filberts as well as she did. Then we were besought by Iris to look at the "Charut," "a downright new 'un, bought out-and-out in Long Acre, and the first as had ever been *driv* in the family,"—a fact none of us sullied by a doubt. When we had applauded the chariot, been gibbered at by the monkey, and stared at by the aforesaid greasy gentleman, who had not ventured further than the nearest fish-tub, we thanked our voluble hostess for her exhaustion both of lungs and language, made a parting salaam to the Nabob, and left the "Ingun" to his scented tobacco, and his niece to her strong beer and filberts. P.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY GEORGE DAVEY, AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE BERESFORD," &c.

"The shadowy wing of years has dimly spread
Its cloudy curtain o'er the gory deed,
The avenger suffered where his victim bled."

The Natural Son.

In the year 1787 an extraordinary occurrence took place at a small village in Annandale, which excited among the inhabitants of the surrounding country, the greatest sympathy and pity for the unhappy actors in the affair.

Roderick M'Intoch possessed a small farm in S——, and was for many years esteemed and looked up to as the head of the village, but, after the death of his wife, on his marrying his *ci-devant* housekeeper, a designing, avaricious woman, his whole character underwent a change, and from the open-hearted, jovial farmer, he was transformed into the penurious, griping old man: the current of his affections and habits seemed to be pent up beneath the withering influence of his wife, and it was a matter of astonishment to those who had known his former one, how he could tolerate such a woman.

He had but one son, a youth of about twenty, who in person inherited the dark eyes and hair of his mother, with the muscular form of their originally Highland ancestry. He was without a rival in all the athletic exercises then practised, but

"he knew
The art of conquering with becoming grace,"

and was the favourite not only of his companions, but of the fair maidens of the village. He had, however, already plighted his faith to a lovely little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, and sweetly was he rewarded for his success in the village sports by a smile from the blue eyes of his Mary. His mother-in-law had at first tried to win him over to her interest by specious fawning and sycophancy, but failing in her object, for he could never forget she was filling the place of his sainted mother, her every energy was bent towards revenge, and in his ruin to calm her bitter hatred. She but too well succeeded with his father, and by describing the expences of Ronald as wasteful extravagance, alienated the heart of the old man from his son, and rendered their hitherto peaceful home a scene of animosity and strife. Her next step was to separate the lovers, and for this purpose she, fiend-like, represented the gaiety and light-heartedness of Mary to be levity and wantonness of manner, and whispered doubts of the purity of her virtue.

Circumstances were at this crisis when Mary and Ronald met on a beautiful evening in May at their accustomed trysting place. They were both evidently trying to make light of "that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart," but Mary was unequal to the effort, and as their lips met, burst into tears. She first spoke.

"Ronald, we must never meet again; bitter may be the pangs and heart-rending the desolation to both, but it may not be otherwise. Will you not speak?"

"Can you love me, Mary, and speak thus calmly and coldly of parting—of snapping asunder those links which have bound us heart and soul together, from the time we plucked the gowans in childhood till now? Has another won that heart I once thought all my own?"

The struggle was fearful in her delicate frame as she answered

"I forgive you, my dear Ronald, those unkind words, they were wrung from you by the agony of the moment. Would you take to your bosom and home her whom even the children point at as the dishonoured one? Would you be branded as the good, easy fool who was deluded by a false woman's words and smiles to become a reproach and proverb? You could not—you shall not. God is my witness, I have never sinned against you even in thought, but in this world we must never meet again." They parted that night; Ronald wandered he knew not whither, and at a late hour arrived home. His stepmother was yet up, and an exulting smile lit her countenance as she saw his haggard features, and she joyed in the conviction that her plans had succeeded.

"Night walks do not agree with your health or temper, Ronald, (was his salutation), if an old woman may be allowed to judge, you'd better find another abode next time the beauty of the night tempts you. The gudeman has been at rest long since, and insisted you should not be admitted."

"Peace hag, begone," said the infuriated Ronald, "tempt me not too far."

Fair words, fair words, if it so please you, or I call the servants to turn you out, you no doubt will find a lodging with your leman."

The word was scarcely uttered ere a blow from Ronald felled her to the ground, and he stood over her his whole frame convulsed and quivering with passion. Still the old woman did not quail, but looked up in his face with diabolical malice as she said

"A brave deed, truly, and worthy a man to strike a gray-haired female—but I'll be revenged."

"Woman," said he, "you have blasted my hopes and ruined me for ever—that I can bear; but such another

word from your accursed lips, and, by the heaven above us, you find hell to-night."

Is the viper fondled as a dove, and should Mary Elliott be treated as aught but a shameless outcast? An axe lay within reach—it was but the work of an instant—it entered her brain—one groan and all was still.

* * * * * *

Ronald M'Intosh was executed close by his father's dwelling.

"He died as few can dare to die,
With soul unquailed and tearless eye."

Mary lived but few hours after his condemnation. They rest in the same grave. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

THE SELECTOR.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH SEAMEN.

I have always thought sailors the most modest and diffident men in the universe; I wish some one would point out the reason. They are decidedly favourites—are always received—awaken a greater interest than landsmen, by their absence, and the dangers they are exposed to; come in contact with a greater variety of people, and, therefore, ought to have more confidence. Whereas the manufacturer or mechanic lives usually in a small town or village, sees only his employers and his few friends; has only to do a certain thing every day, and that for so many hours, that it precludes every other thought (or rather prevents thinking at all), and yet they are generally confident, often pert, and occasionally even impudent. The sailor sees the world, and though he may not think much, is an improved man. Look at what he can do, compared with the manufacturer or mechanic;—he can turn fisherman, waterman, sail-maker, rigger, rope-maker, painter, caulker, and often tailor or shoemaker; is as capable, and certainly more handy, as a labourer, than most landsmen; independent of his own duty as an able-bodied seaman, to hand, reef, and steer. If, in addition to all this, he is at all educated, he may become anything. It would be worth while to inquire whether the greater part of our prosperous men are not descended from sailors, who frequently turn merchants, brokers, &c., and yet they are certainly the most modest, unassuming mortals breathing.

I must here relate an incident which shows the character of a real sailor. A captain of a merchant ship was dining at a merchant's table at St. Petersburg with a large party. It is the custom there to carve the poultry, or cut a great many slices of the roast or boiled meat, and send it round by a servant to the company, each helping himself to the part he likes, or as much as he chooses. A duck had been carved, and put, as it so happened, in a plate to be handed round. As the lady of the house had often observed the diffident character of our British tars, she verified the proverb that "those that humble themselves shall be exalted," and placed the sailor at her right hand at the top of the table. It followed, the plate of duck was first handed to him; he took the whole without returning his own plate, eyed it, blushed, wiped his forehead, wriggled in his chair, admitted, in a hectic stammering voice, he was not a bad trencher-man, but protested that madam was very bountiful; said, that he would just try what he could do, and actually ate it all (to the no small astonishment of all present), merely for want of sufficient confidence to correct an error once made.

WHO IS DEAD!

Some short time ago, during one of my solitary rambles, it chanced that I made a sojourn of some few days at a small village called Danbury, which lies about half way between Chelmsford and Maldon. In the midst of the flat, but well cultivated county of Essex, Danbury stands on a lofty hill, and on the very highest apex of that hill stands its pretty thin spired church, overlooking thousands of acres in the richest state of luxuriance and cultivation. After satisfying my gaze with a long, long look, at all the beauties the prospect afforded, I remembered to have read in some topography that the village took its name from the Danes having made it one of their stations when they were in possession of this portion of the country, and there still remained to be traced the outline of a fosse and camp that they had formed for their protection on the summit of the hill. "I have given," thought I, as I recollected this, and turned away from the living prospect around me, "I have given an hour to the things of the present day, and now I will render as much to those of bygone ages." And I looked about for some one who should be able to direct me to the lines of entrenchment which I was desirous of investigating. It was then for the first time that I observed that a man was leaning against the church-yard stile, near the spot that I had had been occupying. The position in which he was standing was such, that I knew not whether to attribute it to an indolent desire of lounging away half an hour in the sunshine, or to an absolute demand which weakness or illness might be making on him for rest. This, however, was but the observation of a moment as I approached him, and commenced to state the object of which I was in search. But scarcely had I finished my first sentence, when he stopped me by a peremptory waving of his hand, while, at the same time, he exclaimed, in a tremulous and uneven voice, which, nevertheless, gained power as he continued speaking—"Foolish man, what have you to do with the events of a thousand years agone? Live in your own time, and be satisfied; or if you must be prying and disquisitive, look, as I do, at the glories of the sun, and his shadowness over the face of the earth. There is more philosophy in that than in all the savage records that England ever witnessed. It is for this that I have mastered weakness, which will soon master me, and climbed this hill—once again to see the sun sink below the fruitful plains—once again, to see him at his last, illuming the pleasant things of nature, and watch the lapse of his brilliant blaze into the grey tint of twilight—and then, to bed, to bed!"

I was somewhat puzzled at these remarks, which flowed smoothly enough from the stranger, but which seemed to me to have a tinge of incoherency in them; neither was I particularly enamoured with the manner in which he had rebuked my antiquarian ardour As soon, therefore, as he came to a pause, I made him a hasty parting bow, and proceeded along the side of the hill to endeavour to discover the Danish camp for myself.

The next morning as I was sitting at breakfast in the little apartment which I had secured exclusively at the Griffin's-head, I heard a considerable bustle in the house, little like the usual undisturbed tranquillity of the place. The cause of confusion was soon announced to me by my host, who told me that a stranger who had engaged a bed in the house the night before, had been that morning found dead in his bed. It immediately struck me that this could be no other than the person whom I had seen the evening before leaning against the church-yard stile; and on entering the room where the corpse was lying, my suspicions were confirmed; the countenance was the same, save that the eyes were shut, and there was no longer to be seen that wild expression which they had lent to the whole face; on the contrary, there was a calmly placid look pervading all the features, and as I gazed upon them, I could not help imagining that they reflected, as it were, the sober twilight for which he had been waiting.

The suddenness of his decease made it necessary that an inquest should be held upon the body; but nothing explanatory was elucidated. The only information, (if such it might be called), was obtained from a letter which he himself had written the night of his death, and which was found lying open on the table of his bed-room. Its contents were curious and worth perusing.

"Yes, this is the night on which I am to die! I feel the decay of mortality to be gradually stealing over me, becoming more and more powerful and irresistible. Yes, God be thanked! this very night I shall die. I, that have lived to feel a hundred deaths, shall now at last grapple with the real end-all. Ellen, that has gone before me, is waiting for me; as I looked this evening at the setting sun, I thought I saw her smiling at me through his illumination, and her light step seemed to be

tripping before my eyes down the hill into the glad fields of spring. She beckoned me, and I shall come. Let those that bury me, bury with me this letter. Let it be laid open on my heart, that the name of Ellen may be near me; and if those who perform this last office want to give me an epitaph, let, "Gone to join Ellen,' be my only record. Ellen lies in the deep sea—I shall lie in the cold—cold earth; but though the elements separate us, God will not! This night accomplished, and Ellen and I are together for ever!"

The letter was, as he desired, placed on the bosom of the corpse, when it was laid in the coffin; and when the day of his funeral arrived, mournfully did it move from the inn to the church-yard. None were there that knew him. Myself and the landlord were probably the only two that had seen him alive. But still right mournful was the procession. His world-farewelling letter had won him "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and the humble, honest, feeling villagers, paid him the tribute of an earnest tear, as his coffin was lowered deep into the bosom of the hill of Danbury—of that hill on which he had taken his leave of the sun, of the world, and of Ellen.—*Goodwin, Jun.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DISCARDED.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

And dost thou ask me why the smile
Has left my wan and faded cheek?
Consult thy fickle heart awhile,
Since that alone the truth must speak!
Seek in that wayward, changing heart,
The hidden source of all my woe;
If *that* the cause does not impart,
Then, Mary! thou wilt never know!

I wear the ring once giv'n by thee!
The plait of hair, so fondly lov'd;—
This heart with fond fidelity,
True to its early faith hath prov'd!
My pledge;—a richer jewel now,
Glitters upon thy finger small;
And, for thy *firmly plighted* vow,
'Tis broken—and forgotten all!

Then, Mary! never ask again,—
Such questions are but idle now!
Go, revel amid Pleasure's train—
Go, wreath Joy's garland round thy brow!
And if, 'mid Life's tumultuous throng,
My cold, pale cheek, should meet thy gaze;
Then join the Dance, or swell the Song,
Nor give one sigh to happier days!

Go, share the sports of Fashion's crowd—
Go, join the Banquet and the Ball;
Where wit is bright, and laughter loud—
My wrongs, may be forgotten all!
But,—when the Joys that charm thee now,
Like all Life's joys, are past and o'er;
When Pleasure's wreath that binds thy brow,
Thy wearied sense delights no more;—

When sick, and shrinking from the round
Of heartless pomp and empty fame,
Then turn'st to where true Peace is found,
Far from those haunts that Virtue shame;
Retiring from Life's clamour rude,
From Fashion's hollow pageants free—
Then, Mary! in *that* solitude
Let thy worn Spirit think on ME!

ANACREONTIC GLEE.

BY GEORGE DAVEY.

Ancient wine! brave old wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But *I* love—wine!

Barry Cornwall.

They prate of their moon-lighted bowers,
And of pleasures that never can cloy;
Of gazing at stars and night flowers,
Of calm rapture and heavenly joy.
Away with such weakness and folly,
Give me a good fire and full bowl—
The moon-beams but breed melancholy,
The bumper enlivens the soul.
Then fill to each leal lass we love—
A brimmer! come, comrades, fill up!
May existence be bless'd as we true or false prove,
If 'twere poison let all drain the cup!

The moon pales the rose-cheek of beauty,
The bowl flushes even the pale;
Then pay it allegiance and duty,
And let every star-gazer rail.
Give me the light harp and gay dance,
The revel and cup of red wine;
Leave care to the fool of romance—
With a goblet I never shall pine.
Then fill to our next merry meeting!
But as we may ne'er meet again,
For the joys of this world are e'er fleeting,
Let each man a brimmer NOW *drain.*

BALLAD.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Fare thee well! the chain is broken,
Fortune beams upon thy brow,
Those fond words in sorrow spoken,
Rest not in thy memory now;
Gay and lovely friends above thee
Pleasure's fairy garlands twine,
May their bosoms beat to love thee
With a faith as deep as mine!

Think not of me—while still glances
O'er thy path Joy's dazzling beam,
And thy light bark gaily dances
Down Life's bright and sunlit stream;
But should pain and woe o'ertake thee,
And thy gay companions flee,
Love, and Joy, and Hope forsake thee,
Then, oh! *then*, remember me!

WOMAN AND THE ROSE.

BY MRS. B. WYATT.

Woman, when Creative power
Placed the lovely form on Earth,
Grace and Beauty were thy dower,
And Love and Nature hailed thy birth.

In Eden's groves the blooming Rose
Grew peerless white, and near thy bowers
She shed her fragrance, when repose
Led thee to rest on beds of flowers!

'Twas when the Rose first met thy sight,
That, warm'd by thee, its pearly hue
Was lost in blushes deep and bright,
To meet such Eyes of heav'nly blue!
And thou wast guileless as the Dove,
And the sweet Rose was pure like thee;
But thou didst lose the land of Love,
And *then* thorns grew upon its tree.

Still thou art fair, supremely fair!
But where has fled thy Soul's repose?
For thou art compass'd round by care,
As thorns grow round the blooming Rose.

THE ROSE.

BY MISS LOUISE KELSEY.

Brightest of gems beneath the sky,
The sunny rose-bud blossoms fair;
For when the smiling seasons fly,
Its sweet perfumes still scent the air.

Emblem of Virtue's lovely face,
When Beauty's vivid smiles repose;
For Virtue time dare not efface,
Or winter's winds the scented rose.

For when no longer joy remains,
When flowers droop their varied bloom,
The rose's leaf when cull'd retains
For years its pure, its sweet perfume.

A REMONSTRANCE.

Dear Agnes! why do ye thus tease me;
You know that I cannot leave town,
My study is ever to please ye,
And escape from your withering frown;
But as to a journey to Brighton,
I swear by the tresses you've curl'd,
That trav'ling I ne'er did delight on,
I'd do any thing else in the world.

I'll take you to Almack's this season,
I'll hire a box, too, of Bunn;
I'll do any thing that's in reason,
To add to your pleasure and fun;
But as to a journey, if ever
You *do* persuade me to go down,
I'll say you're remarkably clever,
And that life is no longer in town.

If the scenery is to your liking,
I really advise you to go,
You're partial to that which is *striking*,
There can be no harm in a *blow;*
We've *breezes* at home with your mother,
Your sister, too, raises a *squall*,
But as to your fop of a brother,
He's only "*a puff*," after all.

But hold! I am sadly digressing,
"The Age*" has pulled up at the door;
Good bye, Love! take with you my blessing,
(I'm rid of a horrible bore);
Adieu—pleasant journey—good day, love—
Egad 'tis a capital chance,
I'll drive off and tell Lady Gaylove,
I'll be of her *party* to France. C.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHARADE.

The first word of the Knight was MER, which means a pool of water,
And nothing could more grateful be to warriors parch'd by slaughter;
The second syllable'a a SIGH, from all the tender hearted,
For that is all affection can express for the departed;
Now both words make, though I allow, the spelling's not so plain,
MERCY to all the widows, babes, and sweethearts of the slain.

T. P.—BRIGHTON.

N.B. Although we have inserted the above at the urgent request of our correspondent, we must decline giving any more answers to the same charade.

* The celebrated coach so called.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HIGHLAND MODE OF INDORSING A BILL.—The following words were actually written upon a bill at Oban, by a person belonging to one of the Isles:—"*Pay the within to the bearer, and if you fail to do so, may the Lord have mercy on your bones, for I will have none,—John McLean.*"

TALE OF THE TEES.—The Bridge across the Tees at Barnard Castle, dividing the counties of Durham and Yorkshire, obtains celebrity from the following incident. Many years ago, Alexander Hinton, Curate of Denton, left a son named Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained as bible clerk under his father, came to Barnard castle, and celebrated illicit marriages upon the centre of the bridge. The rhyme made use of by him on these occasions, after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered, and was this—

"My blessing on your pates,
And your groats in my purse;
You are never the better,
And I am never the worse.

OLD WOMEN EXTINCT.—It is the most unpardonable thing in the world, to tell a woman she is old; a certain lord who was accounted the greatest courtier of his time, used to say to his lady every new year's day, "*Well, madam; how old will your ladyship please to be this year?*"

EXTRAORDINARY ECCLESIASTIC.—There is a Reverend Father, Cure of Carlscon, near Manilla, who always carries loaded pistols in his peregrinations. He is a man of Herculean stature and robust strength, can demolish a moderate sized ham for breakfast, eat a whole sheep for a dinner, (the sheep are small there), and quaff a large bottle of wine at one draught, never using a glass. This worthy pillar of the church, was formerly a soldier in the campaigns of the Peninsula with the Duke of Wellington, and is, notwithstanding his powers of digestion much respected there in his new capacity.

MULTIPLICATION OF BOOKS.—It is now about 400 years since the art of multiplying books by means of printing was discovered; and it has been calculated that no less than 3,641,960 works have been produced during that period. Averaging each work at 3 volumes, and 300 copies, which is unquestionably below the actual number, the amount from the presses of Europe up to 1816, will be 32.776,400 volumes; which, supposing each an inch thick, would, if placed in a line, cover 6069 leagues. We are, however, indebted to the patriotic labours of grocers and trunk-makers, the alchemists of literature, who annihilate the gross bodies, without injuring the finer spirits.

TWO BETTER THAN ONE.—Sir Walter Raleigh's gallant bearing on the scaffold, deeply affected the by-standers, one of whom remarked, "We have not another such head to cut off," while another "Wished the head and brains were upon Secretary Maunton's shoulders. The latter, a wealthy citizen, named Wiemark, for this indiscreet speech, was summoned before the privy-council, when he pleaded that "he intended no disrespect to Mr. Secretary, but only spoke in reference to the old proverb, 'two heads are better than one.'" His excuse served him for the moment; but being afterwards called on for a contribution towards repairing St. Paul's Cathedral, and subscribing one hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, "two are better than one, Mr. Wiemark." Either through fear or charity, the prudent citizen took the hint, and doubled his donation.

EARLY RISING.—The difference of rising at *six* and at *eight*, amounts in the course of 40 years, to 29,000 hours, or three years, 121 days, 16 hours—a period added to our lives, leaving out of consideration the benefit to health.

EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE.—Marshal de Bassompiere, says in his "Memoires," that he received secret intimation from the Duke d' Epernon of Richelieu's design to have him arrested. "On Feb. 24, 1631," continues he, "I rose before day, and burned more than *six thousand love-letters*, which I had received from different women; apprehending lest, if I were committed to prison, and my house searched, something might be found to the prejudice of some person,—these being the only papers that could be injurious to any one."

SANGUINARY BATTLE.—The bloodiest conflict upon record took place, in the year 730 or 734, when Abderraman, the Moorish Governor of Spain, was defeated and killed in Touraine, with three hundred thousand of his soldiers, by Charles Martel the King of France.

LACONIC CHIEFTAINS.—In the year 1487, a dreadful war broke out at Ulster, between the Chieftain O'Neall, (of the princes of Hynyall), and the neighbouring Chieftain Tyrconnel. This war had nothing more considerable for its cause, than the pride of O'Neall, who demanded that his enemy should recognise his authority, and pay him tribute. The laconic style in which the demand was made and rejected, would deserve to be admired in a nobler contest: "send me tribute, or else ——" was the message of O'Neal, The answer was expressed with the same princely brevity: "I owe you none, and if ——."

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—In the year 1512, during the reign of King Henry the Eighth, the nation being drawn into a war with France, a powerful fleet from England, and another of equal force from Brest, met in the channel, where they engaged for some hours with such ardour, that the victory for a long time was doubtful, at length the Regent, the largest vessel in the English navy, commanded by Sir Thomas Hewit, grappled with the Cordellier, the largest of the French, which the English boarded, and were on the point of finishing the dispute, but her commander, finding himself overpowered, set fire to the magazine, and blew up both vessels, so that every person on board, to the amount of 2000 souls, perished. This dreadful catastrophe so alarmed the rest of the combatants on both sides, that the French returned to Brest, and their opponents to their ports in the channel. In the great church at St. Maloes is a representation of this battle in stone, which also serves to commemorate the French Captain, of which they have a Saint, under the title of Saint Donne, and he now holds a place in the Romish Calendar.

FURNISHING THE UPPER STORY.—A certain nobleman, who was rather deficient in the upper story, was one day at a party where they began to rally him upon the greatness of his stomach. Upon this he jokingly observed that it had cost him an immense sum. "The money would have been better expended," observed a lady, "in furnishing your head.

PITT.—Mr. Pitt, conversing with the Duchess of Gordon, whose Scottish dialect was very broad, she told him that part of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she did not accompany them. She replied, "it was very unpleasant to be in a country, and not understand the language." "Why," said Pitt, drily, "your Grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

EPITAPH ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile,
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
May *huddle a stone* upon you.

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

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Supplement
TO THE
PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,
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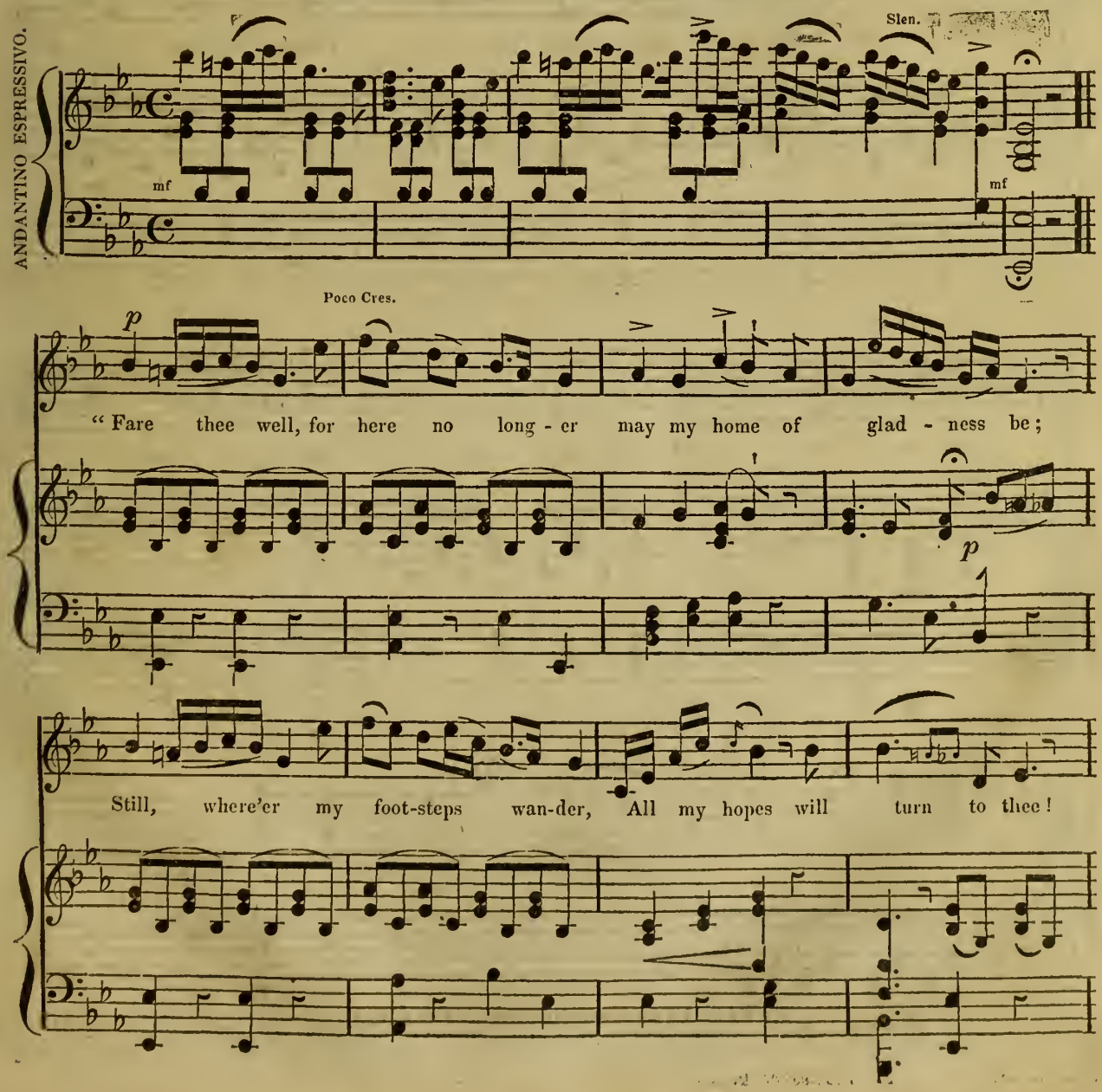
MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

No. 15—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Oct. 26, 1833

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MISS SKYNNER.



And, when happier friends caress thee, Spirits light from sor - row free;

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee, Though thy form he

ne'er may see. *p* Fare thee well— fare thee well.

Dim.

See Page 118, for concluding verse of this Ballad,

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE SEA-WEED AND THE DIAMONDS, OR A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

"Oh! do not chide the archer boy."
Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

A sweet creature was Anna St. Rosier, with her delicate features, and her dark wavy hair classically plaited over *such* an intellectual spotless forehead! When she smiled one would be sure to think of pearls, paradise, and Lalla Rooke. Her low voice of music too,—was there any thing more enchanting than to hear her read Ossian? Then her eyes, so black, so tender, so timid, so full of her thoughts, either bright with joy, or all beautiful in sorrow! And her little airy figure, so light, so feminine, here, there, and every where over the green fields like a young gazelle; and besides being very pretty, Anna St. Rosier could do so many things; she would get up in the morning at six o'clock to go and dress the little baby for the sick woman at the cottage on the heath, she would make warm coarse clothing for the poor, and the sweetest little knick-knacks imaginable for the Fancy Fair. She could play the guitar with the clear delicate touch of a Spanish lady, she sang too—Oh! I wish you could have heard her on a summer's evening in our *Pergola della fata* as we call it. This place is a deep, shady dell, where the trees grow far above us, and the wind whistles around and over us, but it has not lifted a curl as we sat there. We hear the rushing of the waves and the murmuring of the leaves at a distance, (as the poet in the solitude of his chamber hears the murmurings of fame), but just within this place it is very very still and in deep solitude; sometimes indeed in the autumn, when the dry branches fall down, or a bird comes chirping along, then it will echo and ring again—our own voices too sound so whispering so *sotto voce* here. In the summer when the trees are green, and it is twilight in our *Pergola della fata*, and we can only see the patches of blue sky now and then through the branches, I wonder the violets and wild lilies cover the steep banks in such profusion where the sun does not penetrate to warm them. I can but think if we have any fairies in these parts that they hold their revels here. But, speaking of fairies reminds me of Anna St. Rosier the beautiful! the good!—But now I am going to tell you about Anna's cousin. This is Charles Grey, (or Paddy Grey as they call him on board,) and a very handsome young gentleman he is. He has the deep blue eyes, the good tempered smile, and all the sweet blarney of his country; he is very tall, very gentlemanly, and looks a splendid fellow in uniform.—Before Charles Grey was a a lieutenant, the gun-room officers were just pleased when they could get him to dine at their mess, he was such a favourite, but now he has made many valuable friends who will promote his interest, and he does not exactly despair of "getting the red flag at the 'fore;" and then he is such a favourite with the ladies too, that they would rather have him seated beside them telling his laughable stories, and making his odd blunders, than any first rate eleganté sighing arriettas (guitar in hand) to their eyes; one of Paddy Grey's *och sures!* was worth half a dozen *Mia bellas;* and then he danced so well, and sang so well that every body was sorry when the Philomel sailed. Charles Grey was once staying with Mrs. St. Rosier for six months, this was when Anna was about fifteen; of course she was too young to have a "lover" but the morning he went away by the stage for Portsmouth, Anna's eyes were red with weeping, it did not become the young midshipman to cry, but I believe *his* heart was just ready to break. However, when he arrived at the George, and met such host of his messmates there, that the careless noisy sailors half-cheated him of his sorrow. After dinner they went to the theatre, saw "Black eyed Susan," made a ——— must I unite it? well then, a "*row*" as they call it, narrowly escaped the watch-house, and the next day went on board. The day after all was bustle and *orderly* confusion. Their blue Peter was flying—and every man to his gun; the next, they were out at sea; with the broad sails fluttering in the breeze; the officers smoking cigars; the middies in straw hats and no shoes; the men nothing to do; Tom Ratline spinning his long yarn in the galley, and the ship going along in the steady wind at the rate of nine knots an hour. Good bye to Charles Grey for three years—and during that time he saw a great deal, first the sea in magnificent spendid beauty, when in her passionate bosom she hid the brave and the fearful—the young and the old.—Then when she slept in her loveliness (like a fair spiritless girl) with just life enough about her to make *sweet music* in the silence of summer skies and summer winds. He saw the beauties of other countries. He felt them, but he did not calumniate his own.—He heard the splendid music of Italy with delight—he admired her climate, her flowers, her paintings, her sculpture, but he saw many things to disgust him and make him rejoice that Italy was not *his country*. Many of the young officers around him spoke with rapture and enthusiasm of the places they touched at as being superior to England in every thing. Charles was an Irishman (och sure! and I'm very near making a blunder) but that is almost like being an Englishman, and so Charles thought, however he loved England and called her his country. He used to say when he heard them debasing her so, beauties were variously distributed, some were celebrated for one thing, some for another, but take it all in all, he would rather England was *his* country than any other all over the world "barrin" dear little Ireland which was part of it," and then he would say more feelingly, "Oh my unhappy country, when thy children forsake thee and rob thee of thy good name who shall raise thee; oh shame on ye! shame! it is like hating the mother that bore ye! Sometimes Charles got laughed at for his *amor patria*, but more than one felt the force of what he said, and so we will leave Charles Grey to stand Champion for England, *see* the world and labour for promotion with the red flag at the 'fore in his eye.

Mrs. St. Rosier was now a widow, it pleased God to take away her husband and her fortune together, but he left her Anna, and she had happiness yet to come, for a more affectionate daughter never blest a parent. Ann had but one other relative in the world to fill up her heart, besides her mother, and this was Charles Grey. They always thought of him when the wind rattled the shutters, or a "poor distressed seaman" came to beg charity. "Lost my leg in the battle of Navarino, Ma'am. My hand was frozen in Greenland, obliged to have it cut off, Ma'am. Shipwrecked five times. Once I lived four days on *baccy, floating* about in the Bay of Biscay on an *anchor*, till I was picked up by an Algerine frigate, Ma'am." "Ah, poor man! here is some bread and meat for you." "Then, Ma'am, I was a slave for seven years; at last escaped—" "Mamma, have you not an old pair of shoes for this poor sailor?" "Did you ever sail with a Mr. Charles Grey?" "Lord bless you, yes Ma'am, to be sure, in the Challenger—" "Oh, no! he never had the Challenger, he's in the Philomel." "Philomel! I knows her—a clean going thing she is!—give her plenty of sea-room, she'll beat any vessel of her size, I warrant! She's as pretty an eighteen-gun frigate as—" "Frigate! she's a ten-gun brig!" Here the "poor distressed seaman," if he had known much about nautical affairs, would have owned himself "taken a-back," but I very much fear that he could not have told the larboard from the starboad, and he knew more about (gypsie's) than he did about the sea.

Anna St. Rosier lived on very happily until she was about eighteen, and at this time a rich middle-aged old-bachelor-like honourable looked on her with the eyes of love. "Oh, what a chance!" said all the village, "a carriage,—a house in town,—a trip to the continent, —two black footmen,—a Swiss coachman,—a grand estate,—a magnificently

furnished house,—silk curtains,—silk ottomans,—silk sofas,—pictures from Italy,—busts,—sculpture,—a harp from Erard's,—piano-forte from Stodart's,—a drawing-room à-la-Persia,—another à-la-Grec,—a boudoir all tasteful, classical, unique; filled with delicate vases, splendid prints, books, and cedar-wood pedestals, not forgetting the or-molu, and the painted ceiling; and then such a delicious light coming in through the rose-colour curtains!—then the grounds to walk in, which were perfectly paradisical,—and the carriage to ride in, which was perfectly stylish,—and the "Honorable Mrs. Melton" on her card, which was perfectly agreeable,—oh! what a chance!—for poor Charlie Grey.

Anna shed many tears about this troubleseme perplexing affair, and almost wished the Honourable Gentleman at the top of Mont Blanc, but her "mother urged her sair," and every one said "what a chance!" so she thought a great deal of Charles—a great deal of her mother,—and there was a sad struggle in her heart between love and obedience.

One morning, Anna St. Rosier was in the drawing-room alone, watering her geraniums and plucking off the dead leaves, when the servant brought her two sealed packets, which happened to arrive together. The one Anna chanced to open was from the Hon. Mr. Melton, and it contained a pale blue embossed note, with a very few old fashioned right honourable stiff words, and a splendid present of diamonds. Anna bent her head over the jewels; a tear or two fell on them, and they were put on one side. She then unsealed the other packet without looking at the direction; and, oh heavens! it was from Charles Grey! First she took out a closely written letter, savouring strongly of tar, telling her that he had never forgotten Anna St. Rosier since the hour they had parted: that he had carried his love about with him in foreign lands, day and night, through tempests and calm. That none could ever be to him what she had been; that they had given him a lieutenancy; he had plenty of prize-money; and, above all, he offered her his heart, which was such a one as Anna St. Rosier deserved; finally, that he should be at ———— in a few hours, and hear from her own lips, whether Anna was altered, or still *his own* Anna. He also sent her some dingy looking sea-weed as specimens, knowing she was fond of such things; this sea-weed had fallen out of the paper, and lay on the table near the sparkling diamonds. Surely Anna separated the dirty pieces from her valuable gems!—yes, *she did;* the diamonds were packed up and sent back, while the sea-weed (I am ashamed to say it)—but Venus's sweet little son triumphed finely I ween when he saw the dingy pieces of sea-weed carefully wrapped in paper, and, with the tar-flavoured letter, put into Anna's rose-wood work-box.

* * * * * *

Oh, what a bustling day this was!—Evening came *at last!* the candles were brought; the fire blazed brightly; the cat was sitting on the rug, with her eyes half closed, and purring away in her drone-like noise; the tea was waiting, and the muffins half cold; Mrs. St. Rosier impatient, and Miss St. Rosier with nervous hands, flashing eyes, and burning cheeks,—listening to every noise. At last, a carriage stopped in good earnest,—a footstep came up the paved court,—it was a brave young officer in naval uniform,—it was as handsome a gentleman as one could wish to see,—it was her *own Charles Grey!*

The widow said, "It was almost too much for her," to see the meeting of her children, as she now calls them. It was an extraordinary thing to be sure for this brave young officer to weep! but he did though, like a child, over his cousin, when he saw at a glance how dear *he* was to *her*. But he soon wiped his tears, and Anna's too through life! Oh! he was a good, kind husband to her; and she never, never repented preferring the dingy SEA-WEED to the splendid DIAMONDS.

THE DESERTED.

A SKETCH.

With a hasty step and a stunn'd perception, Adelaide regained her chamber; closing the door, she advanced into the centre of the room, and covering her face with her hands, stood for some minutes motionless.—All was over!—She had parted with *him*, and her heart told her for the last time.—With a calm brow and a tearless eye, she had received his cold and common-place adieus. No sigh broke from her swelling heart—no tear fell from her proud and unmoved eye. *One look* alone she gave, when resigning her hand to the chilly and passionless grasp of his, she spoke with an unfaltering voice,—"Farewell."—But in that look lay volumes!—he felt it—she saw him stagger beneath it as from a blow—a moment—the door closed upon him—and Adelaide was indeed—alone!

Still she was calm. She had to speak to others; *to tell them of his departure.*—She knew that prying and anxious eyes were fixed upon her, and sternly she confin'd her feelings within their cell, her torn and bleeding breast. But *now*, in the silence and solitude of her own chamber, they broke from her in a torrent of over-powering recollection.—All that she had borne *from* him and *for* him, that false one—her love, her confiding and self-devoted love—her former fears of his truth, and *his* impassioned vows of unchanged fidelity—her forgiveness then, the renewed doubt—*the trial*—the conviction!—the bitter *knowledge* of his treachery—and to crown all the cold and heartless *desertion*—all, all rushed upon her soul in a flood of overwhelming agony.—Slowly she removed her hands from her face; 'twas pale and cold as marble!—the glance of her dark and soul-lit eye was fix'd and tearless.—The blow had been benumbing—she wept not, from her scorch'd brain tears refused to flow—but in a deep and dreary-sounding voice she spoke.—"So, 'tis past—we are parted, and *for ever*!—Ought I to regret it?—from one so weak so false!—from one who has not strength of heart sufficient to love with constancy the being he once so adoringly followed?—No, no—I feel he is beneath my contempt, as beneath my love.

"'Tis well; for *me* 'tis well. I'm glad that it is thus. I ought to be glad. Yet—yet—to be left! scorned! deserted!" and all the woman broke forth in a flood of agonized tears. Pacing the room with hurried and unequal steps, she resigned herself to her spirit's uncontrollable grief. She stopped suddenly, and, interrupted by convulsive sobs, spoke again. "Oh! why was this? Did I seek him? Had I done so, or had I, forgetful of woman's delicacy, suffered myself to be too easily won, I had deserved it. But no;—it required years, aye, *years* of unremitting pursuit to win from me the slightest return of love. I was happy—pure—free; with a mind undimmed by sorrow—unsullied by the desolating mark of passion. *He* came; he vowed an unalterable love; and I,—weak, credulous creature,—I believed him. Now what is my reward?—He loves, and leaves me for another. She may be fairer, richer than I;—but is that an excuse for thus stabbing the heart that trusted its whole happiness to his truth? And is it come to this?" she added, indignantly dashing away the drops that rained fast from her brilliant eyes—"Adelaide—the proud, the courted, the lofty Adelaide—*this* abject slave of passion—*this lost* and altered thing—mourning in wild despair for the falsehood of man! Oh!" clasping her hands, and raising those dark and glowing orbs to Heaven. "Oh! may every misery light upon the head, and wither the false heart of him who is the cause of this wretchedness! May he know what it is to——— Yet no, yet no, my God forgive me!"—and sinking into a chair, the unhappy girl abandoned herself to her tears; her long dark hair escaped from its confinement, and streamed over her shoulders in wild disorder; while her slender frame shook with the violence of her emotion.

Man, man! when for the gratification of your selfish vanity, you would seek to win the love of one, distinguished from the rest of her sex by the powers of her mind as much as by her beauty,—to leave her after awhile for some passing whim of the moment:—pause 'ere you perpetuate such guilt! Trifle, if you will, with the light, the gay, the thoughtless,—to *such* hearts the blight of your inconstancy will be but as a summer cloud melting beneath the sun of plea-

sure. But trifle not with the woman of deep and intense feeling, of proud and lofty imagination; you may commit evil you reck not off,—you may inflict a wound no time shall heal. To such a being your falsehood may be as the waving of the branches of the Upas, blighting and destroying all that comes beneath its influence. Pause, then, oh pause, 'ere you draw down such deadly sin upon your soul!

Long and profusely did Adelaide weep; but those tears relieved and calmed her bursting heart; and, when at length she raised her drooping head, her beautiful countenance was irradiated by a holy resolution. Rising from her seat she approached her couch, and kneeling by its side, prayed, "Oh, my Father! thou, whose pitying eye alone sees the agony of my soul, hear me in this hour of desolation. Grant that HE whom I have loved may never know the sorrow by which this heart is wrung. Bless him, oh my Father! with her he has chosen, let every happiness be his!"

She bowed her head upon her hands, in meek resignation, and arose.

* * * * * *

Religion, with her softening and purifying influence, may soothe,—Reason may calm,—Time may render less deep,—but DEATH only can put a period to the sorrows of the DESERTED!

MINNA.

ETCHINGS BY A WANDERER.

No. IV.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

I am fond of church-yards, I love to wander amid the graven stones, or to sit and meditate in the midst, as it were, of those who have reached that bourne to which myself and all around me are hastening. I am of the poet's opinion, that the contemplative mind,

"Exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

It will be at once seen, that I do not refer to those crowded burial places which are to be found in cities and large towns; and which, from their situation, echo to the constant din of traffic, and the roar and ribaldry of dissipation; conveying to the mind the idea of a mere warehouse for the reception of human carcases, rather than the sacred sanctuary of our departed fellow-creatures. No, I allude to those green and secluded spots, where,

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

To those peaceful enclosures, within which the mind may devote itself to uninterrupted contemplation.

What a pensive pleasure have I frequently experienced in the still summer evenings on arriving at one of these sacred depositories, when all was silence and repose, and I felt that the place was indeed dedicated to the departed;—when the sounds of occupation that reached me from a distance did not disturb, but harmonized with the scene around me. I remember on a recent occasion of this kind, after having made a short pause, seated on the stile of the church-yard, I directed my eyes towards the little village through which I had passed in my way thither, but which was now hid from me by the foliage of the intervening trees, with the exception of two or three small cottages which made their appearance between them. In passing through it I had beheld cheerful-looking cottages and farm-houses, mantled with honeysuckle or clematis, whose odoriferous flowers were scenting the evening air; while the thin grey columns of smoke that arose into the unclouded sky informed me that the early supper of the husbandman was preparing. The villagers, returned home from the labour of the day, were chatting in little groupes around the doors; and the reflection rushed in upon me, that these houses were once the residence of those who mouldered beneath me, that these individuals were their sons and grandsons; and could I resist pursuing the reflection further, and looking forward to that approaching period, when these habitations shall be the dwelling places of another generation; when these cheerful and healthy rustics shall be "gathered unto their fathers" beneath the earth on which I then stood?

What I most dislike are the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, which are usually calculated to mar that solemnity of feeling which the silent eloquence of the graves themselves has inspired. If they informed us merely of the name, æra, and pursuits of the deceased, and where any thing of moment attached to him, of that also, they would be pleasing and instructive records; but there is usually added some rugged or ludicrous attempt at poetry, or ignorant perversion of Scripture, which is generally silly, and frequently blasphemous. There are exceptions to these remarks, but they *are* exceptions.

I very much admire the church-yards in Wales, there is a neatness and prettiness in the graves themselves, and an appearance of reverence and care in their preservation, which is very pleasing, and which is but rarely met with in England. I shall never forget my visit to ——— Cathedral, in South Wales. It is a very ancient Catholic building, partly in ruins; but one portion of it, the rents in which have been repaired in a style of architecture more recent and much less gorgeous, is now the Protestant Church; but its oaken pews and pulpit afford evidence that it is by no means modern. I observed some statues still retaining the human form, but worn perfectly plain by age, and many of the Protestant inscriptions were illegible. Out of doors, too, were tomb-stones of every intermediate date, from a very early period to the present year. What a peace-maker, I thought, is the grave! Here have been interred the wily monk, the self-torturing devotee, and a hundred victims of a bigoted and superstitious creed. They have mouldered, and their dust has been dug up to form graves for their *heretical* successors! How would they have shrunk with horror could they have foreseen this *sacrilegious* innovation? Yet the grass springs as greenly; the daisies are as numerous and as vigorous; the rosemary smells as sweetly; and the sun shines as brightly on the whole, as if they had never existed—as if the years in which they lived had no record in the annals of time.

I was quite captivated by that beautiful church-yard; it is screened on two sides by trees; from a third are beheld fields of waving corn, and to the very edge of the fourth extend the little orchards of the peasantry, filled with fruit trees, which were thickly tenanted by birds, and over the tops of which the cottage chimneys were just visible. I stayed during the whole of the morning, and then departed unwillingly, although I had many miles to travel. I was not disturbed, excepting now and then by a little female peasant crossing the path, with her short home-spun gown, bare feet, and a head either bare or covered with a hat similar in shape to those worn by men—an interruption which only rendered the scene more impressive. I noticed one grave particularly,—it was that of a young man who had died two or three years previously; it was so neatly railed round, the rosemary was so prettily trimmed, the weeds were so carefully excluded; surely, thought I, these are the traces of a sister's hand, or perhaps of that of some hapless maiden, who was about to be united to him by a tie still closer and more endearing!

It may be a weakness, but I should wish to be buried in a spot, such as that in which I passed those few delightful hours. M.

THE BIOMETER, OR MORAL WATCH, by M. A. JULLIEN, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. (Bossanges and Lowell, Marlborough-street.)

The well-known French writer, Monsieur M. A. Jullien, has been lately staying in London to superintend the publication of his new work, entitled "The Biometer, or Moral Watch," a copy of which we have just seen, and can pronounce it a most useful production. It is a species of Memorandum Book, classed and divided in such a manner as to enable any one to keep a regular journal with scarcely any trouble, and but little time. As, among females, *order* and regularity is the main-spring of their duties, we consider the Biometer a most valuable work for young persons whose habits are not yet formed; and from the peculiar way in which the talented M. Jullien has formed it, they will find a *moral* journal, besides a register of mere events; and this must be an improving reference for all ages.

THE SELECTOR.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Let your first care be to give your little girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately *finished*, in the modern acceptation of the term. The systems by which young ladies are taught ts move their limbs according to the ruleo of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vaccuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished their educations in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they may enter Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind: and, above all, let them take *no medicine* except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

ANECDOTE.

A Portuguese Surgeon relates the following fact:—A Moor came one day to him from the country, and said, "*Christian Barberos*, give me some drugs to poison my father, I will pay thee handsomely for them." The Portuguese was at first astonished, and remained silent for a moment, but quickly composing himself, replied with a coolness equal to that of the Moor, "What, are you not on good terms with your father?" "On the best possible terms," replied the Moor, "He is an excellent man, he acquired a fortune, and has given me a wife, together with all the property he possessed, but he is now beyond labour on account of his great age, and yet persists in refusing to die!" "You do right to poison him," replied the Surgeon, "I will give you something which will soon put him in the humour of dying." So saying, the Surgeon prepared a cordial, rather calculated to comfort the stomach of the old man than to kill him, and giving it the dutiful son, received his money, and the Moor departed rejoicing. In a week's time, the peasant returned, exclaiming, "That his father was not yet dead!" "Not dead," said the disciple of *Machaon*, "well, he *shall* die." Another cordial was given, —paid for—and, of course, with the same effect. In a fortnight the Moor returned again to the point, and informed the surgeon with infinite simplicity, that instead of dying, the old fellow appeared to thrive upon the poison; "however, we must not be discouraged," added this affectionate son, "you must give me another dose, and exert all your skill to render it effectual." After this the Moor returned no more, but the surgeon meeting him one day in the street, inquired how the poison had operated? "It had no effect whatever," replied the man, "my father is still in good health. God has caused him to live in spite of all we gave him, and there can now be no doubt that he is a *Marabout*, or Saint."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

My fair-hair'd Girl! what thoughtless glee
Is throned upon thy sunny brow!
Thy laughing eye, 'tis joy to see—
Thy spirit free, and tameless now!
Why should I check the mirth, though wild,
That youth and health have round thee thrown?
Why chill thy young heart's glow, my child,
And make it cheerless as—MY OWN?

Too soon, the ruthless hand of Time
Its shadow o'er thy path will fling;
And Care pass o'er thy sunny prime,
With blighting breath, and with'ring wing!
And thou'lt be doom'd to mourn like me
The ruined Hope—the Fate unkind—
And many a dream of bliss wilt see
Scatter'd like rose-leaves in the wind!

Gay, happy Trifler! sport awhile,
Like the bright insect on the wing!
That revels in the sunny smile
Which only Summer-months can bring!
I will not check thy spirit's glow,
I will not chill thy artless mirth;—
Go, Truant! to thy Playmates,—go!
Such smiles outweigh an empire's worth!

WOMAN'S KISS.

BY A WEST INDIAN.

A gentle kiss—a kiss of love,
By lovely Woman given,
Is like the dew from skies above,
For oh! it breathes of Heaven.
A gentle kiss—a thrilling kiss,
That melts the soul in raptur'd bliss,
And visions of delight;
There's nought on earth like Woman's lip,
In all its beauty bright.

A gentle kiss—who can forget
The joys so sweet—entrancing—
When ruby lips have fondly met,
With all their sweets enhancing?
A gentle kiss—a thrilling kiss,
That melts the soul in raptur'd bliss,
And visions of delight;
There's nought on earth like Woman's lip,
In all its beauty bright.

LAST VERSE OF THE BALLAD BY MISS SKYNNER.

Brighter skies will soon bend o'er thee,
Time shall bring when I am gone,
Hearts far worthier to adore thee,
Than this sear'd and lonely one!
Let not thoughts of him who leaves thee,
In thy memory mournful dwell,
Rather would he die than grieve thee—
Best and dearest, fare thee well!
Fare thee well—fare thee well!

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

Whence is it, when all that we most desire,
Is fully and fairly ours,
That we marvel we tried not for something higher
Than *such* weak and fading flowers?
Oh! why is HOPE but the parent of PAIN?
Why must her flowrets die?
And that echo come blending with every strain,
"All is but vanity!"

Oh heart, thou empire of discontent!
Hush'd be thy murmurings vain,
Think'st thou that life was only lent
To weep, and despair and complain?
Shake off such thoughts, such weakness spurn,
Rouse from thy moody dream!
From earth's troubled fountains thy footsteps turn,
And drink from a purer stream.

From the cheerless depth of the gloom profound,
From the mists that o'er thee creep,
Rises a bright and lovely star,
O'er the waves of thy troubled deep.
Its steady ray of purest light.
Was to guide the wand'rer given,
Wake from thy dreary doubting night,
And turn to the light of Heaven!

MINNA.

SONNET.

Maid of Soul, thou'rt far from me, and yet
Thou livest in my heart—food memory brings
Remembrance of the spot where first we met—
The wild-rose bower, where the violet clings,
An emblem of thy purity; sweet flower,
Living in beauty—of celestial hue,
To deck the grove one transient shining hour,
And then to die, wept by the morning dew.
Thus youth and beauty fade;—but as the oak,
Firmly and deeply rooted in the ground,
Against which storms and adverse winds have broke
Their desolating fury, and have found
It Giant-like, stand proudly 'mid the blast,
So is my heart, and so *my love* will last!

JOSEPH.

THE DUN.

Of all unwelcome chances that befal
A man of family with income small,
Can there be one
Which causes to his mind so drear a panic,
As the rude knock of vile mechanic
In shape of Dun!

There is an electric power in that knock,
Which to the stoutest nerve conveys a shock;
When man is poor,
How suddenly it checks his conversation;
Turning his gaze with consternation
Towards the door.

A servant enters; well, and pray what then?
A billet reads,—tell him to call again;
You stupid lout!
Have I not told you once for all,
When men of *this* description call
I'm *always* out?

C. A. F.

MY WHISKERS.

What causes all the folks to stare,
As I strut by *en militaire*,
And makes my face all over hair?—
My Whiskers.

Why do the children laugh with glee?
'Tis no uncommon sight to see;
Ah! no, they only envy me
My Whiskers.

What wounds with twenty thousand darts,
When practising the game of hearts;
And such sweet vanity imparts—
My Whiskers.

How I can quiz a naked chin,
And mimic every vulgar grin;
But I'll be bound they'll laugh who win
My Whiskers.

Should ever cruel fate decree,
That we, alas! should sever'd be,
I'd lay me down and die with thee—
My Whiskers.

HENRY V.

EVENING.

The light of the day-star declines in the West,
And reposes its splendour on Ocean's cold breast;
While the tissue of twilight, whose shades intervene,
Robs the beams of their glory, and softens the scene;
Like a veil thrown o'er woman, whose light folds reveal,
And heighten the beauty they feign to conceal.

Hélène.

TO A HARE-BELL, BLOOMING IN A WITHERED BOUQUET.

Who could have thought thy fragile form
Would thus outlive each other flower?
Though shelter'd from the blast and storm,
Denied the sunshine and the shower!
Thus, in Misfortune's stormy hour,
Woman unmov'd will meet the foe;
While man, endowed with strength and power,
Unnerv'd, oft sinks beneath the blow.

ANNETTE.

SERENADE.

The silver moon is beaming brightly,
O'er the sparkling waves of the Summer sea,
My bonny bark is floating lightly;
Wilt thou come with me, Love?
Wilt thou come with me?

My bonny bark will soon be roving
O'er the crested waves of the deep green sea;
Ines, dearest, loved and loving,
Wilt thou rove with me, Love?
Wilt thou rove with me?

Oh, leave awhile the downy pillow,
Which Hope, the syren, has smooth'd for thee;
Gently o'er the smiling billow,
To glide with me, Love,
To glide with me.

Hélène.

CHARADE.

My FIRST you will do when the gooseberries ripen;
My SECOND if seen would the stoutest heart frighten;
My WHOLE is by most people deem'd a great treat,
Though without a fine day it is scarcely complete.

C. A. F.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 55.

The DEATH-watch, as the superstitious say,
Clicks near the BED where dying mortals lay;
Grant that such sounds may never reach my ear,
And that my DEATH-BED may be free from fear.

J. J.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 63.

At the young housewife Stella's new abode,
The man of business with his worsted load,
Fresh from the loom, with mimic flowers o'erspread,
By active Sally's to the parlour led;
Puts down his burthen, wipes his heated brow,
Unrolls his treasure, and exclaims, "I vow,
A better article was never seen,
Madam, I'm very certain that a queen
Would think this very charming CARPET, meet,
When neatly joined, to bear e'en Royal feet;
Its brilliant colours, too, will long remain,
And when well beaten, will be fresh again."

JESSY.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE Page 15.

Upon a bank with Moss and shrubs o'ergrown,
I found this ROSE which I now send to thee;
And when at morn and eve thou lookest down
On this MOSS-ROSE, then pray remember me.

HORATIO,

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

WONDERFUL STUPIDITY.—There was a Chamberlain in the Court of the Queen Mother of Berlin, about half a century ago, named M. de Morien, a man of so circumscribed an understanding as to be constantly held up to ridicule in the sphere to which he belonged. He was unable to recollect whether at a certain siege he was among those who attacked, or those who defended the place; and whether, in a certain campaign, it was himself or his brother that had been killed. To this M. Morien, a literary friend lent the same volume seven times over, and on asking him afterwards how he liked the work, "Truly, Sir" he replied, "I think it an admirable production, but if I might speak my opinion freely, the author sometimes repeats the same things." The English ambassador requested him to present the Earl of Essex, then, on his travels, and accordingly, M. Morien, at the proper period, complied in the following terms. "Madame" said he to his Mistress, "I have the honour to present to your Majesty, the Earl of Essex, a native of England, and a traveller, who, the English ambassador has assured me, is not the same Earl of Essex that was beheaded under Queen Elizabeth."

Mr. Brindley.—This gentleman once gave a striking proof of the effect produced on the mind by keeping it constantly turned to one object. It is well known that he was one of the greatest planners of canals. On one occasion, being called before a Committee of the House of Commons, he seemed to treat all rivers with such utter contempt, that one of the Members was induced to ask him for what sort of utility rivers were designed. Mr. Brindley, after pausing a moment, replied, "*To feed navigable canals.*"

Sheridan being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "*I am very glad to hear it,*" then suddenly added with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "*and yet I don't see why I should be, poor fellow, he never did me much harm.*"

Anecdote.—One Candle.—Counsellor **** had a very avaricious wife, who often carried her economy so far, that she violated decorum. One evening the Counsellor had a few friends to supper, yet there was only one candle in the room, which was spacious, and painted with a dark colour. It was of course very gloomy. "Pray, my dear," said ****, "be so good as to have another candle lighted, that I may see where the other stands."

Tortoise-shell. — The following barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the *Singapore Chronicle*:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its captures this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

A lady of the name of King, who had increased her family annually for several years, was at a party where the circumstance was told to a very facetious gentleman. He soon found out the lady's husband, and, though unknown to him, thus accosted him: "Why, Sir, you are like Buonaparte?" The other, rather surprised, and not much relishing the similitude, hastily exclaimed, 'How so, Sir?' "Because (replied the wit) you make *a new king* every year." 'I think, now, (returned the offended husband) you are more like him, Sir, yourself.' "Explain, Sir," said the assailant, a little abashed: "Because, Sir, you seem to be *half seas over.*'

Politeness. — A few years since, some part of the Ferry Inn, Torpoint, being on fire, the servant girl was directed to awaken two gentlemen, who were asleep in an upstairs-room. She knocked at the door, and with the greatest simplicity said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for *disturbing* you, but the house is on fire!"

A braggadocia, who was a rank coward at bottom, one day received a sound thrashing, which he submitted to quietly, lest he should receive a still more severe punishment. A few days after, he happened to quarrel with a physician, and unluckily threatened to give him a hundred blows with a staff. "Truly," replied the Physician, "you may easily do that, since it is only four days since you received them yourself."

A countryman one day met several students who were conversing together, one of whom addressed him with, "Saul, what do'st thou here amongst the Prophets?" To which the countryman replied, "I came to seek my father's asses, and lo! here I have found them."

Some would-be wits, meeting an old woman driving several asses, exclaimed, "Good day, *Mother of Asses.*" "Good day, Good day, *my children,*" replied she.

A conceited young fellow was one day boasting of the variety of knowledge he had acquired in a very short space of time, and that he had expended a thousand pounds in paying his tutors. A stander-by, who overheard this vapouring, coolly observed, that if any one should chance to offer him so much as fifty pounds for all that he had learned, he would advise him by all means to accept it.

A soldier having killed with his halbert a dog which ran at him, was taken before a Magistrate by the dog's master, and being asked why he had killed the dog, he answered, that he had done it in self-defence. The magistrate replied, "You should have struck the dog with the handle of the halbert, and not with the point." "So I would," said the man, "if he had attempted to bite me with his tail, instead of his teeth."

Origin of the House of Montmorency.—It is said, that the founder of the illustrious house of Montmorency was one Lysor, who was the first Frank chief who received baptism after Clovis. One of his descendants having killed a Moorish chief in single combat, in the first age of the monarchy, exclaimed, on overcoming his adversary, "Mon Manse est oceis! On mon Manse ocies!' This became his patronymic.

Giotte, the pupil of Dimabue, painted a fly on the nose of one of his master's portraits so exquisitely that the deluded artist attempted to brush it off with his hand.

Margaret of Scotland, the first wife of the Dauphin (Louis XI.) having found the learned Alain Chartier asleep one day, gave him a kiss. The extreme ugliness of Chartier increased the surprise of the spectators; she perceived it, and said, "I do not kiss the person, but the mouth from which so many fine discourses have issued."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS ROBINSON, OF PORTSMOUTH, TO LIEUT. VENUS, R. N.

Miss Robinson is wedded,—a Venus now is she;
Like Venus 'famed of old she is partial to the sea;
For a sailor she has married, and though she was before
A pretty little Venus, she's now a Venus more;
A sort of double Venus, an object somewhat rare,
But one that's likely to engross a British seaman's care!

ON A BOASTING RHYMESTER.

"When I write poetry, the muses nine
"Come at my call, and at my elbow wait;
"The London Journals *pay me by the line,*
"And thus I *fatten* on a *lean estate!*"
Poor Varius! vaunt not; take advice like mine,
And *change* the mode *of sale*; 'twill mend your fate;—
Such *drowsy leaden articles* as thine
Would bring a higher price *if sold by weight!*

Plymouth, 1833. I. V. X.

EPITAPH IN STEPNEY CHURCH-YARD.

Reckless of worth, of time, or place,
Meridian strength, or infant bloom,
Death snatches from our fond embrace,
And plunges in the silent tomb.
Affection o'er the sacred shrine,
Indulges oft her deep-drawn sighs;
While soothing Hope, with voice divine,
Whispers of realms beyond the skies.

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

A few Copies of the first Volume of "The Maids, Wives, and Widows Magazine," *bound uniformly with "The Penny Magazine," may be had, Price 6s. 6d. each.*

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PART III., *(New Series), with a* very superior *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* NOVEMBER, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

PENNY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

No. 16—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Nov. 2, 1833

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Opera Dress.—The robe is of *gaze blonde*, drooped in full folds across the front, the back is plain. Short full sleeves. Mantle of violet satin, lined with azure blue *gros de Naples*. A square pelerine descending below the waist, and a square collar of moderate size. Both the pelerine and mantle are extremely ample. The trimming is peculiarly novel and elegant, it consists of a rich twisted silk cord, laid on plain round the bottom, and arranged in a

kind of embroidery up the fronts and round the pelerine. The head-dress is a black velvet toque of the Spanish form, trimmed with knots and floating ends of blue figured gauze ribbon, and the plumage of a bird of Paradise, placed rather far back on the left side, and drooping over to the right. Necklace and ear-rings burnished gold. White kid gloves. White satin slippers.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Mantles and Shawls begin to be seen in out-door dress, those for the promenade are as yet what we conceive they always ought to be—more for service than shew. The mantles are of black or dark-coloured *gros-de-Naples*; the capes appear the same size as last year, and a great many are made that descend in the lappel style partially down the front. The shawls are large and square, of the Thibet kind, with borders in Cashmere patterns, of rich but of chaste colours; the ground is generally dark.

Satin and *gros-des-Indes* bonnets, of rich, full colours, as maroon, dark blue, and purple, are very much in request in promenade dress. We see also a good many black ones, though it is yet early in the season for the latter. The trimmings of promenade bonnets are invariably of ribands, and gauze ones are most in request. Strictly speaking, there is no actual change except in the colours of bonnets.

The novelties in carriage dress are numerous and elegant. First come shawls of real or French Cashmere, the latter scarcely to be distinguished even by good judges from the former. The majority are square, of extraordinary size, and with palm borders of the most brilliant and vivid colours. The grounds are for the most part black or white; among the few coloured ones that are seen, we remark that blue predominates.

The new carriage mantles are of satin, reps, or *poux de Soie*. The most fashionable are those of the Russian kind; that called the Hiermoloff is peculiarly elegant, it is extremely ample, descends quite to the shoe, has long hanging sleeves which button at the pleasure of the wearer over those of the dress, and are made so wide as not to crush it. The pelerine is of two falls, and cut round in large *dents*, from each of which depends an acorn.

It appears, however, very probable that until the weather becomes very cold, *mantelets* will be more in favour than mantles. Several new ones have appeared of the same colour as the dress or pelisse over which they are worn. They do not differ in their form from those of last year, but in general they are shorter. A good many are trimmed with black blond lace, and others bordered with a bias band of satin. Our readers will probably recollect that we spoke of these mantelets on their first appearance last year, but although they can only be considered as a revived fashion, they will probably be continued during the early part of the winter and resumed in the spring.

Satin, particularly black satin, is much in favour for carriage hats and bonnets. The first have certainly the brims a little larger and wider across the forehead. A good many are still trimmed under the brim with a *tulle rûche* placed at the edge, which descends under the chin in the *Mentoniere* style; if the hat is black the *rûche* corresponds, but it must be white if the head-dress is of any other colour. Black satin hats are for the most part lined with coloured velvet, and trimmed with flowers and ribands of the colour of the lining, or else the flowers are of that colour, and the ribands are a mixture of it and black. One of the most elegant hats of this last description is lined with rose-coloured velvet, and ornamented with a bouquet of red thistles, and knots of black satin riband figured in rose-colour.

Reps and *poux de soie* are also in favour both for hats and bonnets. A new pattern of the latter material has just been introduced; it is a bright shade of beet red, or rich Pomona green, figured in black in a network pattern, which appears exactly like *tulle* placed upon the silk; bonnets of this material are usually trimmed with flowers of full and rich colours, but hats are ornamented either with flowers or feathers in which the two colours of the *chapeau* are mingled.

Furs will this season form a very essential part of out-door dress. Sable is already announced as the most decidedly fashionable; and ermine, that magnificent fur, still used to trim the royal robes of sovereigns, is now regarded in a secondary point of view by our *élégantes*. The value of all kinds of furs being this season, from some cause or other, very much enhanced, real sable comes within the reach of the favourites of fortune only; thus fashionables of a second class content themselves with grey squirrel, or that very light and pretty fur, French martin, which is, when dyed, denominated French sable. Palatine tippets and boas are already universally adopted, and it is generally believed that in another month, muffs and fur trimmings will be in very great request.

We refer our readers to our last weekly article for the make and materials of dresses, and have only to observe in addition, that it is generally understood that high dresses will be very prevalent during the winter for social dinners and evening parties. In our next weekly number we shall give a description of some evening head-dresses, which our subscribers will find worthy their attention. Fashionable colours are beet red, Pomona, and mystic green, dark-blue, purple, rose-colour and orange.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY PLATE FOR OCTOBER.

No. 1. Evening Dress. — White gauze robe, embroidered in bunches of purple grapes, with their foliage. A low body made full, the fulness confined round the top by a band edged with green rouleaus, and trimmed at the upper edge with a row of blond lace. Double *bouffant* sleeves. High *chemisette*, drawn full round the top. Neck-knot of green gauze riband, covered with black lace. Waist riband of green taffita. Brooch and *ceinture* buckle gold. The hair parted on the forehead, and arranged in a cluster of bows on the crown of the head, is ornamented with a wreath of white roses. Cashmere scarf.

No. 2. Carriage Dress.—High robe of lilac *gros de Naples*, figured in a new patern. A plain body, partially covered with a pelerine of a round form, edged with a row of trimming to correspond with the dress. Amadis sleeves, ornamented with fancy silk trimming at the lower part. Blond lace neck-*rûche*. Lilac satin hat, ornamented with a white ostrich feather, and curtain veil of blond lace. Gold chain and eye-glass. Half boots of coloured *reps*.

No. 3. Opera Mantle, and Head-dress.—The mantle is of fawn-coloured satin of a yellow shade; there are two capes, the upper one is of black velvet, and of the shawl form, the lower of satin, forms a broad facing, which reaches from the waist considerably below the knee; it turns back from the waist in an oblique direction. and forms a deep pelerine behind; it is trimmed with a row of black lace. Long sleeves, open at the top, but closed at the bottom, are attached to the shoulders, and gold ornaments of the girandole form fastens it down the front. The beret is of crimson velvet; the front long and rather deep, is trimmed on the inside with tawny yellow gauze riband; a bouquet of ostrich feathers, to correspond with the riband, is attached far back on the right side of the crown, by a bow; two feathers droop over to the left, and one falls upon the brim.

No. 4. Dinner Dress. — Rose-coloured *poux de Soie*, made high, with Amadis sleeves. Mantelet of white blond lace, square on the body, with scarf ends, fastened from the waist to bottom by butterfly bows of gauze riband to correspond. Head-dress, a white satin toque, trimmed with white flowers, rose-coloured gauze ribands, and a blond lace veil, arranged to fall loosely over the back and shoulders.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY & HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 1. A front view of a rice-straw hat, trimmed with deep rose-coloured gauze riband, and a full bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

No. 2. White satin pelisse. Hat of blue *poux de la reine*, the brim quite round, is ornamented on the inside with *coques* of blue riband. The crown is trimmed with a full bouquet of long curled white ostrich feathers, which partly droop over the brim.

No. 3. A back view of the rice-straw hat.

Printed by Jas. & Rogerson, 54, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

No. 4. Morning dress of pea green *gros de Naples*, with a *canezou en cœur* of clear cambric beautifully embroidered. Bonnet of violet Terry velvet. The inside of the brim is trimmed in the cap style with blond lace; the crown is adorned with a bouquet of autumnal flowers.

THE DRAMA.

GRAND BARDIC FESTIVAL.

We perceive by the newspapers, that the amiable Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria will honour with their special patronage, a grand *Eistedddvod*, or meeting of Welch Bards and Minstrels, which is to be held at Cardiff in South Wales, next autumn; the Marquis of Bute, President; and Mr. Parry, Conductor. There are about twenty prizes to be awarded for Poems, Essays, Treatises, all on various subjects connected with the history of Cambria; also two silver harps, to be presented to the best performers on the single and the triple stringed ancient Welch harps; medals also will be given to the best singers with the national instrument. We are most happy to hear that the subscriptions amount, already, to about £700, including £100 from the Marquis of Bute, and £50 from Sir Charles Morgan of Tredeger. We heartily wish success to such national and patriotic festivals, which reflect credit on the sons of the mountain-land.

ADELPHI.

This active little theatre, ever catering for variety, has again presented us with novelty, in the shape of a Dramatic Burletta, founded on Goldsmith's exquisite poem of "The Deserted Village," from which the piece takes its name. The story may easily be conjectured, being manufactured from the real dramatis personæ of Goldsmith's poetic tale. We have the Parson and the Schoolmaster, and the Veteran all mingled into one plot, and made subservient to the purposes of its development. It forms altogether in these "*dramatic-interest*" loving times, an excellent foundation for a drama, and we wondered as we witnessed its successful progress, it had never been attempted before. That it wants curtailment, we must needs allow, but, perhaps, the associations of our early days, when we learned Goldsmith by rote, made us feel more kindly disposed towards the piece, for our hearts seemed to warm towards it in every scene. The scenery is beautiful, faithful to what we conceive to have been the poet's ideas. The Masquerade scene and dance in particular, is excellently got up, and would not discredit the Opera House. The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Yates was above all praise; and we were delighted to see the talents of O'Smith, for a wonder, employed to pourtray an HONEST MAN, though we more than once trembled lest he should prove to be a villain. John Reeve, as a Parish Clerk, constantly wanting to "borrow a shilling," was a happy hit, though it somewhat reminded us, from the constant repetition of "*Pap a shilling*," in the £100 Note. There are some pert allusions made by the Porter of Lord Morden's town house, to the manners of the great, which we think would be as well spared; the spirit of equality has quite enough gone forth, without its being disseminated through the medium of the stage; 'tis both improper and injudicious, and the sentiments we allude to, were met by well-merited hisses. The drama was given out by Yates, not only without a dissenting voice, but with shouts of approbation, and the success it met with, was deserved. It wanted but a quarter to twelve when the curtain fell, and the farce of "P. P." was yet to come. If the Adelphi gave less for the money, we think the public would feel as well satisfied.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE SEA.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

"I love to be
Where the tall ships glide
On the wide sea,
With its rippling tide,
Our sails i' the wind, and our hearts as free,
Such is the life that has charms for me."

OLD SONG.

Forty-eight hours' sail and a canny *nor-wester* from Sunderland, had given us a good lift on the passage. It was evening, and in sooth a fine evening too; the stars shone bright in the clear blue heaven, and a gentle breeze just filled the canvas. Close a-head was to be seen Lestoff with its high and low beacons, and a little beyond a few straggling lights showed the situation of the town. I have known the time when such a scene would have induced me to wander from twilight even until day-break, revelling in the dreams of fancy and romantic ardour; but that pleasing period of my existence has long gone by, and whatever may then have been my notions of enjoyment, I can now find more comfort in a snooze upon the pillow, than in catching at the same time inspiration and cold "beneath the silent night." The second dog-watch had been sometime in their hammocks, my cigar was out, and my grog-glass empty, and wanting no better signs, I thought it was e'en time for me to turn in also, so wrapping my cloak round me, I prepared to descend the companion stairs.

"Good night, and a pleasant watch to you, Mr. Curric," said I.

"Good night, sir; good night. But I thought you spoke of keeping me company an hour or two?"

"We'll talk about that to-morrow," answered I, laughing.

Now it was true I had promised to walk the deck with him for that watch, but I do not know how it happened, when the time came, my inclination had not come with it. Some way or other I have always had a mortal antipathy to watches of any kind; perhaps it may be dated from a circumstance that occurred to me at school. Our master, for several successive nights, had missed fruit from a favourite pear-tree, and although he had good reason to suspect who were the depredators, wanted circumstantial evidence to convict them, and, accordingly, set me one night on the look out for the culprits. I remember well the next morning the only thing I had to enter on my log was, that the pears all disappeared, and that I received a sound thrashing for falling asleep instead of minding my duty.

The candle was out, I was comfortably settled in my birth, and amidst confused visions of ships, grampusses, and light-houses, I dropped into a comfortable nap.

I was awakened the following morning by the sound of many footsteps above my head. Something unusual was astir. I could hear persons hurrying to and fro on the deck, and I now and then caught the words of the captain, exclaiming, "Quick, quick, my boys; haul over the boat, and get the cadge out. The ship every now and then had a jerk as though striking against something, and the creaking of the timbers told how much she was strained. I was debating whether to jump out of bed or no, when Hansell, one of my fellow passengers, made his appearance in the cabin. It was evident from the style of his dress, or, rather, undress, that a more than common occurrence had called him from his resting-place. I never before could have said much for his beauty, but the ludicrous figure he now presented, for a moment made me lose thought of any thing beside, and I indulged in a hearty laugh. As he had quitted his berth, so he appeared, without shoes or stockings, his drawers loose at the knee, and his head, which surmounted a thin body of six feet high, covered, though I cannot say ornamented, by an immense striped night-cap. Hansell was as good a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern, but withal a wag, and as he has raised many a laugh at my expense, it is but fair that in time and season, I should retaliate. But let that pass.

I was about to ask the reason of the uproar which had equally disturbed all, when my attention was arrested by a female voice, shrieking out—

"Hansell, is there any danger?"

"Oh, no! my love," answered he very composedly; "the only danger is that the ship may go to the bottom."

"Good God! do you say so? then I

must get up directly," and a spring from the bed ended that colloquy.

"And so we are aground?" asked I.

"Aye, aground sure enough," replied he.

"Those who never, according to their own account, did such a thing before, have landed her now safe and sound, I'll warrant, on the Gunfleet."

In a few minutes I was upon deck, but the stirring interest of the scene was past. The ship, with a little towing, had got cleverly off; and now scudded away famously, although slight shocks against the extreme parts of the sand, still warned us how great had been the danger of our situation.

"Luff you may, Will, luff!" said the captain.

"Luff it is, sir."

"Now keep her steady, and as close to the course as possible. It had nearly been a bad piece of business this," added he, addressing me. "I never knew such an awkward affair, we must all have been blind. How the deuce did you manage, Currie, to lay the ship aground in broad day-light?"

"You may just ask yourself that, sir, said the mate, I had not the command of the vessel this time anyhow; but accidents will happen, ha, ha, ha!"

"Aye, aye, governor," chimed in Hansell, thrusting his head above the companion, though minus its former elegant appendage; accidents will happen in the best regulated ships—he, he, he!"

"Come, gentlemen, who is for a glass of grog?" said the captain, apparently without noticing their raillery. I'm for a little gin and water, who sings second?"

"I don't mind if I join you, for want of better employment," drawled out Hansell."

"So ho! Barker, some water and clean glasses here. Do you mind, boy? What's the fellow musing on now? Barker? I say; are you deaf, or have you got one of those confounded calculations in your head? My cousin here shall give you a question or two, and see how far your skill goes."

"Well, Barker, I think you say that you know something of Algebra?"

"A little, sir."

"Very good; add A and B together, and tell us the amount."

"It's just C, sir."

"Aye, aye, Barker," said Hansell, "I thought you were a conjuror. It will never be your lot to set the Thames on fire. Now for one more answer my lad, and then we'll have the glasses. How would you bring farthings into half-pence?"

"Take them to Quebec, sir."

A general burst of laughter followed this laconic reply, and although I was not *au fait* to the witticism conveyed, the very abruptness of the speech caused me to laugh as heartily as the rest.

Away went Barker on his errand, and whilst he was absent, I questioned them as to his meaning.

"They make no difference at Quebec, sir, between farthings and half-pence," said Currie in return to my query. "You may purchase as much for the one as for the other; and I suppose our wise astronomer deems it a more easy task to carry them thither, than to rack his brains for an apter and more appropriate method of effecting the exchange."

Provided with the needful, we sat down to enjoy ourselves as best we might, and to wile away the intervening hours between then and breakfast-time, each contributed to the amusement of the others, by the narration of some little incident that rose foremost in memory."

"I shall not easily forget," said Currie, "the tempestuous day on which we left Sunderland in company with the Telemachus. It was as rough a sea as I ever left harbour wilfully to brave, and as wild a wind as ever stretched an inch of canvas. 'Twas a hazardous experiment, but we got safe out, and by Jove, we then put along famously. All hands were on deck, and i' faith we needed them to keep the ship at all cannily. A heavy sea broke over the deck; some minutes elapsed before we could look around, and one of our men was then missing. An awful thing it is to see a fellow-creature perish within arm's length of you—mayhap some pleasant comrade, or one whom long fellowship has made a friend, to look on him struggling with the waves, to see the dim leaden gaze of despair, the paleness of extreme agony, to hear the half-stifled cries of suffering nature, the convulsive hiccup as the irresistless waters gradually stop his utterance, and finally, when wound up to a state bordering on the wild frenzy of a maniac, to see him sink beneath the waves, as we extend our hands in unavailing efforts to assist him. Well, well, he had disappeared, and as it would have been madness to have attempted his recovery, we e'en took the wiser plan, and thought as little of our poor brother as might be, albeit some melancholy feelings would awhile intrude, and when we reached London the affair was numbered in memory with each everyday occurrence. Our ship was cleared, and it was the day preceding our intended departure. I was seated in the cabin, conning some charts, when one of our company suddenly burst upon me, and astonished me by the intelligence of the arrival of our deceased seaman's ghost. "Ah, Tom," said I, "there must be some mistake, for Will would never be such a fool as to leave heaven to come on ship-board again; methinks the one berth must be a little more acceptable than the other. However I will go on deck and see to the affair."

Sure enough when I went up, there was Will, but no ghost I assure you, real flesh and blood, and a nice escape he had had of it. The same sea that washed him over board our vessel, had landed him safely in the old Telemachus, and to save trouble he just worked that passage where fortune had thrown him. Poor fellow, he was very fond of telling the story, but like most others, his tale had an end. He sleeps now fast enough in Tynemouth burying-ground, God rest his soul."

Thus terminated Currie's story. Another and another succeeded it, but they will require a clear head and a recruited memory to do them justice. Some future time, gentle reader, we may renew our acquaintance, and I will then give thee, with the remaining fragments of a seaman's vicissitous life, another leaf from the scrap book of a wanderer.

REMINISCENCES OF A WIDOWER.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

"But thou art in thy very spring,
Too young and bright for withering."
T. K. HERVEY.

She knew I did not love her when at the altar; she bestowed on me her hand and it trembled within mine, as I placed the emblem of constancy upon her finger. Her cheek assumed not the blushing hue of a bride, it was pale as marble. Her eye sparkled not with its wonted lustre, it was bathed in tears. Oh! it was detestable ambition and sordid avarice that planned that union, but not that gentle maiden's. She was pure and spotless as her snowy garments—all sweetness, all generosity, and, alas! too fatally for her, all compliance.

It was *my* father's hateful avarice, and high ambition that was our bane.

At the age of one-and-twenty, I made the tour of Europe, and during my travels met with one of heaven's fairest creatures, a perfect angel in face and form, and in mind too, for she was amiable as beautiful. I lengthened my stay as long as possible in the precincts of her habitation, and, ere my departure, made a declaration of my passion. It was an evening I shall never forget—bright and joyous—but not so bright and joyous as my heart, when Ismena owned an answering flame. The future presented happiness, brilliant as the rosy morning, the present evening seemed to promise. Ah! I dreamed not of the blasts with ruin rife which were to wither love's early flowers. I hurried over my tour, for I thought only of Ismena; in every prospect Ismena's form was blended; in every zephyr Ismena's voice was wafted.

I reached my home, the calm and happy England, whither I anticipated conveying her, where I had promised her all warm hearts, and one that adored her; but, oh! what a change did I find, what a reverse experience—my family was ruined—through indiscretion ruined—and to me they looked for aid by my union with a wealthy heiress, who would be content to exchange her loaded coffers for my title and honours. I remonstrated—told

them of my fervent passion, but they could not enter into my feelings, Rosalie, they said, was beautiful and amiable as was Ismena; she, too, loved me.

Disbelieving the latter assertion, and resolved to do all in my power to avert the blow, I confessed to her my prior attachment. Rosalie wept, lamented my hard destiny, but dared not resist a parent's command.

A father's anguish and a mother's tears prevailed—ambition and avarice gained the victory—and I and Rosalie were sacrificed. Sacrificed I say, and truly were we so, for we were wretched. Now could I have given ten thousand worlds to recall my confession of attachment for Ismena; Rosalie might then have been happy, and I should have been so, comparatively to what I now felt. She tried to smile, but it was a smile that showed a breaking heart; she essayed to deceive me by substituting an artificial bloom upon her check, when nature's rosy colouring departed; she moved about with a feigned joyous step, but I saw the canker-worm that was eating the vitals of the flower, though its outside still wore the same hue of beauty. On the day that gave me the hand of Rosalie, I had delivered to her the portrait of Ismena, which till then I had treasured as the miser hoards his gold; I felt I dared not trust myself with such a relic, (for it was her parting gift), and destroy it I could not; I then thought Rosalie would consign it to oblivion, but I was mistaken; she made it the companion of her hours of solitude, wept over it, and wished that she had been that loved Ismena.

It was one day, when I discovered her weeping over this portrait, that I first became aware that she loved me. Her words had never uttered it though they were always kind; her looks had not betrayed it, for she seemed fearful of meeting my gaze; her actions had not divulged it, for I attributed her assiduity to please me, to a sense of duty. I could not, I had not the presumption to suppose a being lovely and attractive as Rosalie could feel a fervent attachment for one who never strove to return it; one who acknowledged himself devoted to another.

Oh! my unyielding obdurate heart! why would it not love the gentle creature whose happiness hung upon it, yet love her I did; I could not do otherwise, a savage must have loved her, for she was all of loveliness—but I loved another *dearer!* Months had passed—months of unhappiness to us both, when I received information that Ismena had married. I had written to her before my union with Rosalie, a full account of my misery, and implored her to forget and forgive me; I ought to have been happy at the information, but, oh! I felt the contrary, though it was a sensation stole over me I know not how to define.

But another object now won my thoughts, even from Ismena. It was the wasting form of Rosalie—her gentle nature could not long endure the concealed unhappiness she felt; it weighed her down gradually but surely. Still she smiled, but it was like the sunny beam on a wintry day, evanescent and faint. The artificial bloom was still upon her check, but its unvarying aspect, displayed too clearly its unnatural tints; her step grew tremulous; her mild blue eyes less radiant, except when I would sometimes surprise them fixed upon my features, then they were lighted up with an almost unearthly brilliancy, but it was transient, and a tear would follow, a silent trembling tear, and she ever strove to conceal it. I had recourse to every effort to restore her, but in vain. She followed every prescription advised for her benefit, but it was evident she did not expect, nor scarcely wish them to take effect; she submitted unmurmuringly, patiently, and calmly to the directions of those around her; she was all gentleness and compliance herself, yet fearful lest she should utter a word to wound the feelings of another. To me she was all gratitude for the little attentions I paid her; she seemed to think every kind act of mine was one of supererogation, and thanked me in accents so sweet, so tender, that they penetrated my heart. Ye alone who have felt as I then felt, can judge of my feelings. Ismena was forgotten, and that heart was only Rosalie's. It was one day whilst administering her medicine, that I first felt the true state of my sentiments towards her; she took the nauseous draught with a smile so placid, drank it with so submissive an air, and returned the empty vessel with a look of such grateful affection, that my heart seemed almost breaking. I clasped her to my bosom, and in that moment of passion told her all my feelings.

Agitated even to tears, Rosalie wept upon my shoulder, "Oh, Augustus," she cried, "if it was not too late, how happy should I be, but I *am* happy," she added, "supremely happy, since my dying moments will be cheered by the assurance of a husband's love."

"Dying! say not so, my Rosalie," I wildly cried, "live for my sake; live my Rosalie."

"*My* Rosalie!" uttered by me, had never before met her ear, she grasped my hand, pressed it to her lips, then to her heart in silence. I broke from her, I could not endure her tenderness, it tortured me—I paced the apartment with hurried steps, accusing myself most bitterly, and styling myself her murderer. She arose from the couch upon which she had been lying, and prostrating herself at my feet, implored me not to use that epithet again unless I would break her heart. "I have broken it, Rosalie," I answered wildly, "and am I not a murderer?" I raised her in my arms for she had fainted.

From that day she no longer strove to conceal her feelings, and I began to feel most acutely what a treasure I was losing; but self reproach was now unavailing, it could not re-animate the beautiful form of the wasting, gentle, Rosalie; it could not re-instate the rose upon her check from whence I had robbed it; it could not impart the wonted radiance to her eye, which I had dimmed with tears of anguish.

It was now she told me her hopes and fears, distresses and pleasures, how she had loved me at our first meeting, and cherished that love with all a woman's fervour; how she had prayed for my happiness, and a return of her affections; how she was afflicted at my indifference, and delighted with any proof of tenderness. I listened with anguish, but it was mingled with sensations of rapture: to accuse myself, wounded the gentle heart of Rosalie, yet how could I do otherwise? I was almost driven to madness!

But Rosalie was happy; the assurance of a husband's love did indeed appear enough for her; she was sometimes so happy I was cheated into a belief that she would recover, though her own lips pronounced a negative. To grasp my hand, or lean her wasted, attenuated form on my bosom, seemed to her the summit of felicity; and to call me husband, a balm to her wounded bosom. Ismena was now to me as nothing; the ungovernable passion I had felt for her, fell short, far short of the intensity of love I experienced towards the angelic Rosalie.

To dwell on these scenes almost rends my heart asunder; pardon me, gentle ladies, if I draw to a close. The fair and fragile flower I had suffered to be blighted, at length withered quite; her last sigh was breathed in my arms, her last words were a prayer for me. I am a widower, and shall ever remain so, for not even Ismena could now fill the vacuum the gentle Rosalie has made.

Ye parents who would unite your children from motives of sordid interest or hateful ambition, read this tale of trial and tremble.

THE SELECTOR.

THE COMIC OFFERING, by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN, Vol. IV., 1834.

Having been favoured, through the kindness of the Publishers and the fair Editress, with the use of some of the Cuts; we shall from time to time make extracts from this talented Work, in the pages of our SELECTOR. The merits of "THE COMIC OFFERING" have been too well known and appreciated for four years by the public, to need any eulogium from us. Nevertheless we must add our mite of admiration to the widely extended praises of the Press. We think the present volume is in no way inferior to its predecessors. Among its contributors we notice with pleasure a lady, whose first literary productions appeared in our little Magazine, (Miss LACY). WE are happy to have been the cradle that rocked her infant efforts, and wish every success to her future career. The only solitary

instance of *dissatisfaction* we have seen expressed towards any article in this year's "COMIC OFFERING," is by the sagacious critic of "The Literary Gazette," who finds fault with the "Miss-Nomers," (contributed by our own unworthy pen), stating the article to be a *poor imitation* of something written by James Smith. That the *subject* never struck us as any thing original we are ready to confess, but as for *imitation*, we must protest we never heard, read, or saw any *other verses* save our own, founded on the same idea. Comic writing is not *our aim*, we should be as sorry to stake our poetical reputation on *such* effusions of our heedless hours, as we should be to have no other critic than him of the "Literary Gazette." The way the wind sets in *that* quarter, is too well known for us to animadvert upon here. WE never have been on the LADY-PET list of that *impartial* review, and what is more, we never hope or expect to be of its "Select Vestry." But we digress, proceed we to our promised extracts.

A WEST INDIA PLANTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ECCENTRIC TALES."

"Every man has his hobby," and my worthy friend Humphrey Havannah, has his. A better hearted soul, a more agreeable companion never existed; but he is one of the most inveterate *smokers* I ever knew. Summer and winter, morning, noon, and night, his pipe is eternally in his mouth.

There he sits like a *sun* of mirth, cracking his jokes, and now and then appearing through the clouds of smoke that roll about him.

At fourteen he was shipped off for the West Indies, where, after *roasting* under a burning sun for forty years, he came home—*smoking*, and has smoked ever since without ceasing. But lest it should be considered I am *smoking* an old friend, he shall speak for himself.

"Ah! how do?—*smoking* hot weather this!—puts me in mind of the West Indies,—Sangaree and cigars—sugar canes and negroes. Tell you more about them if you come and take a luncheon with me. Choose your own time, my chimney's always *smoking!* Got some o' the finest tongues man or woman ever had in their mouths! *smoke* 'em all myself.

"Say you'll dine at five, every thing shall be done to a turn, every thing cooked with a *smoke*-jack in my house, by a capital black cook.

"Do you like black puddings; *negroes* make the best *black-puddings* in the world, you shall taste 'em! after dinner we'll have a comfortable *pipe* together—import my own tobacco by the hundred weight—prepare and smoke it all myself.

"Some people laugh at me. They don't know what true enjoyment is—nothing like a *pipe*. What would Pasta or the New River Company do without *pipes*—'ey? Got some fine old Port—buy *that* by the *pipe* too! Fond of music? Have two fine Goldfinches in my crib, that *pipe* famously that sweet song, "'I knew by the *smoke* that so gracefully curled!'

"My negro, too, plays the *pipe* and tabor. You'll come, won't you? I'm not *smoking* you—it's a way I've got. I don't care a whiff for your excuses; i'll send a smoking charger to your door, No. 37, who'll bring you in *puffing* at five, to a piping hot dinner,—and what say you to being a *stopper* here for a week?"

MY STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Well! his eyes may be dark—may be soft—bright—or grand!
And another's discernment their beauty may see:—
But their varied expression *I* can't understand—
As—*He flirts not with me!*

You say his mouth's perfect; and two rows of pearls
When he smiles, through his jet black moustache you may see:—
A *smile?* 'tis a *sneer* which his spiteful lip curls!
As—*He flirts not with me!*

What care *I* for his forehead of snow, with calm brow!
Contracted with jealousy foreheads should be:
Cold and dull as a statue he seems to me, now,
For—*He flirts not with me!*

You admire his complexion, "half faded leaf tint,"
That clear brown, which young ladies to praise all agree:—
If it change not for me,—why no charm I see in 't,
As—*He flirts not with me!*

You fancy he dances with exquisite grace?
He's your *partner* (to me he's a cold vis-a-vis!)
I must own I oft wish some one else in his place,
For—*He flirts not with me!*

It is said he excels all the Guardsmen who ride:—
He a "*Centaur*" or old "*Billy Button*" may be,
For he's not worth the trouble of looking that side—
As—*He flirts not with me!*

He sings, too, and with the *guitar*, in good taste!
You, my love, serenaded, *enchantée* may be;
But don't ask *me* to listen, my time I can't waste,
For—*He flirts not with me!*

How you rave of long fingers, and velvet white hand!
Fit for Blacksmith's" or "Byron's" his fingers may be,—
If gentle the pressure, I'd fain understand—
But—*He flirts not with me!*

His "*billets*" are treasured whenever he writes,
Re-perused till "repeated by heart" they could be!
Well: *I* never could make out a line he indites—
For—*He flirts not with me!*

I am told he's the best drest young man about town—
Those he offers his "suit" to, the judges may be;—
I ne'er looked,—more important I thought my own gown,—
As—*He flirts not with me!*

His fancied perfections throughout I have traced;—
And in *one* point all persons of *sense* will agree,
That, whate'er he possesses,—he's wanting in *taste*,
For—*He flirts not with me!*

* * * * * *

Last night I composed the above in great haste:—
To-day he call'd here,—(staid from twelve to past three!)
So at leisure his various perfections I traced,
He *has* beauty—wit—grace—grandeur—tenderness—taste—
For—*He flirted with me!*

THE BRIDGE OF SIZE.

THE MISS-NOMERS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as brown as a berry,
Miss Black has a Grey head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea;
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heaviside's light as a fairy;
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
While Miss Still is for ever in action!

Miss Green is a regular BLUE,
Miss Scarlett looks pale as a lily;
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly;
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool;
Miss Mee's not at all like *myself*,
Miss Carpenter no one can *rule*!

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er level'd a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining;
Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning*.

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And, ah! poor Miss Cash has no money!
Miss Bateman would give all that she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking;
Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking*.

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in the city,
The nerves of Miss Stedfast are shaken;
Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all *froth*,
Miss Scales they'll make *wait I* am thinking;
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst.

Miss Knight is now chang'd into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a knight;
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair—one and all—
No misapprehension be making,
Tho' wrong the dear sex to miscall,
There's no harm I should hope in MISTAKING!

We omit our usual Poetical contributions in the present number, being anxious to present our readers with an early extract from Miss Pardoe's delightful work, "TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL," every page of which is replete with interest. That they are faithful sketches of that interesting country we cannot doubt, from the fair writer's long residence beneath its sunny skies, and that Portugal is a subject of the greatest interest to all classes at the present moment, none will we presume deny. We shall, therefore, often levy contributions on these charming volumes, for the entertainment of our readers, and from the samples given, we question few of them but will be eager to peruse the whole. The Work is dedicated to Her R. H. the Princess Augusta, and Miss Pardoe has most judiciously refrained from all political subjects, (at the request, we believe, of her royal Patroness.)

DONNA RETA.

A LEGEND OF LISBON.

It signifies little whether it was on the 10th, 15th, or the 20th of the January of 1827, that the prow of an English vessel proudly severed the silver waves of the Imperial Tagus. Young and light and daring hearts beat in that gallant ship; every one remembered that he was come to approve himself a friend to a country torn with feuds; and, as the soldiers leapt on shore, joy sparkled in their eyes: or, if a few brows were clouded, it was but by the memory of dear ones left in their own loved land. Gaily they echoed back the acclamations of those who had thronged to witness their disembarkation; and every hand, which was extended to them in friendship, they grasped with responsive warmth. There is, perhaps, no time at which a man's heart expands to his fellow-creatures, and to the gay and gladsome smile of nature, as it does after the listless and loathsome confinement of ship-board: the wild and the wonderful may indeed be worshipped in their fearful immensity on the wide sea—but man has no sympathy with these; the magnificence, the majesty, at which we gaze tremblingly, awakens no chord in our hearts: our finite powers quail beneath the vastness, and our dazzled senses shrink before the wanton wonders of the great deep: but the gay green fields, the painted flowers, the sunshine flooding the glad hill-tops, are things which speak to every feeling, to every sympathy of our nature—the voices of children, the lowing of cattle, the song of birds, make music to every ear: and the soldiers sprang gaily ashore from their "floating prison" with glad hearts, and cheerful words.

From this vessel landed Ferdinand Fitzmorris: *he* alone looked on the change of country and of prospect unmoved by either; there was a shade upon his birth, and it had darkened his whole existence. He knew that his father was rich, powerful, and generous—that his mother was nobly born and beautiful—but what availed the knowledge? There was a blot upon that mother's fame, and the stain rested upon her son! Morbidly sensitive as was the spirit of Fitzmorris, this degrading consciousness haunted him incessantly; and pressed, like an incubus, upon his heart; it withered every energy, it blighted every hope: it was to his ambition what the old man in the fairy tale was to Sinbad; a grievous weight, a loathsome burthen, of which he vainly endeavoured to divest himself: with every effort that he made to free himself from the thrall, it but clung the closer! Fitzmorris was beloved by his companions, courted by his associates, and respected by the whole regiment: had an artist or a statuary sought a figure of manly beauty as a study, he could not have found one more perfect; yet he was the victim of heart-corroding and irremediable repinings.

"Among what class of my fellow-beings," he would sometimes bitterly ask, "am I entitled to take my stand? Is not the brand of dishonour stamped upon me? it was my withering birthright—I am a social *Pariah*—others have felt a mother's clasp, have knelt for a father's blessing—I know nothing of these, for I have never experienced the delight of either—my father looks on me with regret, not love; for I am the breathing witness of his dishonour—out of his abundance he gives me that which he does not value, and can never miss; but he gives it coldly, as though his heart went not with the offering—and for my mother:—I dare not breathe *her* name, lest the winds of heaven should betray her secret, her fearful, blighting secret!"

It was evening ere the whole of the corps to which he belonged had left the vessel; and, save Fitzmorris, all the officers were soon gaily quaffing healths to those at home, and laughing at the stormy nights and rough days they had weathered on their passage. Some, who had made the Peninsular campaign, were volunteering advice, and relating oft-told tales, which were now, from their locality, at least heard with pa-

tience, if not with an increase of attention, by their former auditors: and gay young spirits were flashing out with hope and expectation, mingling dreams of glory and orange-groves, and black eyes and balconies! Fitzmorris had thought none of these; and only shook his head of when a couple of his high spirited companions urged him to accompany them, and spend, at least, his first evening in Portugal with his brother-officers; the entreaty was renewed again and again, with earnest warmth, and Fitzmorris felt the sincerity of their invitation, but he could not thank them; he grasped a hand of each, and turned abruptly down one of the narrow streets which intersect Lisbon in all directions, simply to escape their further importunity.

Turning the first corner which presented itself, Fitzmorris hurried along beneath a high wall, careless of his way, and absorbed wholly by his own dark and morbid feelings. The wall suddenly terminated in a lofty gateway, evidently serving as an entrance to some house of considerable size; a few lights glimmered from windows beyond this gate, and as Fitzmorris stood for an instant watching them, the sound of a guitar, softly and sadly touched, fell on his ear; had it been a strain of light-hearted gaiety, he would have fled from it in his present mood, as from contagion; but this was no lay of pleasure: it fastened on his heart, as it were, by a spell, and while he stood beneath the casement, a thousand mingled feelings rushed in tumult across his mind; ere long, a voice blended with the chords of the instrument—it was that of a woman—not one of those shrill, overpowering voices, so usual in Portugal, but a low, wailing, melancholy sound which swept, as it seemed to Fitzmorris, through the very depths of his spirit. The song ceased; but the light finger still stirred the strings, and as the soft sounds murmured past him, the young Englishman endeavoured to picture to his fancy the countenance of the invisible musician. The music died away, and a brighter light flashed on him as he stood: he started and looked up—the casement was open, and a gentle girl appeared in the balcony above him: himself in deep shade, he could distinguish the form, the face, the very features distinctly, as they were developed by the light from the apartment; the guitar was yet in her hands, and a broad azure ribbon, from which it was suspended, was cast about her neck; one small foot, in a shoe of the same soft colour, extended somewhat beyond the railing of the balcony, as she leaned listlessly over it; she appeared to Fitzmorris to be about sixteen years of age; her eyes were large and dark; her fine hair was twisted round her head in the style of that of a Grecian statue, with one small rose-bud wreathed in the braid which pressed her left temple. As she stood, she struck a few unconnected chords, and then casting her eyes mournfully upwards, she murmured, rather than sang, the first stanza of an Italian ballad, which Fitzmorris had often heard in Florence—it was a fond, a tender welling-out of sensibility; but he had never thought it so beautiful as now—the stillness, broken only by the distant hum of the more crowded streets—the gloom enveloping every surrounding object, while the singer herself stood out in broad light and surpassing beauty; all conspired to invest it with a new charm. The stanza terminated too speedily; and Fitzmorris, urged by a new and inexplicable feeling, caught up the strain, and responded to the sentiment; he was an exquisite musician, and his voice was perfect; Italian was the language which he had loved from his boyhood; he had been told that his mother spoke it like a native—his beautiful, his high-born mother! he had studied it, he had loved it, for *her* sake.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC LAYS.

THE FOOTMAN TO THE COOK

Cooky! my dear, my fond desire
Is hotter than your *kitchen fire*;
The *ham*orous pains as I have proven,
Are fiercer than the baker's oven;
These pangs my health and strength so spoil,
That love has worked me to an *oil*;
And ah! how oft for you I've wish'd,
Without whom I shall soon be dish'd;
For I don't relish bite or sup,
So Cupid seems to *serve me up*;
Oh! those dear lips whose luscious *gravy*,
Cooky! I feel alone can save me;
And those fat, dimpled, rosy *chops*,
Sweeter by far than lollipops;
What havoc in this head they make;
Oh! I would give my all at *stake*
For such a morsel as my own,
Flesh of my flesh—bone of my bone!
Yet t'other day when dress'd so smart,
You seemed to give a look so *tart*
At me, whose trembling hand began
To help you with the *frying-pan*,
I fear'd you lik'd some other man;
Oh! be not *crusty*, love, but turn
Your eyes to me, see how I *burn*,
Alas! I'm like a *fritter* grown,
Cruelest Cook, you've *done me brown*;
I cannot save my *bacon*, no
My carcass is *grilladed* so;
I'm *in hot water*; in my veins
My blood *boils*—also do my brains;
And ev'ry hour my sighs increase
For you, enchanting maid of *Grease!*
To church then let's together dash,
Else Cooky, you will *spoil my hash*.

THE COOK'S REPLY.

Fellow! I'm really at a loss
To make an answer to your *sauce*.
I'm so dumb-foundered—ay—'tis true,
I feel myself all in a *stew*,
And shakes and trembles, I can tell ye,
Just like *blue-mange*, or *calve's-foot jelly*.
What! me take you? out, shame upon't,
Spit me if I do—no, I won't,
A *frothy*, *mushroom*, *cockscomb* Jemmy
That couldn't buy a wife a *shimmy*;
Were I to yield to your desire,
The fat would all be in the fire;
And I, the *rib* of such a blade,
A pretty *spare-rib* would be made.
Sooner than that, upon my life
I'd stick myself with *carving-knife*,
Right through my *giblets*, *heart* and *liver*,
Or else with our own *iron skiver*.
So take your answer, Sir, for I
Tell you I've other *fish to fry*:
Your love I *valley* like a *puff*,
Things *overdone* or *kitchen-stuff*.

T. H.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

EDMUND BURKE.—This great man had such a rooted contempt for the character and profession of a merchant, that he once said in the House of Commons, "Do not talk to me of the liberality and patriotism of a merchant, his God is his gold, his articles of religion his invoice, his desk his altar, his ledger his bible, his church his exchange, and he has faith in no one but his banker."

When he made a speech which was well received from the hustings at Bristol, at the time of the rupture between this country and America, poor C——, who was one of the candidates, was standing by his side. Equally averse with Mr. Burke to the American contest, but master of no other language, than the short vocabulary of the counting-house, he cried, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke! I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke."

CONTENTMENT.—A gentleman had a board put upon a part of his land, on which was written, "*I will give this field to any one who is really contented*," and when any applicant came, he always said, "*Are you contented?*" the general reply was, "*I am.*" "*Then*," rejoined the gentleman, "*What do you want with my field?*"

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

A few Copies of the first Volume of "THE MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS MAGAZINE," *bound uniformly with "The Penny Magazine," may be had, Price 6s. 6d. each.*

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office*, 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 17—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Nov. 9, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—The robe is composed of green satin. A plain high *corsage* and gigot sleeves, they are ornamented at the lower part of the arm, by bands arranged in a perfectly novel manner. Pelerine mantelet of the same materials; the scarf ends are attached from the waist downwards by bows of satin ribbon; the outer part is trimmed with a double fall of black real lace. Orange-coloured satin bonnet, worn over a blond lace mob cap, bor-

dered with a *rûche*. The bonnet brim is of rather a large size, and edged with a curtain veil of black real lace. The crown is trimmed with a full knot of orange and black striped ribbon in front, and a smaller one behind. Cashmere cravat. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Carriage Mantles.—We do not recollect since mantles became the fashion, so great a variety of carriage mantles as have already appeared. Some very elegant ones are of printed Cashmere, lined with *gros de Naples* of a rich full colour, as crimson or orange. The ground of the cloke is either black or some colour that approaches to it, such as iron grey or myrtle green. The patterns are either detached bouquets of flowers or arabesques, or else wreaths of flowers interlaced; others are of rich plain silk, as *gros de Princesse*, they are bordered with velvet points or scollops to correspond. The most novel are the painted velvet mantles, they are beautiful both in patterns and colours; the grounds are dark, and the patterns are either small detached bouquets or columns of flowers. There is a good deal of variety in the make of these envelopes; some are made with a cape that forms a robing in front, and is very deep and square behind, and a large square collar; other have only a collar and hanging sleeves. A third kind have the sleeves like those of a pelisse, and are made with a ceinture which confines them at will to the waist. Upon the whole those with sleeves are at present the most numerous. Although those of Cashmere and figured velvet are not in general trimmed, we have seen a few bordered with sable. The greater part of the plain silk ones are trimmed with velvet, and several of those composed of satin have a velvet cape of the shawl form, and another of the material of the dress, with a robing front, this latter is trimmed round with black real lace.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XI.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President, Secretary, and all the Members assembled.*

DEDICATORY LINES

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Mother of England's future Queen!
Whose gracious smiles illume our page,
Nobility of Mind is seen
In THEE—in this fastidious age—
That does not shrink to patronize
Those trifles, meaner souls despise!

Let Fashion's *vain pretenders* scorn,
The store our humble page displays;
While THOU the gifted, the high-born,
Shed'st o'er it those protecting rays,
That like Day's beams, where'er they fall
Diffuse a radiance over all!

Here shall the Sister-Arts unite,
To form an offering meet for THEE!
Here many a gem, of lustre bright
Unknown to Fame, shall be set free,
From the rude darkness of the mine,
To glow upon our fost'ring shrine!

Sanctioned by THEE, the wizzard wand
Of "fairy FICTION" shall be tried;
While "TRUTH severe," deck'd by *her* hand
A useful moral shall provide;
And POESY, enchanting maid!
Shall borrow sober REASON's aid!

From the "deep fountains" of the heart—
FEELING! we'll call thee, by our spell!
Thou that can'st bid those tears to start,
That from the fount of Mem'ry swell
Like crystal drops from ice-bound springs,
When fann'd by April's genial wings!

WIT, graceful MIRTH, unwounding JEST,
Shall oft our varied theme inspire,—
While for meek SORROW's laden breast,
We'll "gently touch the quivering Lyre;"
And o'er the Mourner's griefs and woes,
Pour the soft balm that MUSIC knows!

Come, then! each Bard and Sister-Muse!
Come! and with US your laurels share;
Tho' rich our shrine, will ye refuse
To wreath another garland—where
The HIGH AND HONOR'D in our Isle,
Does not disdain to cast HER smile?

Miss Bluemantle. Ladies of the Council! it is this week our pleasing duty to announce, that henceforth the little Work, over which we have presided, will be published under the immediate patronage and gracious auspices of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT. Most gratifying, indeed, is it to us to record the amiable condescension of this exalted female; and we trust that the prejudiced and narrow-minded, who may have hitherto looked with scorn on a PENNY PERIODICAL, professing to be conducted on principles somewhat above the common level of cheap literature, will learn a lesson of humility that will in future teach them to KNOW THEMSELVES! When we state that every Number will meet the eyes of our distinguished Patroness, we need scarcely add we shall be unusually careful in our selection of articles sent by unknown contributors, but modest merit will ever find encouragement in the pages of THE WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLEE. *(A pause.)* Fair Secretary you need not unclose your budget as our present arrangements will not allow of the usual answers to correspondents; next week they shall have every attention.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

GENIUS AND PIETY.

BY ISABEL HILL.

About a hundred years since there died in Florence one Galli, who had been known as a Grotesque at the Opera, leaving two orphans, Roberto and Maria, to depend on their own exertions. The boy was wont to grind colours for the scene painter of the establishment to which his father belonged, and early displayed a taste for the Arts, which the kind d'Alba half lamented that his own and only child, Guilio, did not share; he would fain have seen the lad somewhat higher than a shoe-maker, yet found no tradesman, save a master of that craft, ready to instruct him gratuitously. The mother of Guilio received the young Gallis into her humble home, on their father's death, and taught the girl embroidery, as the means of her future subsistence. Three handsomer specimens of southern youth could scarcely be found than these companions. The frank impetuous visage of Guilio, contrasted finely with the meek dependent air of Maria, but Roberto contrasted them both; he was a delicate, interesting creature, with a high white forehead, and wild dark grey eyes, shaded by a fantastic profusion of dusky curls—shrewd and reserved on all other points, he betrayed his consciousness of both personal and mental peculiarities, with a self respect so candid, that his cool, matter of course manner of exacting deference, gained him an ascendancy even over his elders, who felt sure that a latent genius of some sort or other gave him a right to this pride.

Guilio and Maria, who had no vanity for themselves, or even for each other, were awed by the prophetic visions of which Roberto was ever the hero. Their own fondness was familiar as that of perfect equality; but Roberto was to them a beautiful mystery, a theme of secret hope and pride. They saw that he grew discontented with his lowly lot, and fancied his repinings more meritorious than their own resignation.

Guilio perceived that Roberto rather permitted than sought his sister's caresses, yet that she preferred that coldness to his own cordiality; still he envied not his friend, nor would have wished his demeanor altered. Roberto must be right. Sometimes he would seclude himself for hours together, in his own chamber, no one guessed his studies; and in this way the boys completed their eighteenth, Maria her sixteenth year.

One night Roberto entered the house with a muffled stranger; silently they ascended to that private room; in a short time the unknown departed, and young Galli, joining the family, said, with his usual composure, "my dear friends, to-morrow I leave ye for Rome—not a word! I have long felt *inspired*, and burned to start on the race for immortality. A theatre is no place for sublime spirits; scripture pieces, I understood, were *selling highly*; and have finished one, which the noble patron who has just left me, asserts will secure my fame. Of course, Maria! I seek wealth but for your sake; high birth we have already. I am convinced that my father must have been descended from

the illustrious house of Montogalli, though he sunk a portion of his name that he might not disgrace it. That I now resume. There is already one well known painter so called. In a little while, worthy d'Alba, I trust to prove my gratitude by more than words. Protect my sister till I claim her of you."

These simple people, though grieved at the loss of Roberto, exulted in his brightened prospects. Every moment which Guilio could spare was devoted to re-assuring Maria of her brother's certain success. * * * *

Young Montogalli, pushed forward by his titled friend as a self-taught artist, (for neither of them said a word about the tuition he had received from d'Alba), burst on the world as a miracle. He dressed well, was courted by society; his enthusiasm, abstraction, and professed zeal for the holy subjects to which he devoted his genius, raised him a strong party in Rome.

'Twas true that certain *connoiseurs* called his paintings daubs, his piety affected, and his conceit intolerable. 'Twas true his numerous engagements soon rendered his correspondence with Maria irregular, unfrequent, and frigid; true, too, that, from all his labours, he gained no more than sufficed to support his own appearance as a gentleman. Three years passed, and he neither visited nor claimed his sister; she had received no aid from him; but her own industry enabled her to be of great service to her now infirm benefactress. She was content; not so Guilio, he loved her; his parents smiled on the attachment; he had succeeded his late employer, and was thriving in business; however, ere he dared say to the timid girl, "Let our man of talent keep all the wealth he wins, and marry one of the great ladies who so justly admire him; he cannot wish you to remain single; and to whom could he more safely confide you than me? surely we, who have no splendid abilities, may ne'ertheless be happy in seclusion?"

"Perhaps," faltered Maria, "with *his* consent."

She wrote a most womanly and touching appeal to Roberto, in which she said, "So poetic, so religious a soul as your's, will find something scripturally picturesque in our innocent and obscure life of mutual toil; a votary to the fine arts must needs be a friend to true love in any station."

Long, long did she remain in suspense. At last her patience was *rewarded* by this fraternal epistle—

"My ever dear sister!—The amaze, disappointment, and mortification you have inflicted on me, I forgive, as a christian should do; attributing it to your ignorance of life, and incapability of understanding my character. My fondest wish has been to place you in your rightful sphere; cultivate your mind, polish your manners, and secure you the brilliant establishment your beauty merits. Think then what I should feel in having my laurels blighted by *your* hand, my opinion of the only relative I have left me on earth disgraced. To the d'Albas I deem myself indebted, and want but the power to acquit that obligation. No one can have a better opinion of Guilio's honesty than myself; but if you marry him you belong no more to me. Choose then between us, and remember, that the woman who sacrifices passion to a sacred duty, is never abandoned, either by heaven or its true servants. Let me have your speedy decision.

"MONTOGALLI."

Guilio found Maria reading this; she did not weep, even at the sight of him, but put the letter into his hand: after perusing it, he said soothingly—"Beloved, your brother does not *command* you to renounce me; he will relent when we are wed. Speak, dearest! or, can you be tempted by his description of the gayer life he says is in your power? Do you love me, Maria?"

"Guilio," she answered calmly, "till now I have always thought it very natural that I should; but there seems, in this kind of love, (*passion he* calls it, who must know best,) something so earthly, so selfish, compared with that which should subsist between brother and sister, orphaned as we are—"

"Does he bear that love towards *you?*" vehemently interrupted the young artisan.

"He must!" she replied, "or he would not be thus jealous; nothing but affection like mine could pervert a charity so heavenly!—like mine—alas! what can I do for him, to what he is ready to attempt for me? yet fear no rival *but* Roberto! My thankful friendship is for ever your's; my sympathy, Guilio! though I dare not offend, pain, *lose* my glorious brother!"

"It costs you no effort to discard me? but you were always reluctant, and, perhaps, ambitious."

She shook her head; but only uttered firmly, "Without his sanction I never will be your's."

Guilio's delicate generosity and reason checked the rash impulses of despair. He arranged to transact some distant business, promising to return as soon as the Signora Montogalli had departed for Rome. These words forced Maria to betray some emotion; she seized his hand, crying, "Say that we part but friends, though it be for ever, comrade of my childhood, brother!"

"No," he retorted, breaking from her, "*your* brother; *I* am no hypocrite! May my parents befriend you, for, mark my words! Roberto never will."

He left the house. Maria breathed again; she shunned the d'Albas, upbraiding tears, and in solitude wrote thus to her brother—

"You are obeyed, adored Roberto! I have driven poor Guilio from me; but confess that, in these scenes, I cannot hope to recover my peace. The sight of me hurts his parents; for, while I stay, I keep him banished. I have saved by enough for my journey, and can travel very well alone. Only say *come*, and I will fly, blithe as a bird, to Montogalli. Yes, I'll learn to call you and myself so; what would I not do to prove how I revere and worship thee! to see—to serve my brother shall be my all. We will be every thing to one another; but never ask me to marry. *Passion* is dead. I feel scarce alive myself, but joy in my martyrdom, and am your's, all your's, alone, for ever.

"MARIA."

In as short a period as possible the poor girl received this reply—

"I steal time to answer you at once, dear child, lest you should set out, ere prohibited. Again you have mistaken my meaning. The blessing of Providence may *ultimately* empower me to send for you. Though the style which I thought myself so lucky in hitting on, is not so popular as of late, with the tasteless public, therefore I think of taking up the mythological. It is my purpose to survey the wonders of nature in other lands. I would take Florence in my route, but, as I shall travel with a noble party, that course must, for many reasons, be avoided. You could never be happy in the society I prefer; nor is it compatible with my present station to introduce, as *my* sister, a person capable of *regretting a shoe-maker*. I should think a few months in a convent would teach you to pray down this weakness. My orisons for your welfare are all I can offer at present; if I do not write soon again, believe me, as long as you hold no communication with the man I forbid you to marry, your affectionate brother and spiritual friend,

"MONTOGALLI."

Maria was too shamed to confide this heartless desertion to any one. The chaste felicity for which she had given up her plighted love, thus faithlessly, unblushingly denied her—it struck home. She was half-tempted to recall Guilio, but felt it would be too late, and merely told the d'Albas that she should retire for awhile to a religious house. Opposition was vain. These tidings were sent to their son, who sped to the convent, and earnestly begged to behold her.

The portress said it was impossible to gratify him.

"What," he cried, "has she pronounced the vows of a nun?"

"She fain would do so, but cannot live to take the veil."

Guilio was well nigh distracted. The superior could only calm him by permitting the interview he desired, though she said that Maria had entreated the sisterhood not to apprize her friends how near she drew to heaven.

As soon as the dying creature had been prepared to meet her lover, he was led to the cell where she lay. Embracing him tenderly, she cried, "Am I the Signora Montogalli now, dearest Guilio, or thine own Maria, who could only resign thee at the cost of her life? I outrage Roberto's will, by seeing thee even now." She gave him her brother's last letter. Then seeing the rage, scorn, and despair it excited, exclaimed,

"Oh, heaven pardon me! promise, good d'Alba, to forgive him, as I do!"

"If you, angel of mercy, revive to bless me, to cheer the age of my parents, I may—but else—"

"Can you not promise unconditionally?"

"Not sincerely, my Maria!"

"Ah, *you* are no hypocrite!" she sighed forth, as her pure spirit soared from the world in which it had endured so much. * * * * *

Guilio would not abandon himself to sorrow; he had her loved remains conveyed back to her birth-place, strove to soothe the distress of her second mother; then, ascertaining which way Roberto had taken, he followed and overtook him. The celebrated painter was lecturing on the arts, and their possible service to *religion*, when a toil-worn, travel-soiled man rushed into the august assembly, and, pointing to the orator, shouted fiercely—

"Roberto Galli, you have killed your sister."

The academician turned pale, but merely said, "Remove that poor wretch, I know him not, he must be insane. I have no sister—that is—none likely to—to—"

"Liar!" cried the bereaved Guilio, sternly, "yet you are right; you *have* no sister now; you, humbly born as myself, who first scared Maria from these honest arms, and then refused to shelter her in your own, may you live and die in your pitiless pride, wifeless, childless, friendless, and hopeless; did I not know how conscience can avenge me, I should burthen my soul with your blood!"

The adherents of Roberto seized his accuser, but, on his shewing them the letters of their idol, they allowed the widowed lover to seek his now desolate home. He refused the bribe by which Galli would fain have silenced him. For the sake of his parents he struggled to resume his fortitude, and, though ever wedded to the memory of Maria, at last acquired that resignation which will, in time, attend the blameless sufferer.

Roberto's popularity waned fast; looks of mistrust, suspicious whispers, now supplied the place of homage to which he was habituated. He was found to have been every way a pretender; and must have fallen to abject want, had he not, in spite of the poverty he had professed, hoarded, during his reign, a sufficient sum to support him in his decline. He retired to brood over the wound which truth may deal the vanity of genius, even by the hand of a shoemaker; and to fancy the lips of those pictured saints with whom he had sought to class himself, for ever uttering the appalling words—

"Roberto Galli, you have killed your sister!"

THE SELECTOR.

THE COMIC OFFERING, by Miss L. H. Sheridan, (Second Notice.)

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

"We will speak, *whether* or *no*."
Old Play.

"Good morning," said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock, "you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder," said the weather-cock, "for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night, and I don't see Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather *down* this morning."

"Do I?" said the Weather-glass; "at all events I'm *up* to you;—*up* to *you* indeed! now I look at myself, I'm up to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs* Mr. Weathercock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane!*" said the Weather-cock, "no, indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vain* than useful; and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the *reins* of the family in your own hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places!*" said the Weather-glass, "I never knew you *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune," says the Weathercock; "but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south about to meet her. I had not been with her for more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am to be thus disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah!" said the Weather-glass, "we all have our complaints; you know my existence depends on my telling the truth:—now I marked '*much rain*' yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were *fine*, screwed me up to '*set-fair*,' so they *set out*, and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to '*stormy*.'"

GLASS FALLEN; "VERY STORMY.

"Ah, well!" said the Weather-cock, I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here, for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass, (which, by the bye, I consider must be rather a *sharp* instrument, for I heard it had a *needle* and thirty-two *points*), I was declared by all present 'to stand completely *square*,' when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards, the wind blew me completely *round*; but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive, by your face, you're not many degrees from being *very dry*; what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart," says the Weather-glass, "if you'll *stand* it."

"I stand it?" said the Weather-cock, "did you ever know me *stand* to anything?" here he turned half-round and looked the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal," says the Weather-glass, "there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse! save your abuse!" said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turned away; "though I am used to *blows*, they must be given in a roundabout manner; and of all the blows, the least I care about is a *blow-up!*"

TO A SUBALTERN ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LUCIEN GREVILLE."

Go! watch the vessel, o'er the tide glide,
ride,
'Tis your's to listen to the gale wail, rail,
And hear the seamen in a squall all bawl.
They are a happy set, for none shun fun,
But all their jokes over a black-jack crack!
Go! and on India's glowing grand strand
land,
There you will know a solder's ills; drills,
bills,
And misery of an empty purse, worse curse!
'Tis there the cruel master thwacks blacks'
backs;
'Tis there the savage tigers howl, prowl,
growl,
And sober natives in a bright night fight.
'Tis there the sportsman in mud-boots shoots
brutes,
While others with their murderous aim
maim game;
Go! drink with zest your colonel's stale
pale ale,
Feast on his curried prawns, and fine Rhine
wine,
And in return laugh at his best-drest jest!
At wars alarms be first to reach each breach;
Haste! from a vengeful Rajah's fire, ire
dire;
Haste where you'll hear each yellow fellow
bellow,
Go! wade in Honour's cause, through mud,
flood, blood,
And in bright glory's lasting name claim
fame!

POWDER AND BALL.

[It may befall, at chance's call, a ball may
gall:—all past recall he'd over the tall
wall fall!
Life's fled! tears shed, prayers read, earth
spread o'er dead who've bled (fame
wed) on dread red bed!
Nor wait such fate; at early date vacate;
and to school-mate relate thy late great
state;
O'er ocean ride, let not pride hide or guide,
or the wide tide divide from thy allied
bride's side;
Or hold! should death enfold her mould;
be sold for gold, to some old cold bold
scold!]

L. H. S.

DONNA RETA.

A LEGEND OF LISBON.

(Concluded from page 128.)

And here was another gentle, glorious being, who breathed it as it were instinctively—he looked steadfastly at the lovely stranger as he replied to her minstrelsy, and only marvelled if his fair, his fond, his fallen mother had ever been so beautiful as this! Suddenly there was a bending forward of the fairy figure above him; a low sound, as of quick convulsive breathing—then a white hand hurriedly withdrew the rose-bud from its glossy resting-place, and it fell at his feet; he looked up to thank the gentle donor, but she had already disappeared; in another instant the casement closed, and all was darkness!

Fitzmorris slowly quitted his station: a new emotion possessed him wholly; so young, so beautiful, so beyond all which he had ever pictured to himself of woman, was the vision that he had gazed upon this night! And she had not spurned at his first efforts to attract her notice; she had even shown him that they were not displeasing to her; and she had done it so gracefully—with such a mixture of momentary abandonment, and redeeming modesty, that the fancy, if not the heart of Fitzmorris, was thralled at once! There was such a mingling of the real and the romantic in this, his first adventure in Portugal, that he felt like some being translated by magic into a new world of thought and imagination.

The following day every occurrence appeared doubly vapid and commonplace; the conversation of his companions was soulless, tedious, and uninteresting; he seemed to stand alone—none could enter into his feelings, or comprehend them; he heard his brother-officers expatiating on bad quarters, close streets, and all the petty annoyances which serve to make up the sum of earthly evil when greater ills are wanting, and he only wondered that they should look on Lisbon save as enchanted land—for him, it was summer even now! the sun gorgeous, and the Tagus one sheet of molten silver.

Thus the day passed; and the evening again found him in the *Rua do,*—beneath the casement of his beautiful unknown; from her he had imbibed new existence—all was light and music around him—his sorrows were forgotten—one thought, one feeling alone possessed him; and he awaited hour after hour the re-appearance of the lovely vision, with an anxiety which doubled, in his idea, the term of her absence: but, this night, Fitzmorris awaited it in vain; hour after hour sped on, and the guitar was silent, and the casement dark; and he turned at length reluctantly away, with a heart-sickness which he dared not avow even to himself.

Another day slowly waned to a close, and Fitzmorris suffered himself to be included in the party which his brother-officers had formed to St. Carlos. He was an enthusiast in music, and he entered the theatre with an emotion of anticipating pleasure; the opera had already commenced, and, scarcely conscious of the motive which impelled him to do so, he ran his eyes eagerly over the whole house: for a time he could distinguish little, save the outlines of the figures which thronged the boxes, owing to the faint light; but at length the search proved successful—it must be so—those large, dark, passionate eyes—that classical and pallid brow—that small, soft, exquisitely moulded hand, now pillowing a cheek as white, could belong only to his beautiful unknown! Nor was the gaze of Fitzmorris the only one which now lingered on the striking, but melancholy, countenance of the young Portuguese; and he saw, with an irrepressible emotion, that her cheek crimsoned as she chanced to meet the fixed and admiring look of his companions:—for a moment she remained with averted eyes, apparently absorbed by the business of the stage, and then suddenly drawing forward the veil which fell upon her shoulders, she threw it lightly across her brow, and it hid from Fitzmorris the only face upon which he had ever looked in aught save indifference.

"Pretty coquette!" laughed out some of his light-hearted friends: but *he* remembered only that she had passed him over unrecognized, and probably unthought on; he could not brook the idea; and he hastily drew a faded rose-bud from his breast, and fastened it conspicuously among the ornaments of his dress; as he was busied in making

the arrangement, his ear caught from the stage the very air in which he had breathed out a response to the minstrelsy of his beautiful stranger: he looked eagerly towards her—the veil was thrown back for a moment—her eye rested an instant on the rosebud which he still held half unfastened in his hand, and then met his: it was enough! a faint smile played upon the pensive countenance, and the veil again fell jealously over it.

Neither the smile nor the rosebud were unobserved by his gay associates: light jests, and sportive congratulations sounded in the ears of Fitzmorris, but he heeded them not; he was absorbed by a new feeling, and all tones save those which he had so lately learned to love, passed by him as idly as the wind.

What avails it to procrastinate? Fitzmorris soon gained an interest in the young and guileless heart of Donna Reta de ——, and he learnt her history from her own lips on a fine clear evening in the commencement of February; she had given to him from the balcony, a small key, tied with a bow of white ribbon; this key opened a door in the high wall, which stretched along on one side of the house; and beyond the garden which it enclosed—a cold, black, formal, terrace-like space—was a beautiful orange grove. Unlike the February of our own ungenial climate, Lisbon was even then rich in verdure, and gay with the sweet spring flowers. Fitzmorris would have selected just such a spot for his first meeting with the dark-eyed beauty; but thus chosen by herself, how doubly rich was the deep foliage of the trees, how doubly redolent were the flowers with perfume!

He awaited not long the coming of his gentle mistress; her step was hurried, and her breathing quick and agitated: a long veil was cast over her head, and fell gracefully on her shoulders: and her figure was enveloped in a mantle of sable velvet. Fitzmorris looked on her, silent from excess of feeling, as she approached him in the clear cold light of a spring moon—there was something almost unearthly in her dark figure gliding noiselessly along, in striking relief against the cloudless sky, and the silver-topped trees quivering in the light.

"Englishman," she said in a low tone, you know not what I risk in thus meeting you—I scarcely know myself—but of you, at least I have no fear,—"

Fitzmorris could have listened to her forever—surely so sweet a voice had never fallen upon his ear before! and she stood beside him with her small white hand resting upon his arm: and her dark eyes raised to his, full of the assurance which her lips had breathed; and the low, soft Italian—that language which his mother loved! all gave such a nameless charm to her beauty, sufficient, more than sufficient of itself, that he continued silent lest he should break the spell.

"You wish to know my history, Englishman: and painful as will be the recital, I owe it to your generous attachment, to your disinterested regard for a sad and spirit-broken stranger. Listen to me then; and when on your return to your own brave and beautiful land, you feel a mother's tear upon your cheek, and a father's clasp upon your hand, should you chance to think upon her who now addresses you, you will think, alas! on one to whom such happiness *was* never, *can* never be known—"

There was a momentary silence; the quick and convulsive breathing of Fitzmorris, rendered all attempt at reply impossible, and he only looked eagerly towards his companion as if to urge her to proceed.

"I had been told," pursued the sweet voice, "to give these sacred names to those with whom I pass my life—but my heart coldly cast back their claim. I knew, I felt, that I was not their child—we had nothing in common; even while the affections of my nature were ready to well forth like pent-up water, they, nevertheless, refused to pour out their fulness upon beings like those who claimed from me obedience and respect; the first it was easy to yield, and I yielded it without a struggle—but my respect, like my affections, was beyond their controul. There is a son, too—heavens! that I should be asked to give a brother's right to such a wretch! Never—though I were cast on the world, an alien from every house, and from every heart, never could I have done this! There were times when methought he lauded my beauty with somewhat more than a brother's praise; young as I am, I dared to tell him this—and he replied:—I will disguise nothing from you; stranger as you would appear in the cold eyes of a misjudging world, I cannot look on you as such—the heart does not mete out its friendship or its affections by given dates; at least mine does not. Francisco answered me in as high a tone: "he was not my brother!"—I bounded from the earth with delight:—the cold, harsh ungenial spirits with whom I was associated were bound to me by no ties of kindred.—But, who then was I? Others, even the vilest of their kind, had some sweet bond to knit their fellows—some gentle claim, some heart-awakening tie, to unite them with loving and beloved ones—but I was *alone!* It is a cheerless word, Signor,—but wherefore should I linger with my tale? It was to tell you all that I have met you here—to bid you a long, a final farewell;—to thank you for the only moments of companionship my isolated heart has ever known—and to ask of you, amid your brighter fortunes, to remember me with pity and with regard."

"Talk not thus," exclaimed Fitzmorris, "we must not part—if the home which I offer to you be not one of splendour, it shall, nevertheless, be one of happiness: leave these stern guardians, this insolent Francisco;—trust to my passionate love, to my unalterable affection—"

"In pity say no more," interposed the beautiful Portuguese, "you guess not to what you are about to pledge yourself. I know your nation: that is, I know it by books; child as I am in years, I have lived on with so little to engage my thoughts or my affections, that I have looked for objects of excitement and of love among the great and the good of other countries; I have learnt that the men of yours are haughty and jealous of their honour: I have valued them for these very qualities—perhaps also I had another and a deeper cause. Women may smile with the gay, and laugh out with the light-hearted, but there is a deeper, a holier feeling within their breasts, which sickens at the gaud and glitter of the world,—that feeling have you awakened in mine, Englishman, and while one pulse throbs, it will continue to exist there. But why do I tell you this? Had I been other than I am, I should have shrunk from such an avowal; but now, thanks to the undying misery which is gnawing away my heart-strings, I can make it without a blush."

"What fearful mystery is this?" hurriedly demanded Fitzmorris.

"You have rightly named it;" said Donna Reta, bitterly: "but it must be a mystery no longer—I owe its solution alike to you and to myself: hear it then—Francisco told me all—the withering truth, couched as it was in coarse and heartless words, fell upon my spirit with all the weight of bitterness, which even he, in the violence of his revenge, could wish.—Can you not guess it, Englishman?—Nay, then," she whispered, as she met his bewildered look, "I must indeed put it into words——father or mother shall I never know—never—to spare a father's pride, and a mother's fame!"——

She paused, and a low convulsive sob met the ear of her companion; he did not speak, but he folded his arms round her, and her head sank heavily on his shoulder; the low breeze swept languidly and monotonously through the orange trees, and the cold, still moon shed its light full on the pale face of the beautiful Portuguese; a large tear fell on her cheek, and Fitzmorris wiped it away in silence—his heart scarcely beat—his senses were stunned—a fatal question faltered on his tongue, and he could not ask it. Suddenly the hour chimed from the belfry of a neighbouring convent, and Donna Reta started in dismay—"So soon—but perhaps it is better so;—" and she turned hurriedly to depart.

"Stay but one moment;" gasped out Fitzmorris, "why do you thus speak in a language which is foreign to the country in which you live?"

"Francisco says," replied the lady faintly, "that it was my mother's wish, because she loved it."

Fitzmorris clung tremblingly to a tree, as he grasped her hand to detain her: "Tell me that mother's name?"

"Never—this alone I must not divulge, even to you."

"Rash girl! you must—or, answer

me—was it *this?*"—and his every feature was convulsed, as he breathed into her ear in a shrill whisper, the name of *his own.*

"Let me go!" screamed the affrighted girl, as she cowered beneath his fixed and deathlike gaze; but he held her fast: "who and what are you? Witness heaven that I have never suffered that name to pass my lips, even in my dreams—"

"It is enough:" said Fitzmorris, in a hoarse and hollow accent; "I have guessed rightly—what had I to do with affection or with happiness!—what had I to do with *thee?*—Was not the world wide enough, that we have thus jostled each other in the path of life? Was not the red-hot iron of disgrace yet deeply enough stricken into my soul, that it needed this new, this mortal plunge? From my boyhood the brand has withered me—the seal of misery and shame was set on my brow even at my birth, and years cannot wear away its impress—other men are born amid smiles, and hopes, and endearments—I came into the world only to be greeted with tears, and coldness, and regret—and now, the brightest, the dearest vision of my manhood—but I must fulfil my destiny, even if it lead on to madness—you have indeed said wisely—we meet no more—"

"Yet, yet," exclaimed the soul-stricken girl, as the tears of bitterness coursed each other down her blenched cheek, "look not on me thus with loathing—have mercy on my bursting heart—I, at least, am innocent."—

"Innocent!" echoed Fitzmorris, in a tone of deep tenderness, "aye, as the babe upon its mother's bosom—innocent, most innocent! And yet, Reta, you have said that you loved me"—

"Deeply—devotedly—" murmured the weeping girl.

"Hush—not a word!" almost shrieked Fitzmorriss, as he pressed his hand upon her lips, "hate me—loathe me—spurn me, as you would a reptile from your path—and then, then, all may yet be well;—girl! girl!" he added wildly, "you know not how deeply, how damnedly you have sinned—how we have both sinned—and yet,—Oh, no! you at least are guiltless;—you are free from taint—just providence! are these the after-fruits of crime?—Come hither, frightened one: nay, shrink not from me—were it not my fate, a fate which I can neither evade nor counteract, I would die ere my lips should utter one word to thee in aught save gentleness: but my path, thorny though it be, is plain.—I must tell thee all, though the words wither thee.—Come hither.—" And the trembling girl instinctively obeyed, as Fitzmorris, bending over her, whispered into her ear the fatal truth. For a second, her dry and dilated eyes looked wildly into his; in the next she fell senseless in his arms. Fitzmorris sung over her in agony; the momentary excitement of horror and hopelessness failed beneath affection—"Reta," he breathed out painfully, "my first, my only—ah! my brain burns—speak to me, my——*sister!*—but one word—but one.—And yet, no; it is better, far better thus—let the anguish of our parting be all my own—surely I can bear even *this; I* who have been tutored in suffering for years."

For a moment he sank on his knee, and remained gazing fixedly on the senseless form which he supported—for a moment he pressed his lips to her brow and to her cheek; and then, with a convulsive effort, he bore her to the terrace near the house, and beat forcibly on the door; in the next instant, drawing his cap deeper on his brow, he sprang through the gate by which he had entered the garden, and disappeared.

In a short time orders were received for the British troops to move up the country, and Fitzmorris went with his regiment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

When doom'd to quit my native land,
And bid my peaceful Home adieu,
I linger'd on the golden strand,
To gaze upon its waters blue!
Sad was to me the favoring gale,
That sped our vessel's arrowy flight;
Sad was to me the swelling sail,
As England faded from my sight!

I heard the distant village-bell,
Borne on the Zephyr's evening sigh;
And vainly struggled to repel
The tear that trembled in mine eye!
Mem'ry recall'd each hallow'd spot,
The sunny hill—the verdant grove,
And that sweet shelter'd woodbine cot,
Where first my bosom learn'd to love!

The waves of Time have roll'd away!
Once more my country I behold!
How chang'd! since that sad parting day,
Smiles are estrang'd—and hearts grown cold;
The friends of youth!—yon mouldering stone
Marks where they rest, beneath the sod;
And I'm a Stranger—sad and lone
Where Boyhood's careless footsteps trod!

REMEMBRANCE.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Thy step no longer prints the velvet meadows
At early dawn,
Nor wanders in the grove 'mid twilight shadows—
Thou art gone!

Still ready Fancy draws with magic fingers,
Thine image dear,
O'er hill and glen thy mem'ry, spell-like lingers—
Thou art here!

I catch no more thy gentle voice of gladness,
With angel-tone,
Wiling away my wearied bosom's sadness—
Thou art gone!

Still memory with soft'ning power represses
The bursting tear;
For in the lone depth of my heart's recesses,
Thou are THERE!

MARY.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Mary, Mary, with thy fairy
Footsteps dancing o'er the lea;
Though thy lover be a rover
O'er the broad and boundless sea:—
On land or on ocean,
Since first, Love, we met,
He has clung to thee ever,
Will cling to thee yet!

Mary, Mary, let the wary-
Hearted bargain as they may,
Few, if any, of the many
Feel affection's wintry ray;
They'll wander, in summer,
Through woodland and glen;
The winter, the winter!
And where are they *then?*

Mary, Mary, hearts that vary—
As the seasons' shine or shower
Claims the blossom of the bosom—
Are not for Affection's bower.
Through life, without roses,
Far better to roam,
Than e'er to see fading
Life's best rose at Home.

GUY FAWKES REDIVIVUS.*

BY WALTER ELLIS.

Strange news from abroad! yea, great court news, and good,
For the ancient of rank, not for you my sweet Fair!
But lo; by these presents be 't well understood,
All people of fashion must sport powder'd hair.
The Parson, the Doctor, the Footman, no more
Shall divide the derision of classical prigs,
No false-bald excuses can serve as of yore,
Rads or Tories with no hair, must powder their *wigs.*
At St. James's this powder will cure all complaints,
Like the famed "James's Powder," no Almackites doubt it;
In Scotland, Wales, Ireland, 'tis used e'en by saints,
Nay, Lord Anglesea swears *Balls won't go off* without it.
GREY Administration! becoming and sage,
It revives the old days of puffed cushions, why not?
The mind in her march is to imitate age,
And Beauty *reformed* raise a new "Powder Plot,"
Or "Meal Tub conspiracy," ev'ry young sinner
To one chalking of heels, must have two for his "nob;"
And pinbefor'd Lordlings, brought in after dinner,
Will each of them shew as a "white headed Bob."

* Though this scheme has since exploded, it may not be uninteresting to perpetuate its probable effects.

'Tis moral to quell every colour more showy,
Leave mere shrubs to vary—and "that sort of thing."
The hare in the north with the winter gets snowy,
But think how "refreshing" to *grizzle* in spring!
Since outside, as in, all heads now, even blocks,
Require a fine harvest, we want a new Ceres,
That the artist who lived by the oiling of locks,
May *dredge natives*, his flowery talk never wearies.
The cockney professor, of gossip a master,
In silv'ring our sables to bear off the belle, he
Will turn heads no longer by prating of "*Pastar*,"
But conjure thy ghost up, renowned Farinelli!
Each man of wax now is a stange wayward *white*,
That stares from the barbarous shops about town,
Showing sleeted, hoar-frosted, in one single night,
The long *sausage-rolls* that were lately *done brown!*
Our peace-fatigued veterans, glad to resume
The cauliflower coolness of eras far prouder,
To the field-bed of honour their craniums will doom
Ancient Pistolis in pairs, loaded only with powder.
Mrs. Rousse having failed with pulvilio of lead,
Means to white-wash in *hope*, (not in fear of a dun),
Though if powder be strewn on so fiery a red,
We shall have a blow up there as sure as a gun!
No thought of combustion alarms pale Miss Clay,
Her flax (or hemp) thins, fades each hour more and more,
On the mode then its change 'twill be prudent to lay,
And make her head *thicker* than e'er 'twas before.
Yet there is a report growing louder and louder,
That the law will not find full obedience from all;
For some mean to patronize pink and drab powder,
Called "calve's head and mushroom sauce," once Mareschal;
Now this may be drest and re-drest in a hurry,
And doubtless by some will be thought monstrous nice,
A rich *rechauffée* with a sprinkling of curry,
And vastly improved if you grind up your rice.
Of such Lady Fudgiboram makes selection,
The Orient half caste, whose gold took her to Brighton;
She thinks 'twill extremely set off her complexion
On which if it rubs off 'tis certain to lighten.
But Harriette, the bright *cheveline* which thy hat
Half showed me last year, ere the next shall I see
A "heap of dust" only remaining of that—
As all which *thou* art—all the proud are to be?
The simple black braid on young Portia's fine face,
I would not have marred for a Duchess's dower,
Nor alter, dear Lucy! thy ringlets' wild grace,
Like corn at its ripest—ere turn'd into flour.
Methinks I behold them amid all this fuss,
One serene, one satiric, (mem. thinking their trade is),
I hear them cry—"Well, Wat, and what's that to us,
Who, thank heavenly Nature, are women, not ladies.
Let this Poll-tax strew ashes on Vanity's organs,
It cannot throw dust in the eyes of true pride;
Let Folly e'en doubly deform her pet Gorgons,
But Taste keep real Loveliness still on *her* side!

CHARADES.

I.

From the depths of my FIRST, with labour and woe
Is procured what oft causes a generous glow;
My SECOND if rightly divined will discover,
What ladies bestow on an over-bold lover;
My WHOLE, of the heart is a sort of pulsation,
Which most feel when they're going to "change situation."

A. N.

II.

One half of a quadrant my FIRST will compose;
My SECOND, curtail'd, is a stream;
And the joys of my WHOLE each old maiden well knows,
Each young dancer will always esteem.

CHARLES.

III.

My FIRST in Beauty has a foremost claim,
And every birth is honour'd with its name,
It aids each breath, and whispers in each breeze,
'Tis not in groves, nor found among the trees;
My SECOND revels 'mid the sweets of LOVE,
And oft invites us its fond bliss to prove:
Without it happiness is incomplete,
And in true pleasure we its presence greet;
My THIRD begins the sacred, solemn sound,
Which from the pealing organ doth resound,
It marks the slowest time, attends each stave,
'Tis *not* in Life, in Death, or in the Grave;
My FOURTH commenc'd the bloody Trojan war,
And crown'd the triumph of the victor's car;
My WHOLE combin'd, gives human life a zest,
For 'tis the "*wisest, the discreetest, best!*"

GEORGE REYNOLDS.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 55.

DEATH! the Infidel starts at the name,
By the madman alone it is sought;
A BED by the weary is needed,
And for gold it has often been bought;
The DEATH-BED of a christian affords
Rays of Hope to the mourners around,
That they'll meet him in mansions above,
Where sorrow will never be found.

JEAN.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 87.

The earth deprived of genial RAIN,
How sad would Nature be;
No flow'r would deck the arid plain,
Nor foliage grace the tree.
In Hampshire's forest from the BOW,
Th' unerring arrow sped;
Laid Rufus as the lily low,
Earth kiss'd his kingly head.
Like youthful hope the RAIN-BOW shines,
The storm and tempest o'er;
And swift as youthful hope declines,
Like that to rise no more.

ANNETTE.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 87.

When flowers by summer's heat can scarce survive,
How oft a shower of RAIN their sweets revive.
Our Chiefs of old with courage met the foe,
And fatal arrows flew from many a BOW.
And where's a sight can please the human eye,
Like the bright RAIN-BOW arching in the sky?

JANE.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES ONE AND TWO, Page 87.

When the rays of the sun are opposed to the shower,
Its glittering drops seem to sparkle like dew,
And tinging with gold every plant, shrub, and flower,
The RAIN-BOW in splendour appears to our view.
How sweet 'tis to roam at the close of the day,
When the evening star in the heavens is seen;
When the shadows of night hasten daylight away,
And MOONLIGHT! sweet moonlight, enlivens the scene.

A. N.

The Index and Title-page to the first forty Numbers of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows' Magazine," is now ready.

A few Copies of the first Volume of "THE MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS MAGAZINE," *bound uniformly with "The Penny Magazine," may be had, Price 6s. 6d. each.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 18—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Nov. 16, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Opera Dress.—A white crape robe over white satin; a low body draped *a la Sevigné*, and bordered with a gold chain of a new pattern, laid on round the top, with a gold and emerald brooch in the centre. Short sleeves forming a single bouffant. Braganza mantle; it is composed of cashmere, a black ground, and an Indian pattern in vivid

colours, and of uncommon beauty; it is lined with rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, and bordered with rose-coloured silk guimp, is made extremely ample, with a square cape of the usual size, and a double velvet collar of a round shape, and cut in sharp *dents*. Head-dress, a white crape turban of moderate height, the foundation round, and sitting nearly close to the head, the front arranged in very full folds, in a novel manner. The plumage of a bird of Paradise is inserted in the folds on the left side, and droops to the right. Gold carrings. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Carriage Bonnets.—Several plain velvet ones have appeared within the last week, and we observe a good many of them are carrot colour. They are trimmed with a mixture of the same hue and black. We cannot yet pronounce with certainty that bonnets will increase much in size, but those that have recently appeared have the brims larger than those of last season, and we have seen some velvet ones with the brims drawn. This is an innovation, drawn bonnets having hitherto been confined to summer, and when they are made in velvet, they are heavy and in bad taste. One of the prettiest among the new ones, is composed of carrot-coloured velvet. A capote crown, the back of the horse-shoe form; the brim close at the sides, and long, is trimmed next the face with a *rûche* of black blond lace, and a knot formed of ends of black and carrot-coloured gauze ribbon. A row of blond mingled in a very novel manner with ends of ribbon encircles the edge of the brim on the inside, but without passing it. A full knot of ribbon is attached on the right side of the crown, and an ornament composed of ends of ribbon, trimmed with black lace, rises from it, something in the shape of a sprig of foliage. Another novelty, and one of an extremely elegant kind, is a bonnet, or, rather, we should say, a *chapeau-capote*, for it is between the hat and bonnet shape, of ruby velvet. The inside of the brim is trimmed across the forehead with a platted band of white and ruby satin ribbon, white blond lace *mentennières* are placed very low at the sides. A single long white ostrich feather tipped with ruby, is inserted in a band of velvet that encircles the crown, and forms its sole ornament. An attempt is making, but we think it will be an unsuccessful one, to bring the cottage shape again into favour. We have seen some of these bonnets composed of satin of rich full colours, and lined with black or orange velvet. They have no ornament on the inside of the brim, but are worn over *tulle* or blond caps of a round shape, trimmed with a full *rûche*. A small bouquet of winter flowers issuing from a knot of ribbon, is placed on one side near the top of the crown.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XI.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—President and Secretary discovered as usual.*

Come! let's the letters open!
Where many a sweet word's spoken
By Maid and Lover
To win us over—
To publish the rhymes they love!

Tho' we condemn or praise them,
And to our pages raise them,
Influenc'd by none
Like the wide Sun
Our smiles or our frowns they'll prove.

Thus, while we do our duty,
(An Editor's greatest beauty),
Can we offend
Any *true* friend?
Let truth such fears remove!

Then haste! for the night's declining,
Our lamp has long been shining,
O'er papers, books,
Till dim it looks,
As it burns our desk above!

Parody on 'Come where the Aspens Quiver.'

Miss Bluemantle. Well, what's the news this week, Secretary, from aspirants in literature and young candidates for the honors of Parnassus?

Miss Scribblecumdash. Oh! here are plenty ready to start on the race of Fame. But let me begin in order. "The Surprise," a sketch by Jean.

Miss B. We will surprise Jean by its appearance.

Miss S. "Love and Money," Charades, &c., by the above writer.

Miss B. In time all shall be used.

Miss S. Lines to Florence, &c., dated Chatham Barracks, by Leo.

Miss B. Are they original? We are unwilling to doubt a soldier's honor, but wish to be assured of the fact.

Miss S. Lines by Theodora.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. Two Songs by R. Turner.

Miss B. The prettiest we have a long time seen; they shall certainly be inserted—provided always they are *original.*

Miss S. Mary Anne, of Chelsea, requesting directions may be given to gentlemen on their behaviour in the marriage state—alluding to the article in our Selector of Number IX.

Miss B. Will the Lady furnish *her* ideas on the subject—if worthy they shall be inserted for the benefit of the Benedicts in general.

Miss S. Lines by Henry "to Mary Ann."

Miss B. Regular trash. He is either a fool or takes us for such.

Miss S. A letter enclosing some lines already accepted by J. L. C.

Miss B. We cannot help the impatience of *his friends*—the subject is very local—and not of much interest for *ours.* We do not promise it a very early insertion.

Miss S. Answers to Charades, &c., by A. N., whose paper I have found since our last meeting.

Miss B. All these shall be used, unless we hesitate about "misacceptation," as some of our readers, in country towns at least, are so *particularly fastidious*, that we intend to send down packets of large fans to the agents of our work, to be distributed to the female purchasers with every Number containing any article that their active imaginations may *possibly* torture into wrong. Heaven defend us poor Editors from the refined ideas of *such* critics! generally disappointed old maids, or married governesses, who cannot forget the starchness and "little brief authority" of their spinster days. The *affectation* of such delicacy, is, if possible, more disgusting than indelicacy itself. By the way we wish to remark here, that if the insane person who has written us a second letter signed F. O., troubles us with any more, he, she, or it, (for the gender of the idiot is uncertain), will find themselves placed in an awkward position. Let the person take the *hint* in time, we wish they would carry their threat into effect, nothing would please us better.

Miss S. A letter from R. R.

Miss B. It is written in a candid and gentlemanly style, and we thank the writer. All he has said is accepted in good part. We agree with him, "our Printer or Reader *is careless*," the mistakes were corrected by us.

Miss S. Letter and Verses from R. B.

Miss B. We never received, (as you know), any article from R. B. till now. We really do not want "Lines to Young Ladies;" besides, six verses are so unmercifully long; but we will try what we can do hereafter—though we make no promises.

Miss S. "The Officer's Revenge," a tale by T. M.

Miss B. If it appears the opening paragraph must be omitted.

Miss S. Poems, &c., by George Davey.

Miss B. He also is thanked, we will give them as early insertion *as possible.*

Miss S. Letter and enclosures from E. L. I have been very stupid respecting E. L.'s communications, but the tales have been sent by bits at a time, and the writer's hand was not familiar to me, which caused the blunder.

Miss B. Well, we will look over the whole MS. now we have it together, and see what we can do with it.

Miss S. "Tynemouth Castle," by J. L. C.

Miss B. Accepted with thanks, 'tis just the length we wish our original sketches to be.

Miss S. A Packet from Jesse Hammond.

Miss B. The name is not unknown to us, and these contributions shall have an early place.

Miss S. "Il Maestro della Musica," by Rossina T.

Miss B. We like what we see much, but will thank Rossina to send us the whole of the MS. before we print any part. Probably the whole of the story

will not be too long to appear in one Number.

Miss S. A scene from real life, by ROSALIE.

Miss B. A very sweet sketch, the fair Authoress has our thanks and acceptance. Should she again favor us, will she write on detached sheets of paper, as the seal has taken out a part of the MS ?

Miss S. Lines on "Friendship," by AMICITIA.

Miss B. The last theme we should chuse to compose a Poem upon; the writer has our thanks, but it is too long and not of sufficient interest for the general reader. We grow weary, let us adjourn.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

A new debutante (a Miss Atkinson), has made her first appearance on the stage of this house, in the character of Rosina, in the "*Barber of Seville,*" and been very favourably received. She has a voice of great sweetness, though hardly of sufficient volume for so large a theatre. She sung "*An Old Man would be Wooing,*" in most excellent style, and was honoured by an encore. "*Tyrant soon I'll burst thy Chains,*" was a failure. Of her acting we must speak in high terms, we have seldom witnessed so favourable an outset, and being young and withal good looking, we have no doubt but she will meet with the patronage she so eminently deserves. We have seen Malibran in the character, and it is no bad compliment to say she approaches as near to her excellence as perhaps could be attained by any vocalist on the English stage. We only hope the impudent puffs of the play-bills may not by disgusting the public, deter them from witnessing her performance. The opera was extremely well cast, and admirably performed. We must not omit to mention the improvement in the choruses, having the combined force of both houses, the effect was beautiful. Miss Atkinson has since appeared in the opera of "*Artaxerxes,*' in the arduous character of Mandane, but we have not as yet had an opportunity of witnessing that performance.

A WITNESS.—A witty fellow, a carpenter, being subpœned as a witness on a trial for assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," demanded the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "Why to tell you the truth," replied the carpenter," I thought, perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me, so I measured it."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."
MOORE.

"It was there," said I to myself, as the portico and steps ascending to the mansion caught my eye, "it was there that a dear and valuable being formerly lent a lustre to those walls, as a rich gem sheds its brilliancy around the casket which contains it, and which, deprived of it, is empty and worthless; there did beauty and benevolence walk hand in hand to give the welcome of the kind heart to stranger, visitor, and friend; there were the sweet sounds of melody echoed from the lofty roof, and the gentle accents of endearing language captivated and consoled; at that porch the poor and pennyless, the roofless and way-worn, stood hopefully and trustfully for relief, and there it was at hand, for they never sued in vain; in that hall the voice of mirth issued from the interior, and made glad each coming guest; within those apartments how often have the lute and harp, together with the voice of harmony, beguiled the fleeting hours! Harmony! yes; all was harmony there, charms of every description in unison and accordance together; there has my imagination painted the loves and graces in the mazy dance, floating like fair prospects before the speedy traveller's enchanted eyes, struck with admiration on beholding them, and regretful at parting so soon with things so sweet; and thou, genius of the place! divinity of friendship's temple! how pre-eminently did'st thou stand there—surrounded, envied, and almost adored! what anxieties reigned there to find favour in thy sight! what rivalries to obtain thy rosy palm as partner for a few transient moments! whilst thy smile, like an early summer sun, beamed around and diffused content and happiness, affection and respect, the devotion of the worshiper of the day-star, and the respect which looking up to an object creates in those beneath its influence. In that corner, which my mind's eye could see without entering the vacant edifice, sat wit with silver tongue and sparkling eye, and at the board which hospitality so tastefully and profusely spread, I have often seen "laughter holding both his sides"—alas! all now is mute and spiritless, hollow and sepulchral, for absence is the figure of death; here to-day and gone to-morrow—now a star in our hemisphere—the place of which we cannot trace on the ensuing day; I ventured to pass the outer-gate, and to ascend the steps, when the words "to let" met my view; "to let." ay, but who shall tenant this once enchanted and enchanting dwelling? shall pride or avarice, or cares, or sorrow; shall pomp or vanity, disdain or misanthropy; shall worldlings and cold-hearted beings pollute this pile? But come who may, how different will they be from the last tenant; how shall we have to say, "What a falling off was there!" As I approached the door, I felt an increased pulsation in my heart and wrist, and my hand trembled as I attempted to knock, which brought to my remembrance how often the one has thrilled and the other has been agitated betwixt hope and fear, anxiety and apprehension, when uncertain if "the friends of my bosom were there;" and how I could have leaped with joy on being approached by infantine loveliness and led by the little cherub to her of whom she was the striking copy, the reflected light of exquisite brightness. How have I observed the social virtues actively brought forth, domestic merit honourably and ornamentally exhibited, I have listened to reasoning from lips so fascinating that it seemed as if an angel spoke, and have wondered at advice coming from youth which had assumed the gravest garb of wisdom; I have contemplated the lady of the banquet, and marvelled at her unassuming manner of pleasing all around; at her "unconscious fascinations, undesigned," for there are beings, (few I will allow), who have a manner which makes trivialities delightful, and whose powers of pleasing are merely so, because they are theirs, as one might say "the King was condescending and it was *the King,*" but here rank and distance did not create the price of the action, but it proceeded from a favourite child of nature, favouring and favoured; there is no defining, no particularizing the innate grace of some beings. Napoleon used to say of Josephine that she was so graceful that the very reclining on a couch, or reposing her cheek on her hand, differed from that of any other person, and, in another way, our late beloved sovereign studied so assiduously the graces, that there was dignity in the most trifling changes of attitude or place, and in the minor incidents in common or familiar society and conversation. But to return to the empty house; I entered it, and the hollow sound of my footsteps appalled me, I felt a weight at my chest, and I proceeded for relief, through folding doors into the garden; there had the sweet flowers faded away; other tenants too were to fill the places of those which seemed lovelier and more fragrant when looked upon by her who had planted and reared many of them, their sweetness had fled with her whose care they once had been; a laurel was here which had been planted by my hand, it is, of course perennial; as changeless will be the heart of him who placed it there, but storms may bend and break it yet, and the absence of friendship, like change of soil and climate, will blight

and wither it, it has no business there. "With these young trees, plants, and surviving flowers," said I, in a low and subdued voice, I have watched the infant plant, to which I have alluded, shoot up and increase in form and beauty with them; plying her horticultural occupation, I have seen a reverend grandmother seem to look on the animal and vegetable growth with affection and becoming pride, which was all fondness for those around her, and gratitude to the revivifying power which shines forth in all His works. In this garden, and, dancing in the saloon which opens on it, I have contemplated three generations, each comely in its kind, and following each other like the connecting links of one great chain; here have I marked maternal tenderness, brotherly and sisterly love, together with all the social virtues which attended this happy family to their friends, and attracted those friends to them; of that chain, alas! one link is broken, and now the void which the mansion presents and the change of Flora's progeny which the garden offers to the sight, represents the vacant place which time is preparing for us, and the succession of those who are to replace us amongst the ranks of the living. This mansion, too, thought I, is the tomb of friendship, its spirit is flown, and although the clay of house, or human body remain, the soul which endeared me to these walls is no longer here; hollowness and inanimation dwell within! It is with a vacant tenement also as with the lone heart, whose aching void has nothing to represent that which filled it with delight; it becomes a desert, a waste, in which no flowers of fancy can spring up, and which no time nor sunshine can fructify, all is solitude and desolation, and although fresh tenants may fill these walls, other sounds of mirth may die on their echo, hearths may blaze and tapers burn, yet are they not (to fond memory) like those which first made an impression on it; thus the fresh flowers of the forest may leave a something of similar form to those which have passed away, but they still are not those (blooming yet in regret and recollection!) which first caught our view, which were seen and breathed upon by mild eyes and fragrant lips, and which, above all, possessed that odour of sweetness which arises solely from friendship and love. With these thoughts I left the roof and and garden which had once such attraction for me, singing, or rather murmuring to myself—

"Here's the bower she lov'd so much,
Here's the tree she planted,
(But where's) the lyre she used to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!"

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

"I will positively only sing one song!" said Lady Florence, as she allowed the gay and animated Stafford to lead her to the harp; he gazed passionately on her speaking and beautiful features, as she seated herself—the admired of all eyes—the "glittering throng" crowded round to hear—she threw a triumphant glance upon the assembly, and striking a few chords in a masterly style, commenced a soft, low, prelude, and then came the gushing melody of her own sweet voice, in one continued note which thrilled through the hearts of the breathless listeners. The enamoured Stafford could have lived away a life in the melody which overpowered him, as her clear and brilliant cadences rung in his ears. There is an end to all sweet things, and so there was to Lady Florence's song;—her glowing cheek and dazzling eye betokened that she had exerted herself unusually. "You have surpassed even yourself to-night," said Stafford, as he led her from the instrument; a shade of contempt passed over her beautiful brow, as she gazed upon the dispersing multitude; "and is it for these people I have exerted myself?" thought she. She suffered Stafford to lead her to the ball-room. "Will you dance, Lady Florence?" he enquired; she started, "Oh, yes; any thing," she murmured, "to escape from myself." In the giddy mazes of the whirling waltz her conscience was again silenced in the desire to shine. She waltzed beautifully. Stafford's arm encircled her slender form; again she was the observed of all eyes—the centre of attraction—they were the only waltzers. "Why am I made so conspicuous?" she said, blushing and laughing, and sinking upon a sofa, "Because no one will or can compete with you," said Stafford, placing himself by her side. "I am quite disgusted with exhibitions of any kind," said an elderly lady behind. Florence's burning blushes of indignation crimsoned her cheeks, as she heard the remark so loudly made, and evidently intended for her ear; Stafford's eyes darted fire; "Lady Florence, take my arm," he said, rising, "this shall not be." She proudly rose; but the smiles again resumed their places, and she believed Stafford, when he said, "It is only envy and malice, Lady Florence, which prompted that observation." She stood with her arm linked in his, irresolutely resisting his persuasion to waltz again, when a servant advanced and presented her with a note; a deadly paleness overspread her features as she hastily glanced over the contents, which were,—"Florence, our child is, I am afraid, dying: if you would spare yourself another pang, hasten home immediately upon the receipt of this. A. C." She would have fallen had not Stafford caught her, who had been observing the alteration in her countenance "I must go home, instantly," she said. "Not to-night, surely, Lady Florence." "Yes, yes," she wildly cried, "this moment, oh, God! he may be dead!" She gave a fearful shudder as the thought came o'er her; *her* boy—her *only* boy, dying. Stafford hastily leaving her to the care of the ladies round her, ran to the lady of the mansion, to persuade her to refuse Lady Florence leaving. When she came to Lady Florence, however, all persuasions were useless; *here* she was firm. "Mr. Stafford," she cried, clasping his arm, "in mercy, order my carriage: I would not for worlds stay this night!" "At least, then, allow me to accompany you?" he said. "Oh, no, no; I will go alone;" and she threw a cloak round her, which her woman brought, and in another moment she was at the door waiting for the carriage. It was a dreary night, large flakes of snow were falling; she shuddered as she stepped into the vehicle, but drew her cloak more firmly round her—the door was shut—in another moment Florence was alone, and rolling rapidly to her long-deserted home; the last look which her husband had given her when she, in defiance of his wishes, left him to pay the visit from which she was now returning—her beautiful boy, too, dying; all flashed with startling force upon her memory. The unhappy Florence threw herself back in the carriage with a groan of repentance—had she acted the part of a wife and mother? Oh, no! The carriage rolled up to the door of the house; she shrunk back in dissappointment when the servant opened the door; the form she sought did not meet her view; she stayed not to ask questions, but flew up the stairs to the well-known room of her child; she opened the door noiselessly—what a scene met her agonized gaze!—what a contrast to the gaiety she had left!—all was still as death, save the short and heavy breathing of the dying child. On one side was the fond father, gazing fixedly and earnestly upon his only hope; his pale and sorrowful brow showing the manly grief he was stifling, on the other side was a physician, with one finger upon the wrist of the little sufferer; one sickly lamp was burning, and but half lighted the vast apartment. Florence glided in, and knelt softly by the side of the couch, "Oh, God, save my babe!" she murmured; it roused the anxious father from the torpor which was stealing o'er him, the tear started in his eye as he beheld her; the boy opened his dying eyes, "Mamma!" he said, his eyes brightened—he remembered her, and held his little arms towards her. Florence bent her pale face to his—the sweet smile still remained, but the spirit which animated it had fled. Long she remained clinging to her boy, now gone for ever. "My poor Florence," said Lord C——, and passing his arm round her, he raised her from the bed, convulsive sobs seemed to choke her utterance. "Is this our meeting, Arthur?" she replied, "can you? oh! will you forgive me?" and she knelt before him. "I forgive thee, my Florence!" he clasped her to his heart, "rather seek forgiveness of a higher power!" A gush of tears relieved her as she laid her head on his shoulder, "Florence," he said, "we will never part again! this—" and he looked upon his lost treasure, "this is

a fearful judgment!" Florence raised her tearful and beseeching eyes to his, and in the long embrace which followed, she felt she was forgiven. Sweet and bitter were the tears she shed that night, for though she had indeed lost her idolized boy, she had regained a husband's love.

ROSALIE.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

From the German of M. Heider.

When the Almighty was about to create MAN, he summoned the angels of his Attributes. They stood in council around his throne.

"Create him not;" said the angel of JUSTICE, "he will not be equitable to his brethren. He will oppress the weaker."

"Create him not;" said the angel of PEACE, "he will manure the earth with human blood; the first-born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."

"Create him not;" said the angel of TRUTH, "he will defile the sanctuary with falsehood and deceit."

So spoke these angels of the attributes of Jehovah; when MERCY, the *youngest*, and dearest child of the Eternal arose, and said, "Create him, Father, in thine own likeness; the darling of thy loving kindness; when all thy messengers forsake him, *I* will support him, and turn him from the path of evil. Because he is weak, I will incline him to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from PEACE,—and TRUTH,—and JUSTICE,—the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and lead him to amendment."

The Father of All gave ear, and created man a weak, faltering being, and made him the pupil of MERCY, the son of ever-active and ameliorating LOVE.

Remember thy origin, oh! MAN, when thou art inclined to be severe and unkind to thy brother, MERCY alone willed thee *to be*, and LOVE and PITY nourished thee at their bosoms.

THE SELECTOR.

THE COMIC OFFERING, by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN, (THIRD NOTICE.)

A TRIFLE-IN' COMMISSION.

BY MISS F. E. LACY.

Clynthwth, North Wales.
16th July.

With your usual good nature, my kindest Clarissa, you ask if you can do any thing for me, during your stay in town: but how can you suppose that I should think of troubling you at a time when you, who so seldom visit London, must be anxious to partake of all its gaieties? No, darling friend, I am certain you will find enough to employ you, and I trust agreeably. However as you insist upon *some* commission, I will just request you to send me *a few yards of riband*, for trimming the cap I intend as a present to my aunt Priscilla: but I shall be seriously angry, love, if you put yourself at all out of the way about it. I never was in London in my life, dearest, as indeed you know; but have heard that it is a fine gay place, and very large, much larger than our village; and if I may judge by the number of its *lanes*, must be *delightful in a sultry summer* like this: for instance, I often hear of *Fetter*-lane, *Drury*-lane, and many other *sweet* lanes; all, no doubt, *equally cool and inviting, on an oppressively warm day.* Then so many people talk of the *Bank*, as a place well worth visiting. I assure you, it was but the other day I heard an old gentleman telling papa, that he had nothing to take him to London this year; and should'nt have gone at all—only to *visit the Bank!* Why, what a charming place the Bank must be! all daisies and buttercups I suppose! with here and there, perhaps, a *contemplative angler;* or a dear interesting youth, reclining *with his book; how extremely pretty!* and how delicious to sit on the top of the Bank this summer weather! But to return to my little commission, I am told that ribands may be had cheap and handsome, at a place called Ludgate-*hill;* (a sweet romantic airy spot I dare say). I also have heard of a capital bargain shop on the top of *Snow-hill;* but as I suppose this is a *frozen* region, like our Snowdon mountain, I wont have you risk taking a chill, by ascending such an icy eminence, after being used to the temperature of Moor Fields, which I heard a gentleman say was a *low* situation. So my love, one of these fine July sunny mornings, you can rise at four or five o'clock, and take a little quiet stroll up this pleasant Ludgate-hill, to enjoy the breeze and prospect, and look for the shop. I think it is No. I, or 101, I don't exactly know which, but as it must be either *one* or *the other*, you will be sure to find it my beloved. Now as to the shade, I think I should like a *light* grey; that is, what is called a *French* grey; not too blue: something between that and pigeon's wing: with a *little* pink, not *too* pink, neither a *salmon* nor *blue* pink, but a *blush* pink, and a *French* gray or dove colour. This is my favorite mixture; I don't mean that you're to buy two separate ribands; but these two colours in one riband; so don't confuse yourself, my love; but let the shade be a sort of gray,—not exactly *gray;* but rather blue: not *too* blue, but *almost* gray, or pigeon's wing; with a *little* pink, not *too* pink, in flowers and stripes. Pray be attentive to the pattern, dearest: I should like it three stripes of a side and flowers—I don't mean stripes on one side, and flowers on the other: but three stripes on each side, with flowers in the middle: or a stripe, and then flowers; not three stripes, and then flowers; but flowers straight down, and then a stripe, or three stripes, on each side of the flowers; only don't worry or tease yourself about it dearest; to be sure, aunt Prisey is particular in these matters; and I hope you will try to send it time enough for her to wear at our little party. Now as to the quantity—I should suppose that four yards of broad and three of narrow would do; though I don't mind four yards three quarters and a half quarter of broad; with three yards and a half and three half quarters of narrow. In this, you will oblige me by being rather attentive, my dear; be-

cause, in the way I think of trimming the cap, it would be such a horror not have enough; and after making it up with taste and elegance, to be wanting perhaps, just a little bow on one side,—oh, shocking! like a pig with one ear, my sweetest girl! so pray do send me enough:—though to be sure, as I have not much pocket-money, I must be cautious how I exceed; so be a little careful for me in that particular I beg of you; it would be extravagant, you know, to buy more than is required; at the same time pray consider my dear aunt! Do think of the pig with one ear, my love; so suppose I say *almost* five yards, and three half-quarters of half a quarter, of broad; and then, darling, you can make it come to the same, by having *so much less in proportion* of the narrow. Of course, there *are* commissions I could give you, in which I am *rather particular;* but I cannot—no, I cannot think of causing you the *slightest trouble* or perplexity, when you are in town to enjoy all its amusements. Only remember to send it in time my love; and the *shade*, and the *pattern*, and the *quantity;* and all as I have so *clearly* described; you see there's nothing at all to worry about darling! Good bye, dearest; believe me your ever affectionate and considerate friend,

PENELOPE SHORT.

P. S.—I have not quite determined about its being edged or plain; and as my not making up my mind might tease you, why, *I'll say neither one or the other;* so you see you have only to remember the shade, and the quantity, and the pattern, and the flowers, and the stripes, and the thick, and the thin, and——but perhaps I needn't *repeat* it, my love.

P. S.—I have heard great talk about one *Cheap-side;* so pray oblige me by keeping as much as you can upon *that side*, my dearest.

P. S.—Perhaps you had better take these directions with you to the shop; in case you should get into a *puzzle*, my darling Clarissa.

CAP-A-*PEA*.

ON GAMING.

BY M. LE MAITRE DE CLAVILLE.

The corruption of the times has made gaming a trade. Be very careful that gaming is only followed as an amusement, for if you suffer it to become a passion, it will presently terminate in rage for play. A professional player, who exposes to the hazard of the dice, or a card, his paternal fortune, or the dow'ry of his wife, generally finishes his days in a wretched work-house, with the bitter remarks of the public upon his conduct. You will never see the man of information, who is master of his passions, sacrifice the pleasures of a beautiful day, or a tranquil night, in the foolish expectation of obtaining a fortune, which is but very seldom acquired, and never but at the expense of honour. Keep in your memory the saying of Madame Deshouliers on a gamester, who is one that "begins by being a dupe, and finishes by becoming a rogue." We are lost if after a judicious reflection, we still resolve to have recourse to gaming. Madame Deshouliers played, but she did not gamble; she had felt all the bitterness of disgrace, and all the pains of severe illness; however, although Death menaced her with his icy hand, and sickness preyed on her beauty, and misfortune haunted her like a spectre, yet she fortified her mind by solid reflections, and indulged in innocent pleasures; she played no more than two hours a day, and then on so low terms, that she never felt the hope of winning, nor the fear of losing.

There are some games very proper to be learned, such as chess; this game, when well played, may reasonably give rise to feelings of exultation; however they should not be indulged in.

It has been said, that the disposition of a man is better known when he has taken a quantity of wine, or when he is engaged in play than in any thing else; this is not a certain way of arriving at a correct conclusion of his disposition; however, I am inclined to believe, that he who is ready for dispute under the effects of wine, or who regrets the money he has lost in play, is not either very liberal or very pacifically inclined. Ingratitude betrays a narrowness of mind, and anger or avarice shows a littleness of soul. If a person has sufficient strength of mind to hide his defects and his vices, even if he is naturally rude or avaricious, he will appear complaisant or generous, but if he does not support this hypocrisy when playing, if an accidental failure in an expected event arises, and the individual is soured by it, we may judge without fear of inaccuracy, that the natural temper is exposed, and that the mind is unmasked; and we may reasonably conclude that the first movement which escapes, is a better criterion to judge of his character, than all the parade of those false or studied virtues; he then loses in one moment all that has been acquired by long expedients.

When you play at innocent games, do not play as though you cared nothing about them; on the other hand, do not exhibit either lively inquietude or foolish joy, or ridiculous fear; take the middle course between anxiety and inattention; learn that if play dishonours those who make a shameful commerce of it, if it brings to light all their avarice or folly, it is not without advantages to the polished man, since it gives him an opportunity of showing, without an ostentatious parade, the noblenesss of his sentiments, the justness of his mind, the politeness of his manners, and the equanimity of his temper.

ORIGIN OF THE TRI-COLOURED COCKADE.—Before the revolution, the city of Paris had colours of its own, red and blue—the white being the colour of the king and his army. After the taking of the Bastile, the armed Bourgeois of the city having taken to themselves the title of the National Guard, added the white to the two previous colours of Paris, for the purpose of indicating that the king was no longer a separate estate, and that his powers had passed into the hands of the people. Thus the tri-colour became the national colour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A THOUGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

What dost thou hold, oh, Sea?
Give up thy secrets, and disclose the tale
Of all that's hid in thee!
Whisper it softly to the dying gale,
Since thy revealings of wild woe and fear,
Are all too rude to meet the human ear!

Brave hearts and true, lie deep
'Mid the recesses of thy coral caves!
There forms of Beauty sleep,
Lull'd by the murmur of thy treach'rous waves,
Man's sinewy frame, and Woman's gentler form,
Blanch 'neath the surges of thy wintry storm!

Parents and Brethren rest
In dreamless slumbers, 'mid thy rocky bed;
And on thy faithless breast
How many a sailor lays his weary head!
Rock'd in the cradle of th' unfathom'd wave,
Whose foamy crest howls dirges o'er his grave.

What dost thou hold, oh! Sea?
Now blue and bright and smiling, like the eyes
Of Woman, in her hour of witchery;
Beneath whose glance, too often falsehood lies,
Like thy soft calm—that only waits the wind
Of passion, to arouse the tempests of the mind!

Oh! false and treach'rous Sea!
The wreck of many hopes lie in thy tomb,
And ne'er disclos'd shall be
All thou hold'st captive, till that day of doom,
When thro' thy depths eternal light is shed,
And with thy sister Earth thou shalt give up thy dead.

THE MANIAC'S GRAVE.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

I trod o'er the tombs of the dead,
When the night-wind was wailing around,
And sorrow's dark pall seem'd to spread
Its gloom o'er her own dreary ground!
They moulder! they moulder! thought I,
Below the rough hillocks they rot,
The mean and the mighty here lie
'Neath the mould or the marble forgot;
The bright cheek of beauty is gone to decay,
And, kiss'd by the earth-worm, has wasted away.

How sullen the storm seems to sigh,
And mournful the wild flowers wave,
And rudely the wind rushes by
The Maniac's desolate grave!
The croak of the raven I hear,
As he hastes to his home in the tow'r,
And something sepulchral seems near
To appal at so solemn an hour;—
'Tis the wretch who betray'd her come hither to rave
O'er his victim, who sleeps in the Maniac's grave.

I remember her blooming and gay,
In the bright robe of innocence then,
Like an angel she seem'd on her way
To cheer the lone dwellings of men:
I remember her heart-broken moan,
And her deep and dark look of despair,
When Reason was hurl'd from her throne
And Phrenzy usurp'd her seat there;
I remember she sank to the lone silent tomb,
Like a pale blighted flow'r in its earliest bloom

Howl, howl to the winds in their wrath,
And again smite thy uncover'd head,
Weep, savage, and water the path
That leads to the house of the dead;
Aye, kneel on the turf, and atone
For her sorrows who slumbers below,
And bend before Mercy's bright throne
That Hope a soft balm may bestow;
For some "minist'ring angel" to heaven to bear;
The penitent's tear and the penitent's pray'r.

ROSABEL.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

To Rosabel's bow'r came a wandering knight,
When the young May-flowers were springing,
And he struck the wild chords of his harp so light,
Of the "willow, willow" singing.
Oh, why should that lady's cheek grow pale,
And the hue of the lily borrow,
And why should that lady's proud eye quail,
As she meets his glance of sorrow?

She thought of her home and of earlier hours,
'Ere pride's glittering visions came o'er her,
When in gladness she roam'd thro' her native bow'rs,
With Albert, her warrior lover.
In the misty light of the dawning grey,
That Knight left the halls of Maltrever,
And afar from those proud tow'rs held his way,
To return—Ah, never, never!

Oh! many a maiden in purple and pall
Might envy that fair Lady's splendour,
When her gem-deck'd-form graced the bridal hall,
Where her vassals their homage render!
But they guess'd not the anguish her false heart rued;
Nor could its remorse discover,
When that grief-chang'd warrior before her stood,
And she knew her slighted lover.

LINES WRITTEN

BY MRS. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

ON HEARING THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE IN A SERMON.

"Perhaps to wearied wanderers in this world there is no sweeter name for Heaven than *rest*."

Yes, yes my friend, 'tis surely best,
To give to Heaven the name of *rest*.
Rest from this scene of varied woes,
Rest from the tortured bosom's throes.
How sweetly sounds the name of *rest*
To those who are no longer blest,
To wanderers in this vale of tears,
Where all is fled which life endears.
To such this sound is sweetest best,
And Heaven's own dearest name is *rest*.

TRUE PRAYER.

BY MRS. FORBES.

Not he who says the longest prayer,
And spreads a gloom with sullen care
Thro' all th' abodes of mirth;
Shall at his dying hour find
That consolation of the mind,
Which soars above this earth.

Safer that soul which daily sees
A blessing in what God decrees
By his mysterious power;
And more available the sigh
If conscience waft it to the sky,
In each repentant hour.

THE ROSE.

BY MISS HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

I asked the Rose, why dost thou weep,
When all around is gladness?
Ah, why! thy snowy bosom steep
In pearly gems of sadness?

When other flowers uphold their heads
To bless the morning's brightness;
Even the violets from their beds
Look up in smiles of lightness?

To which the modest flower replied
To them let smiles be given,
To me let tears be ne'er denied,
For *mine* descend from Heaven.

Last night as o'er my leaves you wept,
And knew 'twas not from sorrow,
I learnt that smiles in pleasure slept,
And grief from joy could borrow.

I whispered soft, and from that hour
A mystic spell has bound us,
And tears flow from each kindred flower,
When nature smiles around us.

ANSWER TO FOURTH CHARADE, Page 87.

As walking out the other day,
To pass an idle hour away,
I look'd up at the village clock,
And saw above a *weathercock*;
The word it pointed out was N.E.W.S.,
To hear which Ladies ne'er refuse.

A, N.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE CHARADES, Page 87.

A RAIN-BOW is pretty, you must say the same,
So a walk is by MOONLIGHT, (but not after game);
By the aid of the DRUMSTICK the soldier's inspired
With energies new, and with marching untired.
To the WEATHERCOCK now I most anxiously gaze,
But, alas! it is pointing all manner of ways;
If it thus goes on changing, the mail can't arrive,
To bring me the NEWS that my friends are alive.

JEAN.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

READER.—Turn'd Critic, too? on what found ye such claim?
COUNCIL OF TEN.—Above a bribe not dazzled by a name,
"JUSTICE TO ALL," our motto and our aim.

No. 1. *Away to the Stubbles, away.* Written by H. Brandreth, Esq.; music

by J. Blewitt. Collard and Collard, Cheapside.

No. 2. *I'm quite a Ladies' Man.* Written by J. Carpenter, Esq.; composed by J. Blewitt. Purday, Holborn.

No. 3. *The Mermaid's Cave.* Written by Miss H. F. Gould; music by C. W. Glover. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 4. *The Yellow Hair'd Laddie,* with brilliant variations for the Piano, by R. K. Brewer, of the Royal Academy. G. Luff, Great Russell-street.

No. 5. The Fourth Part of the Musical Album, containing *Les Sourires de la Jeunesse.* Composed by C. W. Glover; and *The Trysting Tree,* by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

No. 6. The Fifth Part of the Musical Album, containing a *Scotch* Melody by J. Warren; and *Listen to Me,* ballad, by G. A. Macfarren. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 1. This ballad is a "*dead hit,*" and shews the writer to be *well primed* for his subject. We do not feel inclined to make *Game* of any thing, but the lithographic engraving was not, we presume, done by a sportsman, as the artist has certainly *missed his aim.*

No. 2. Another of Mr. Blewitt's happy hits, he stands unrivalled in the comic vein; the words of this ballad, originally appeared in our pages, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent.

No. 3. A very elegant ballad, simple of execution, yet possessing much variety, and capable of shewing the vocalist to great advantage.

No. 4. Very splendid variations on that sweet air "*The Yellow Hair'd Laddie,*" the young composer has shewn his usual skill in the arrangement of this pleasing rondo.

No. 5. A set of very spirited Quadrilles by Mr. Glover, form the first half of this Number. Of the little ballad which completes it, we may not speak, "our duty hushes us."

No. 6. Another Number of the same Work, containing a very sweet Scotch melody, "*Leizie Lindsey,*" with variations, and a pretty little ballad, which we think as pleasing as any that have preceded it in the work.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

A Caledonian Compliment.—It was the custom of Lord C——, when he commanded at Colchester, to invite every officer belonging to the garrison, in rotation, to his hospitable and elegant table. It happened one day that a raw Scotch lad, from some fastness of the Highlands, who had joined his regiment but a day or two previous, was placed opposite Lady C——, about mid-way between the noble host and his aide-de-camp, who acted as vice. Notwithstanding young M'Nab was a little astonished at the splendour of the set-out, a morning's drill from a martinet of an adjutant had given him so excellent an appetite, that he did not find time to speak to any body during the early part of the dinner, although he had made various abortive attempts to address his hostess: however, a batter pudding was placed before her ladyship, when the sweets were paraded, and, with her usual urbanity she invited Mr. M'Nab to partake—to this he bowed assent, and the portion sent him, disappeared in an incredibly short space of time. Now, M'Nab loved batter pudding, and he thought it a fitting occasion, in asking for more, to pay such a compliment to the elegant woman opposite him, as would make ample amends for his silence during the repast; without waiting, therefore, for a servant's assistance, he pushed his plate across the table in a manner to attract her ladyship's eye, and, with a countenance lit up by the brilliancy of the compliment he was about to pay, said—'Your pudden is sae excellent, my eddy, I needna ask ye wha made it."

A French Heroine.—In talking of the passage of the ditch of St. Laurent, it is interesting to relate an anecdote of the courage of a French woman, who is known to the whole army as *la belle cantinère du vingt-cinquieme.* This young woman, whose figure is remarkably good, and features brilliant and pleasing, is seen in the most exposed and dangerous situations, behaving with a degree of courage and coolness that surprises even the old soldiers. Her dress consists of a black glazed hat, a neat cap tied under her chin, a blue jacket or body, like that of a lady's riding habit, a red petticoat, dark apron, red trousers, and men's boots. Her basket hangs on one arm, and her small keg of spirits is suspended over her shoulder. Neither officer, soldier, nor amateur, ever pass Antoinette Moraud without asking for a glass of "snick," and paying some compliment upon her courage and the excellence of her provision. This brave young woman has not only distinguished herself by the care she has taken of the wounded in the trenches, but when the sergeant of miners, Fabré, was lodged in the hole of the scarp of Saint Laurent, where he remained four days, it was recollected that he was without food. The raft had been withdrawn, and the heavy raking fire rendered it a dangerous service to cross. Antoinette chanced to be standing by whilst the affair was being discussed, and before any of the veteran Fabré's comrades could volunteer, the *cantinière* sprung forward, pushed off the raft, and after giving the miner a supply of two day's provision, returned in safety, amid a shower of shot and projectiles. She was presented to the Marshal and Princes, complimented and thanked for her courage.

Power of Music.—The following incident occurred to B. Bomberg, at a concert which he gave at Presburg in April last. It affords a fresh proof of the influence of music over animate beings. The Countess of R——, who was seated in the first row of benches, observed a large spider, which gradually moved nearer and nearer towards the player whilst he was performing, and, when it had approached to a very short distance from him, stood perfectly still, as if listening to his delightful melody. Alloud and violent chord, however, seemed, either from the noise it occasioned, or the vibration it produced on the floor, to scare the insect, and it ran back towards the Countess, who, in her fright, begged a neighbour not to tread it under foot, but to make it move in another direction. Bomberg, in the meanwhile, had come to a softer passage; at which the spider, instead of continuing his flight, turned back and approached close to the performer, and remained transfixed as it were to the spot until he had finished his solo. The spider, who then disappeared, had not escaped Bomberg's attention too. He observed that it had frequently occurred to him to remark a similar fondness for soft and gentle melodies in other insects of the same species; which he conceived to arise from the peculiar harmony of the violoncello.

Newspapers.—It may gratify our national pride, as Chalmers justly remarks in his Life of Ruddiman, to be told that mankind are indebted to England for the first newspaper. In the British Museum may be found the several newspapers which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the Channel, in 1588. The strong excitement of the public fears at this portentous crisis, and the fatal consequences that might arise from false reports getting abroad, naturally suggested to the prudence of Elizabeth, and the wise policy of her secretary, Burleigh, to adopt some medium of circulating authentic intelligence; and the earliest newspaper is entitled "*The English Mercurie,*" which, by authority, was "imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, her Highnesses printer, 1588." At this period no other nation in Europe could boast the existence of a printed newspaper.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART III., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* NOVEMBER, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 19—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Nov. 23, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Promenade Dress.—The robe is of Cashmere, a black ground printed in a rich chintz pattern. Plain high body. Long sleeve of the usual size, but with the fulness descending half-way down the fore-part of the arm, from whence it is arranged in folds which sit close to the wrist. Mantelet of black velvet, lined with emerald green *gros de Naples*. It

forms a point which comes just below the waist in the centre of the back, and falling low upon the shoulders, takes the heart shape upon the bosom, from whence long full ends descend nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The back part is bordered with real lace, two rows of which fall round the back and shoulders. A knot of ribbon, the colour of the lining, attaches it at the waist. Emerald green satin hat, the inside of the brim is trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a very full *rûche* of blond lace. The crown is decorated with a green willow plume, and knots of ribbon tastefully intermingled with blond lace. A curtain veil of black real lace edges the brim. Black velvet half-boots. Pale lemon-coloured gloves. Worked muslin collar. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Head-dresses.—The rage for innovation has reached even the empire of Fashion, at least as regards *coiffures*. A few seasons ago one particular style was the fashion, and as such, whether it was becoming or not, to the generality of faces, it must be adopted; but now *la Mode* is less arbitrary, she permits her fair votaries to dress their hair as they please, and the consequence is that *coiffures* are high, low, ancient, or modern, according to the taste of the hair-dresser, or the features of the lady. However we must observe that for young ladies *bandeaux* are in majority, and for those of maturer ages, curls are preferred. We observe also one thing far from generally becoming, curls are worn very low upon the cheeks. Several ladies have their hair arranged on each side in two full tufts of cork-screw ringlets, one of which descends much lower than the other. The hair is variously ornamented; flowers still predominate; but we see a good many *coiffures* adorned with *bandeaux* of fancy jewellery, and a single long white ostrich feather, placed rather far back on the left side, and drooping over to the right. Another style of ornament that begins to be in favour, is a piece of gauze folded round the head, that is we should say folded round the back part, and arranged in front something in the style of a turban. The plumage of a bird of Paradise, or an *esprit* is placed on one side. The hind hair is usually arranged in one or two bows, they are full but not high. If the hair is ornamented with flowers, bouquets are preferred to wreaths, though we still see a few of the latter, which are brought low upon the forehead and round the crown of the head. A mixture of black, both in bouquets and wreaths, is very generally adopted; in some instances the heart of the flower is black, and the leaves of the natural colour. Others have the flower altogether natural, but the foliage that surrounds it black. We have observed also some head-dresses of hair decorated with wreaths of foliage only; there were two or three shades of green mingled with black. The effect is singular, but we do not consider it at all pretty.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XII.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and all the Members assembled.*

"Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple stands afar?"
Why we can tell who thus devote our time,
To drag his vot'ries in Apollo's car,
Towards high Parnassus! hard it may appear,
And rough the road to *them;* worse for their *Charioteer.*

We have to please in this fastidious age,
The pigmy Critics that against us war;
Whose envy, hate, or malice may enrage
Their prancing steeds, against our own to jar,
And turn our slender vehicle aside,
Unless our hands have nerve and skill the reins to guide!

Miss Bluemantle. Proceed we now, fair Secretary, to look over the budget we left unfinished at our last meeting, as well as to inspect those communications that have come in since.

Miss Scribblecumdash. "The Bride's Farewell," &c., by Emma, of Camberwell.

Miss B. The first Poem shall appear, the other will not now suit our pages.

Miss S. Letter of enquiry as to the fate of some Charades, &c., by W. H. Barrett.

Miss B. They shall appear when we have space; the writer would not feel surprised that "*four months* have elapsed since their receipt, and they have not yet appeared," did he see our file of such articles.

Miss S. "Life's Brevity," by A. K.

Miss B. We take blame to ourselves that we have not made more use of this writer's kindness; could he make his Poems *shorter*, they would stand an earlier chance of insertion. Brevity *must* be our motto in this department.

Miss S. A Packet from Annette and another from Helene.

Miss B. Annette has always our thanks. Is Helene, aware that two of her pieces bear a *very strong* resemblance to two that have already appeared in our Work? Though *we* do not suppose they were intended as *copies*, our readers may not be equally charitable. We have no other objection to their appearance.

Miss S. Letter from S. P., Edmonton.

Miss B. We have referred to the former one in which the Lines were enclosed, but no mention is there made on the subject alluded to, viz., their having been offered to any other Work. We agree with the old adage which closes her present communication, and keeping *that* in view, shall be happy to hear from her when agreeable.

Miss S. Letter from J. E. C., enclosing some serious verses.

Miss B. J. E. C. is mistaken if he supposes we have declared war against all *comic* articles. Genuine ones are the most acceptable we can receive; 'tis very possible to be "merry and wise." We cannot comply with his request, as we should subject ourselves to the advertisement duty.

Miss S. A Letter and enclosure from Jessy, Hampshire.

Miss B. Jessy is always most welcome. We hope our *other* fair Hampshire friend, C. M., will not relax in her zeal for us. We long to receive another of her sweet Tales, they are always acceptable.

Miss S. Lines on "Woman," by R. S.

Miss B. We suspect we trace the hand writing of an old correspondent. The lines shall appear.

Miss S. Letter of enquiry from Sylva.

Miss B. Sylva is quite right, our disposition naturally leads us to good-nature. An *over-stock* of the article has alone prevented the insertion of hers. She shall not be forgotten, and we hope to be often "*tormented*" by such correspondents—like the torments of Love, they are far from being disagreeable.

Miss S. "Lines to a Cigar Smoker," by Robert N.

Miss B. They shall appear, though some of our male readers are so *touchy* on the subject of their favourite amusement, that we almost fear to make light of it!

Miss S. The "Victor Vanquished," by Theodora.

Miss B. When we have room it shall appear. There, we must decline looking over any more letters this evening. Well, Bloomer, and what have *you* to communicate? How fares the world of Literature?

Mrs. Bloomer. Oh! excellently, Lady President. But I must beg leave to depart from the plan you have recently laid down, for noticing new publications *only* in the "Selector," as I have several very meritorious little Works, now lying on my table, which are not calculated exactly for that department of your Magazine.

Miss B. Certainly, Bloomer, we bow with submission to any suggestion of yours.

Mrs. B. The little volume I hold in my hand, entitled "Random Rhymes," or Lays of London, is by an early contributor to your pages, and contains many of the lighter effusions which have appeared from the pen of Mr. J. E. Carpenter. I believe it is the first volume from the author's pen, which has yet issued from the Press, and must therefore, congratulate him on the good taste he has displayed in the little selection. The work is beautifully got up, and is deserving of every encouragement from the lovers of Thalia and

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the lighter Graces of Song. *(A pause.)* Next in order received, comes a little Work, called the "PROPHETIC MOMUS," a very excellent burlesque on the modern method of Almanack making. 'Tis a pretty light work to lay on a boudoir table, or to wile away that tedious half hour before the dinner appears. *(A pause.)* A Weekly contemporary, of a serious character, next claims my notice, entitled "THE TRUE CHURCH AND KING." It is exceedingly well edited, and contains much sound argument on the *right side* of the question. Extracts from the sermons of celebrated Preachers, &c., and is in all respects a very proper work to be put into the hands of Servants and young people on a Sunday evening, after the more important duties of that sacred day are terminated.

Miss B. It is deserving, and we trust will meet every encouragement from minds properly disposed.

Mrs. B. I have here also a number of the "LONDON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL," doubtless a work of much merit in its line, and useful to the class of persons for whose perusal it is compiled, but not of interest for FEMALES, or the readers of our pages. Here is also a little work for children, "PIGWEENY THE WISE, with plenty of plates, calculated to inculcate a sound moral lesson. under the guise of fiction. This pleasing method of blending instruction with amusement, is a most desirable plan for the infant minds for whose edification such little works are designed. While I am on the subject of works for children, I beg to correct a mistake made some weeks since by our compositor, in a little book of which you gave a notice. It should be "SPELLING MADE PASTIME," (instead of made EASY, as there stated), the error has made the authoress *uneasy*, and therefore I take the first opportunity of correcting it. Lady President, I beg to apologise for the time I have taken up in noticing these little but meritorious works, which are all useful in their various branches, and therefore not unworthy your regard.

Miss B. No apology is necessary, Bloomer, the greatest authors of our own and other times, have never felt it a degradation, to teach by their talents or influence, "the young idea how to shoot." What mind of proper feeling can ever think itself lowered in noticing those useful and agreeable trifles which tend to the improvement of the youthful part of the community, when it contemplates that beautiful and divine precept "Suffer little children to come unto me." 'Tis a text that many a cynic may contemplate with advantage, and learn from its beneficent humility to KNOW HIMSELF. *(A pause.)*

Mrs. Modish. To turn from grave to gay, may *I* be allowed, Lady President, to introduce to your notice these pattern papers of Merinos and Cashmeres manufactured by GHRIMES and Co.

Miss B. They look like a bed of tulips or dahlias newly blown.

Mrs. M. They, are as good and durable as elegant, which with the addition of their being genuine BRITISH manufactures, make them worthy the distinguished patronage they have already received. The Merinos are intended for morning, the Cashmeres for *full* dress; both of which, when soiled, wash with common soap and water, and *look as fresh as* when first put on.

Miss B. Well, Modish, you are quite eloquent on the subject, which though not coming under OUR department, (and for which breach of privilege we beg to apologize to the obliging co-adjutor who furnishes the FASHIONS for our Work), we are ever ready to give publicity to all that appertains to the manufactures of OUR OWN COUNTRY, and to endeavour to persuade the taste and good sense of English gentlewomen, to make the arts and manufactures of the land in which they have been bred and born—the FASHION! The British female of high life can never look so lovely as when clad in "the purple and pall" woven by the artizans of OLD ENGLAND! Native Beauty! when thou art tempted by the softness of a *French* kid glove, or the rainbow tints of a *foreign* shawl, think of the TRUE BLUE of thine own country; its unemployed hands and starving families, and *resist* the "soft temptation." *(A pause.)* Harmonica, if you persist in playing those Quadrilles, we must inflict a fine; our brain is making *Le Grand Rond*, instead of attending to business.

Miss Harmonica. I was only trying over the Third Set of Weippert's Echo of the Bands, which I found laid on my music-desk, and from what I have already heard, they promise to be even more popular than the two preceding Sets.

Miss B. Well, we'll patronize them the first time we are guilty of tripping "the light fantastic toe." By the way we have a very pretty set of Quadrilles by our kind Contributor Miss MESSUM, which before the festive season of dance and song, we must present to our subscribers. Let them be sent to the engraver in due time, Harmonica. Now Ladies of the Council, and "Sister-Spirits of the night," ye may depart.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

We were present on the evening of Miss Eliza Paton's benefit, and certainly experienced a high musical treat! The talents of this promising vocalist are already well-known to the play-going public,—far superior, as an actress, to her sister, her voice partakes of all the sweetness and flexibility of that celebrated vocalist,—nor do we think it is deficient in power. She played *Rosetta*, in "*Love in a Village*," with great chasteness and *naivette*. Though we are lovers of the "olden time," we must protest against many points in this opera. Surely, the pruning-knife might be employed to great advantage to one-half of the speeches *Justice Woodcock* is made to utter. Farren played the character in as chaste a manner as it *would admit*, but he followed the author's text too closely, for modern ears. We dare say the old gentlemen of the present day are no better than they were in *Justice Woodcock's* time, but they have now, at least, sense and refinement enough to conceal those "frailties flesh is heir to" instead of making vice a thing to boast of! After the Opera a host of songs followed, in all of which the singers acquitted themselves admirably. "*Savourneen Deelish*" was exquisitely sung by the fair Heroine of the night, accompanied by herself on the harp, of which instrument she seems to be a proficient. The Echo Song (splendidly accompanied by the flute of a Mr. R. Cart, who made a most favourable first appearance this evening) was warmly applauded. We have not space to enumerate separately the many exquisite Ballads, &c. given by Miss E. Paton; but must not omit to mention a little vocal gem, "Maiden of the laughing eye," composed, as the bills stated, expressly for her on this occasion, by Miss CLENNELL; it was received with rapturous applause, and produced an immediate *encore*. We hope shortly to see it in print, as we thought it equally adapted for the music-room as the stage. The only drawback to the pleasure of the evening, was the extreme cold of the house, and the lateness of the hour to which (by their great variety), the entertainments were necessarily protracted. The house was most fashionably attended.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

On Thursday last an addition was made to the tragic department of this stage in the person of Miss Mason, a niece of Mr. C. Kemble. She performed the part of *Julia*, in the "*Hunchback*," in a style which not only procured the applause of a crowded audience, but promises for her a very high place among our tragedians. In person she much resembles Miss Fanny Kemble, has a melodious voice, and seemed to possess a just appreciation of her part. We shall take another opportunity of seeing Miss Mason, when we shall speak as much more fully of her merits as her talents deserve.

ADELPHI.

A playful little bagatelle, from the pen of Captain Addison, entitled the "*Butterfly's Ball*," has been produced at this theatre, since our last, but the acting of John Reeve, had nearly proved *too heavy** for its gossamer structure on the first night of representation. It ran very smoothly, however, on the second, when we witnessed it. The scenery is beautiful, the music (selected and partly original), by Alexander Lee, very light and pretty, and the dancers as sylph-like as could be wished. Mrs. Waylett played the "*Butterfly Beau*," and sang two very sweet ballads, with her usual grace and expression.

* Query Heavy *Wet?*—Printer's Imp.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

HANS VAN CRUMP.

BY JOHN HOLLOWAY.

It would require talents of no ordinary nature, and a command of the powers of description I do not possess, said Dorf Ersenberg, an old burgomaster of Amsterdam, to depict the emotions of Hans Van Crump, the schoolmaster of a small village, distant not an hundred leagues from this city; as mounted upon a lean hungry looking Rosenante, y'cleped Trusty, he endeavoured, though in vain, to urge his steed to quicken its drowsy snail creeping pace through the intricacy and devious meanderings of a large forest upon his return homewards from visiting his worthy friend Van Dunder, at whose hospitable board he had remained that night much later than he usually did, enjoying the good things of this transitory life, and basking in the sunshine of happiness, whose rays darted with almost consuming splendour from the bright eyes and cheerful countenance of Elizabeth, the only daughter of his host, and the affianced bride of Hans. Philosophers have composed volumes of learned lore to prove that human happiness is held on a very slight tenure, and that it, like human misery, must have an end. To this doctrine Hans was this night most reluctantly compelled to subscribe. Fear was the master passion which assailed him as he proceeded onwards in the well-known track which led to the school-house. Hans was from childhood an attentive listener to tales of terror, and no man was more deeply versed in the legendary lore which had formed the chief conversation of the past evening, and having heard the various fearful tales each guest had to relate of the supernatural beings who peopled this gloomy and unholy forest, it needed no efforts, therefore, to recall to memory the terrific incidents he had heard, and the truth of which were to him strong as proofs of holy writ. During these unpleasant cogitations he had reached an immense oak, whose naked and gigantic limbs were spread abroad with an air of protection to those beings who made this spot the temple where they held their nocturnal revels. Its foliage had been blasted by lightning, and the ground around it formed a wide circle in which no grass ever grew. It did not tend to allay his uneasiness as the recollection darted across his mind, that this night was the festival of a Saint to whom the aforesaid supernaturals bore an ancient grudge for the anathemas which he had indulged in to the perdition hereafter of their race, and which enmity Hans was well aware they never failed to wreak on the first unfortunate individual who fell within their power. He upbraided himself with his rashness and fool-hardiness at having voluntarily ran the risk he now encountered, in spite of the tender entreaties of Elizabeth, and the united remonstrances of her father and his guests, not to proceed through the dreaded forest until chanticleer had ushered in the dawning day. But no, his courage must not be doubted, and as he had contended that this evil race of spirits had no power over men whose life was irreproachable, it would have been casting an imputation upon his morals in the observance of which he prided himself upon his scrupulous exactness. It was now the hour of midnight. Delay was dangerous, he therefore endeavoured to rouse himself from the torpor which he felt creeping over him, and by the rapid application of his heels to the ribs of his slowly plodding beast, hoped to urge his progress and escape from the scene of danger. Such motions were accelerated with inconceivable rapidity as the moon, which during the earlier part of his journey had shed but a glimmering and dusky light through the long avenues of trees he had traversed, suddenly becoming obscured by the dark thick gathering clouds from which heavy drops of rain began to descend; but maugre his efforts, Trusty made a dead halt, nor could all the kicking or half-muttered coaxing of his master, who was almost dead with terror, induce the incorrigible animal to move a single step. Hans' teeth chattered, his knees pressed still more forcibly the sides of the saddle to prevent his falling; his long lank hair rose "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," his eyes were distended to a fearful stretch as he gazed upon the darkness visible, and he endeavoured to mutter a prayer to his favourite and patron Saint for assistance and protection from the threatened danger, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth with a tenacity which defied the articulation of a single sentence. The rain now descended in torrents, and sheets of livid fire played around him in quick succession whilst the hoarse roar of the thunder resounded through the forest. Amidst the contention of the jarring elements, to which the unfortunate Hans was by this time rendered almost insensible, his horse stood with as much complacency as if in his snug warm stall, adjoining the school-house, nor seemed disposed to relieve his master from his perilous situation, and the unpleasant exposure to so violent a storm, by making a single move towards his destination, although now and then a faint kick indicated its rider's wishes. Whilst in this situation, and unable from terror to dismount and trace his steps alone, he was aroused by hearing a faint and suppressed laugh, which evidently came from one not far behind. This incident caused fresh accession to his terror as he naturally felt convinced that no mortal being, exposed to the horrors of such a night, would have the slightest inclination to indulge in the rites of Momus. Besides he clearly distinguished something demoniac in the sounds as they died away; it had however the effect of rousing him to a sense of his immediate danger, and he renewed with transient vigour the application of his heels to the sides of his unruly beast with as little success as formerly. Despair succeeded his disappointment, and he was about to throw himself from the back of Trusty, when by a flash of lightning, which spread a glare of light of unusual continuance, he perceived a figure at that moment join him, wrapped in a black cloak, while a large plume of black feathers nodded from his cap in awful majesty. The stranger's features as they encountered for a moment those of Hans, grinned a horrid and ghastly smile, and the sepulchral tones of his voice, as he exclaimed "A fearful night, Hans," did not tend to reassure the unfortunate pedagogue. The vile laugh still rang in his ears louder than the thunder which pealed over his head in tremendous roars. The offer of assistance which the sable gentleman made to guide Hans through the forest would gladly have been dispensed with, but he was fearful of incurring any risk by giving offence, and on the other hand the inevitable ruin as he conceived in being so guided, made him pause in silent agony. He was not, however, allowed much time for deliberation. Trusty was now seized with another and equally unaccountable fit as he trotted merrily after the gloomy figure before him, who now produced a flaming torch, but the manner in which it came into his possession was past the comprehension of Hans; but he saw enough to convince him that he was beyond the shadow of a doubt an unwilling companion of one of those very beings whose society he so much dreaded. The involuntary efforts of Hans to check the cheerful pace of his nag by the tightening of the reins, was met by the same success as his former efforts to induce him to move. The stranger glided along with noiseless step and ghost-like celerity. They had proceeded thus for a considerable time; the storm had not diminished its fearful violence, nor had they apparently got nearer the place of destination, notwithstanding their continued speed of travelling, although Hans was conscious that had he been able at the outset to conquer the invincible obstinacy of Trusty, he should have arrived long before at the end of his journey. What increased his chagrin and dread still more, was that he could not call to recollection a single step of the road they had traversed, though his knowledge of the intricacies of the forest was proverbial; however, after many ineffectual attempts to overcome his fear, and address the unknown being who still continued his pace, he at last ventured to interrogate him as to what part of the forest they were now in accompanied by a gentle hint that his guide himself had mistaken the road; he had not the gratification of receiving an answer; again the question was repeated still the same awful silence; a third time

did he persist, and resolutely put the interrogation, when to his utter confusion and dismay, the same demoniac laugh rang in his ears, and a quickening of speed till it amounted to an absolute gallop was the only reply he met with. The courage he had been able to muster, now totally deserted him, and he galloped onwards in all the agonies of suspense as to the dreaded fate for which he was reserved, which at length subsided to despair, for the conviction rushed across his mind that no more should he behold his affianced bride; no longer feed his ambitious hopes with visions of one day succeeding to the wealth of old Van Dunder, and be freed from the slavery of keeping a parcel of ragged and mischievous urchins in tolerable order, or the still more Herculean labour of instilling knowledge into heads formed by nature of the hardest and thickest materials. His ruminations were now disturbed, as a sudden halt took place at the foot of the identical oak where he had first encountered his mysterious guide; a thrill of horror ran through every nerve on this discovery, which was not a little encreased when he found they were joined by several others dressed in the same garb. The same discordant laugh or rather yell resounded from the group which had no sooner died away than in hollow tones they severally exclaimed "Welcome Hans Van Crump thrice welcome to our society." Hans shuddered at the purport of these awful words, and sat trembling in the saddle, while Trusty, contrary to his natural sluggish habits, stood pawing the ground and champing his bit in furious mood. Amongst the group, to his great astonishment, stood the daughter of Van Dunder; she advanced towards him with looks of tenderness, her eyes beaming love, and handing him a pen in the sweetest tones desired him to add his name to a long list already written on parchment, apparently in characters of blood. "Heaven and all the saints befriend me," cried the bewildered Hans, as dismounting he was about to comply with her request. No sooner had the exclamation escaped his lips, than a loud shriek from all present followed the invocation and a descending thunderbolt rent the oak in twain. After the lapse of a few moments, he recovered his scattered senses, and found himself alone, save the companionship of Trusty. He felt that he had been most miraculously rescued from the powers of the spirits of darkness, thanks to his piety, that proving a mode of attack which fortunately for his eternal repose, had proved irresistible. Wiping away the perspiration which in large globules coursed each other down his cheeks, he again mounted, and having experienced the remarkable efficiency of his pious appeal, determined to allow his spiritual enemies to gain no farther advantage over him throughout the remainder of his journey home, which was of no short duration. Trusty having lost his unnatural powers of speed with the presence of his guide, he constantly ejaculated the names of all the Saints in the Calendar.

Having arrived in safety at home, he sat down for a long time bewildered with the preceding occurrences, and almost doubting his own identity, or that he had actually encountered such an awful scene as that described. He was at length, aroused from the reverie in which he was absorbed by the arrival of a messenger, mounted on the fleetest steed of his intended father-in-law. The distressed state of the animal, and the bespattered dress of its rider, evinced that it was an affair of no little moment, which required such haste. The messenger, a little bump-backed fellow, dismounting, hastily enquired for his young mistress. These enquiries renewed Hans' perplexity and embarrassment, and he assured the ill-omened messenger that he had not seen her since the parting of the preceding evening. Vain and useless were his protestations as little Humpy vowed that he and others of equally credible testimony had seen her mounted behind Hans on the back of Trusty, and vehemently insisted that she was then and there concealed. Hans irritated almost to frenzy at such unfounded calumny, rushed from the house and vaulted into the saddle of the messenger's horse, and before the little fellow could guard against the precipitancy of such a measure, was on the road to Van Dunder's mansion with all the speed the jaded animal was capable of exerting. On passing the oak which had been the scene of his nocturnal adventure he shivered with horror as the whole affair was vividly conjured up to his recollection; his mind was filled with many misgivings, and unaccountable fears that they were only the prelude to some great misfortune as he recollected with what inveteracy his invisible enemies would pursue their once baffled schemes, and that nothing but his eternal ruin would satisfy their implacable vengeance. Arrived at Van Dunder's house, he was received with shouts of execration by the assembled villagers to whom his supposed treachery was known, and some missiles, not of the softest nature, struck the mark for which they were intended.

Having reached the presence of old Van Dunder, he was immediately greeted with torrents of reproachful language at his foul ingratitude in having deprived the old man of his daughter in so clandestine a manner; his frequent attempts at vindication were drowned in renewed exclamations at his unparalleled audacity in thus venturing into the outraged father's presence, and attempting to deny facts which were too glaring to be discredited by the most sceptical individual.

Hans, on the testimony of Van Dunder, whose oath was corroborated by the evidence of others, established on the like touchstone of truth, was consigned to "durance vile," for the said abduction, the witnesses all declaring that they saw him place his victim in the saddle, and ride away, and that favoured by the darkness of the night, and the intricacy of the forest into which all candidly admitted their courage would not allow them to enter, had escaped. This overpowering weight of testimony Hans had no means of controverting, and his embarrassment was charitably placed by all to the account of his consciousness of guilt. A guard was placed over him for better security, until the matter could be investigated by the legal authorities of the place, and the search after the lost sheep renewed, and Hans was left to chew the cud of bitter rumination. The villagers separated till the morrow when the investigation was to be finally and solemnly discussed. The morrow arrived; all labour was suspended, and crowds assembled to await the trial of Hans Van Crump, for the said abduction. The delegated authorities had arrived, and Hans was formally arraigned. To his plea of not guilty, little belief was attached. The witnesses were severally examined, and their united and unshaken testimony, left no doubt upon the minds of even the most impartial and unprejudiced persons present of the enormity of his guilt. When called on for his defence, he narrated the facts which had occurred. Superstitious however as the court and his audience were, it was only looked upon as a cooked up story, and received as much credit as the solemn asseverations of innocence with which he concluded. His doom was fixed. The sage judge on summing up observed the evidence was so clear and decisive as to leave him no alternative but to pronounce the sentence of the court, which was that unless the daughter was delivered up to her father within three days, he must suffer the extreme penalty which their laws adjudged in such cases, namely—Death. The court was about to dissolve, and the unhappy Hans, casting around a look of despair, his eyes encountered the features of the stranger who had been his guide, fixed on him with a demoniac smile of triumph, an indefinable sensation pervaded his breast at the sight, and rushing forward, he shrieked out in piercing accents, "Mysterious being, in the name of heaven I adjure thee to cease thy persecution." The sudden disappearance of the stranger followed this appeal, all present stood in amazement, which was still more increased, when lo! the daughter of Van Dunder rushed with breathless haste into the court, her countenance depicted the greatest terror. To the numerous queries which assailed her in quick succession by her father and another no less interested; she briefly narrated the events which had befallen her. Hans was observed to shudder as he listened to the narration, but what actually occurred never transpired. Hans was congratulated on his narrow escape. He was soon after made happy by fortune bestowing on him the daughter, and shortly after the happy union, the long accumulating wealth of old Van Dunder.

THE REPRIEVE.

(A SKETCH FROM FACT.)

BY MRS. HEDGELAND, (LATE ISABELLA KELLY.)

Lieut. Col. ——, a staff-officer, who nobly distinguished himself in the memorable battle of Waterloo, was one morning wandering, deep in melancholy thought, upon the banks of a beautiful canal, which ran through ——, in the Netherlands, when he was irresistibly attracted by the appearance of a little group at a few paces distant from him. It consisted of a young female seated on a grassy rising mound, near the water; in her bosom she closely nestled a baby, to whom she was giving the nourishment of nature, while her fast falling tears mingled with the sweet drops it was imbibing; a cherub boy, he might have numbered from seven to eight years, was busily employed gathering the various wild flowers which grew in rich profusion around him, and putting them into a little wicker basket, which he carried upon his arm; the woman was young and pretty, and according to the costume of her country, wore no cap, and her fine hair was fastened up in that utter neglect which bespoke indifference to appearance. The Colonel felt interested, he scarcely knew why, but he drew the little boy apart, and addressed him. "Are you gathering those pretty flowers, my little fellow, to dress your mamma's hair?"

"No, Monsieur, no, no."

"What then will you do with them?"

"I will put them upon mon papa's coffin."

The Colonel looked pityingly in his face, "poor child! is he then dead?"

"No, not till to-morrow."

"To-morrow! he may not die then."

"Yes, he must die then; they will shoot him then."

The Colonel started, "Shoot him child?"

He had time to say no more, he looked towards the woman; she had laid her baby on the grass, and stood on the brink of the water, her eyes and arms were raised as if in supplication, but her infant moaned, and she turned and took it up, kissed it with lips white and quivering; again she laid it on the grass, and staggering forward, had in one instant more precipitated herself into an unknown state of being, when the Colonel, quick as the lightning's flash, caught her by her garments, and stopped her fatal purpose.

He soon learnt the melancholy story; her husband was a soldier, brave and faithful to his country, yet devotedly fond of his wife, he had been with her on furlough; she was dangerously ill in giving birth to the babe then in her arms, her faint voice cried "leave me not before I die;" his furlough had expired, the struggle between his love and his duty, was rending his brain; duty gained the victory, he was leaving the house when his wife's brother, who adored his sister above all people and all things on earth, entered with a renewal of his furlough. The babe was born, the wife recovered, but it was soon discovered that the brother had forged the renewed furlough. No one had suspected, no one had examined the furlough; the husband was seized as a deserter, tried and condemned to death. To have proved the forgery would have betrayed the poor injudicious brother to the very death his fatal fondness had doomed the deceived husband; the wretched husband could die, but could not know the brother of his wife die because he had pitied her and him, and with manly firmness and courage, he prepared for his fate. But the wife, the complicated agony, was too powerful for her weakened frame and exhausted spirits, the image of her husband dead, the bosom cold, and mangled and black, which had so long been the pillow of her rest; the voice still, which had always blest her; the heart still that had always loved her—no, her infant, her very soul was forgotten in that one image—and she would have died before him she so loved when her deadly purpose was impeded by Lieut. Col. ——. He kindly, compassionately led her to her dwelling, and desired the people there to watch her, and be careful of her, bade the sufferer not despair, to take comfort, and leaving his purse for her necessities, he departed. The Colonel stopped not here in his generous work, he instantly sought out the commanding officer of the regiment, to which the poor delinquent belonged, explained the whole affair, pleaded the soldier's cause with such powerful effect, described the wife's despair so feelingly, that a reprieve was granted, and so good was the soldier's general character, and indeed so exemplary had his conduct been since ever he entered the army, that it required little importunity to procure him a free pardon, and with prayers for their noble disinterested preserver, the husband and the wife flew into each other's arms, while the innocent boy as innocently and smilingly said, "he would always love the pretty flowers which grew upon the banks of ——, and the gentleman who gave him his papa again." The prayers of that woman and that man, and the prayers of the children were often in heaven for their preserver, and Colonel —— has been heard to declare that the reflection of that one deed gave him more true self-approval than the glory of those achievements which in after years decorated his breast with a star and ribbon.

THE SELECTOR.

THE COMIC OFFERING, by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN, (FOURTH NOTICE.)

THE PET DISH, IN A CORPORATION DINNER.

(A FACT.)

There is a certain outlandish little town, (whose latitude and longitude I do not feel disposed to particularize), which one of the Plantagenet kings, in return for the present of a herring-pasty, thought proper to exalt to the dignity of a "Bailiwick." Now this royal favour had the ungracious effect of converting the quiet herring-catching community of Scratchby, into the most quarrelsome little spot under the sun; for, from that hour every person in the town was infected with the desire of becoming a "Worshipful."

When the annual period of election arrived, the inhabitants of the place assumed, with one consent, a bellicose demeanor, turning up their noses, and sticking out their elbows in the most disobliging manner in the world. Pitiable was the case of any of these high-spirited people, who chanced to meet on a foot-bridge—I know two of them, who tarried two hours disputing precedence at a turn-stile, and at last each retraced his steps to avoid the meanness of allowing the other to pass through the unaccomodating aperture before himself.

NO MORE ON THAT HEAD!

There was a certain Mr. Simon Figgins, who having amassed a large fortune as a grocer, retired from business, built a marine villa, set up a pudding-faced footman in a plum and citron-coloured livery, and finally declared himself a candidate for the chief magistracy of the town, at the persuasion of Mr. Fox, the town clerk, his cabinet counsellor. He experienced great opposition from Mr. Whitehead the miller, and Mr. Blackburn, the coal-merchant, the dissenting and reforming candidates; but their faction proved too weak, and the wealthy Simon Figgins was duly elected Bailiff for the ensuing year!

"Mrs. Figgins, my dear," said the newly chosen magistrate, "I am now in office, and *you* are the wife of the Worshipful Mr. Simon Figgins, Esquire, (Heaven forgive me for boasting) now, my love, we *must* give a sumptuous dinner."

"Of course, my love, we must, replied Mrs. Worshipful, opening the well thumbed cookery book, "What shall we have?"

"Oh, my duckey, I leave that to you; I shall have enough to do, to order the affairs of the town; every one to his vocation; only I would'nt have—a plum pudding, lest it should remind folks of the shop."

"A plum pudding! fiddle de dee, Mr. Figgins; how can you be such a simpleton my dear, as to suppose I should provide any thing so *purdigiously wulgar*."

"Well, well, my love, don't snap me up so, but let us hear what *you* propose to have."

"Mr. dear Mr. F., don't hurry—why salmon of course; that you know is a sort of foreign fish, which seldom comes to Scratchby."

"Then, my dear, as I would wish to do the thing handsomely, on first coming into office, suppose we have *two?*"

"Two salmons! gracious me, Mr. Figgins, what a fool you are, my love! we should make ourselves the laughing stock of the whole town."

"Well, then, my dear, a turbot."

"Why, aye, Mr. Figgins, there's some sense in a turbot at bottom, and one big salmon at top."

"You must have two sorts of soup, Mrs. F."

"As if I didn't know that! them there sort of things are matters of course—pigeon-pies, and boiled chickens, and roast ducks, tongues, hams, fillets of veal, and all the rest of the plain dishes, and then made dishes, and sweets, and *hornaments;* but above all I will have plenty of *game*. You must speak to Will Hunt the poacher, about that."

"My dear Mrs. F., I am surprised at your talking to a *magistrate* about such wicked devices. It is now my duty to commit all such vagabonds as Will Hunt; but I'll write to Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who will be very happy to oblige me, (now I can command half a dozen *wotes*), with a few pair of pheasants, and partridges, and all the four-legged game he may feel disposed to send me; and then we will do him the honour to *purpose* his health, directly after the King's."

Mrs. Figgins having for once in her life agreed to a proposition of her husband's, a letter was despatched, containing the strangely worded request.

Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who happened to have a keen sense of the ridiculous, on receiving the singular letter, not only sent a liberal supply of the various species of game and wild fowl, which his estate, preserves, and decoys afforded, but as the demand of "*four-footed game*" was of rather a comprehensive nature, he added, by way of variety, a stray *Fox*, that, to the surprise of himself and every sportsman in the neighbourhood, had been caught in his rabbit-warren on the preceding night. In the enclosed agricultural counties round Scratchby, a fox is an animal so little known, that it is regarded quite as a curiosity; and Sir Mowbray Mortimer gaily observed, that if Mr. Figgins "had no particular stomach for that rare species of game, he might probably feel disposed to have it stuffed for the benefit of his friends."

"Stuffed! of course I should," said the Bailiff elect, holding up the fox; "but do you think, my love, it ought to be with sage and onions, like a goose?"

"Like a fool's head, my dear," said the lady. "I shall see what Mrs. Glasse has to say on the subject."

But Mrs. Glasse, among her manifold receipts, does not give any directions for stuffing a fox: so Mrs. Figgins, who was greatly elated at an addition so rare to the corporation dinner, and did not wish to betray ignorance by dressing it in any but an orthodox way, sallied forth to ask the advice of Mrs. Sharp, the Recorder's wife, who was known to be *au fait* at everything connected with the table.

"Pray, Madam," said careful Mrs. Figgins, after the first salutations had passed between them, "will you do me the favour of informing me how to dress a fox, for the corporation dinner?"

"Oh, the Fox!" responded Mrs. Sharp, who was a bitter enemy of Mr. Fox, the Town Clerk, her husband's professional rival and political opponent, and being ignorant of the present the Bailiff elect had received, concluded that Mrs. Worshipful had taken some offence at his election bill, and was willing to do him some ill office in return at the corporation feast.

"Yes, Madam, *the* fox," rejoined Mrs. Figgins; "I should be obliged if you would tell me the right way to roast and serve him."

Mrs. Sharp was a cautious woman, and fancied herself a wit withal, so she replied in rather a dry, oracular tone of irony,

"It hardly matters what you stuff him with, or how you serve him, only *baste* him enough, and let him be *thoroughly roasted!* I am sure every member of the corporation will be delighted to lend a hand in demolishing him."

Well, madam, I am glad I can offer them such a treat," said Mrs. Figgins, curtseying and taking her leave, "but do you think I may venture on stuffing him like a pig," she added.

"Yes, yes, he has a capacious stomach you know, and that will be a very suitable way of proceeding with him," replied Mrs. Sharp, nodding knowingly to her departing visitor! Mrs. Figgins' culinary operations were too diffuse to be recorded, but her chief care was bestowed on the fox—the stuffing, roasting, and basting of which, she herself superintended, lest the pet dish for the corporation dinner should lose its peculiar relish, through the cook's inattention. At length the important moment arrived, when the fox was dished for the third course, and Mr. Figgins, turning to his guests with an air of solemn importance, as it was placed on the table, said, "Gentlemen I have the pleasure of announcing to you a pet dish, which I have provided for the Corporation dinner, *a Roasted Fox*."

"A roasted *Fox!*" echoed Mr. Sharp, casting a malignant glance at the Town Clerk, "really, Mr. Figgins, that *is* a dish which the corporation will return you thanks for having provided for their entertainment, if he be only *basted* sufficiently."

"No fear of that, I assure you, Mr. Sharp," said the Bailiff, "and now, perhaps, you sir, will lend a hand to *cut him up*, for he appears a tough old fellow, and rather too much for my management."

"Sir, do you mean to insult me, in return for all the pains I have taken to insure your election?" bellowed Mr. Fox, the Town Clerk, rising from his seat in a rage."

"No offence, Sir, I hopes," said the dismayed Bailiff, "I am sure I means none."

"Yes, Sir, you have premeditated, with Mr. Sharp, the libellous attack on my character, of serving up a roasted fox, by way of a wretched pun on my name, Sir, and I shall commence my action against you both for a malicious conspiracy."

A general burst of laughter followed this ludicrous explanation which the new Bailiff, in the simplicity of his heart, gave of this novel dish; but nothing could pacify the offended Town Clerk, who vacated the corporation hall in unappeasable indignation, by one door, at the same moment that his unsavoury namesake was expelled at the other; and the tale of the roasted fox has been a joke against Scratchby, from that day to this, and the cause of at least a dozen lawsuits between the offending and offended parties.

A *FREE* BLACK!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHILDHOOD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

It is the voice of Childhood's prayer!
Let rev'rence wait on such an hour;
Bow'd be each knee—each head made bare,
Before JEHOVAH'S awful power!

Our God and Father, looketh down
On hearts so light, and souls so pure!
No mocking lip provokes His frown,
No wand'ring thoughts His grace obscure!

And, oh! if ever prayer can rise
From lips, undimm'd by earthly stain,
This is the incense that the skies,
Like their own frag'rance, must retain!

The artless mind, the cloudless brow,—
Strangers to passion or to guile;—
Such are the suppliants, breathing now
Those prayers, upon which Angels smile!

ORIGINAL VERSES BY LORD BYRON.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE UNION HOTEL AT CHAMOUNI, NEAR GENEVA.

All hail, Mont Blanc! Mont en Vert, hail!
With thee I can associate still;
And should all other pleasures fail,
I'll stretch me by the murm'ring rill;
Or into solitude I'll fly,
And commune with the Deity!

Far from the pride and scorn of man,
The worthless objects of their care;
The works of Nature I can scan,
And sometimes bold, yet fearful, dare
Express those feelings kindly given
By the benevolence of Heaven!

Alone I come! alone I go!
Alike unnoticed and unknown!
Press'd by a weight of lasting woe,
From East to West by tempest blown.
No rest! no peace! until I fly
From Time into Eternity!

Yet, why? Ah! wherefore thus complain,
Are not some other joys my own?
Joys which the multitude disdain,
To duller, happier souls unknown!
Yes, I will bravely dare my lot,
Until I die and be forgot!

No need to add my humble name,
Ne'er mentioned yet by babbling fame;
Few will demand to whom belong
These transports of a child of song;
One who would wish, with Poet's fire
And daring hand, to sweep the Lyre!

TO MY EARLY LOVE.

BY GEORGE DAVEY, ESQ.

Come here, dear Kate,—we've known each other long.
And lov'd full fondly,—but that now has past:
And why not pass? If thou gaze forth among
The works of Nature, nought for age doth last;
The earth, sky, sea—the seasons; each, all change:
Then why deny to *man* the power to range?

Though now we sever, yet 'tis not in sadness,
Perchance in after years we meet again!
Then thou wilt greet me with a smile of gladness,
And laugh to scorn the melancholy madness
Of Those who deem a parting—deadly pain!
We then shall both have form'd far different ties,—
Or it *may* chance that talking of past sighs
Love may again within our hearts arise.

BALLAD.

BY ROBERT TURNER, ESQ.

We met! but not in the lighted hall,
Where the voice of Mirth was loud;
When the cup was fill'd at Pleasure's call,
For the gay and festive crowd!
We met! but not in the moonlit bower,
Where all was witchery fair;
At the dim time of the vesper hour,—
No dearest! we met not there!

We met, on the deck of the bounding bark,
When the waves went dancing by;
And the Mermaids arose from their depths to hark
Thy Song's sweet minstrelsy;
And the meteor star paused in its flight,
To listen awhile to thee,
Ere it fell a gem of radiant light
On the blue and moonlit sea!

STANZAS.

BY MISS LOUISA KELSEY.

Be mine the house, both low and small,
On rising bank, by gliding stream;
Shunning the gay intruder's call,
Courting the sunny western beam.

The narrow door invites no guest,
Fallacious bliss, consuming care;
Strangers for ever to my breast,
Not even known that such things were.

The flush of ardent feeling gone,
Silence and shelter all I crave;
No house so noiseless as the tomb,
No secret covert like the grave.

CHARADE.

In Fortune and Farm, my *first* will appear,
My *second* fond Memory has cherished;
My *third*, *fourth*, and *fifth* are involved in sincere,
And my *sixth*, is with days that have perished.
My *whole* is a something they say *few* possess,
Though I own I have doubted it often:
But if we obtain it in want or distress,
The bitterest anguish 'twill soften.

SARAH P.

RIDDLE.

My *first* is a trade, by each sex supported;
Remove the first letter, I make both transported;
The next letter remove, I'm what people say,
At the end of a Concert, a Ball, or a Play.

W. H. BARRETT.

And if to this Riddle you want a good closer,
I'll just hint that my whole is a well-known Composer.

EDITRESS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, in Page 103.

Vin was discovered by Noah,
Cent's an American coin,
VINCENT'S the "beautiful songstress,"
If these together you join.
But though *we* own her fair, yet, we very much blame
George Davey, thus writing Charades on a *name*.

THE THREE MISS B.'S.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 20—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Nov. 30, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—The robe is of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*. A plain body of three quarter height and *gigot* sleeves. Canezou of *tulle*, made high, with a double falling collar, it is formed exactly to the shape of the bust at the upper part by an embroidered band let in; the lower part falls in an easy and graceful style over the shoulders, and

comes square across the bust, from whence the ends pass under the ceinture, and fall nearly to the knee. The whole of the canezou is worked in a lace pattern of uncommon richness. Morning cap also of *tulle*, caul of the *capote* shape; the trimming consists of a double row, very narrow at the sides, but broader as it rises, and nearly pointed at top; it is turned back by bows of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, rouleaus of which also cross the crown, the border descends from one of them, and and tie in a full bow under the chin.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Accessories to Full Dress Toilettes. — We may rank among the most elegant scarfs those of printed or figured satin, with very rich borders. They are not, however, adopted by very young ladies, nor are they worn in ball dress. Those of *tulle*, striped with a very light embroidery in coloured silk, which terminates in a large pattern at the ends, have just been introduced. They are the most elegant ball scarfs that have been seen for some time. Mantelets of satin are frequently adopted with robes of the same material, made *à l' antique;* they are cut round the bust, of the same height as the robe, and cross upon the bosom so as to display the front of the body. They are trimmed with black or white blond lace. We have seen also some long narrow scarfs corresponding with the material of the dress, and edged with a *tulle rûche*, they are carelessly tied round the throat. Although pockets in the sides of dresses have in some degree superseded the use of reticules, still the latter are adopted by many elegant women. The new winter ones are of white or coloured velvet, of a very small size. We have seen some ornamented with a bouquet of natural flowers, exquisitely painted in the centre of the *sac*, it was drawn by cords and tassels of party coloured silk, corresponding with the hues of the bouquet. Those of silk or satin covered and trimmed with black lace, are still adopted by many ladies, but they are no longer regarded as peculiarly elegant. An attempt has been made to bring coloured silk stockings of lace patterns into favour, it has, however, completely failed, and our *élégantes* have returned once more to those of white silk, slightly, but very slightly tinged with rose; they are also of lace patterns, and of the very finest kind. Full dress slippers are either white satin or rich white silk, they are cut lower than last winter, and square; a great many are of the sandal kind. If there is any mixture of gold or silver in the dress or trimming the front of the slipper ought to have a light embroidery of the same.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XIII.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber. — The President and Secretary discovered.*

Goosey, goosey Gander!
Wherefore dost thou ponder?
" Shall I write for ' The Weekly Belle,'
A song about Leander?"

Goosey, goosey Gander!
Thou need'st no longer ponder;
The " Weekly Belle," is proud to tell
It has no space to squander!

Goosey, goosey Gander!
A little Eastward wander,
The mighty Sage of Album's page
His Levee holdeth yonder!

No " *nameless Blues*" attend it,
None save great Dons befriend it;
On leaf of gold each theme's enroll'd,
Thy witty song *there* send it!

Goosey, goosey Gander!
Another time thou'lt ponder,
Nor spite express towards Editress
Whose pen than *thine* is stronger!

Miss Scribblecumdash. The parody with which you have directed me to head our weekly report, seems to need some explanation, Lady President?

Miss Bluemantle. Oh! it merely refers to one of those Gadfly's of Literature, who fancy because they are allowed to buz about with the bees in the gardens of Parnassus, they must of necessity inhale some of their honey. Some few weeks since we justly *exposed a correspondent who had the meanness, after soliciting us to insert his articles, to *withdraw* them, because, forsooth, the Editor of a *four-penny* periodical, (" The Album Wreath,") had objected to receive the communications of any contributor, who wrote for one *threepence* less in *cost*, though of much greater *sterling value* than his. Well! now that *a royal coat* of arms graces our title-page, this *very Editor* himself encloses a Poem (as he says written by a *friend)*, for insertion in our pages, unconscious, perhaps, unfortunate Wight! that we have been made acquainted with his former opinions of " Penny Periodicals." The Poem itself being of a local nature, would never have been admitted into our pages under any circumstances, but certainly coming from the quarter it *did*, had it the power of raising our Work to the highest pinnacle of fame, would have been rejected with the contempt and disdain it merits. There are a set of *Boy-Editors* about town, the small fry of literature, who fancy because they are dressed in a " little brief authority, and can make " love and dove" rhyme, they are very clever sort of people, but their merits are *justly appreciated* by those who have had a little more experience in the field than these yonkers. Thus far in explanation—now for your letters.

Miss S. A Packet of Poetry from E. P. T.

* Vide No. IX. " Belle Assemblée."

Miss B. The Poems are much too long for our pages, and we are overdone with this article.

Miss S. Letter of enquiry from Benedict.

Miss B. Press of matter has alone prevented the insertion of his articles. Correspondents who are in a hurry to see their productions in print, had better send elsewhere, we take every accepted article in its regular turn.

Miss S. " The Contrast," by E. G. C.

Miss B. We cannot insert any contribution that has before appeared in print. We would rather have inferior *original* articles, than *second hand* ones, particularly Poetry.

Miss S. Enclosures from A. N.

Miss B. We really have not time to polish other people's verses, and there is too much sighing and dying about these to suit us.

Miss S. " The Warrior's Song," by Augustus.

Miss B. When we have space it shall appear.

Miss S. Lines by Edward M.

Mrs. B. Trash that would disgrace a child of five years old.

Miss S. Songs, &c., by Joseph Middleton.

Miss B. Accepted the first vacant moment, we have not forgotten the other still in hand.

Miss S. Letter from J. B. W., expressing a dislike to the Comic Cuts, which have lately appeared.

Miss B. His Lady-friends must indeed be of a most fastidious temperament to find fault with cuts so justly celebrated as those from Miss L. H. Sheridan's " *Comic Offering*, which have lately given a novelty to our pages. We only wish we could afford to give such every week.

Miss S. Letter, &c., from A. N., (not the same A. N. before noticed), suggesting the propriety of doubling the price and size of our Publication each week.

Miss B. We should be delighted to do so, but fear some of our readers would not like any innovation on the established price and size.

Miss S. A Tale, by G. W. Belton.

Miss B. We have not time to read it over now, but it shall receive every attention.

Miss S. Letters from Minna, G. Davy, Jessy, &c.

Miss B. All are thanked and shall be attended to.

Miss. S. Several Music Articles from correspondents.

Miss B. We are sorry our cheap Music gives offence to the Music Sellers, they should reduce their prices.

Miss S. Here is an ingenius puzzle, called the " Labyrinthus Londinensis," or Equestrian Perplexed. The object to find a way from the Strand to Saint Paul's without crossing any of the bars in the streets supposed to be stopped up.

Miss B. It is well named "An ingenius Puzzle," but like running in a maze, can only be for the exercise of fancy or amusement—and of no real use—the map is, however, a very correct one, and may serve for better purposes than mere speculation. It is very neatly executed in lithography, and does the artist credit. Our meeting must be a brief one this evening, as we are obliged to attend some other literary engagements. Fair Secretary farewell.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

Want of space obliged us to omit the detailed account we had last week prepared, of the splendid opera, "*Gustavus the Third*," recently produced at this theatre. As, doubtless, all London will have seen it ere this, our notice now is almost superfluous. That it is one of the most costly pageants ever produced on the English stage, in modern days at least we believe, the play-going public are ready to allow. The music of Auber, though not, perhaps, so pleasing to the ear as that of Rossini, is far more classically dramatic, and capable of producing greater effect on the stage. It has been done full justice to, in the present arrangement, by Mr. T. Cooke. Nearly the whole consisting of concerted pieces, it is not calculated to display any one individual to particular advantage, and we never heard the powers of Miss Inverarity to so little effect.

RICHMOND THEATRE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

This theatre closed for the regular season last Monday night, with Sheridan Knowles' play of "*The Wife*," in which Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Faucit's second daughter, sustained the arduous character of Mariana, it being her fifth appearance on any stage, and evinced talents of the highest order; apparently very young, and a novice to the stage, her performance throughout was marked by a graceful ease and self-possession as delightful as surprising; but this was a secondary consideration compared with her admirable conception of her part. The limits of the "WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLEE," will not allow of a lengthened critique; a few, therefore, of the most striking features of her performance are all that can be pointed out. In the early scenes, the innocence and constancy of the simple mountain girl, were depicted with touching feeling and simplicity; her description of her love, which grew "as her stature grew," was beautifully given. The scene with Julian St. Pierre, where the noble and dignified Duchess forgets her state, and becomes once more the lowly Swiss maiden while discoursing of the beauties of her dear native land, was exquisitely true to nature. But, perhaps, her most successful point was where she returns *to her* confessor, after braving his anger, and loftily asserting her innocence, and begs his blessing; it was beautiful; voice, look and manner perfect! And, perhaps, this notice cannot be better wound up than by saying the remainder of the performance was worthy of what preceded it. Miss H. Faucit is well endowed by nature for the stage; her voice is sweet, clear, and of good compass; her figure remarkably good, and her features very expressive and flexible; in taking leave of her, it is with best wishes that her future success may be equal to her merits. The writer of this notice cannot conclude without mentioning the lessee, Mr. Willis Jones' personation of "St. Pierre," it was characterized by admirable good taste and judgment. The performances of the evening were for his benefit; the house was crowded in every part, and it is to be hoped the receipts of the season have been sufficient to reward his liberal and spirited efforts in catering for public amusement. An appropriate farewell address, in which the late lamented lessee, Edmund Kean, was feelingly alluded to, was delivered in the course of the evening by Mr. Lee, the stage-manager, who stated that it was the lessee's intention to open the theatre occasionally during the winter.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

TYNEMOUTH CASTLE.

BY J. L. CLENNELL, ESQ.

Oh! I'm a merry Pedlar girl,
And wander forth to sell my wares;
My coral lips and teeth of pearl
Are seen at all the Fancy Fairs!
Come buy, come buy!
Is still my cry,
As slyly I peep thro' each waving curl,
Come buy of the merry little Pedlar Girl!

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

What a fair, what a lovely ruin are Tynemouth Castle and Abbey! How many dreams of the wild chivalry of border warfare, how many marvellous conjectures of monks and penitents who erst time peopled the one, and of courtly knights and gentle mistresses, the flower of valour and minstrelsy, holding high tilt and tournay in the spacious court-yards of the other, strike the imagination of him who gazes on this majestic remnant of baronial power and magnificence. There was a day, and it seems as it were in the mind's ken, as fancy invests the scenery around with the inhabitants of olden time, that the day is, when the eye might rest on spacious halls with their high domes carved and canopied, and the banners waving in proud defiance on either side the dais. At the sound of a bell from tower and turret, noble knights and their retainers crowd the festive board, and awaken songs of mirth and jovial gaiety, in honour of their courtly and generous entertainer. Round passes the brimming goblet, and pledges of esteem and kindly feeling are exchanged at each succeeding quaff of the rich wine. The sounds of unrestrained mirth was louder, and the confused murmur of boisterous hilarity is fast approaching. Hark! 'tis the warder's call from the northern watch-tower. Foes are astir, and every man must be brave, vigilant, and loyal. And now the strongly echoed cry of "to arms! to arms!" is mingled with the clash of weapons, the trumpet's gathering, and the neigh of war steeds. Oh! its a spirit stirring scene, and we think on it with pleasure. The mind clings to the bright vision with intense fondness, dwells on it with sympathetic feeling; for a few short moments the dream is of a palace, the illusion passes, and we stand amid a ruin.

On a bold and lofty eminence at the mouth of the river Tyne, and distant about a mile from the awkwardly built town of Shields, stand the remains of this once fair heritage of the lords of Tynemouth. Still beautiful amid decay, and awakening sensations in the traveller's breast perhaps more enviable than those it was wont to cause in the hour of its grandeur, the abbey's mouldering and moss-clad ruin presents to the eye one of the most singularly engaging objects it ever dwelt on. Not that *it* alone is worthy of admiration, insomuch as it constitutes the principal magnet of attraction, but the whole scenery around is in such perfect harmony, that we turn from one bright prospect to another, and find, in a succession of fair images, what the soul loves best and longest, beauty and variety.

Tynemouth Castle, as it now exists, is a plain white-washed building, used as barracks, and a smaller one, of a similar description, serving as a light-house to the entrance of Shields' harbour. These are surrounded by a wall which flanks the edge of the precipice of rocks overhanging the sea, and mounted by a few cannon forms the sole fortification. But the abbey, and the picturesque scenery around it! We will stand awhile upon the castle's ramparts, thread their encircling walks, and paint in memory the view that extends before us.

Look yonder at the wide open sea, with the tall ships sailing proudly on its bosom, and the little pilot-boats dancing lightly over its foam-crested waves. Mark that fisherman pulling in his lines; it has been a night of rare good fortune, and he sings merrily at his labour. See what large fish are hanging to the hooks; some better sport than catching gournets this, I ween. It is just day-break, and the sun's rays tinge the waters with every colour of the rain-bow, and make the salt spray glitter on the well filled stern-sails. Quite a fleet of colliers, I declare! how

skilfully they bring to. "Let go the key-sail, slack the main-sheet, anchor let go." Rattle, rattle, runs the chain, and the vessel's proud course is stayed. "Now, close reef sails fore and aft, and get the ballast shovels; she must be cleared and ready to pass the bar by tide-turn."

Oh! how I love the ocean, and to skim its waters like a free unshackled bird of passage; the wings of the wind pinions to waft me, and the wide, wide sea my resting place.

Turn to the left, and let your eye wander o'er corn-field and meadow to that pretty little hamlet of white houses. It is Cullocoats, the abode of fishermen who supply Shields and Newcastle with the finny inhabitants of the deep. In the bay just opposite, are some colliers discharging their ballast, and you may hear the "Yo hoy!" of the men at their labour. Enough of that, let us look awhile at the motley group below. There are some bathers just putting off from shore, and the rocks on each side the creek are crowded with persons to witness their frolicks. I feel an interest in that fair girl, whose white garments wave so in the breeze; they are going to dip her infant brother, and her little heart flutters with fear and tenderness as she sees him struggle to avoid his destiny. It is over, and she hastens to the sands to soothe and caress the timid child. God bless thee, maiden, heaven has dealt kindly with thy heart, and may the sorrows of the world ne'er wound it. Well done, my boys, rare sport, this crab-catching; it is a famous fellow you have hooked there; keep him fast, keep him fast, but take care of your fingers, young gentlemen. And that younker with a rod and line, he seems to have secured quite a basket full of little flounders. Do not stand so near the brink, my man, a false step may mar your morning's pleasure.

Well, how like you your prospect, is it not a fair and pleasant one? All are happy, at least seem so, and, alas! for him, who at the sight of smiles of content on the merry faces around him, feels not a sympathetic throb of joy in his own bosom, in unison with the sweet scene of quiet gentle nature!

There is a tale belonging to that old Abbey of Tynemouth, a droll legend it is, and if memory faileth not, it shall be repeated.

Some few years since, a party of gypsies pitched their tents on one of the green swards which slope from the castle towards the sea-side. A merrier band of wandering mendicants never slept under hedge-side or hillock, and to two of them we will introduce the reader.

"Can you think of a better stratagem, Jessie, to coax the canny Northumbrians to buy our wares, or shall mine just suffice? If it do not succeed, it will be the first time that Jamie Railton has fallen short of his reckoning."

"Nay, nay, Jamie, ask me not that, for ye know I lo'e ye sae weel that whatever ye do must seem gude in my eyes. Its a wily trick, and I dare say will answer its purpose."

"Let us keep our own counsel, and all will be right, Jessie. Come, my girl, no time is to be lost, the fair commences to-morrow, and the following day must witness our success or failure. Now for our preparations, away, away, and may fortune crown our efforts."

It was the second day of the fair, and multitudes were collected together, in the hope of witnessing an uncommon spectacle. Reports of a strange character were abroad. It was buzzed about that the subterranean passage beneath the abbey, had been trod by the adventurous gypsies, and that a marvellous discovery had been made of a young maiden, fettered by the powers of enchantment, and that Jamie Railton, the gypsy chieftain, would break the magic spell, and free the unfortunate captive.

Jamie was as busy as a bee dispensing his stock of toys and bijouterie, to eager purchasers, for mind he had declared that no charm would he perform until all his articles were disposed of. That point was soon accomplished, and it only remained for Jamie to fulfil his promise. All were on the tiptoe of expectation.

The gipsy chieftain returned thanks to those around him for their kind patronage, advanced to the mouth of the passage, which had been closed, drew aside the board that covered the apperture, and led forth Jessie the Pedlar Girl.

POOR LUCY.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

"Her fancy followed him through foaming waves,
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers.

COWPER.

It was the first of blooming May, and bright and beautiful did the morning dawn. The youthful, the joyous, and the happy, crowded to partake in the amusements; each heart beat high with anticipation, each eye sparkled with delight. The flower-wreathed pole was erected; the swains and maidens twined around it, whilst music sweetly sounded in the breeze.

Nature had been lavish of her charms in that abode of peace. The lofty hills were its shadow, and the vale they formed was one of those in which she loves to rear her treasures. On one side a small but beautiful bay laved its foaming waves, which gave a finish to the otherwise enchanting scene, and on its beach the fisher's hut was seen to rear its humble thatch, whilst his boats lay scattered on the strand.

The cottage maids in their holiday robes of white and flowers gave a fairy aspect to that village green, whilst the ruddy swains with smiling cheeks and curly locks, welcomed their approach with joy; but one heart there was amidst the jocund train which joined not in the prevailing happiness; one eye amid the brightly beaming ones of her companions which sparkled not; one cheek pale as the white rose which entwined her hair; her form, slight and graceful, moved amongst the throng, but without animation; her ear listened to the melody, but without delight; yet her dejection was unheeded; her want of hilarity excited no surprise, for it was three long years since that lovely countenance had been lighted with a smile.

Lucy Villars had once been the most blooming of village maids. She was the happiest of the happy; the gayest of the gay; at the May-day festival she reigned the queen, and many were the rustic beaux who sought the favour of her love, for she was fair though born in poverty's low vale; yes, fair and bright, and beautiful, and her heart yielded to *one* rustic love.

Her natal day—the day which told her seventeenth summer—was to be the one on which her Edward was to call her his.

The morning dawned—the orb of day shone resplendent—and not a cloud was seen to hover near—unlike the destiny of the fair girl on which it beamed. Her garments were of spotless white; her flaxen tresses glowed with the red rose of summer, but not so deep its hue as the bright blush upon her cheek. The village maidens crowded to meet her, she greeted them with a smile—it was her last smile, for they told her that her Edward was gone—gone, perhaps for ever! A press-gang had landed at the bay during the night, and the morning—the bright, the seemingly auspicious morning saw him torn from his home, and all that was dear to him—a pressed man on the foaming billows.

From that hour Lucy Villars became a monument of woe; she uttered no violent burst of grief, but it was settled at her heart; she pursued her daily avocations, but, like a beautiful automaton, without animation. "The *white* rose shall now be my favourite!" she said, as she removed the deep carnation one from her brow, "for that will not mock my palid cheek." At scenes of rural gaiety she joined, with the pale flower in her hair, but it was not to participate in their happiness. At first, her presence chilled the jocund groups, but at length, so accustomed were they to her ghost-like figure, that it passed unheeded. "Poor Lucy" was the name by which she went amid the rustic throng, and the appellation seemed to please her ear.

Did any one enquire who was that beautiful but faded maid? "Poor Lucy," it was said; and her sad yet simple tale was told to many a passing stranger.

When the toils of the day were over, she was wont to wander to the beach, there to watch, with strained eye, the distant shipping; so lost would she be

in rumination, that the salt spray would frequently drench her garments ere she retreated.

If she was missed, they ever sought her on the shore, and were sure to find her either with eyes fixed as if immovably, upon the waters, or raised to the heavens in supplication. "I can pray for him," she would say, when the hopelessness of his return was mentioned, "I can pray for him, and that is my only remaining happiness."

In the rough stormy season, when the hoarse murmurs of the waves could plainly be heard from the cottage, she would seat herself at a little window which faced the raging element; it was the only one in the house from which it could be seen, and there would she sit till the storm abated; no persuasion could induce her to leave it. "Should his ship be returning," she would say, "I will be gazing upon the waters which may engulph it; or at least my eyes shall be directed towards the spot."

As years rolled away and her birthdays successively arrived, she spent the the whole of them in the privacy of her own little chamber, and the hours were passed by her in earnest supplication. "I should be wretched on this day," she would say, "did I not render it a happy one by the exercises of devotion, and I am one year nearer my home," she would add, "while an expression more like a smile than any thing which had been seen to vary those lovely features, stole over them. The day departed—evening mellowed into twilight, and twilight was deepening into the darker shadows of night, when the verge of the horizon was tinged with silver, and the lovely empress of the sable hours rose slowly and majestically over the sea, wearied with the fatigues of the day, poor Lucy stole from the groups of happy faces, and sought her favourite spot.

The ocean was but slightly agitated, and the moon's rays played upon its tranquil bosom as though joyously. The maiden crossed her hands upon her breast, whilst her eyes sought that resplendant orb, then rested again upon the waves. "Edward," she murmured, she loved to speak that name, it seemed to sooth her wounded heart, and sometimes the rocks would echo it. "Edward," she repeated, and started, for she thought a voice had answered "Lucy!" Was it a delusion? she turned—it was no cheat of fancy for Edward stood before her—she sunk into his extended arms devoid of sense.

* * * * * *

The next festival kept upon the village-green, was to celebrate the marriage of Edward and Lucy; she no longer moved without animation through the dance; her eye was no longer sunken and dejected, and the white rose was discarded for the red. "I will now," she smilingly said, "resume my favourite flower, since my cheek has once more resumed its bloom, and my heart its happiness."

THE HEART-BROKEN.

(A FRAGMENT.)

BY MISS C. MESSUM.

The Soldier's hope—the Patriot's zeal,
For ever dim'd, for ever crost;
Oh! who shall say what Heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?
* * * * * *
There is a World where souls are free,
Where Tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
If DEATH that World's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a Slave in this?

MOORE'S MELODIES.

It was all over; the proud city was laid low. The blood of her noblest and best deluged the streets. Woe, woe to Poland! she *is* desolate. Rejoice ye who are crushed and dying, your eyes will be closed when your fatherland is in the hands of the fierce despot. Woe, woe to Poland and her broken hearted women! Woe, woe to Poland! her sons have bled yet she is passed away from them. Woe to her scattered band! they have life, they have *hearts*, but the sun shall rise and set on their captivity! They went to the *last* struggle with brave souls and glittering weapons; they fought in desperation for wives, sires, for *liberty*—for *all*, but in vain,—in vain! Some fell, and their death-scream was terrible with despair; others, in their soul-subdued agony, shed burning tears on manacled hands! They dare not speak to one another; their heads are bowed down to the earth, there is blood and fierceness still raging in their thoughts, but they are bound—*bound!* Poland is lost! glory is lost! liberty is lost! and they are led away into exile!

* * * * * *

There was a deep silence every where. The wild confusion of the battle had passed away, and night came down upon the earth, Cashla, the young and delicate, was alone in the dark forest—alone! yes, for life had departed from him, and she held only the cold corpse of her father. He was helpless and old, and grey. He could not fight with the bold warriors, but the enemy had wounded him, defenceless as he was. His sorrowful, his distracted Cashla had hurried him along into the forest for safety; she had torn her robe to staunch his wounds; but his heart's-blood flowed out over her—his sun was set, and he left her in darkness. All hope was fled, and the old man stiffened in her arms, so she made him a grave, and took the last look of his pale face. When her task was done, she sat herself down, she covered her face with her long hair, and rocking herself to and fro, she moaned like the sad and heavy-sighing night wind.

* * * * * *

Cashla thought *he* had perished with the rest, but he was still spared for her, alas! for *her!* No, no; for chains, for misery, for exile! She saw them depart—the noble, stricken-hearted band. She saw her heart's treasure—her forlorn hope—her Alexis among them. He was pale, he was wounded, and she would have spoken a few kind words to him, but her spirit died within her, and she fainted before she could rush into his arms.

* * * * * *

The Polish captives arrived at their dreary place of destination. Alexis could have gone no farther; his once strong limbs were failing him, and a gleam of joy came into his bosom, for life seemed just departing from him. The flower of warriors! the loved among women! He was dying, but there was no one to pillow his beautiful head and speak kindly to him. Was there not? Yes; one that love and faith had brought a weary distance—a slender youth rushed out from among the rest. "Alexis!" "Cashla!" burst in agony from each. He clasped her to his bosom, their heads gradually lowered on each other's shoulder, and they sank to the ground. "Part those brothers," roared the tyrant guard; "part them." But no, that could not be—death had united them for ever.

THE SELECTOR.

JUGGLING IN INDIA.

"A stout ferocious looking fellow," says M. Caunter, in relating some exhibitions at which he was present, "stepped forward with a common wicker basket of the country, which he begged we would carefully examine. This we accordingly did, it was of the slightest texture, and admitted the light through a thousand apertures. Under this frail covering, he placed a child about eight years old, an interesting little girl, habited in the only garb which nature had provided for her, perfect of frame, and elastic of limb—a model for a cherub, and scarcely darker than a child of southern France. When she was properly secured, the man, with a lowering aspect, asked her some question which she immediately answered, and as the thing was done within a few feet from the spot on which we were seated, the voice appeared to come so distinctly from the basket, that I felt at once satisfied there was no deception. They held a conversation for some moments, when the Juggler, with a scream of passion threatened to kill her. There was a stern reality in the whole scene which was perfectly dismaying, it was acted to the life, but terrible to see and hear. The child was heard to beg for mercy, when the man seized a sword, placed his foot upon the frail wicker covering, under which his supposed victim was so piteously supplicating his forbearance, and, to my absolute consternation and horror, plunged it through, withdrawing it several times, and repeating the plunge with all the blind ferocity of an excited demon. By this time his countenance exhibited an expression fearfully indicative of the most frantic of human passions. The shrieks of the child were so realized and

distracting, that they almost curdled for a moment the whole mass of my blood; my first impulse was to rush upon the monster and fell him to the earth; but he was armed and I defenceless. I looked at my companions, they appeared to be pale with terror, yet these feelings were somewhat neutralized by the consciousness that the man could not dare to commit a deliberate murder in the open broad eye of day, before so many witnesses; still the whole thing was appalling, the blood ran in a stream from the basket, the child was heard to struggle under it, her groans fell horrid upon the ear, her struggles smote fearfully the heart. The former were gradually subdued into a faint moan, the latter into a slight rustling noise; we seemed to hear the last convulsive gasp which was to set her innocent soul free from the gored body, when to our inexpressible astonishment and relief, after using a few cabalistic words, the Juggler took up the basket, but no child was to be seen. The spot was indeed dyed with blood; but there were no mortal remains, and after a few moments of undissembled wonder, we perceived the little object of our alarm coming towards us from among the crowd. She advanced and saluted us, holding out her hand for our donations, which we bestowed with hearty good will; she received them with a most graceful salaam, and the party left us well satisfied with our more than expected gratuity. What rendered the deception the more extraordinary was, that the man stood aloof from the crowd during the whole performance—there was not a person within several feet of him."—*Oriental Annual.*

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

Mr. Samuel Fisher, the inventor of the Golden Snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided at Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband. The day was spent by her in sighs and incessant lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of sorrow. Her husband, her dear husband, was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises and deplore his loss. One morning her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental agitation, bordering on distraction. Her departed love, she said, had appeared to her in the night and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault where his remains were deposited, and have the coffin opened. Mr. Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea; but the two succeeding mornings the angry spirit of her spouse, she said, stood at her bed-side, and with loud menaces repeated his command. Fisher, therefore, sent for the sexton, and the weeping widow and her friend attended the dismal vault, and the coffin was opened with much solemnity, and the faithful matron stooped down and kissed the clay cold lips of her adored husband. Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish. On the succeeding morning Fisher, who intended to sail for England on that day, called to bid his afflicted friend adieu. The maid-servant told him that the lady had not yet risen. "Tell her to get up," said Fisher, "I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure." "Ah! Sir," said the smiling girl, "it would be a pity to disturb the new married couple so early in the morning." "What new married couple?" "My mistress was married last night." "Married! impossible! What! the lady who so adored her deceased husband, who was visited nightly by his ghost, and who yesterday so fervently kissed his corpse?—surely you jest?" "Sir," said the maid, "my late master, poor man, on his death-bed, made my mistress promise that she never would marry any man after his decease, till he and she should meet again, which the good man no doubt thought would never happen till they met in heaven; and you know, Sir, you kindly introduced them to each other face to face yesterday; my mistress, Sir, sends you her best compliments, together with this bride cake to distribute among your young friends.—*New York Paper.*

GUSTAVUS III.

The following particulars, from the pen of an eye-witness, may be depended on. In the night, between the 16th and 17th of March, 1792, at a masquerade, a mask, with a black domino, a white mask, and a round hat, fired a sharp shot at his late Majesty, by which he was wounded in the small of the back, very near the back-bone, on the left side, a little above the hip. On the floor of the ball-room was found a discharged pistol and a large knife, pointed, with a barb on the back part, and the point from the barb forward, sharpened on both edges. In a further part of the room was found another pistol, loaded, the contents of which consisted of fine powder, wadding of coarse paper, ten small shot above the common size, four leaden slugs (sharp cornered fragments of the necks of balls), two larger and two smaller, and two lead bullets; together with a piece of leather called a fettlap. In the throng of the masquerade, the assassin got behind the King; took the pistol out of his breast-pocket, and fired it off; and so near was he, that the King declared he thought he felt the pressure of the pistol before it was fired. The domino he wore, and his coat and waistcoat, were burned and blackened, and even his shirt in a small degree singed. The offender found means to conceal himself in the crowd, and was discovered the next day, in consequence of a rigid inquiry amongst the gun-makers, when it appeared that Andrew D. Kauffman, pistol-smith to the Life Guards had repaired the pistols for Captain Ankarstrom, on the day before. Ankarstrom was then arrested, and confessed his crime, and stated that immediately after he had fired, he dropped the pistol, and endeavouring to get out of the room, set up a cry of fire, in which several persons joined him. He did not go out, but returned to the ball-room and unmasked, as did the rest of the company, and remained in the ball-room till morning, and conversed with others upon the subject. The ordinary punishment for an act of violence against the King, was to have the right hand cut off, be beheaded, quartered, and exposed upon the wheel; but in order to mark the atrocity of the crime, and the hardened manner in which Ankarstrom conducted himself, he was sentenced "that he first, in different squares, on three successive days, be set for the space of two hours in the pillory, to which there shall be affixed a board, with this inscription '*The King's murderer, John Jacob Ankarstrom,*" at the end of each two hours, the murderer shall each time be scourged with five pair of rods, three strokes each pair, and afterwards, and preparative for death, be carried to the gallows, and there have his right hand cut off, be beheaded, and then quartered and exposed on the wheel."

The mother of the regicide, Ankarstrom, is still alive, and is understood to have felt most painfully the re-awakening of her afflictions caused by the popularity of the French opera of "*Gustavus,*" and which is now performing with such great success in this country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WILLIE.

(A SCOTCH BALLAD.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

The World has won me fra thee, WILLIE!
Grandeur's gauds have weigh'd 'gainst love;
We maun part for ever, WILLIE;
Hence—another's Bride I rove!
Though I fly to Halls o' splendour,
On Ambition's pinions borne;
Often to these scenes sae tender,
Will fond Mem'ry still return!
Fare thee weel! my once lov'd WILLIE,
Fortune calls, and I maun gang!
Fain would I forget thee—WILLIE,
'Mid Life's heartless, glitt'ring thrang!

Yet, when riches have secured me
Many a flatt'rer's bending knee!
Shall I prize the wealth that lured me
From my mountain Home sae free?
No! though jewel'd robes enfold me,
Though each charm of Wealth I prove,
I shall curse the hour that sold me,
When Ambition conquer'd Love!
Fare thee weel! my once lov'd WILLIE,
Fortune calls, and I must gang!
Fain would I forget thee, WILLIE,
Life's vain empty gauds amang!

Though the snares of Wealth have caught her,
And poor Jessie's heart is sold;
Dearly is the lesson taught her,
Bliss can ne'er be gained by Gold!
Gladly would her Heart surrender
All the empty gauds it prized,
For one hour sae sweet, sae tender,
With the Lover she despised!
Fare thee weel! my once lov'd WILLIE,
Fortune calls and I maun gang;
I must seek Oblivion, WILLIE,
Pleasure's heartless scenes amang!

Fare thee weel! when in the gloaming
Far from thee and peace I rove!
I shall list no footstep coming,
I shall hear no tales of love!
Pomp, and shew, and empty gladness,
Now must fill Love's vacant throne;
Smiles that mock the bosom's sadness,
Whence the Joy of Peace hath flown!
Never mair may I behold thee,
WILLIE!—far away I rove!
Wailing still the pride that told me
Cold AMBITION equalled LOVE!

WOMAN'S LOVE!

What is Woman's love? "A flower,
Frail is its strength, it lasts an hour."
Cynic! Cynic! you are wrong,
She loves you well, and loves you long.

What's happiness? "A Lover's dream,
A Poet's visionary theme."
Again you're wrong, for I can prove
That happiness is WOMAN'S LOVE.

And what is Sorrow? "'Tis the curse
Of Man, progressing bad to worse."
Well! sorrow yet was ne'er so great,
Which *she* could not alleviate.

R. S.

A PUFFER.

O, Harry, cut those vile cigars,
Such folly is no joke,
Choose you the pleasures form'd to last,
Not those which end in SMOKE.

You used to praise Sophia C——,
In poetry so grand,
But now you waste your time I see,
In puffing MARY-LAND.

Some folks assert that mad you are,
And why I'll state on paper,
Because, while smoking your cigar,
Your eye is fix'd on VAPOUR.

Though jilting prove the ladies plan,
When Love your bosom burns,
Ne'er hope while SMOKING them you can,
Be favoured with RETURNS.

And though the pretty Anna's heart,
To bear away's your plan; ah!
You must from all HAVANAH's part,
Before you can have ANNA.

ROBERT N——.

THE PEN AND PENCIL.

As redolent with gold and colours gay,
Closing its spotless leaves, an Album lay,
Beside it, where the Sun's bright beam did play,
Were Pen and Pencil; and (as they
Had caught its inspiration), suddenly
"A voice came o'er them," and with magic sway,
Their merits blazoned each respectively.

PENCIL.

We've met in brightest mood my friend,
To charm our Mistress and deserve her care;
She may not *cut me to the end*,
Till I all *shades* and *distances* declare,
Call forests, rocks, and rivers near,
Bring back the past, and make each scene more dear;
Then with fresh objects, freshest pleasures blend—
Say, *what can'st thou?* and what thy charms, declare,
Say if like me thou can'st renew the past,
Efface the bad, and please her to the last?

Uprose the Crow Quill, and with angry spleen,
Sharp pointed nib, and feather roughening:
"Dar'st *thou*, encas'd in wood, poor leaden thing,
Presume to question of *my wandering?*
Of all my powers for the sweet Maid I'll sing,
Whilst thou shalt quail in shallow murmuring;
Thy magic power "to trace," I'll not deny,
Mine be Imagination's Wing to try;
Thou only can'st depict what once has been,
I can *write down* what *never* has been seen;
I can asperse, revenge, record, defend, implore;
Nay I have drawn a smile, a tear, from those who swore,
Nor tear, nor smile, could ever charm them more,
And lent bright thoughts to some who ne'er knew thought before.
These are my Powers to charm her, senseless thing!
My Chiaro 'scuro shames thy shadowing;
My "facts," thy "distances" in mist must fling;
My sounding language make thy forests ring,
Then silence all "thy would-be beauties" pray,
And let my strong inventive powers have play.

Thus far the little sprite, conceit had stirr'd
The modest pencil did not dare a word,
When Zeila enter'd, and to reason brought
The little Boaster, in his passion caught,
"Stay thou rash Trifler! nor disgrace the Art
By which the Heav'n-taught mind can best impart
All that is good and kind, then learn that thou wert made
To *improve* the mind, nor let *harsh* thought invade;
Thou should'st all graciousness at once pourtray
By the sharp point with wit to guide thy way;
To thee all charities of Life belong,
Thine 'tis to soften, and to guide the throng;
Thine to disclose the grace which virtue gives;
Thine to pronounce the fame which she receives;
Thine to pour balm on every wounded heart,
And to bid Sorrow with the shades depart;
Join then the Pencil's unobtrusive praise,
And for thy Mistress trace the Poet's lays,
Thus shall she ever, while the Lyre is strung,
By Pen, by Pencil and by Bard be sung.

E. A. T.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. R. J. HARTWELL (LATE EMMA LOUISA SARGEANT).

Give me the calm of some solitude,
Where are frowning the rocks of nature rude,
Where Ocean dashes its angry foam,
Brought from the depths of its moonlit home;
Where the sea-gull screams to the orb of night,
And the wild winds urge their unchecked flight.
Oh! when my soul would happy be,
This is the scene, the scene for me.

Give me the hour so still, that nought
Betokens the life of breath or thought;
That hour so calm, that the half-heaved sigh
Dares not escape, though no ear is nigh;
That hour so calm, that the Heavens appear
The still small voice of the heart to hear.
Oh! if that heart from guilt is free,
That is the hour, the hour for me.

Give me the dreams of home and joy
Of Childhood's morn, without alloy;
The dreams of those whom love has flung
Such a charm around, that a harp, new strung,
When touched, might easier silence keep,—
Than I forget in my hours of sleep,
Loved ones again in visions to see,—
These are the dreams, the dreams for me.

Give me the breast, which no head, save one,
Has rested in calm repose upon;
The breast which throbs for one Being alone,
That Being now all and for aye its own;
The breast where no former passion has dwelt,
That felt not before what now it has felt:
The breast which a home and a sanctum can be,
That is the breast, the breast for me!

ANSWER TO RIDDLE BY SARAH, Page 103.

A is in the word *Grave*
And in *Dance* and in *Ball*,
In *Laughter* and *Tears*,
It has place in them all.
Where'er there's a Lady
There A will be too,
And has ever, dear Sarah,
Attended on you.

JEAN.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE. Page 136.

When the country around us is cover'd with snow,
By the fire it is pleasant to sit
In a snug elbow-chair, and to feel the warm glow
Of good coals from the depths of the PIT.

And when the bold Lover offends the fair dame,
The solution is easy to that,
And he has no right the fair Lady to blame,
If his boldness is check'd by A PAT.

The Lassie consenting her fate to unite
With the lov'd one, the church arriv'd at,
Will feel while performing the sacred rite,
Her heart wildly throb PIT-A-PAT.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 119,

In an old Woman's garden the currants hung thick,
Which being light-finger'd I ventured to PICK,
But espying me 'ere I could beat a retreat,
Like old NICK, with a stick she was close at my feet,
But with C. A. F. I confess I must say,
A PIC-NIC's a treat on a beautiful day.

H. F. S.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE, Page 136.

QUADRILLE is a game by old maidens oft play'd,
And QUADRILLES are now danced by each light-footed maid;
And thus in few words there stands fully display'd
An answer to your interesting Charade.

A. N.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

The first half of a Quadrant must certainly be,
Compos'd of four letters, viz., Q.U.A.D.;
When a stream is but small it is only a RILL,
And when E is added, it then clearly will
Form the old Maiden's game—the young Dancer's QUADRILLE.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE, Page 136.

From all that is beautiful, all that is sweet,
From all that is sacred and glorious too,
(Hear it ye Beaux and then own your defeat),
The BEST has been taken G. Reynolds by you.

JESSY.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ORIGIN OF THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.—The adherents of the Pope were called Guelphs, because the family name of Henry of Bavaria was Guelf, or Guelph, and Henry opposed the measures of the Emperor of Germany, and favoured the wishes of the Pope. The title of Ghibellines was taken from the village of Hieghibelin, in which Frederick Duke of Suabia was born. Frederick was the brother of the Emperor Conrad the third. The election of Conrad was opposed by Henry of Bavaria. Thus the families of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were embroiled, and the faction took its name from their bearing a prominent part in the general dissensions. Guelph is the family name of the present royal family of England; the house of Brunswick descending from that of Bavaria.

Catherine de Medicis, famous in French history for her talents and her crimes; was the daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, Duke of Urbino, and of Madeline de la Jour. She was born in 1519, was extremely beautiful and well-shaped, and introduced silk stockings drawn tight to the leg, to shew the fine turn of her ancle; for this reason she first adopted the mode of placing one leg over the pommel of the saddle. At the age of fourteen she was given in marriage by her great uncle Clement the Seventh, to Henry Duke of Orleans, second son of Francis the First, 1533.

When Charles the Bold besieged Beauvais, the women fought heroically on the ramparts, and contributed in no small degree to the repulse of the enemy. Louis the Eleventh ordered, that in commemoration of this event, they should walk in procession every year, attired in their wedding dresses, and take precedence of the other sex. And that at all other times they should dress according to their fancy, without any one having the right to interfere.

Celebrated men of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth:—The Prince de Condé; Marshall Catinat; Prince Eugene; Pascal; Fenelon; Marshall Turenne; Corneille; Racine; Boileau; Despréaux; La Fontaine; Bourdalone; Bossnet; Rochefoucauld; Colbert; Molière.

There were a people in Persia and Syria, called Hassassins, from *has*, the Arabic term to kill, because they thought to murder was a virtue. Hence arose the expression assassin. The chief of these savages was called "The old Man of the Mountain;" and at his command they travelled to all places, far and near, to slay whomsoever he ordered them.

An Emperor of Constantinople called Peter Courtenay, ruled in that famed city. The present family of Courtenay, residing at Powderham Castle, are descendants of this French Emperor of Constantinople, being a branch from the first Earl of Devonshire, Hugh Courtenay.

After the battle of Villavicioya, Philip the Fifth, was without a bed; the Duke de Vendôme said to him, "I will give you the most superb couch that King ever reclined on; he accordingly had a mattrass made of the standards and colours taken from the enemy.

The name of bayonette is derived from Bayonne, where the first bayonettes were made.

Cid, a chief, a commander, is derived from El Seid, the Arab for Lord.

SAINT CECILIA, November 22.—Cecilia was a Roman lady, who, refusing to renounce her religion, was thrown into a furnace of boiling water, and scalded to death. Others say that she was stifled in a bath, a punishment frequently inflicted, at that time, on female criminals of rank. She suffered martyrdom about the year 225. Cecilia is regarded as the Patroness of Music, and is represented by Raffaelle with a regal in her hand.

JEWEL BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—This prelate was so remarkable for his power of memory, that he could readily repeat any thing that he had penned, after once reading it. It was his practice never to begin committing his sermons to heart till the church bells began to ring; and so firmly did he retain what he learned that he used to say, that before a thousand auditors, shouting or fighting all the while, he could deliver whatever he had provided.

VELOCIPEDE.—A gentleman passing through a turnpike-gate on a Velocipede, was requested by the toll-keeper to pay the toll, which upon his refusing, the man read from the notice over the toll-house, any vehicle drawn through by horse, mule, or ass, shall pay toll, and I think you come under the latter denomination.

THE CONSCIENCE STRICKEN CATS.—A gentleman in Jamaica had on his estate a great many cats and pigeons, but while the former seemed to multiply exceedingly, the latter daily decreased in number, the poulterer was ordered to watch them, and catching a cat in the act of killing a pigeon, he hung the the poor misguided thing up under the pigeon-house, in terrorem to her brother traitors. The next day when the cats were called to receive their milk, not a single whiskered thief made his appearance, nor ever after returned to the house.

EPIGRAM.

Florence! you tell me to depart,
And have such rigor shewn;
That not content to *steal* my heart,
You now must *steel* your own!

LEO.

"What are you doing, Joe?" said I,
"NOTHING, Sir!" was Joe's reply.
"Are you there, Will? pray let me me know."
"I'm busy, Sir; I'm helping Joe."
"Is NOTHING then, so hard to do,
"That thus it takes the time of two?"
Poor Will then answer'd with a smile,
And laugh'd and giggled all the while,
"We are such clever folks, d'ye see,
"That NOTHING's hard to Joe and me."

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART IV., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* DECEMBER, *will be ready with the Magazines.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 21—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Dec. 7, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Opera Dress.—A pelisse robe of ruby velvet, the body is made quite high, sits close to the shape in front, and at the upper part of the back, but is full at the lower part. A very rich fancy silk trimming corresponding in colour with the dress, adorns the front of the *corsage* and skirt; it forms on the first a bouquet of oak leaves, on the

latter the bouquets are continued in regular succession, and increase in size as they approach the bottom of the skirt. *Gigôt* sleeves, trimmed in front of the arm with a wreath of oak leaves. The hat is composed of pale gold coloured satin. A helmet shaped crown, on which the material is laid in three folds, each of which is edged with white blond lace; knots of gold-coloured gauze ribbons, and two *aigrettes* composed of the beards of black feathers complete the trimming of the crown; the brim of moderate size, and round, is adorned with a knot of gauze ribbon to correspond, and blond lace *mentonnières*. Black velvet cravat, and black real lace collar of two falls. White kid gloves. Black satin shoes.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Several winter novelties in every department of the toilette have been introduced during the last month. We find among them some elegant new carriage mantles, composed of rich black silk; they are made with large square pelerines, which have a rich border of flowers embroidered in various coloured silks: the bottom of the mantle has a border of a similar pattern, but deeper; a black velvet collar with pointed ends is attached at the throat by a rich cord and tassels of black silk, mingled with one of the colours of the embroidery. Merinos of a remarkably soft and fine texture begin to be very much adopted both for promenade and morning dress; we have been particularly struck with the beauty of those manufactured by Messrs. Grimes, woollen-drapers to his Majesty, and her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, No. 40, Ludgate Street; we understand they are manufactured from the finest Saxon wool, and certainly for softness, fineness, and beauty of colour, they may vie with any that we have ever seen; we say this with confidence, and without any fear of our judgment being called in question. We understand that the durability of these merinos is warranted by the manufacturers; and that, as the generality of our fair readers will agree, is a point of no small importance.

Among the new carriage hats that are most worthy of notice, we may cite one of rose-coloured satin; the crown is higher than any we have yet seen, and considerably smaller at the top than the bottom; the brim wide but not deep in front, and close at the sides: the outside of the hat was entirely covered with black *tulle* of a blonde lace pattern, and the edge of the brim trimmed with a *rûche* of plain black blond net; two rose coloured ostrich feathers, curled and spotted with black, were attached on one side of the crown by a knot of satin ribbon to correspond; it was formed of bows without ends. Several carriage bonnets are composed of black velvet figured with orange in a lozenge pattern; the brim may be lined with either black or orange velvet: these bonnets are made rather close, the crown is of the horseshoe form, and high, with a very full curtain at the back; the trimming consists of a bouquet of flowers, the hearts black, the leaves orange, but of a deeper shade than that in the lozenges; the bouquet is inserted in a band of black satin ribbon which encircles the bottom of the crown, the band terminated in a bow placed over the curtain. Black satin strings.

Several of the new half-dress robes composed of coloured satin or rich plain or figured silk are worn with mantelets to correspond, they are either trimmed with black lace, or cut round in festoons; where lace is employed, it forms a double row round the back and shoulders; other dresses composed of the same materials are made in the pelisse form, that is to say, the front of the skirt is trimmed in the pelisse style, but the bodies are of a three-quarter height, they are generally plain, being concealed by the pelerine, which is an indispensible accessory to these dresses. The pelerine may either terminate in a point at the bottom of the waist, or else have short rounded ends, which pass under the waist ribbon; some are trimmed down the front with a range of scallops on each side, they are edged with narrow black lace; others have a row of lozenges formed of rouleaus down the front, this trimming is always very narrow at the waist, but enlarges gradually as it approaches the bottom of the skirt.

Silks, gauzes, and even crapes with black grounds, and rich flowered patterns will be the materials in favour for evening dress; as to the forms, they are decidedly those of last winter, which our readers will remember we announced to them as the revived fashions of our grandmammas' and great grandmammas' youthful days; very long waists, pointed bodies, several of which are made at the bottom of the waist, like an old fashioned pair of stays; sleeves trimmed with double lace ruffles, and skirts even wider than they were in the days of hoops. We have to observe however, that long sleeves are as much in favour as short ones, except for full dress parties, and they are now a good deal ornamented at the lower part; some have a cuff standing out from the sleeve, open at the sides and bordered with lace, or a *rûche* of *tulle*, others are trimmed with a range of knots of ribbon, which are sometimes edged with narrow blond lace.

Mantelets of black or white blond lace have lost nothing of their attraction in evening dress; the most novel are cut as low as the robe, so as to leave the neck bare; the back part is composed of a double row of blond lace, which falls very deep and full over the back and shoulders; the fronts which are of the scarf kind, cross upon the bosom, and descend a little below the waist, this form is at once novel, and singularly becoming.

Several of the new ball dresses are of white gauze, the ground thickly strewed with bouquets, embroidered in coloured silks; these bouquets are very small at the upper part of the skirt, but they enlarge gradually as they approach the knee, from thence to the extreme edge, the skirt is plain. The corsage is cut quite square and very low at the top, it is draped horizontally, the plaits of the drapery are retained by a bow of white gauze ribbon, the ends of which twisted loosely together descend to the point at the bottom of the waist, where they terminate in a round bow without ends.

We refer for evening head dresses, and other accessories to full dress toilettes, to our late weekly numbers, in which those subjects will be found entered into in detail. The new winter colours are orange, carrot colour, sea-green, emerald-green, violet, crimson and various shades of rose-colour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING FOR DECEMBER.

Carriage Dress.—Fawn coloured satin robe. Russian mantle composed of green *gros des Indes*, and trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, as is also the pelerine, which is made round and close with a velvet collar and facings; a silk cord and tassels confine it to the throat, a second supplies the place of a *ceinture*. Mameluke sleeves, looped by cords and tassels. Orange satin hat, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a white ostrich feather; the inside of the brim is ornamented with blond lace.

Dinner Dress.—Rose coloured *poux de Soie robe*, a low body, and gigot sleeves with gauntlet cuffs. Pelerine of black real lace corresponding in pattern with a deep flounce, which trims the border of the dress. Dark fawn-coloured crape beret, ornamented with the plumage of birds of Paradise, gauze ribbons to correspond, and blond lace lappets.

Evening Dress.—A green figured velvet open dress over a round one of black lace, lined with black satin, and trimmed with two flounces of lace. The body of the robe is pointed before, cut low round the tops, and trimmed with a falling tucker of black lace. Double *bouffant* sleeves, also trimmed with black lace. Venetian turban of green gauze, ornamented with white ostrich feathers, which fall in different directions. Necklace and ear-rings, diamonds.

Second Carriage Dress.—Robe of azure blue Cashmere. Short pelisse of *écrue* satin, figured with very dark brown; the body is formed to fit the upper part of the bust, but disposed in plaits round the lower. Very wide sleeves made in the gigot shape, but with an opening above the bend of the arm. Pelerine of moderate size, very open on the breast, the trimming is a thick rouleau of swansdown. White satin bonnet of the *demi bibi* shape, trimmed with gauze ribbons, and a single white ostrich feather. Velvet *bottines*, bordered with swansdown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No 1. Second Evening Dress.—White satin robe, a low body ornamented in the stomacher style with knots of white gauze ribbon, and trimmed round the bust with a fall of blond lace. Beret sleeves. Head-dress of hair disposed in a full cluster of curls on each side of the face, and in bows on the summit of the head. It is ornamented with a bandeau of pearls, and a white ostrich feather. Necklace and ear-rings, large pearls.

No. 2. Carriage hat of saffron-coloured satin, trimmed on the inside of the brim with *tulle* and gauze ribbons very tastefully arranged, the crown is decorated with ribbons, and two bouquets of flowers to correspond, placed in different directions.

No. 3. A back view of the above head-dress.

No. 4. A back view of number six.

No. 5. Ball Dress of blue crape over satin to correspond; the body of the satin dress is square, that of the crape one square behind, crosses in drapery on the front, each is edged with blond lace. Single *bouffant* sleeves, embroidered horizontally in a wreath of fancy foliage to correspond with the dress, a similar trimming adorns the border of the skirt. The hair combed up from the forehead forms a full

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tuft on each side, and is arranged in a round knot behind. A wreath of blue flowers surrounds the knot, and a half circlet of pearls adorns the forehead.

No. 6. Evening Dress, lap of blond lace, trimmed with a wreath of roses, which partly descends upon the hair, and rose-coloured gauze ribbons.

THE DRAMA.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

We passed three hours very pleasantly in hearing "THE STRAND-ED ACTOR," Mr. J. Russell's "Reminiscences." He is not so fluent as his great prototype Mathews, but has much of the comic humour for which his "At Home's" are so celebrated. The best hits were the imitation of INCLEDON, whom we remember in our early days, and the anecdote of the "little apothecary in the pit," endeavouring to catch the eye of "the great doctor of physic in the boxes." We shall visit this entertainment again, and give a more detailed account. Meanwhile we wish every success to the enterprize. Mr. Russell is a most deserving member of the corps dramatique, but has not had that favour shewn to him by the high authorities that some of his more fortunate brethren have obtained.

ADELPHI.

A new piece "*The Rake and his Pupil*," (taken from the French), has been produced at this theatre, it is strongly, perhaps *coarsely* coloured by the translator, and does not possess that interest which the domestic dramas at this little theatre are wont to produce. We have seen both Mr. and Mrs. Yates to much greater advantage in every piece they have hitherto played in this season. "*Grace Huntley*" still posseses all its original attractions, and though we have witnessed its performance at least half a dozen times, Mrs. Yates' exquisite acting still retains all the freshness of its first night's impression upon our feelings. We regret that henceforth our reports of this theatre must of necessity "be like angel's visits, few and far between," the Treasurer having thought fit from some caprice best known to himself, to take away the free entrée granted to us by Mr. Yates, with the *promise* of sending us a free admission to witness every new piece, which promise has *never been performed*. He pleads the *smallness* of the house, this we grant; but while so many *private individuals* are nightly admitted with orders, to the exclusion of all but a few of the leading members of the press, we think there is just cause of complaint. And we contend that where the conductors of any publication, (however small its price, whose *town* circulation *alone* exceeds seven thousand five hundred per week), will give their own time, and allot space in the Work for regular dramatic notices of a theatre, every one of which is an advertisement to the manager, they have, at least, a claim to be admitted free, and not be expected to pay 4*s*. for the liberty of *standing*, (2*s*. extra to the box-keeper if a seat is obtained), to report the novelties that from time to time appear. If managers are so blind as to submit their interests to the caprice of their servants, why they must take the consequence of being passed by in silence.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

CATHERINE BERESFORD.

BY JOHN DAVEY, ESQ.

Many a bright eye grows dim, and young cheek pale
Amid Life's crowd unnoticed; some keen breath
Or withering blight from Winter's ruthless gale
Comes o'er the flower, and chills it unto Death!
So deems the World, that never probes the smart,
But, oh! the blight that kills! *that* blight is of the *heart!*"

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

It was reported one morning in the village of Woodbury that the white cottage at the southern extremity, which had been so long unoccupied was at last let.

After the due proportion of guesses and surmises, the village curiosity was at length gratified by the arrival of the expected individuals.

They were an old gentleman and his daughter, and it was truly a touching sight to view the feeble steps of the infirm man, supported by the graceful and tender care of the beautiful creature by his side. Their history is soon told:—

Captain Beresford was a retired Naval Officer; he had been left a widower soon after the birth of his daughter, and his affection for his wife seemed to have concentrated itself in a ten-fold degree, on her dying pledge.

They had resided at Woodbury some time, when Henry Trevor, a young Oxonian, came to spend the long vacation with a friend in the neighbourhood. He saw Catherine Beresford—struck by her appearance, he procured an introduction—became a frequent visitor at the cottage—(why repeat an often told tale!) he loved, and was beloved. Love was to Catherine a part of life. Henry was her first love, and fervent, passionate, was her affection for him. Like the whirlwind in its course, it swallowed up every thing in its vortex. But "never yet did the course of love run smooth." The time drew near when they must part! None but those who have parted from the loved one, can tell the sickening pangs—The revulsion of blood to the heart—The bitterness of being sundered for long long months of loneliness.

* * * * * *

That Henry Trevor thought he loved Catherine, when by her side, and that he really did then, it would be unjust to deny, and his love continued for some time after his departure; but gradually gay company and absence undermined it—his letters became less frequent, at last ceased, and shortly he proposed to and was accepted by the lovely and wealthy Lady Annalie Lindsay.

Catherine after Trevor was gone, for the sake of her father, struggled against her grief, smiled and appeared gay; but alas! how many a gay and splendid covering conceals pages filled with sad and sorrowful tales. Oh! how her pulse quickened and her heart bounded, to see the well-known hand-writing of Henry. When his words grew fewer and colder, she still relied on his faith, and little was she prepared for the thunder stroke of his marriage.

It did come—she did not faint or scream, but her eye grew "dark as death," her cheek paled, cold drops stood on her brow.—She went out—the fragrance of the flowers, the starry sky, had no charms for her. All, all was desolation and despair. The thought of her days of innocence, of pride, of peace—of her father—her unborn child—the loud, bitter laugh of the world—all stood before her in the glaring vividness of misery. She strove, but could not pray. Prayer was to her parched tongue as a "fountain sealed."—'Twas too much—her reason gave way, and she died by her own hand.

* * * * * *

Heavily and sullenly the knell struck on the ears of the sorrowful villagers. Catherine had endeared herself to them by many acts of kindness and care—but how felt that bereaved father! Every stroke of the bell seemed to enter his heart like a death-shot—Oh! who can express his feelings? None—few ever drained a cup so bitter, none have outlived the draught.

As the funeral procession advanced up the church-yard, maidens in white scattered violets and primroses, and sung a dirge for the departed.

* * * * * *

The old man stood tearless! His white hair fluttered in the wind, as he stood with strained gaze on the coffin; but he appeared unconscious of what was being done, till the grating sound of the gravel falling on the lid seemed to arouse him, and uttering a convulsive, unearthly cry, he sprang into the grave,—he never moved again. "He slept the sleep which knows no waking."

* * * * * *

It was a scene of joy and revelry. Bright eyes—smiles—perfume of jasmine and woodbine—music—all the soul can dream of bliss was there. Every thing art could devise, or wealth procure was there, to render one of the loveliest spots in the world, more lovely still. Secluded walks were beautifully

diversified by glittering saloons and sparkling lamps, and many were the soft words and stolen glances exchanged that night in those solitudes. Every thing was as beautiful as if "ordered express, of the best poet going."

It was one of the succession of festivals held by Henry Trevor in his honeymoon. A far different scene had taken place that day at Woodbury. The same moon which mellowed and chastened the splendour here, was shining on the cold grave of Catherine. In one of these sequestered avenues Henry and his lovely bride had stolen away from the gay throng, to enjoy that quiet converse rendered more sweet by its contrast. She was leaning on his arm in all the confidence of youthful love, and her heart throbbed and swelled with emotion, as she listened to the empassioned breathings of her husband. They were not however long undisturbed—Charles Stanley, a gay young fellow collegian of Trevor's was seen advancing toward them.

"Ah! my dear Trevor," he exclaimed, "how are you? I am happy to see you and Mrs. Trevor well. I've rode from Oxford to-day on purpose to be at your fête. But am no sooner arrived than I ask a favour; will Mrs. Trevor introduce me to that beautiful creature Miss De Vere? By the bye, have yon seen what a dead set Lady Augusta has made at Trelawny? I had nearly forgotten it—I have brought you a letter from Christchurch; it has lain there some days, as they did not know your address."

"Will you excuse me," said Henry, as he broke the seal—

"Oh, certainly—but, good God! are you ill?"

As he was speaking Trevor fell senseless. A rapid glance at the open letter revealed to Annalie the truth; and showed the extent of her misery. It was from the heart broken father—relating Catherine's death.

* * * * * *

Henry Trevor vainly sought in a foreign land the repose denied him in his own. His health gradually became worse—useless were the fond and endearing attentions of the forgiving Annalie. 'Mid joy and sorrow—happiness and grief—in the company of the gay and light hearted; the one thought of that old man's grey hairs brought with sorrow to the grave, and *her*—flitted spectre-like before him. He at last sank into a state of listless melancholy. He lived many years, but never recovered.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—my country!—Cowper.

It is astonishing what a strong inherent feeling in the heart of man, is that indefinable but all-powerful sentiment the love of country. The hardy Scot would not exchange the heath-clad hills of his native Caledonia for all the smiling valleys of fertile England; the brave Hibernian thinks the "green isle of Erin" can scarcely be equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any other clime blessed by the sun's bright beams; and the patriot Swiss, would not forego the sight of his snow-robed mountains, though he should breathe for ever the balmy gales of smiling Italy; the love of gain may tempt him awhile to seek another scene, but the sound of his *rans des vaches*, recalls so forcibly to his mind his home, and the numberless ties concentrated in the word; that c'en the soldier, bound by a spell he cannot break, throws down his arms, deaf to the call of honour, and rushes on, impelled by the thousand nameless feelings that that sound has wakened, to seek 'mid the mountains that had echoed to his laugh of childhood, and his song of youth, a solace for the sorrow that had weighed upon his his heart. No matter where we take our birth, there is a magic in the name of country that's felt by all; and though a thousand vagrant fancies, or the stern mandate of imperious Fate, may bid us pass whole years—nay! well nigh our lives in other lands, yet to die at home will be the ceaseless wish of the yearning heart; for, "breathes there the man, with soul so dead, that never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land!" I cannot! I will not think it possible! I have felt so keenly the longing after home, that I should have almost felt it a blessing to have been washed lifeless on these shores, to have touched though unconscious the land that gave me birth; nor would I exchange the ever-changing and often gloomy skies of England, for the orange bowers of Italy, or the spicy groves of ever summer climes.

Annette.

THE SELECTOR.

MONASTIC MEMORIALS.

[From Miss Pardoe's Traits and Traditions of Portugal.]

On the following morning all the gentlemen breakfasted at the Monastery: and shortly afterwards they returned to tell me that although the Prior could not give me permission to see any thing beyond the chapel, he, nevertheless, thought it extremely possible that he should not be able to take cognizance of all my movements, burthened as he was with such multitudinous and multifarious occupations. This was sufficient; and indeed far more than I had latterly ventured to expect; and I was joyfully preparing to sally forth upon my expedition, when the Rector, who was a cheerful hearty old man, and withal somewhat of a wag, desired me to enquire of some of the community, whether it were possible for me to be admitted into the Bernardine Convent, which was about half a mile from Alcobaça. I thanked him warmly for the hint, of which I was in no danger of neglecting to avail myself. When I told the good priest how greatly obliged I felt by the courtesy of the Prior, he laughed hartily as he said, *Minha Senhora*, I shall reply only by one of our country proverbs: *comarto, e com engano se vive meio anno: com engano, e comarte sa vive a outra parte.**

The exterior of the magnificent monastery of Alcobaça is extremely imposing; the chapel doors are of carved mahogany, elaborately studded with brass; above these doors is a circular window of immense size, the glass so arranged as to form a star surrounded by a hâlo. The two finely-proportioned tower, which flank the exterior front of the chapel, are highly decorated, and terminate in a fine dome, on the summit of which rests a globe, from which again issues a sword-shaped pinnacle, the whole formed from one block of stone. The excessive weight of this huge mass has, however, caused the partial demolition of one of the towers, its stupendous burthen having fallen some years back, with a crash, which, until the cause was discovered, created great consternation in the town.

At either extremity of the chapel, the *façade* of the monastery extends to a considerable distance, and the effect is strikingly fine; it immediately suggested to me the idea of some stupendous bird stretching forth its wings. The building terminates at each end in a lofty arched colonnade; if, indeed, I except the entrance to the stable-yard on the left hand, which clings to the edifice like an excrescence, and is merely a plain arch of bright red bricks, glaring out in most disagreeable contrast from the sober, time-touched stonework of the main edifice. The gateway of the Monastery, which opens into this yard, is very lofty: and the entire side of the building leans inwards to the height of about thirty feet in a very singular manner.

The front of this noble pile is indebted for much of its beauty to the fine flight of stone steps by which it is approached, and which extends along the whole front of the main building like a terrace; being guarded on the outer edge by a low wall, ornamented at regular distances with pedestals bearing pyramids of unpolished black marble.

The first *coup d'œil* of the interior of the chapel is beyond description impressive. Before you, at a great distance, stands the High Altar, literally blazing with gold and silver; above you is a finely-groined roof, supported by columns united the one with the other by a stone screen, elaborately sculptured; and directly across the body of the church stretches a superb railing of mahogany studded with brass, which prevents the intrusion of the congregation beyond a certain distance down the aisle, except upon high festivals, when it is thrown back, and free

* Which may be shortly rendered—All a man's life is a cheat.

ingress yielded to all; but these occasions are rare.

On the inner side of this railing stand four altars, each in its own small chapel; to the right Saint Bernard, and Saint Francis: and to the left Saint Joseph, and *Nossa Senora da Misericordia.* Advancing behind the screen on the right hand, you arrive in a fine and extensive square, having in front of you a distant view of some of the private chapels immediately behind the High Altar; and more directly at hand, three fine arches richly gilt: under the first, stands an altar dedicated to Saint Joseph of Sienna; under the second, a superb figure of Our Saviour, presenting the keys of Heaven to St. Peter; and within the third, one of the greatest curiosities of the monastery—a representation of the death of St. Bernard, in which all the finely-grouped figures are the size of life. In the centre, on a low couch, lies the dying saint, with the crucifix pressed to his lips, his countenance expressive of all the holy hope and exalted resignation which can attend the close of a well-spent life. Around him are grouped nine kneeling figures in the habit of the order: at the head of the bed is one, bending forward to catch, as it were, the last breath of the expiring saint—the eyes dilated and tearless—the lips forcibly compressed—and the muscles of the throat painfully prominent. Beside him is a kneeling monk, with his head buried in his hands; beyond this, a third, with his face partially concealed by his robe; and a fourth, with one of the finest countenances I ever beheld—a mingling of horror, and curiosity, and expectation—the tears standing in the eager eyes, frozen, as it seemed, ere they could fall—the hands clasped upon the knee with convulsive tension—you might picture to yourself the very beatings of his heart! I cannot refrain from describing a fifth of these extraordinary and beautiful figures, it is that of a monk who kneels at the foot of the couch; there is a quiet, holy resignation in the expression of the face and of the attitude; a pious off-casting of worldly ties and affections in the subdued look of the fine eyes, which speak instantly to the heart; he holds a book, from which he appears to have been reading the prayers for the dying, and to have ceased only from a conviction that the "sealed ear" refused all further sound; the tears rest upon the cheek, as though he feared to weep—it is as fine a representation of human resignation as I ever looked upon! This wonderful groupe is executed entirely in clay, and the effect must be witnessed to be believed.

Making the tour of the square, you next arrive at the altar of the Resurrection. The altar-piece is a fine figure of Our Lord, the size of life, ascending from the tomb; bearing in his hands and feet the mark of the nails, and in his side that of the spear. The screen of the altar-table was withdrawn; and within was a small bed, the sheet embroidered, and the pillow tied with a pale lilac ribbon. On this bed, we were told that an effigy of the Saviour was laid out during the Passion week; while a thick curtain was drawn over the representation of the Resurrection. At a certain period of the ceremony, the front of the altar-table suddenly closed, and the ascending figure was developed in a blaze of light! I can readily conceive that the effect must have been perfectly electrifying.

Passing the altar of the Resurrection, your arrive at the Chapel of Tombs, which you enter through a wrought-iron gate. In the centre of this inclosure stand the sarcophagii of Pedro I., and the fair, and fond, and unfortunate, Ignes de Castro! Both these tombs were considerably defaced by the French, particularly that of the Queen, whose body the ruffianly soldiery dragged from its resting-place, in the mercenary hope of discovering concealed treasure: and we were assured by the monks, that the body of Donna Ignes,—unfortunate even beyond the grave!—had been so skilfully embalmed, that the face was perfect—and the very sacrilegious miscreants who tore her from her tomb exclaimed in extacies on her beauty. Her hair had grown remarkably since her interment; and after the hurried departure of the French, when the alarm was given of the approach of the British army, the *Juiz de Foro* of Alcobaça cut several tresses from her head, and sent them as reliques to some friends in Lisbon. The chapel was completely filled with tombs; but those of Ignes and her husband absorbed all my interest.

As we quited the Chapel of Tombs, the Prior entered the church, and, much to my surprise and gratification, he included me in the courteous welcome which he addressed to the party; and accompanied us over the remainder of the chapel.

From this point we fell back up the centre aisle, to take a view of the High Altar, and I never in my life saw anything which made a greater impression on me; to the left is the throne of the General of the Order, under a canopy of white silk damask, fringed with gold. On the altar stand six massive candlesticks of silver, four feet in height, three on either side of the crucifix, which is of the same costly material, and rests on an immense base, richly chased and ornamented. On this, every article used at the crucifixion is represented; and at the foot of the cross are grouped the guard-drum, the pincers, the ladder, and the sponge fastened to a reed. The back of the Altar is a half-circle, in the centre of which, immediately above the crucifix, is a globe, large enough to contain a man; this globe is surrounded by a *halo*, and surmounted by a cross; the whole of silver. The capacious globe is for the purpose of containing the Host; and, on solemn occasions, a concealed spring is touched, when it slowly opens, and the Host is discovered.

Above this costly ornament is a representation of the Virgin surrounded by Angels, looking down on the holy mysteries of the mass: the whole groupe are floating on clouds of burnished silver; and over these figures are six windows under gilt arches, hung with rose-coloured silk curtains; the effect of the softened light falling through these draperies upon the altar will be readily understood by those who visited the saloon at Fonthill Abbey. The whole of this splendid portion of the chapel is at times concealed behind a vast curtain of rose-coloured silk, which falls from the lofty arch; and immediately in front of this drapery are the royal arms of Portugal richly emblazoned in gold upon the finely-fretted roof.

On the right, as you return up the middle aisle, stands the new organ, a most elaborate specimen of carving in cedar wood; and immediately opposite to it, another was then in progress; it is greatly to be lamented that these noble instruments, chaste and elegant as they are, and, in themselves, so ornamental, will destroy much of the effect of the High Altar, when seen from the entrance of the church, being erected in so prominent a manner as to screen it very considerably. Crossing the body of the chapel, you reach a square, corresponding to that of the Resurrection, in which two of the the shrines were totally demolished by the French; the third is, however, perfect; and is dedicated to Saint Sebastian, who is seen with the arrow in his heart, naked from the waist upwards; the remainder of his person being clad in antique fashion, in a garb curiously wrought to represent the ancient gold-plated leather.

Above this Altar is an iron grating, reaching to the roof of the chapel, which enables the community to look down into the side aisle of their magnificent *capella;* and here, chancing to look up, I saw one of the handsomest faces I ever beheld. It was that of a young monk, who was watching us with the most intense curiosity. I do not think (and I had subsequently ample opportunity of judging) that there was a feature in his face that was not perfect. The grating reached to the floor of the gallery in which he stood, and the effect of his figure was strikingly scenic: the long, loose robe of white serge, falling in heavy folds to his feet, and girt at the waist by a black girdle edged with white—the deep black cape, sufficiently cut away to display to advantage the white shirt-collar, in its turn falling back from a throat still whiter—the very fine countenance—the high calm forehead, around which the dark curls clustered in heavy masses—and the deep eyes which glanced through their long lashes, formed, altogether a picture, which reminds me of I know not how many of the romantic fancies of early days. While I stood looking towards him, he turned his head, and the *coroa* (or shaven crown)

rested against the grating, as he appeared to be conversing with some one in the gallery;—in another second he disappeared.

The next shrine is that of Saint Michael; an ill-executed, but finely conceived figure; the Saint is represented as a youth, with the Tempter clad in iron armour lying at his feet, upon whom he is looking down; holding in one hand a pair of scales, each containing an infant; and in the other the sword of Alfonso III., one of the treasures of the monastery, which alone makes the shrine of Saint Michael worthy of a second look. On either side of this Altar hangs a large oil painting illustrative of some pious incident in the life of one of the Bernardine Brotherhood, remarkable neither for interest nor execution.

The six private chapels behind the Altar are richly ornamented, and lighted from the centre of their doomed roofs: they contain a few fine paintings; particularly a Magdalene in the Wilderness, by *Carracci*, and a Descent from the Cross, presumed to be by *Michael Angelo;* but generally speaking, the paintings are utterly unworthy of their position. The Prior accounted for this fact by stating that the French had destroyed many, and carried away others, which they had never been able to recover.

The Sacristy is a noble apartment, lighted by three immense windows, with a ceiling most elaborately wrought in azure and gold. In the centre is a representation of Saint Bernard, the founder of the monastery, in the act of ascending into Heaven; and arrested in his progress by an angel, who clings to his robe to detain him; while two other winged messengers present him with a mitre and crosier; the idea struck me as a most singular and somewhat perplexing one. Was the Saint persuaded to forego his hopes of immediate beatitude for a bishoprick?

Surrounding this groupe are ten antique shields, evidently designed for the emblazonment of armorial insignia, but never completed.

There are several large packing-cases in this apartment, filled with plate and other valuables by the French during the war, for the purpose of transport; but abandoned in their retreat—several of these remain precisely as they left them—not a nail has been drawn!

A door opens from the Sacristy into the Reliquary; a round chapel with a domed roof to admit the light: it is entirely lined with the busts of Saints, if I except the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and the Evangelists, which are full-lengths: each Saint has a small glass case fitted into the breast, containing some relic appertaining to it:—a finger, a bone, a lock of hair, a shred of linen, and even the paring of a nail! Here are enshrined the *lagrimas da beatissima Virgem** in juxta-position with a bar of the gridiron of Saint Anthony, and a feather of the cock which proclaimed the betrayal of Peter. In short the whole appearance of this chapel was most singular—I may even say whimsical. Studded with busts, many of them female ones, and in the most coquetish attitudes imaginable—inclining towards their next neighbours precisely after the manner of those which decorate the shop-windows of our metropolitan hair-dressers—their glass eyes gleaming cold and vacant, and their gaudy draperies arranged in the most grotesque manner; the *coup d'œil* of this monastic museum baffles all description! To complete the incongruity of the picture, the floor was strewn with lumber from one end to the other—bees-wax, matting, great-coats, candlesticks, old-tables, door-mats, chair-bottoms, and a thousand other things, quite as consistent, and equally ornamental. This heterogeneous receptable had precisely the appearance of the property-room of a theatre!—Nor was I less surprised at the perfect unconcern with which the monk, who officiated as *cicerone*, kicked out of his way the various objects which impeded his progress round the encumbered apartment; jostling Saint John, and running against Saint Ursula, without the least hesitation; and criticising the countenances and *contours* of many of the figures without the slightest deference to their holiness. The doors opening into the Sacristy from the chapel were extremely curious, being of Brazilian wood, with the door frames curiously carved, to represent a vine trained over an open trellice, and bearing a profusion of leaves and fruit.

The lower cloisters of the monastery are extensive and imposing: the square round which they are built, is paved, and has a fine orange-tree at each corner; three of which, at the period of our visit, were covered with fruit, and the fourth in full flower, and redolent of perfume. Many of the stones in these cloisters cover the bodies of no less than six of the brotherhood. I had the curiosity to copy the dates of interment upon one of them, which varied from 1584 to 1730.

Just as we reached the refectory, the brotherhood were issuing from it, in full procession, chaunting the after-grace; and the effect of their combined and manly voices pealing along the cloister was singularly fine. Retiring until they had passed, we entered the spacious dining-hall: over the door; *Respicite Quia Peccata Populi Come Meditis*. It was surrounded by tables, plainly, but neatly covered. To the left of the entrance is a fine pulpit of white marble, supported by pillars, from which one of the fraternity preaches, while the rest dine. To the right is a stone slab, above which a small door opens into the kitchen; and by this epicurian arrangement the meat is at once conveyed unchilled to the refectory table. The cellar, which we next visited, is of enormous extent; and contained, when we saw it, thirty barrels, each holding fifteen pipes of wine, the whole produced by the vineyards of the monastery. Thence we proceeded to the kitchen, whither we were conducted by the young monk whom I had seen through the grating; and who proffered his service as *cicerone*, when we quitted the refectory, where he had lingered behind the rest of the community, with an ease and politeness perfectly in keeping with his appearance. I believe I have hitherto omitted to mention that none but the sons of *Fidalgos* were admitted into this monastery: a fact which they did not fail speedily to make known to us.

The kitchen of the establishment is one of its greatest lions; it is of very vast extent, and contains three beautiful marble fountains: one for the purpose of washing vegetables; the second for washing the meat, which they leave soaking until all the blood is extracted; and the third for the use of the servants. The upper end of the kitchen is raised, like the hall of a Feudal Chieftain, two steps above the lower; and here, upon slabs of white marble, are manufactured the *tortas*,* *doces*,† and *confeitos*,‡ in which the Portuguese so much delight, and this community excel. At the lower end, a portion of the floor is left unflagged, and a branch of the *Alcoa* enters the kitchen. When they wish to arrest the course of this stream for the purpose of cleansing the kitchen, they put down four large plugs, and in about five minutes the entire place is flooded. The whole of the ceiling and walls of this immense apartment are lined with Dutch tiles, which have a very clean and cheerful appearance.

At this period of our peregrination, I was informed that the prior could not invite me to dine with the gentlemen of my party, but having once penetrated into the interior of the monastery, I was a free agent. Need I say that I availed myself of this intelligence? All around me was, as it were, enchanted ground, which woman's foot had seldom (they said *never*) trod before!

(To be continued in our next.)

CHERRIES were brought from Flanders, and first planted in Kent, *temp.* Hen. VIII., in whose time they spread into thirty-two parishes. The fruit of a single orchard of this primitive plantation, consisting of thirty acres, is recorded by Fuller to have been sold for a thousand pounds. "He that eateth cherries with noblemen shall have his eyes spurted out with the stones," is a proverb current at the time, and is levelled at the folly of those who vie in expence with their more wealthy associates.

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* Tears of the blessed Virgin.

* Tarts. † Sweatmeats. ‡ Comfits.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NOT AT HOME.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

"If Ensign Charles Saint Clare should come
Do always say, John, "NOT AT HOME;"
A Coronet *may* grace his brow,
But he's a younger brother *now*;
And tho' third cousin to a Lord,
He does not yet befit our board;
So mind if young Saint Clare *should* come,
The answer's always "NOT AT HOME."

Saint Clare *did* call! for truth to tell,
He lov'd fair Rosa, passing well;
But Lady Doubtful, when he sought her,
Wonder'd he dared approach *her* daughter;
And John was chid—and in disgrace
E'en threatened with discharge from place;
When for excuses at a loss,
He let Saint Clare the threshold cross!

Time glided on—Death's darts were pour'd,
Despised Saint Clare became a Lord,
Welcom'd at Fashion's golden shrine—
Mammas pronounced him "quite divine!"
And daughters said that sweet Earl Clare
Had such an intellectual air—
Such ready wit—so apt to show it,
He was intended for a POET.

To dinner an expected guest
To Lady Doubtful's door he press'd,
Whose cautious footman, honest John,
Thought *this* the time to act upon
The orders he'd so oft been bidden,
For which neglect he'd oft been chidden;
Unconscious he, unhappy wight,
Of *poor* Saint Clare's exalted state!

Long did the guests their hunger bear—
Long wait the presence of Earl Clare;
Something amiss, the Hostess fear'd—
The bell was rung—and John appear'd!

"John," cried his Lady, "it is late,
Earl Clare has not been at the gate?
His Lordship from the hour has swerv'd—
Soon as he comes—have dinner serv'd."

"No—no," cried John, with bow and grin,
"His Lordship here has not yet been!
MR. SAINT CLARE, that Ensign chap,
He call'd just now with such a rap!
Was bouncing in—for I suppose
The smell of dinner caught his nose!
I know'd a trick worth two o' that,
Says I, they're NOT AT HOME, that's flat!"

"I'm ask'd to dinner;" "Sir, says I,
With all respect—you know you lie!
I knows my orders and my duty—
You've *come to dine*, I don't dispute ye,
But you or I must lose our place,
Bang went the door right in his face.
He'll never come no more to teaze ye—
I hopes, my Lady, *now* I please ye?"

* The author of this little *jeu d' esprit*, begs to yield the entire merit of originality to Mr. Hook, she has merely versified his idea.

STANZAS.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Where shall the Mourner's sorrows cease,
The way-worn wanderer rest in peace,
The Widow'd heart forget to sigh,
And tears forsake the Orphan's eye?
In Heaven.

Where shall ingratitude's cold slight,
And falsehood's dark and withering blight,
That wring the heart and leave it lone,
Be all unreck'd of, and unknown?
In Heaven.

Where is that sweet and fragrant shore,
Where flow'rets bloom to fade no more,
Where clouds ne'er blot the vernal skies,
Where sound undying melodies?
In Heaven.

And where, oh! where, may the worn soul
Loosed from the frigid world's control,
Find its own glowing language known,
And echo'd back the Spirit's tone?
In Heaven.

THE CHILD AND THE HOURS.

(SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING AT THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY, ENTITLED "THE HOURS.")

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

CHILD.

Bright, beautiful hours
That herald in the morn,
Whence come ye to gild Earth's bow'rs,
When the dew-drop gems the thorn?

HOURS.

From the fairy caves
Where Thetis dwells we come;
Fathoms beneath the waves
Of ocean is our home.

CHILD.

Warm and sunny hours
That lead along the noon;
Why come ye, crown'd with flow'rs,
To pass away so soon?

HOURS.

All things pass away—
The soonest those most fair;
So will thy charms decay,
Thou child of beauty rare.

CHILD.

Bright, beautiful hours—
How bright each sunset brow!
To what far fairy bow'rs
Thus gaily speed ye now?

HOURS.

To the coral caves
Where nymphs of Ocean sport,
Fathoms beneath the waves
Where Neptune holds his court.

CHILD.

Kind and gentle hours,
Ere beameth to-morrow's light,
I'll strew your path with flow'rs—
Till then, sweet hours, good night!

HOURS.

Where *we* smile or weep,
Exists no poppy spell;
"The Hours" may never sleep—
Thy couch is spread, farewell!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

Oh! who can gaze upon this vast expanse
Of rolling waters, bold, majestic, free!
And not exclaim, (as on the billows dance),
"I am the free-born child of Liberty!"
Ours the proud form that never yet has felt
What 'twas to bow before our Nation's foe;
Ours the warm heart by Nature taught to melt,
And soothe not only friends' but strangers' woe!
Let Gallia boast her purer skies,
Her blooming vineyards and her ample woods;
Still dearer far a British heart must prize
Its Island home, the empress of the floods!

ANNETTE.

POETICAL LETTER.

VI.

BY MISS HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

You ask me for the latest news
To drown your melancholy,
I cannot your request refuse,
To do so were a folly;
But thought, just like a midnight thief
My perieranium plunders,
And strange to say there's nought to tell,
In this great world of wonders.

There's nothing sure but day and night,
There's nothing strange but reason,
And *once* November's dreary month
Is now quite out of season;
The papers shew no sad results
Of fatal love or passion,
And even suicides, my dear,
Are now quite out of fashion.

I wish I were that happy bird
That rules the feathered legions,
I'd gladly mount to fetch thee news
From out the starry regions;
Then would I search the love sick moon
Without the world's intrusion,
And silken reins place in thy hands
To guide its evolution.

But many *earthly* things I wish,
And fear will ne'er be granted,
And many heads have got no brains,
I find when most they're wanted,
And many thoughts have just rushed in
Now I must seal my letter,
So having told no news at last,
I'll sign myself your—

DEBTOR.

CHARADES.

I.

My FIRST in the alphabet is to be found;
Of my SECOND do lovers in plenty abound,
Yet oftimes it makes them act very absurd,
And by dozens they generally dwell in my THIRD;
My WHOLE is a place at which many once bled,
And about which fair Jessy has puzzled her head.

M. DONAGAN.

II.

My FIRST is enjoy'd round the fire when we sit;
My SECOND at dinner's a sort of tit-bit;
My WHOLE is in England the name of a town
Well known unto all being one of renown.

SYLVA.

III.

My FIRST is form'd when armies meet
Upon the battle plain;
My SECOND oft the ear doth greet,
And fills the heart with pain;
My WHOLE's a bard with laurels crown'd
Whose name shall be revered
While genius dwells on British ground,
With Hope our path he cheer'd.

ROBERT N.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE, Page 152.

Once on a time there liv'd a man, who was by trade a GLOVER,
And he the secret of his heart to the lady did discover;
"What shall I do," says he to her, "to prove myself a LOVER?"
"Just bang yourself, my Love," says she, and *your's* will then be OVER."

A. N.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 152.

Oh, may we each a FRIEND possess
In poverty and sadness,
In times of plenitude and wealth,
Likewise in joy and gladness.

JEAN.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

TWICE FOUR MAKE EIGHT.—The manager of a country theatre being asked to get up the play of "*Henry the Eighth*" said he could not do that, but he would play the two parts of "*King Henry the Fourth*," and that he supposed would amount to the same thing.

INSTINCT.—There is a feeling in nature, affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The deer will butt a sick or wounded buck from the herd. Hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him, and worry him. Fishes devour their own kind, when wounded with a spear, hook, &c. Cut a crow's wing, or break his leg, and the others will buffet it to death. By the same rule, let a man be going down hill, and every body will be disposed to give him a kick.

SCENE IN AN IRISH COURT.—An attorney, whose practice was confined to the crown or *half* crown business, delayed later than usual to obtain the necessary instructions from his clients, in so much, that he was obliged and allowed to accompany some of them into the dock, when the jailor being a bit of a wag, locked the legal adviser in with his accused clients. The court was about to sit, and the attorney perceiving his awkward situation, was precipitately effecting his retreat over the spikes, upon which he was caught just at the moment the Chief Justice Downes appeared at the side curtain of the bench, and espying the climbing agent, cried out, "Jailor! look to your prisoner." Attorney—"My Lord!" Chief Justice—"Jailor, I say, your prisoner." Attorney—"My Lord, I am an attorney." Chief Justice—"I'm sorry for it, I'm mighty sorry for it." Attorney—"My Lord, I am guilty of———." Chief Justice—"Don't commit yourself." Attorney—"There's no charge against me, my Lord." Chief Justice—"You'll be tried by your King and your country." Attorney—"I say, my Lord, I am not a prisoner; there's no indictment whatever." Chief Justice—"You'll be discharged then by proclamation." The convulsions of laughter was here so great and so general, that it was some time before an explanation could be effected.

THEATRICAL ORDERS.—Fred. Reynolds, in his Life, says, "During the run of my popular pieces, I think that I have on an average during my long dramatic career, sent into the theatres upwards of 15,000 persons *gratis;* and yet the only token of gratitude I ever received from this numerous body of *freemen*, was a short civil note from a pastry-cook's boy, in Dean-street, thanking me for his four admissions to the gallery, and requesting my acceptance of a *raspberry puff* and a little *pigeon pie*."

WILD OATS.—A grave senator objecting to the youth of the fourth Lord Falkland, as a member of the House of Commons, observed, that he looked as if he *had not sown his wild oats*. "Then," replied the Viscount, "I am come to the properest place, *where there are so many geese to pick them up*."

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

DIRECTIONS TO TAKE OFF A TIGHT RING.—Take a needle flat in the eye, with strong thread; pass the eye of the needle with care under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nails to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it from the finger. This never failing method will remove the ring without difficulty, however swollen the finger may be.

TO PREVENT BEER FROM BEING SOUR.—Suspend a knob of marble by a piece of tape from the bung-hole to near the bottom of the barrel, upon which, being pure carbonate of lime, the acid quality of the beer acts on its incipient formation; it consequently becomes neutralized, and thus is kept from turning hard or sour. In our experiment the marble was considerably eaten away, except where the tape encircled it, and the beer remained sound and fresh to the last drop.

TO IMITATE EGYPTIAN AZURE.—This beautiful pigment, which has preserved its brilliancy of tint for more than 1700 years may be easily and cheaply made. Fifteen parts of the carbonate of soda, with twenty of powdered opaque flints, and three of copper filing when strongly heated together for two hours, will produce a substance, which, when powdered, will be of a fine deep sky blue, and closely resemble the Egyptian azure in tint.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART IV., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* DECEMBER, *is now ready.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 22—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Dec. 14, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—Robe of lilac merino; the body is made plain and quite up to the throat, it fastens imperceptibly before. *Gigôt* sleeves. Apron of orange *gros de Naples*, covered with black figured *tulle*, and trimmed with a row of black lace set on full. The pockets are cut lengthwise, and trimmed with *tulle rûches*, and knots of

orange ribbon. The head-dress is formed of a foulard handkerchief, an orange ground, and border flowered in various colours; it is arranged in a creole turban displaying only the corners of the border. Cambric collar bordered with *Valenciennes* lace, surmounted by a light embroidery. Black net mittens. Green Morocco slippers.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Luxury and taste go hand in hand at present in every department of the toilette. Our records of Fashion amply attest the truth of this observation. We are now going to enter into some details of elegant morning dress, which will still more strongly illustrate it. The robe should be of the loose wrapping kind, worn over a cambric under dress. The form of the *peignoir*, (so it is called), is exactly what its name implies, quite a dressing-gown; it is made with a loose body, a large square collar and long sleeves, extremely wide, which may be either closed by a broad band, or left open at the bottom. Cashmere or foulard are the materials adopted by distinguished *élégantes* for these dresses, which we should observe are wadded, lined with rich sarsenet, and frequently made with velvet collars; in the latter case the waist ribbon is mostly of velvet to correspond. As the robe is always thrown back from the throat, the body of the under-dress must be quite high. We have seen some made with small close fitting collars beautifully worked, which had a very pretty effect. A black lace or velvet neck-knot is usually added. The cap, for no fair fashionable, however youthful, appears in dishabille without one, should be of the finest clear cambric or Indian muslin, lined with rose-coloured or orange gauze or taffeta; the caul fits nearly close to the head, the trimming of English point lace, partially turned back, is intermixed with knots of gauze ribbon of the colour of the lining. The slipper must be of *moire* or satin, wadded, and quilted in the prettiest possible style; fringed and trimmed before with knots or acorns of wrought silk to correspond. There is nothing in the dress of more importance than the slipper. The most elegant that we have yet seen were of violet satin, bound with narrow gold galoon, which was surmounted by an extremely narrow gold fringe. The front of the slipper was cut in three points, from each of which depended a small gold acorn. Nothing could be prettier, except the little foot of the young and lovely countess for whom they were destined. In giving, as we do, accounts of all that is splendid and novel in dress, we do not forget our pledge to such of our fair readers as wish to combine taste and economy; our next notice, and, perhaps, the following one, will be written for them.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XIV.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—Present, Miss Bluemantle, and Secretary.*

Come open the letters! to chat we've no time,
If we never meet worse while we legislate here,
Than errors in grammar, bad taste, and false rhyme,
We've no reason to grumble—that point's very clear.

Parody on 'Irish Melody.'

Miss Bluemantle. Well, Secretary, how fares the world with you? Come, open your budget, and favour us with its contents.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Here is the Tale, sent by G. W. BELTON, Lady President, which you promised to give an answer to when read.

Miss B. After an attentive perusal, we must say, it contains no incident whatever, and would have no interest for the general reader. We, therefore, decline it; the writer *can*, we suspect, do better.

Miss S. Lines to ——, by R. S.

Miss B. The same answer applies to this contribution, it has no interest for the general reader. We honour R. S.'s feelings as a HUSBAND and a man, they do him credit. But elogiums on WIVES do not tell well in poetry. Besides, though we have heard of the Loves of Cupid and Psyche, we never knew that the SOUL had a WIFE! as thus stated by R. S.

"Then bid me *every thing* forsake,
My home, my kindred, friends, or life,
I will renounce them for thy sake,
All but thyself—MY SOUL'S OWN WIFE!"

Miss S. Two Tales by YOUR ADMIRER S. J.

Miss B. Ah! coaxing creatures! we have so many "ADMIRERS," when they want an article inserted, but this "Admirer" pleases us, and is accepted.

Miss S. WAR AND RELIGION, by the author of the "Warrior's Song," accepted at our last meeting.

Miss B. We do not like *this* article so well, 'tis too long, and we do not *like it*. A woman's reason, which is all we can give—

"We do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason *why* we cannot tell,
But this we know—and know full well—
We do NOT like you, Doctor Fell."

Miss S. Lines by F., who says you are "quite welcome to insert them."

Miss B. Truly, we do not doubt it, but we shall, from the self-sufficient tone of the writer's note, beg to be at liberty to (we dare say F. will be surprised at our want of taste), REJECT THEM.

Miss S. The conclusion of the Tale "Il Maestro della Musica," by ROSSINA.

Miss B. We confess we are somewhat disappointed with the denouement, it does not realize the interest excited by the beginning, nevertheless the tale shall appear.

Miss S. Some very spirited lines "On Death," by A. M.

Miss B. There is an originality about these lines that pleases us much, though the subject is revolting, and some expressions used in the Poem particularly so. Death by the true Christian should not be contemplated as the companion of the grave, and the earth-worm, but in a far higher light, as the opening to a brighter state of existence, when the "mortal shall put on immortality," and the cares and disquietudes of Life's weary Pilgrimage shall have attained that "consummation devoutly to be wished." The lines shall, however, appear.

Miss S. "The Jewish Family" and "Polite Refusal," by THEODORE.

Miss B. The first shall have a place, the last we must *politely* decline.

Miss S. Answer to Charade and Letter, by JEAN.

Miss B. We repeat we should feel happy to increase the size and price of our little Work, if we thought ALL our subscribers would be equally pleased. If they will favour us with their opinions, the majority shall be acted upon.

Miss S. Letter from HELENE, explanatory of some objection raised to her contributions.

Miss B. We alluded to "Echo answers where," "A Midnight Thought," and "To my Lyre." HELENE's Sketch is accepted with pleasure.

Miss S. A Note and Enclosure from Miss C. MESSUM.

Miss B. We are delighted to see it; will our kind co-adjutor *always* address as she has done in this, it will reach us many days earlier; and if she will inform her friend JESSY of the same, it will be more to her advantage—where can we forward a private letter to these ladies?

Miss S. A letter from A. KYNE.

Miss B. We assure this correspondent he is mistaken; the reason we assigned for the non-insertion of his articles was the true one—their length. We respect him too much from early association with his muse in—

Those spring-tide hours,
That stamp'd the colour of our after years,

to treat him slightingly.

Miss S. Letter and Enclosure from E. P. T.

Miss B. The same argument applies to him, the great length of his Poems have hitherto kept them from our pages. The two now sent shall appear, and we will look over the article he writes of, if sent for our perusal. According to his request the Poem not used shall be returned, but in future we cannot undertake to *return rejected pieces*, and, therefore, request all our correspondents will keep copies of what they send us.

Miss S. I have no wish to interfere with the departments allotted to others of our sisterhood, but I cannot help mentioning to you, Lady President, an exquisite full-length oil-painting I have lately seen by that clever artist John

Wood, of the justly celebrated Miss L. H. SHERIDAN, 'tis nature's self. I believe it is intended for exhibition at the Academy next season, and, doubtless, it will win much praise for the fortunate artist, who has made so happy a hit.

Miss B. We will go and judge for ourselves, Scribblecum. WE have also seen a very exquisite water-colour sketch, too highly finished, indeed, to be so designated, of that female vocalist, Mrs. WAYLETT, in the character of *Papillion* in the "*Butterfly Beau*," by a young artist named Novello, and nothing can be more fortunate. We understand 'tis intended for an engraving, and it will be a valuable one, as none have yet appeared, bearing the slightest resemblance to the fair singer for whom they are intended.

Miss S. 'Tis whispered we are to look for one of yourself, Lady President, towards the Spring.

Miss B. Ah! we don't know; more unlikely things *have* happened, than an Editress sitting for her picture, though it is a trial of patience somewhat more than we can well bear. 'Tis growing late our task is ended, so let us adjourn.

THE DRAMA.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

We have again "'looked in" as *Paul Pry*, has it at this little theatre. Mr. Russell is more clear in annunciation, and much less confused in the delivery of his "*Recollections*," than on the first night we visited him. His "*Italian Duett*" is excellent, and Dibdin's beautiful ballad of "*True Courage*," was very effectively introduced. On the whole this entertainment improves upon repetition.

VICTORIA.

We witnessed the first representation of Bellini's "*La Somnambula*," at this theatre, under the English cognomen of "*The Village Phantom*." It was most warmly and favourably received. Miss E. Romer personated the heroine; we well remember having been present at Miss Kelly's first assumption of this by no means easy character, and must say its representative on the present occasion, came nearer to Miss Kelly's perfection, than we could possibly have expected from a vocalist, whose forte is never supposed to lie in scenic effect. We wish, however, Miss E. Romer would not make herself so *ghostly*, her deathly appearance is really that of a spectre, rather than of a lovely sleeping girl; it is almost disgusting, and, besides, untrue to nature; we have ourselves frequently witnessed instances of sleep-walking, but the person on no occasion has looked otherwise than as usual; the hue of life and health was on the cheek, and but for the fixed glare of the eyes, no change from waking was visible on the countenance. But we digress from the subject of the Drama. Of Miss E. Romer's songs the two best, decidedly, were that beginning "*Ah! direful Fate!*" and the finale "*Rejoice, Rejoice.*" The last of which equalled the celebrated "*Now with Grief no longer bending*," of Miss Paton. We like Miss Romer's voice, it has much sweetness as well as power, but her over-embellishments and cadences, not unfrequently destroy the effect of the melody, and ruin the intonation, rendering the words perfectly inaudible. In the simple "*Pray Goody*," which she sang in "*Midas*," in the after-part of the evening, and the introduced song of the "*Mountain Maid*," she appeared to far greater advantage, than in the more elaborate music of the Italian school. English ballads are decidedly this young lady's forte. We have before stated the Opera was well received, but, strange to say, though the injudicious custom of calling for the principal performer was complied with, and Miss Romer was led on the stage in her sleeping attire, by Mr. Forrester, both parties seemed so little *awake* to what they were called there for, that the Opera was not after all announced. However, the fair Phantom retired amid the cheers of a crowded house, and its complete success was of course understood. The scenery was pretty, and all the characters well sustained.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

I was young when thou wast on the earth,
  Then deemed thee passing fair,
A being of more lovely birth,
  Hath seldom settled there.
* * * * * *
Still sweetly cling my thoughts to thee,
  Bright thing of far off years,
And even now sad memory loves
  To gaze on thee through tears.

F. W. H. BAYLEY.

Gentle Ladies, it is an old veteran who has lost an arm in the service of his country, and who is ready to lose the other in yours, that presents himself before you now; lives there one who has more cause to be the champion of your sex, for he has experienced woman's tenderness, woman's generosity, and woman's fidelity. List to him, gentle ladies, and if the reminiscences of an aged, wounded warrior can interest you, they are at your service.

I have been a soldier from my earliest infancy; I scorned all other toys but drums, and fifes, and swords; listened to none other than martial music. My father was a warrior, and he influenced my youthful fancy with visions of future glory; my mother, too, was truly a soldier's wife, and loved to tell me tales of chivalry; I lived but upon the anticipation of the hour when I should join the votaries of war.

Yet believe me, gentle ladies, it was not that I possessed a heart insensible to the feelings of humanity, I thought not of my profession as one of slaughter, but viewed only the honours, the laurels which follow the course of victory.

I cared little for study, excepting that requisite for a military life, and while still a child in years, my father purchased me the long coveted commission. I joined the regiment and commenced my career of glory. Oh! what days of bliss were these to me! what nights of dreaming rapture!

Yet amidst all these novel and entrancing pleasures, I was not, fair ladies, unmoved by your attractions; the smile of beauty could draw me from the contemplation of feats of arms, and one there was whose smile was dearer than existence. She was the daughter of my Colonel, and seemingly a creature of etherial mould; young and bright as painters personify Hebe, for she looked as though her loveliness could never fade. I was not yet twenty, and youthful in appearance, yet I had the temerity to hope, though crowds were my competitors.

My regiment was ordered suddenly abroad, and I resolved to learn from her own lips my destiny ere I departed (for Imogen Fitzurban was no trifling prize to lose), I sought a private interview, obtained it, and heard those beautiful lips confess an attachment for another.

I left my country with joyfulness, for once Imogen had denied me her love, it seemed to lose all attraction. For some time I was even insensible to the pleasures of my profession, more especially as I soon afterwards learnt that she whom I still too fondly loved, was married, married to one of my companions in arms, a man almost double my age. I tried to reconcile my mind to the stroke, in the thought that she was happy, but difficult was the task, and it was long ere I regained my wonted cheerfulness.

Time and the duties of my station, at length restored me to myself, but the image of Imogen was still graven on my heart, and shut up all the avenues of love. I saw, admired, and esteemed many, perhaps of equal beauty, equal goodness, but their charms were powerless; I thought upon Imogen as the wife of another, yet could not forget the passion she had inspired.

Years rolled away, and heavy trials awaited me. I beheld my father fall by my side, and my mother soon followed him to the grave. It was in India, and I buried them beneath her burning skies. The loss of my parents I felt most acutely, I seemed left alone in the wide world, for, alas! the sunshine companions of the prosperous are but little when the heart is riven by sorrow; I longed to return to my native country; I had not visited it since I left it so

hastily, and I thought it would tend to heal my wounded spirit to again behold its shores.

Nearly seventeen years had elapsed since I had quitted them, and what changes had that seventeen years produced!

It was just at this time I received so severe a wound in my left arm, it was obliged to be amputated, and thus disabled, I fully determined upon a return to England, but the pleasures I had expected to experience, were fled; my friends were scattered or no more, and I seemed like a stranger in my native land.

I took up my residence in London, but soon wearied of its gaieties took a chaise for the town of Brighton, where I hoped to restore my health which was much improved, and enjoy the salubrity of the sea breezes. I engaged some comfortable apartments upon the Marine Parade, and threw myself upon a couch to consider in what way I should spend my time during my stay there.

I gazed upon the expanse of ocean before me, gleaming as it then was in the rays of the setting sun. Innumerable ships ploughed the tranquil waters, and the fishermen were mooring their boats upon the strand. It was the height of the season for Brighton, and the Parade was crowded with the fashionable and the gay. I sighed as I glanced upon the happy faces around me, and felt myself an isolated being.

"Why did you not marry," methinks I hear my fair readers exclaim. Ah! had I been less constant to my first love, I might perhaps have thought of it, for I truly felt that I wanted some gentle being to charm away my solitude, yet I could not suppose, at my age and with only one arm, I should be accepted.

At this moment the sound of a guitar met my ear, its chords were touched by a masterly hand, and the air was sweet and soothing; I listened with breathless attention, my spirit caught the contagion, and I, for the moment, forgot my loneliness and my misfortunes, and seemed lost in a dream of delicious happiness. The music ceased, and at this moment my landlady entered the apartment with the refreshing beverage of tea. I enquired from whence it proceeded.

"It is Miss Bellingdon playing upon her guitar," she answered.

"Miss Bellingdon?"

"Yes, Sir, Major Bellingdon's daughter."

"Major Bellingdon," I repeated, oh! what sensations did that name awaken for he was the husband of Imogen!

"Is his Lady here?" I enquired in breathless impatience.

"His Lady, alas! Sir, is no more."

"No more!" I wildly vociferated, rising from my chair as if to fly from the knowledge of the truth, then reseating myself, half ashamed of my impetuosity. I endeavoured to calm my feelings for the receipt of further information. I learnt that Mrs. Bellingdon had been dead more than a twelvemonth, but that the Major still grieved for her loss; it had affected his health, and he was now at Brighton in the hope of receiving benefit from its air. He was absent from home now, she said, but she would deliver to him the card I presented her with on his return.

My thoughts now took a different channel, yet were they less pleasing. I never hoped, nor even wished to see Imogen again, but to hear of her departure was a severe wound to my bosom, yet that her husband should actually feel her loss was a balm to me, for it evinced that he had loved, had prized her!

I spent a sleepless night, for Imogen occupied my thoughts. I recalled with the retentive memory of love, every look, every word of her's at our last interview. "Our next will be in heaven," I added, as I arose from my untouched breakfast.

A gentle tap at my door roused me, I opened it, and Major Bellingdon entered.

At the sight of him I felt almost overcome, I grasped his hand in silence. I had left the Major in the meridian of life, with a tall commanding form, capacious forehead, and features whose expansion evinced no common soul; how was he altered, his figure was bent, his hair grey, and his brow furrowed, he seemed but the wreck of his former self.

He began by expressing his pleasure in meeting an old friend so unexpectedly; perceiving my emotion, he (attributing it to the alteration I discovered in his appearance), observed, "I am strangely changed, Mansfield, but I have endured many trials since we last met. You knew my Imogen?" he added, enquiringly.

"Yes, I knew her as Miss Fitzurban," I faultered.

"Ah! her loss was the concluding stroke to my misfortunes," he resumed, "my heart can never cease to mourn for her; she was an angel and is so now," he added, raising his bent form, and glancing his eyes towards heaven.

"You have a daughter, Sir," I said, as I placed him a chair, and endeavoured as much as possible to conceal my own emotion.

"Oh! yes, and for that blessing I am grateful, she is my only surviving child of three, my Imogen gave me, and she is her mother's own image, an angel too."

"Ah! Sir," I returned, with a heavy sigh, "this is a world of trials, I have had mine, though I am a bachelor."

"It is," he responded, "but I have not been without my share of happiness; the society and love of my Imogen has been a source of felicity for fifteen years, and now my little Imogen is my all in all, yet," he added after a pause, "she causes me much anxiety, she is too tender, too sensitive to buffet with the storms of life; she is but a child in age, for sixteen summers have not yet shone upon her."

The description the Major gave of his daughter awakened a strong desire to be introduced to her, I expressed that desire, and the father most cheerfully promised to gratify it; she was absent now, he said, but in the evening, when they were always at home, he should be most happy to see me.

I strolled upon the beach to beguile the hours till the much wished for evening came. I was amusing myself by examining the shells and sea-weed, though my thoughts ever and anon wandered to other subjects, when my reverie was broken by a voice so near me that it made me start, it was a voice of exquisite melody, I looked up and beheld Imogen Bellingdon. Yes! I was sure it was her from the striking resemblance she bore to that form, too deeply graven on my mind to be erased.

She was leaning on the arm of an old soldier, evidently her father's servant, who was cautiously supporting her steps through the loose shingles and scattered pieces of rock; she was addressing herself to him, at the same time looking affectionately and gratefully in his face.

"She loved a soldier," she said, "her father was a soldier, her mother was a soldier's daughter, and she never saw a soldier, let his rank be what it would, without feeling inclined to love him."

"Ah! Miss Imogen," returned the old man, "I hope I shall one day see you a soldier's bride."

Miss Bellingdon answered, but her soft voice was no longer distinguishable.

I followed her with my eyes till she was lost in the distance.

An indefinable sensation agitated me, and visions of youth and passion floated in my fancy; I started at the suggestions of my heart, for I felt that evanescent glimpse those few sentences had made me the captive of Imogen Bellingdon.

But I trembled lest my attachment for the daughter should prove equally unfortunate as that for the mother, I considered my age, yet I was not *quite* forty, and but a year or two older than the Major when that mother gave him her hand; then I had lost an arm, still it was in the defence of my country, and the silver tones of Imogen, as she uttered her attachment for a soldier, again vibrated on my ears.

I early availed myself of the Major's invitation, and was formally introduced to his daughter. Had I before thought her beautiful and like the Imogen I had so long loved; now did she appear more so, now that her fairy form was not concealed beneath her walking habiliments.

Her figure was, however, somewhat shorter and slighter than her mother's, and there was a softer expression in her dark hazel eye; it was, perhaps, less brilliant, but more penetrating. Imogen Bellingdon, too, was more youthful and less confident in her manners; the mother had been early initiated into the etiquette of the fashionable world; the daughter was a perfect novice, the child of nature and retirement.

"You perceive a resemblance, Mr. Mansfield?" cried the Major, as he perceived my eyes intently fixed upon the form of Imogen.

"A striking one," I answered.

"I am told I am like my mother," she said timidly, and indeed it is my most earnest wish to more nearly resemble her."

"You resemble her in sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart as well as in features," cried the Major, and he cast upon his daughter a look of ineffable affection.

"Oh! would that I did," she murmured as she wiped a starting tear from her eye.

* * * * * *

I became the daily, nay almost the constant guest of Major Bellingdon. The society of the old gentleman was pleasing to me, but his daughter's presence was necessary to my happiness, I paid her the most marked attentions, but she seemed to look upon me only as her father's friend; sometimes I thought she treated me almost *as* a father. It was evident she did not understand those attentions to be prompted by love, I trembled for my suit, yet was resolved to persevere. If she walked with the Major, I was on the other side to aid and support her steps; if she played upon her guitar, I was her delighted auditor; I told her how its tones had entranced me ere I beheld the fair musician. "It was," I said "a foretaste of the pleasure I was to experience from her society; I sometimes read to her when her father's profession called him from home, or related to her some tale of heroism; I often mentioned her mother, and then she listened with the deepest interest to every word. "She was happy," she said, "that I knew her, she loved to converse with those who had known her and loved her."

"Ah! Imogen," I said one day when she had made a similar observation, "none but this heart knows—and that I am unmarried at eight-and-thirty bears testimony—how much I loved that mother!"

I was wrought upon to this confession by the excitement I felt from the conversation which had preceded.

Imogen started, and the colour forsook her cheek.

"And," I continued, with increased earnestness, "might I but be permitted to transfer that affection to her equally lovely, equally amiable daughter, how happy, supremely happy should I be!"

A bright crimson flush mounted to her but late pale cheek as I spoke, she seemed to almost doubt the evidence of her senses, and was incapable of answering.

"I am presumptuous," I resumed, "in daring to ask such an inestimable privilege; but, oh! Imogen," I added, "loveliest Imogen, if 'you knew the feelings of my lacerated heart, your gentle nature, I know, would pity me—you do not answer me," I cried, "your silence tortures me."

So overwhelmed was she by surprise, that she was really unable to reply, I took her trembling hand within mine, "I had but one," I said, "to offer, the other had been devoted to my country, yet this one," I added, "shall protect you, dearest Imogen, if you will grant it that blest privilege, and my heart is wholly, undividedly your's, the affection I felt for your mother centres in you, for you are still a part of the Imogen I loved with such youthful fervour!"

Here the trembling girl first found utterance, she murmured something about unworthiness, and gratitude, of her esteem and veneration of my character, "but," she added, "she had never thought of love, she was but a child, and—and—" she stopped, and hastily withdrawing her hand from my grasp, begged me to excuse her departure.

I implored her not to leave me without one gleam of hope, but she appeared so distressed I had not courage to detain her longer, and she fled from the room.

I sought her father, and made him acquainted with what had passed, my passion for his daughter I could not doubt he must already have observed.

The Major grasped my hand with fervour, and assured me there was not a man on earth to whom he would so willingly consign his Imogen as myself, "but," he said, "I was about to inform you my presence is required in London, and I must leave this town immediately; seek not," he added, "to see Imogen again, leave your suit in my hands, and all will yet be well."

Hard was the trial, but I followed the Major's advice, the young, the lovely, the attractive Imogen has since bestowed on the one-armed soldier of eight and thirty her hand; she has since been the sweet companion of my days, a heightener to my happiness, and a sweet consoler in my affliction, and ever have I had cause to bless the hour when the thrilling tones of her guitar entranced my ear, as her beloved form has since entranced my heart.

THE SELECTOR.

MONASTIC MEMORIALS.

[From Miss Pardoe's Traits and Traditions of Portugal.]

(Continued from page 166.)

At four o'clock the Prior led the way to table; which, as a piece of gallantry to me, was spread in the Hall of Kings: the gentlemen having dined on the previous day in an apartment opening on the upper cloisters. The *Sala dos Reis* is a large square building intersected by pillars, and surrounded by brackets of black marble, on which stands statues of the ancient sovereigns of Portugal, coloured to the life; the brackets are seven-and-twenty in number: and nineteen of the figures are perfect; those of John IV. and Henry I. are in a sad state of dilapidation, having been struck by a thunder-bolt, which, strange to say, did no other injury. Six of the brackets are yet untenanted. The Royal arms are finely emblazoned on the ceiling; and at the upper end of the hall is an arched recess containing three figures; they are those of the Pope and Saint Barnard, crowning Alfonse Henriques; and beneath the groupe, lettered in blue on Dutch tiles, is a lengthy inscription in Latin, on the subject of the foundation of Alcobaço; and the vow of the King, signed by himself and those of his court who were its witnesses. This singular inscription bears date May the 4th, 1142.

Round the Hall is depicted the traditional history of this splendid edifice, in blue and white Dutch tiles; which is curious enough to be worthy of detail.

The first pannel represents the King Dom Alfonso on his knees on the summit of the *Sierra D'Albardos*, vowing to GOD as much land in the direction of the sea as was visible to his naked eye, for the erection and support of an Abbey, if he would concede to his prayers the conquest of *Santarem*, which he was about to undertake with two hundred and fifty of his soldiery against four thousand Moors. Dom Pedro, and a band of armed warriors are witnessing the vow. Saint Barnard is to be the intercessor between his GOD and himself: and the abbey to be founded is one of Barnardine monks.

The second section presents the kneeling figure of the Saint at the head of his community, imploring this boon of the Almighty for the benefit of his order.

The third pourtrays the arrival of a nobleman and five monks at Coimbra, delivering to the King the answer of Saint Barnard; he is in the act of exclaiming: "*Quod diximus ex eadem.*"

The fourth pannel depicts the battle of *Santarem*, and the victory of Alfonso.

The fifth represents the Saint *on the evening of the battle*, informing his community of the success of their prayers; and giving thanks to GOD for the happy issue of the siege.

The sixth embodies the receipt of the King's letter by the Saint, at *Caraval;* who is looking stedfastly towards the messenger, as he informs him that he already knows the contents of the regal missive; and presenting to him a ground-plan of the abbey which he wishes to be erected, to deliver to the King.

The seventh represents the arrival of Alfonso and five Bernardine monks on the spot where the monastery now stands; where they find a company of angels already marking out the boundary lines of the building.*

* Perhaps any thing more thoroughly anti-sublime than the detail of this picture cannot well be conceived. Four angels, considerably *embonpoint*, with very thick legs, hard at work. One with a two-foot rule, a second with a square, a third with a line and a plummet, and a fourth with a spade. I remember another of equally matter-of-fact delineation in a cathedral on the Continent;

The eighth and last pourtrays the King in the pious act of laying the first stone.

Such is the legend of the Bernardine monastery of Alcobaça, and the story is fancifully imagined, if not implicitly credited. Through the same holy interest, (doubtlessly in return for his splendid gift to the Order), Alfonso Henriques eventually conquered twenty thousand Moors with five thousand Portuguese! This at least, was as it should be.

On entering the royal dining-hall, the Prior, with somewhat more than monastic courtesy, led me to the head of the table, and placed himself on my left hand; the rest of the party seated themselves according to their inclination at the sides; leaving the foot of the table vacant for some of the monks, who entered the room at intervals, in order to see us eat, which is considered a great courtesy among the Portuguese. One of the fraternity carved, and was the only individual of the community who partook of the meal, the others having previously paid their *devoirs* to the good things of the monastery in their own refectory.

My first acquaintance, the young monk whom I had seen through the grating, was among the earliest of our visitors; and he had made his *toilette* with as much care as a town belle. The dark curls clustered, if not more richly, certainly more gracefully than ever, round his high forehead; the shirt-collar was thrown further back, the folds of the robe fell more classically from beneath the black girdle; and there was a suppressed smile of conscious beauty playing about his lips, which was rather anti-monastic. We had scarcely commenced dinner, when the monk who did the honours of the table rose, and drank my health; an example which was instantly followed by all the community who were present. In fact, if they really had originally felt any distaste to my admission into the monastery, like the horror of Saint Senanus at "female footsteps" on his "sacred isle," it was of very short duration.

From the Hall of Kings we returned into the chapel; when expressing a wish to hear the effect of their magnificent organ, the Prior immediately dispatched one of the younger monks for the key. I had not been long in the organ-gallery when it was completely filled. Old and young—though it must be confessed that the latter greatly predominated; all the community appeared anxious to see and converse with an Englishwoman.

The monk who officiated as organist played for a considerable time, and in a very masterly manner. He commenced with some fine anthems, but finally digressed to waltzes and minuets, and the Overture to Semiramide. As they were very desirous that I should take his place at the instrument, I complied, and played the most appropriate music (as I thought) which I could remember at the time, but they had little taste for Adeste Fideles, or the Dead March in Saul, and insisted on some "English dances." I accordingly perpetrated "Captain Wyke," and "Drops of Brandy," both of which delighted them exceedingly. They then urged me to sing a song, and when I had done so, as well as my inclination to merriment would permit, they requested me to let them see me dance—this was too much, and I laughed outright! I told them that there were two things in which I *could not* dance, a church, and a riding-habit. They shrugged up their shoulders at the first objection, but admitted the reason of the second. With my dress they were greatly amused; and several of them requested permission to *touch* my hair! They could not recover their astonishment when they discovered that I could read and write, and even sketch: and paid me endless compliments on my wonderful erudition! I never saw a community with less affectation; they spoke of the wealth of their monastery without turning up the whites of their eyes, and calling it dross, as is usually the case with the monks. They kept a princely table, and drank fine wine, and they readily acknowledged that they appreciated both the one and the other. One of the brotherhood was an immense man: he was obliged to pass through some of the doors sideways. He might have played Falstaff without stuffing; or have been exhibited as the embodyment of *un jour gras*.

The number of monks in this monastery, before the Peninsular war, was one hundred and sixty; at the period of our visit they were reduced to fifty; two-thirds of whom were under thirty years of age; and while I am now writing, (1833) the number is diminished to twenty-seven: the remainder of the brotherhood having exchanged the *coroa* for the schako, and the serge gown for the scarlet uniform, and enrolled themselves under the banners of Donna Maria the Second.

From the Chapter, we proceeded to the Library; the highest boast and beauty of the establishment. This splendid room extends along the whole garden front of the building, and is lighted by nine noble windows. The roof, the walls, the galleries, the bookcases, all are conceived and executed with a taste and elegance which lose much, very much, by description. The centre of the ceiling has for its subject Saint Barnard in his study; the figure of the Saint raised in dead white, upon a ground work varying from the faintest yellow to the palest pink.

I confess myself to have been heretic enough to wish most heartily to dislodge the Saint, he was in such wretched keeping with the rest of the apartment. Every thing looked bright and sunny: the windows formed recesses, and these were exquisitely painted by an Italian artist; his rich fancy had revelled in the visions of his own beautiful land, and here he had embodied them. Flowers, and fruits, and streams, and trees, all that nature boasts of light and loveliness, had grown beneath his hand —it was a spot in which to muse over Metastasio—to smile with Spencer—and to coquet with the muse of the graceful Surry. What had the tonsured Saint to do in such company?

The floor of the Library is of Mosaic marble, and the gallery, which extends round the apartment, is chastely and beautifully ornamented. Among the books which were particularly pointed out to us were a "Latin Bible" with plates, in four volumes, with views on the gilding of the leaves, presented to the monastery by the Duke of Northumberland; "Mickle's Translation of the Lusiad;" an offering from Henrietta Frances O'Neill.* "Westminster Abbey and Monuments," the gift of Mr. Canning; and several other works presented to the Community by English visitors, of which they appear to be particularly proud. In each recess of the apartment stand a chair and a table, for the purposes of study; and in the centre of the floor are two large tables covered with maps and charts.

At the upper end of this princely apartment a door opens into a smaller one, for the convenience of those who wish their studies to be more private than would be possible in the Library, to which all the community have free ingress: and here we looked over some fine engravings and curious manuscripts. Over the door of entrance is a small slab, on which is inscribed: *Viam sapientiæ monstrabo tibi.*

(To be continued in our next.)

Good Taste.—Augustus of Saxony, who was elected King of Poland, was a great debauchée, with an old woman's taste for money and porcelain. He gave Frederick William of Prussia, one of his most dangerous neighbours, says Mr. Fletcher, his finest regiment of Dragoons in exchange for twelve vases. It was this same high-minded Augustus, that, by way of making delicate love to a woman, snapped a horse-shoe on the table before her with his fingers. He wished her to see that he was as worthy to be beloved as a baboon.

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where, in a painting of "Christ giving sight to the blind," our Lord is in the act of placing a pair of old fashioned spectacles on the nose of a figure which kneels before him.

* On seeing this volume, I became convinced that I was not even the first *English* woman who had gained admittance at Alcobaça, as I presume that Miss O'Neill presented her own gift.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WITCHES.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Merrily, merrily, dance we round
The cauldron's brink, with frisk and bound;
Merrily, merrily, weave the spell—
Sister Sprites! the chorus swell!
Midnight darkens brake and dingle—
'Tis the hour to mix and mingle
CONSTANCY from BEAUTY's sighs,
TRUTH from LOVER's roving eyes!
SILENCE from an OLD MAID's tongue
When scandal's noisy 'larum's rung!
Merrily, merrily, dance we now
Round the cauldron's bub'ling brow!

Moonlight gleams o'er brake and dingle,
Sister Spirits! mix and mingle
Friendship from a COURTIER's smiles,
Honesty from LAWYER's wiles;
Conscience from a DOCTOR's fingers,
Where his Patient's last fee lingers;
Gold, the MISER's hoarded curse,
From the ruined SPENDTHRIFT's purse;
Blushes from a MODERN FAIR,
Sorrow from th' expecting HEIR,
Midnight curtains vale and dell,
Sister Spirits! weave the spell!

Midnight broods o'er vale and mountain,
Shading river, lake, and fountain;
In the mystic cauldron throw—
Fire from VESTAL's breast of snow,
Modesty from WIDOW's weeds,
Glory when a Soldier bleeds,
Meekness from a Bishop's lawn,
Peace when Wedlock's curtain's drawn,
Gravity from Childhood's cheek,
Where the laughing Graces speak;
Work we these till break of day,
Then "the charm's wound up"—away!!!

THE DYING INDIAN.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Oh! hear me hence to that sunny land,
Where my Boyhood's footsteps wander'd;
Ere my spirit seeks the unknown strand,
And my ebbing strength is squander'd!
Oh! bear me back to my Father's home,
And the spot where my Mother nurs'd me;
Ere the white man's riches lur'd to roam,
And his golden visions curst me!

Let me die! let me die! on Indian soil,
By the Ganges' flowing river,
Where my dark-brow'd mates for the Elk deer toil
With the Hunter's bow and quiver!

There, raise the stones of my fun'ral pile,
While the red flame around is burning;
And the Gods of our land shall look down and smile
On the Son to their arms returning!

Oh! bear me back from this cheerless clime,
Where the pale-cheeked stranger brought me;
To the spicy groves of the Palm and Lime,
Where the faithless white man sought me!
There, 'neath the Plantain waving high,
With its leaves in the moonlight shining,
Lay the home-sick wand'rer down to die,
In the land for which he's pining!

SONG.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Hark, love! the lonely Nightingale
Carols his plaintive lay,
It echoes through the the Flow'ry Vale,
Then slowly dies away.

The lowing Kine have gone to rest,
The Wand'rer's reach'd his home;
The Sun has sunk into the West,
And now's the hour to roam.

The Glow-worm, (gem of murky night),
Is wand'ring o'er the plain;
And shedding round its lucid light,
To welcome us again.

The Moon is shining in the sky,
The Stars begin to peep;
So come, my Love, and we will hie,
Where gentle Zephyrs sweep.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING MISS E. PATON, IN THE CHARACTER OF SUSANNA IN "THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO."

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

A wreath of jas'mine binds her hair,
Bright smiles are on her sunny brow,
And thoughts of gladness linger there,
To make her seem more lovely now;
I gaze upon her sylph-like form,
Her mild blue eyes that softly shine;
But, oh! it were a wild, wild dream,
To wish so sweet a fairy mine.

She parts her ruby lips to sing,
And ev'ry bosom there throbs high;
They deem'd not any mortal thing
Could wake so soft a melody;
I never dream'd so young a flow'r
Could amid summer roses shine,
But, oh! it were a wild, wild dream,
To wish so sweet a fairy mine.

POOR MR. BROOKS!

Oh! who do you think's in the parlour below?
Do guess, dear mamma, if you can,
His visit is certainly mal à propos,
But what *can* you expect from the man;
I just caught a glimpse of him as I passed by
The front window, but instantly fled;
I won't have a man with a cast in his eye,
Or with whiskers so horribly red.

It ill becomes you to judge men by their looks,
Pray don't be so conceited, Miss Ann;
I tell you, mamma, I can't like Mr. BROOKS,
Therefore why must I marry the man?
And, oh! had you seen when I walk'd with St. Clair,
What my rivals expressed by their looks,
Had you heard them exclaim, "oh! what a sweet pair,"
You'd not ask me to wed Mr. BROOKS.

There's thousands far better, there's Captain Beauclerc,
Such an exquisite, almost divine;
There's Mr. Montgom'ry of Clarendon Square,
With a little manœuvering he's mine;
I hate Mr. BROOKS, I don't want his estate,
And as for his wealth and his carriage,
I don't doubt I shall meet (before 'tis too late),
With a far better offer of marriage.

SYLVA.

A MOONLIGHT THOUGHT.

BY MRS. FORBES.

Oh! 'tis in moonlight's tranquil hour,
That Fancy roams in her ideal flight,
That elevating thoughts unite their power,
To wing her course to realms of purest light.

Who can those planetary orbs survey,
And not suppose, teem they indeed with life!
Have their inhabitants a night and day!
Know they the toils of anguish, care, and strife?

Or purest offspring of Omniscient care,
Whom they have only known to serve in love—
Beams not his presence more immediate there,
Where one bright union their devotion prove.

Might not a glance into that Heavenly sphere,
Suppress the tide of unavailing grief,
And chase away the wretched mourner's tear,
That flowed to yield his sorrowing heart relief?

Scarce can my finite vision bear to dream
Of many a friend who there would meet my gaze,
Employed with angels in one sacred theme,
Their well-known accents raised in prayer and praise.

Can man deny that each celestial orb
Forms not a haven to the pardoned soul?
How doth the vista all my thoughts absorb,
What grand obscurity pervades the whole.

Yet while presumptive fancy dares to roam
Amid those systems all refulgent bright,
Reflection whispers this is not thy home,
Atoning mercy fits thee for the sight.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

O'er the dark waters she sent it to float,
And mutely she watches her fairy boat,
For its tiny spark on the foaming sea,
The light of hope to her heart shall be;
Bright be its path o'er the stormy main,
And the bark of her lover may greet her again;
He left her side when the summer flower
Welcomed the Nightingale's song in her bower;
The morning beamed with rosy light,
For love was young, and hope was bright,
When his white sail gilded in glittering pride,
Like a bright cloud shadowing the azure tide;
But now sadly she hails the morning ray,
When its red beam chases the mists away,
For the blasts of Autumn have blighted the flower,
And hushed is the Nightingale's song in her bower,
While nightly she lingers along the dark shore,
For her lover still wanders the wild waves o'er.

ANNETTE.

ENIGMA.

Without sight, without sound, without feeling, or sense,
I have stalked since the world first began,
And when seen at a distance my figure's immense,
Yet I make but the half of a man;
No fickle admirer of beauty or fame,
No worldling of fortune am I;
For the King and the Beggar command me the same,
And where I attach, there I die;
If by chance you should cast but your eye on the sea,
I am staring you full in the face;
I neither eat, drink, or sleep, yet I'm brisk as a bee.
Now decide on my comical race.

HENRY V.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE, Page 152.

One cold frosty morning, Jane went to her GLOVER,
For a pair of white kids to present to her LOVER;
With delight, on returning, she heard him play OVER,
"Where hast thou been roaming?" (the music by GLOVER.)

JEAN.

DELICATE SATIRE.—Lady Jane C—— once gave a masquerade ball, but no supper. A wag dressed himself as a miserable half-starved object, and stood still in a corner of the room; on being questioned by the characters as to who he was? his only reply to their interrogatories was "*I am Lady Jane's supper.*"

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador, convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles; and swallows, according to Spallangan, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta 24 hours after the departure of Henry IV. from Fontainbleau; if true, this bird must have flown for 24 hours at the rate of 57 miles an hour, not allowing time to rest a moment during the whole time.

DOMESTIC ELEPHANT.—An elephant in a state of irritation, had slain his keeper by a blow. The moment he saw the poor man did not move, he stopped suddenly, seemed concerned, looked at him with an eye of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He then ran to the place whence he had broken loose, in front of which lay a little girl about two years old, the daughter of the unfortunate keeper. He took the child from the ground, caressed and fondled it for some time, and then replaced some clothes which had fallen off. After this, he stood over the child with his eyes fixed upon it; "and if," says the narrator,, "I did not see the penitential tear steal from his eye, I never saw it in my life." He then submitted to be chained, and stood motionless and dejected as if sensible he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more sensible as he stood and gazed on the fatherless babe. From this time the animal was quiet, and he always seemed delighted when the little orphan was in sight. Many persons went to see the noble creature fondling his adopted, but there was a visible alteration in his health, he fell away, and died at Cawnpore six months after.

BOOK-MAKING.—The following twenty-two occupations are engaged to produce a single book. The author, the designer, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the type-founder, the press-maker, the ink-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the reader, the compositor, the press-man, the gatherer, the folder, the stitcher, the leather-seller, the binder, the copper-smith, the engraver, the copperplate-printer, and the bookseller.

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.—Handel, whose appetite was far beyond that of ordinary mortals, used always to order his dinner for *two*. Being one day unusually hungry, he extended the order to *three*, and coming into the tavern at the appointed time, enquired, if all was ready? He was told that it was, and that the dinner would be brought up as soon as the company arrived. "*Den bring it up*," said the great composer, "I am *de gombany*."

COTTON THE POET.—There is an anecdote told of Charles Cotton, the burlesque poet, which seems to shew that his vein of humour could not restrain itself on any consideration. It appears that in consequence of a single couplet in his "*Virgil Travestie*," in which he has made mention of a particular kind of ruff worn by a grandmother of his, who lived in the Peak, he lost an estate of £400 per annum. The old lady whose humour and testy disposition he could by no means have been a stranger to, was never able to forgive the liberty he had taken with her; and having her fortune wholly at her own disposal, although she had previously made him her sole heir, she altered her will, and gave away the whole estate to an absolute stranger.

ANECDOTE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES AND THOMAS DAY.—One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," (said Mr. Day, with coolness), "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior Being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you, as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'kill that lawyer; kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

COLOUR OF THE EYE.—That the colour of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be proved, and those whose eyes are brown or dark-coloured, should be informed, that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes, than grey or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are *cæteris paribus*, generally the most powerful, and next to these are grey. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eyes can sustain.

PHYSIC A FARCE.—"Why, my dear doctor," said a convalescent patient, "it appears to me that physic is a mere *farce*." "True," replied the humorous doctor, "a *direct farce*, for it is the *last act* before the curtain drops.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART IV., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* DECEMBER, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 23—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Dec. 21, 1833.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—The robe is composed of *mousseline de lain.* A dark brown ground, printed in bouquets of full blown roses with their foliage. The body is made high and plain, with *gigôt* sleeves of the usual extraordinary size. Figured velvet pelerine. Mantelet deep and rounded behind, forming stomacher, but with long scarf ends

front; it is lined with rose-coloured sarsenet, and trimmed with black real lace, set on with moderate fulness, except at the throat, where it forms a full *rûche*, fastened by a neck-knot of rose-coloured satin ribbon. Rose-coloured satin bonnet, a jockey crown, and moderate sized brim, round and short at the ears; the bonnet is entirely covered with black *tulle* figured in a small pattern. A knot of black and rose-coloured gauze ribbons, and blond lace *mentennières* made in the mob style, trims the inside of the brim. The crown is decorated with bands and knots of ribbon, and two rose-coloured ostrich feathers. *Bottines* of rich brown *reps* tipped with black velvet. White kid gloves. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Morning Dress.—In pursuance of the promise made in our last number, we hasten to present our fair readers with some account of, and observations on the present style of morning dress among the middle class. Chintzes printed in foulard patterns offer from their cheapness a great temptation to purchasers, and accordingly a great many are made up. We by no means recommend them, they are decidedly abandoned by ladies of good taste, and the patterns are so extremely glaring, that they look at once shewy and unfashionable. The same may be said to a certain degree, of shawl pattern dresses, though those of a very small kind in sober colours, have a neat and not absolutely unfashionable appearance; but in our opinion, the material at once most appropriate and genteel is plain merino. Dark green, rich brown, and dark puce are fashionable colours, and as a good housewife would say, will wear for ever. The dress must be made with a very wide skirt, on that point fashion is imperative; the body may be made quite up to the throat, or only a three-quarter height, according to the pleasure of the wearer. Some are quite plain, others ornamented with folds across the front, but the back must be plain. We have seen some merino dresses with sleeves made very wide, nearly to the wrist, but the fulness was confined by a very deep cuff; these sleeves though fashionable, do not look so well in this material as those of the Amadis kind, which are still considered genteel. Aprons are very generally adopted, and we need not observe to our fair readers, that there are a great many of a very shewy kind, such as the Swiss chintzes, merinos with printed borders, and silk ones edged with rouleaus of a different colour; not such should be the apron of our choice: no, one of plain black silk, with the pockets in the lining: we mean, cut in the manner of our print for the fourteenth of December. A light embroidery in silk braiding, or a row of narrow black lace, gives a neat finish to an apron of this kind. A cambric *chemisette* with a falling collar, or a full frill round the throat is indispensible; the age of the wearer ought to determine which of the two she would adopt, for though the youngest *belle* might wear either, a middle aged one (there are no old women) would certainly look better in the latter. The collar must have a trimming of some kind, either an embroidery round the border, or a narrow lace. A cravat may—— but here we are at the very end of our limits. Patience, fair readers, till next week.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XV.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber. — All the Council assembled.*

Miss Bluemantle. Let us first examine the letters, Secretary, and then we will hear what our sister counsellors have to communicate to us.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Letter and enclosure from Sylva.

Miss B. Sylva is thanked, her morceaus shall appear.

Miss S. Answers to Charades, &c., by Jean.

Miss B. Jean also is thanked and accepted.

Miss S. Lines written on the blank leaf of Don Juan, by Fitzroy L.

Miss B. Quite unsuited to our pages, they are neither rhyme or reason.

Miss S. Answers, &c., by A. N.

Miss B. Accepted. We have two correspondents who sign themselves A. N., we wish they would make some distinction by which we may know the one from the other.

Miss S. Henry V.

Miss B. We fear all those Charades have been already answered, but if not *his* solution shall appear.

Miss S. Lines by Henry Davy.

Miss B. Davy the second, we have one already, this is not inferior to his namesake, and shall appear in our pages.

Miss S. Charades, &c. by G. C.

Miss B. In due time they shall be used.

Miss S. A Tale, "La Jalousie," by Eugenie.

Miss B. Accepted, if the writer is in no hurry.

Miss S. A Packet from Annette.

Miss B. Annette will see we have made use of her kindness.

Miss S. Enclosures from Melissa.

Miss B. Our fair *neighbour* is thanked, we conclude she *is* a neighbour by the post mark. Well, now fair sisters, how fare the Graces of Music, Literature, and Fashion, of which ye are handmaids?

Mrs. Bloomer. Oh! they are flourishing, Lady President, so far at least as my department, Literature, is concerned. But your arrangement of a Selector every week, has sadly curtailed me of my share in the council, and I have many volumes on my table, which not being fitting works to supply that department of your magazine, remain longer unnoticed than they would have done under the old regulation. I wish to draw your attention to this little Work I hold in my hand, designated "The City Magazine." It is a monthly bark, recently launched on the great tide of Literature, and one which I think will float gently down the tide with favouring breezes to swell its sails, at least if merit commands success. The present number for December, contains some well written articles from pens of no minor importance, and tales and sketches of general interest, contributed by persons of talent in the different branches for which they write.

Miss B. It seems a very nice work, A shilling Monthly Magazine, containing articles of general interest, conducted on fair principles, has long been wanting in the metropolis. This undertaking has our best wishes.

Miss Harmonica. May I be allowed to play over this MS. Song, written and composed by your correspondent, Miss Skynner, Lady President? It is entitled the "Holly Bough," and I think you will agree with me, it is as sweet a Ballad for an amateur as you ever heard. *(Miss H. here plays the Song in question.)*

Miss B. A most appropriate title for a winter song, and the composition does our fair correspondent high credit. We shall hope soon to see it in print.

Miss H. You will do so by Christmas.

Miss B. Then we prognosticate the "Holly bough" will often be an accompaniment to the ceremonies of the Misletoe Branch.

Miss H. Apropos, speaking of music, I was at a party at a literary friend's the other evening, where I had the pleasure of hearing *Mr. Pelzer* the celebrated professor of the Guitar. Nothing can exceed his performance of the Polish March; it displays the power of which the instrument. is capable, beyond any thing I could have conceived—and quite (in his hands) rivals the harp in the effects produced.

Miss Blue. Oh! the guitar is an instrument in able hands, capable of better things than a mere accompanyment to a song, for which the English have hitherto only fancied it fitting!

Mrs. Modish. Well really, ladies, I regret that our department of the "Fashions" leaves me nothing to say when we meet in council; you must depute me Reporter General to the Christmas Pantomimes, and make me the Patroness of Folly, with her cap and bells, instead of President of Les Modes, with a French Coiffure.

Miss B. Well, Modish, we'll see for some employment worthy the Goddess of Plumes and Flounces, as we do not wish any of our fair sisterhood to complain with Othello, "their occupation's gone!" Come, we will consider the matter over our cups—of Tea.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

DEATH'S OWN, OR THE GIFTED-ONE.

BY MISS C. MESSUM.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Nichten Shläfen inhabited a lovely cottage on the borders of the Hartz forest. He was, or ought to have been, a very happy man, for he had the quietest wife, the most lovely daughter, and the bravest sons for many a league round.

Nichten Shläfen was a pretty good husband, that is as much as to say he never threw the plates at his wife if the dinner did not please him; he bought her a new ribbon every year, and earned twice as much at wood cutting as any of his neighbours. Nichten was a very silent person. Directly after taking his breakfast he would shoulder his implements for wood-cutting, and without even a "guten morgen" to his wife, be off to the forest. In the evening instead of coming home with a "song in his mouth," like the other peasants, Nichten's eyes were fixed on the heavens; if they chanced to be clear and the galaxy pretty plain, then one might perceive his eyes flash with intense interest. On such nights as these he was off to the hills all tired as he was, and no one must expect to see him home, until the stars had disappeared one by one, and the melancholy spirit-like grey of morning had come upon the earth. But I have said enough of Nichter Shläfen, I would speak about his daughter now. As for Marcus and Mattias, his sons, they were like most other young Germans, tall, good-looking fellows, with fine moustachios, romantically true to their "chosen ones," sang sweet songs to them, leaped the dizzy crags with astonishing courage, and were most accomplished chamois hunters. Their sister Adel was a singularly lovely and gifted creature, every one liked her because she was good; even the women overlooked her beauty, and spoke well of her; it is true she had not taken away any of their beaux, or committed any other of those vagaries that pretty girls sometimes do, so that they could not take much credit to themselves for loving her. Adel was not tall, but she was a delicate little creature; her arms were round, her waist was round, her shoulders were graceful, and all over her figure there was such a fairy-like charm, that she seemed like a star come down, and hovering over an illuminated city, so different was her beauty to the other peasant girls. Adel had her father's fondness for the starry heavens; when quite a child she has often said to her mother, "What can those little suns be like when you come close to them? shall I know when I die? I think I could die now if sure to roam about in that beautiful blue house, mother, with the stars all shining about me. I will try to be good, and then I shall see that sweet Heaven; will you take me to the mountains to-night? I know it will be moonlight, mother; the moon rises at seven. I do so like to stand still and hear the dew go 'drip, drip,' and the little bird singing its last song, and the deep water murmuring as if it were not *contented* there, and the wind moaning down in the forest, and seeming so lively just near us; these things have no life, mother, but they let us know when they are near; they even speak, do they not? and their language is so melancholy, it creeps into my heart, and makes me cry; but the tears do not *feel* the same as when you scold me. What makes this sweet night-music, mother?"

One day, when Adel was about thirteen, she wandered into the forest, and did not return till long after sunset. From this time she was more silent and melancholy than ever. She told her mother that she had met a gipsy-woman, who talked to her a great deal about the stars, and something about her future fate; but Adel never said that the woman had invested her with the dreadful power of seeing the "Seal of Death," engraved on a person's brow who is doomed to die within a year. A mournful gift was this to Adel, she had seen two or three young creatures, in the glow of their beauty, with the deadly mark, and they were sure to die within the time. She had seen the same sign on young men who had afterwards been dashed to pieces down the rocks, and some older ones who became "Death's own" in various ways. Adel was unhappy and thoughtful, her only pleasure seemed to be in wandering in the pathless forest, or in the vast solitude of the mountains; here she would weep for hours, almost in madness, to think that such a blighting, withering power was ever given her.

* * * * * *

It happened one day that Frau Shläfen was confined to her bed with the rhumatism, consequently Adel was obliged to carry a basket filled with eggs and butter to the town, and to bring it back again full of bread and other necessaries. Adel went awkwardly enough about this affair at first as she had not been accustomed to attend much to household duties from having such delicate health, and such an indulgent mother; however she managed to carry the basket as far as a favourite spot of her's, here she sat down to think, and as it was a beautiful spirit-stirring Spring morning, she soon forgot her market mission, and walked on reading Werter, (I forgot to tell you that the good pastor of the village had taught Adel to read and write). Now is it to be wondered at that she walked on a mile and a half before she recollected her basket, or that when she returned she found it upset by the wind or some wild thing. There were the eggs all broken and running about in golden rivulets and some of the butter spoilt. Well to be sure how vexed was Adel! but there was no use in crying about it; so she took up the remainder of her butter and went on, determined to have no more romantic fits that day. But ill-fortune seemed to pursue her, for coming home such a storm arose that Adel was wet through, and would have fared still worse if it had not been for the kindness of Herman Leiser, a young Swiss peasant, who had lately come over from the Canton d'Uri to reside near the Hartz. Adel had never seen him before, but this was not the *last* time they met, and—Herman rose like a sun upon her existence, and threw over her days such a brightness that she seemed to have a new life. He loved her as a mortal would an angel, and beautiful, and good as she was, he was worthy of her. I must not say, I cannot tell you how dear *he* was to her, but this was always her song—

"Setzt mues i halter vou dix scheide,
Mi herzig schäzeli i mues di meide,
Und doch weischi gar yu wolch,
Ohne di Ich mir's ia niene soll."

Adel was an altered being, she danced and sung, and seemed to have forgotten her fatal gift of seeing the seal of death, 'till one evening, one fatal evening, they had a festival on the green before the cottage, Lilla Durchen was there, and her three bold brothers. The Hausensfleshs, the Herzens, Meta Weiber, Bertold Sneezog, Carl Buzog, and several more "ogs"; some were dancing, some laughing, some talking with their lovers, even Nichten Shläfen was seen to smile as he sat on the ground oposite Herman Leiser whose fine face was enveloped in a mist from the smoke of his Deutsch pipe, when all of a sudden, Adel, who had been offering her lover some fruit, let fall the basket, parted his hair like a frantic one, "not him, not him," she screamed, and became stiff in his arms, with her eyes turned up and the muscles of her neck rigid; there she laid, pale and death-like, with the foam coming out of her mouth, and her sweet features distorted with agony: every one was in a consternation, and Herman, poor Herman, like a madman. At length she spoke, and then—yes—Herman wept.

After this Adel became troubled and more unhappy and melencholy than ever before. She would scarcely bear Herman out of her sight; but that could not always be, for he had his duties to perform in the day. When evening came they would wander among the mountains, listening to the echo, and the waves, and the birds; and they almost felt apart from all the world in those wild lonely places. Sometimes Adel would forget her sorrow, then again she would lean her head upon his arm, and weep like a child, Herman could not imagine the cause of her unhappiness. "Oh! Adel! my own Adel! what

can be the meaning of these tears!" he would say, clapping his hand to his forehead in distraction, "my own young love! my life! you destroy me by this weeping! tell me, tell me; and if my heart's blood can relieve you, I will shed it to save my sweet one from anguish? Oh! dearest, confide in me—tell me all—let me console you—let me *die* for you;—Oh! that I could shed all your tears, and you, my sweet one be comforted. I cannot live long to, see you thus; my days are fading, and Adel misery sinks the heart within me." Oh! that scream! it half maddened him. It was Adel, and she clung to him like a child about to be separated from its mother. She shook like a leaf in Autumn, while she said in *such* a tone, "Death, death! say nothing of dying if you would keep me in my senses. I will smother my grief; I will keep my tears locked up in my heart till it bursts rather than distress you; but promise me, Oh! only promise you will go no more to those chamois hunts; your life is in danger: keep it for *me*, Herman, Mein Herz."

I believe Herman did give a sort of a half promise that he would not hunt any more chamois, but he was excessively fond of these amusements, and he attributed Adel's affectionate and deep anxieties to her love, so one day he could not resist going: a sort of fatality hurried him on. He was on the mountains, full of life and spirit—the sun shone out upon the delicate snow, and the fresh wind blew his fair hair about; his eyes were sparkling, his cheeks glowing; the chamois was in sight, and he the foremost of the party, when his foot slipped and he fell; his head was hurt, but he caught hold of a projecting piece of rock with one hand; there he hung, already looking like a livid corpse. He gazed around him in blank despair as he saw no help near; then he turned his eyes to heaven and his thoughts to Adel; the blood from his head rushed over his eyes and blinded him. Oh! if Adel had seen him when he let go his hold and fell (bounding from rock to rock) into the roaring waters! Never more did he stand on the mountains full of life and spirit! Never more did he see the sun shine on the delicate snow! The sea holds him in her bosom; stones lie in his hollow eyelids; and the waves lash, lash the flesh from his bones.

I cannot tell how Adel kept her senses when they told her of the dreadful death of her heart's chosen one. She fell into fits and then had a long illness. One day she was combing out her long hair by the glass, when she saw the "seal of death" on her own brow. She was startled at first, but she knew that nothing except the lone quiet of the grave could heal her broken heart, so she rejoiced and seemed from that time contented. "Within a year we shall meet again, never more to be parted;" Adel was right, death had all she loved, there was no charm on earth for her, so one night she went to sleep, and slept for ever.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Rousseau speaks of a lady of rank upon whom the effects of music produced involuntary fits of laughter. Mankind, however, are not the only beings subject to its influence. It has been remarked long since, the excitement produced on horses by the sound of horn or trumpet. Bernadin de St. Pierre observed the spiders in the corners of rooms where music was being performed never failed of approaching the place occupied by musicians, and that they never returned to their webs until the sounds of the instruments had ceased. Sir Everard Home has observed the effect of a piano upon a horse and elephant, and he found that the attention of these animals was completely fixed by the higher notes of that instrument, and that their fears broke out from the moment the lower notes were touched. An experiment of a similar nature was made at Paris upon two young elephants, male and female: an orchestra composed of eleven musicians executed various pieces of music. The first effect produced upon the animals was that of astonishment; but they very soon showed by their motions the pleasure they fell. Monsieur Fetis, the present organist of the Royal Chapel of the king of Belgium, has made some very curious experiments of the effects of music upon various kinds of animals.

THE SELECTOR.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

"No English composer can now get an engagement at either of our great theatres but as an adapter of foreign music—a most mortifying situation for any man with one spark of genius. It is true that Mr. Bishop and one or two others have been informed that, if they would compose some operas, the managers of the great theatres would be most happy to bring them out; but what security have they, that when presented, they *will* be brought out, and what encouragement is such an offer to any man to spend so many weeks, and even months, upon a work, which he must do, if he would render it excellent? For, after the composition is finished, where is he to look for his reward? To the management? No!—for English composers are now no longer paid but by the publishers; so that, should a composer (I mean an English composer) find it pleasant to eat as well as to write, he must study more particularly what will be acceptable at the boarding-school, than what will be admired by the scientific of the musical world.

"How different is the situation of the foreign composer! for if he be engaged by the management of an English theatre, instead of the offer to bring out his opera for *nothing*, he is offered 800*l.* or 1000*l.* to compose one, and is to receive the money whether the piece succeed or fail!!, and to have his own time allowed him to complete the work!!! Weber had 1000*l.* for *Oberon*, and took upwards of a year to compose it. Bishop was allowed *three weeks* to compose, in its original shape of three acts, the opera of *Clari*. Mr. Barnett, in putting music to *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, was so pressed that he was compelled to work three days and nights without intermission, in order that he might complete his work in the given time, and was allowed one rehearsal, and did not receive one farthing for his work from the lessee!! Abroad it is no uncommon thing for a grand opera to be rehearsed fifty or sixty times, by which a composer has opportunities of correcting and recorrecting his work until it almost reach perfection. With such disadvantages as his, is it surprising the English composer should not *always* equal his foreign competitor? I say *always*, because, in spite of all impediments, native talent has, in many instances, very far surpassed most of the foreign composers: as instances, look at the Finale to the First Act of *Henri Quatre*, and the Finale to the First Act of the *Law of Java*, compositions worthy of Mozart himself.

"Again: observe the vast advantages enjoyed by the foreign composer in his own country. There genius may follow its natural bent without the fear of bringing its possessor to beggary; for, should a foreign composer dedicate himself to the cultivation of the higher branches of his art, (I mean the unsaleable part, such as grand choruses and finely contrived concerted pieces,) his reward is still secured to him, not by the publishers, but by the just laws of his country; for, abroad, the composer is entitled to a certain per centage upon the gross nightly receipts of the theatre, on every evening his work shall be represented. In England, the composer, by being rewarded by the publisher only, must study what will be most likely to *sell*; and, if he be more than commonly successful, what will be his income? If a composer make more than two or three what are called "*hits*," during a year, he must be considered as extra-fortunate; and, were we to judge by what has been done, only observe the miserable reward he would receive for his *successful* labours. For *Cherry Ripe*, one of the most popular melodies, not only in this country, but on the continent also, Mr. Horn, the composer, received ten pounds; and Mr. Barnett, for the *Light Guitar*, the prodigious sum of two guineas!!!

"With such rewards as these, is it possible for any man to be able to dedicate his whole time and mind to the cultivation of musical composition? No! He is therefore obliged for his own support, to employ the greater part of his time in teaching; but if his love for music, and a leisure moment, tempt him to take up his pen, and, like the poet, his imagination 'bodies forth the form of things unknown,' at the mo-

ment of inspiration his eye 'glancing from heaven to earth,' in its passage most likely falls upon the dial of his watch, which but too quickly brings him from the clouds, by reminding him that, at that moment, he must throw down his pen, and hurry off to give a lesson upon some *Italian* air to Miss Jones or a little Master Smith."

The above is an extract from a very sensibly written letter to the "Musicians of Great Britain," by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, on the present state of Music in England. No composer is more capable of writing on this not unimportant subject to the public, than Mr. Rodwell, being himself a talented composer, a gentleman, and a scholar. Our readers, from the extract here given, will be able to judge for themselves of the soundness and truth of the arguments Mr. R. has used. A miserable attempt at refutation appeared on Sunday week in the "*Sunday Times*," from the pen of a Mr. L. Devereaux (as the writer there pleases to designate himself), who seems to think that English composers are too well paid, if they get a silver cup, (as in the case of John Barnett), value thirty pounds, presented to them from the publishers of a Song, who have realized hundreds by its successful sale! No doubt Mr. L. Devereaux, being himself a Music Publisher and a tradesman, speaks *feelingly* on the subject! But We "having neither part nor lot in the matter," contend, that the miserable encouragement (if it deserves such name), bestowed on native composers, is one cause that has reduced the school of English music to the low ebb to which of late years it has fallen! What makes our theatres the puppet-shews they are? the vitiated and unnatural appetite for *foreign* novelties! What makes our managers insolvent, and our actors beggars? The craving for foreign artists, which John Bull is weak enough to indulge in, not because it is his taste, but that it is *the fashion!* Shame! shame! "England," it is said, "expects every man to do his duty" Do they do theirs as composers or as men, who endeavour to make *foreign talent* the only standard of merit? and double shame to those composers, who pandering to the false appetite of the day, attack poor John Bull on his weak side, and by the rusé of publishing songs under a *foreign name*, gain, or hope to gain a degree of popularity, otherwise unattainable to their efforts! That such is the deplorable state of English music in this country, and that such tricks are constantly practised, no music publisher, and *(certainly not Mr. L. Devereux)* will attempt to deny. One word more on the subject, and we have done, (we hope), *our duty*. Let it not be supposed there is a want of talent in English composers—it is not from the lack of genius but for want of its proper application, that the dearth of good native composers arise. The principal error in *our* composers, may be traced to the precocity (if we may so speak) of publication. On the continent few composers venture to appear before the public in that capacity, till the age of thirty or thirty-five, when their talents have had full time to mature by study, and judgment rather than fancy presides over their productions. Generally men of abstemious habits and retired pursuits, they zealously prosecute in the closet the study of that science which in England is made only a secondary pursuit. With us, a young man who evinces a taste for music is no sooner initiated into the common rules of composition and thorough bass, than he publishes some pretty melody dedicated to the Hon. Miss A—— or Lady D——, his composition is brought out by some fashionable music-seller—'tis puffed in the leading journals—praised by his own immediate circle—and warbled perhaps by some favourite syren—thus he rises at once into popularity—and at the age of twenty fancies himself a second Handel or Mozart. But how does all this praise act? Instead of exciting him to emulation, and urging him on by hard study, to produce some lasting monument of his genius—one standard work that may transmit his name to future ages—in nine instances out of ten, it has the directly contrary effect. The young aspirant intoxicated with the fame he has acquired, stops short, and contents himself with frittering away his time and talents in composing those elegant trifles, which, at best, are the ephemeral gems of our present musical hemisphere. With airs in his head, and it may be, a few graces in his person, he plays the lion in the musical soirées of a few seasons, and then having strutted his brief hour on the stage of fashion, is glad to become the instructor of others in that art, which he is too indolent or too spoilt to follow up through the rugged paths of close study to attain to excellence in himself. If the composers of English music would hold together like the bundle of sticks in the fable, foreign artists would be driven, at least from our national theatres, to their own proper sphere, the Italian Opera, there let them quaver and warble as much as they please, and there in the sphere allotted for them we may enjoy those strains, which when usurping the melodies of old England, in those walls erected for the display and encouragement of national talent, are calculated only to create disgust or awaken jealousy.

EDITRESS.

MONASTIC MEMORIALS.

[FROM MISS PARDOE'S TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL.]

(Concluded from page 173.)

Returning along the gallery, we ascended another flight of stone steps, and entered a long, narrow room thickly hung with paintings; from which we passed into the chapel of the novices. This elegant little place of worship is that in which the junior monks learn to serve the mass, before they officiate at the High Altar in the great chapel. It is carpeted all over, and the walls are covered with oil paintings, representing the different miracles which have been wrought by, or in favour of, the Bernardine brethren—some of them amusing enough. The altar-piece is a figure of our Saviour after the Flagellation, carved in wood, and coloured to the life. The hands are exquisitely executed, as are the traces which the bonds have left upon the wrists; and the face is painfully expressive of suppressed suffering—it is a terrible and faithful picture of human agony, but totally deficient in the sublimity for which we look in every representation of the Great Original. The only effect which it produces is one of horror and sadness. On either side of the altar is a full-length painting in oil, of a Carmelite friar, the work of a lady; and truly the fair artist had chosen no unworthy subjects on which to exert her talent; for, despite the uncourtly habit of the order, the portraits (for such they evidently were) were highly interesting; representing, as they did, the likenesses of two superb individuals: the execution of the two was very unequal in merit, although palpably the productions of the same hand. The chapel opens upon a terrace, and the exterior wall is covered with devices in shell-work, a pastime of some of the younger monks: and among the plants of this terrace, which appeared to be tended with the greatest care, I remarked a profusion of the little flower called in Portugal *amor parfaito*,—the last flower which I should have expected to find in a monastery; particularly in a country where every blossom has its sentiment, and every bud its language. This terrace overlooks the two tiers of cloisters, and presents to your eye a fearful proof of the devastating talents of the French Army. Many portions of the monastery are unroofed—others have the floors torn up—while the cells and galleries retain the traces of the fires which were fed by the planks and timbers thus obtained. The little flower-garden beneath the back cloisters is very neatly kept; and is intersected by

that branch of the Alcoa which enters the kitchen.

Nothing now remained to be seen but the garden; and the monks apologised that they could not accompany the party, owing to my being a member of it; the reason was obvious, the grounds being overlooked by the street of the village. Two servants were in attendance to conduct us to all those objects which were worthy of notice; parties of the monks, meanwhile, crossing our path at intervals and passing on. The flower-garden was unusually gay, and well kept, with its sparkling fountain, its rose hedges, and its white marble terrace, entwined with creepers. Emerging from the paterre, we proceeded along a fine grove of chesnut-trees, beneath which the monks were lounging on rustic seats, to the rabbit-yard, which is walled in, and covers about half an acre of ground; it contains nearly four hundred rabbits, and is carefully paved and drained.

One of the servants who attended us spoke very good French, and was not aware that the gentleman upon whose arm I leant understood the language. He was very voluble, and not a little familiar; but extremely guarded so long as the monastery or its inmates were the subject of conversation. He soon, however, digressed to his own more immediate interest, and told me a very grandiloquent story of his having been a captain in the French Imperial army; and another of the Emperor having "stolen some prunes from him" at Moscow:—but he exclaimed, "*Neanmoins c'étoit un grand homme que ce Napoleon-la, malgré ce petit larcin—un très grand homme!*" After this satisfactory assurance, he put on an air of great mystery, and enquired of me whether I had found an opportunity of delivering the letter which I had written in the Hall of Kings? I looked astonished—he became only the more mysterious and important: "You do not fear me, *Mademoiselle*," he said, emphatically, spreading his large ungainly hand on his heart, "you cannot fear me, who am an officer and a gentleman! Only point out the individual who is to be happy enough to become the possessor of that letter, and depend on *my* honour—the honour of a captain of the *grand Napoleon;* yonder are a party of our tonsured nobles in the chesnut grove—say but the word, and you shall yourself witness its delivery."

I heard this notable harangue to its close, and then told the gallant captain very quietly that I never wrote letters in my note book; nor had I any correspondents in the Bernardine monastery; and that I begged he would not trouble himself to accompany the party any further, but leave us to the guidance of his fellow-menial; who, however inferior he might probably be to himself in consequence, at least possessed the negative merit of knowing his situation.

This little episode gave us, however, some insight into the intrigues of a monastery. On the following morning we returned to the abbey, to pay our respects to the Prior, and to take leave of the community, previously to visiting the source of the river Alcoa, which rises about a league from the hamlet. I took this opportunity of inquiring about the Bernardine nunnery, but they denied all knowledge of that, or any other convent in their neighbourhood. In vain I insisted that I had been so informed; they could not imagine how such an idea could have originated, and inquired very eagerly *who* had been my informant; this question I however parried: having been warned by the rector not to divulge that he had hinted the fact to me. When I mentioned to the merry priest the ill success of my mission, he merely laughed and shook his head. "I assure you," said I, "that they know nothing of such an establishment."

"And I, in my turn, assure you, *Minha Senhora*," replied the old man, "that these worthy Bernardines have a subterranean road from their own house to that very nunnery, wherein the ladies, like themselves, are all nobly born. I was aware, when I told you to make the enquiry, that they would act precisely as they have done; but the thing is not less true because they will not acknowledge it."

I suppose that I still looked incredulous, as he persisted somewhat impatiently "*He verdade** on the honour of a priest I speak advisedly."

"Really!" said I, the more doubtfully that I was so much indebted to the community for their politeness to myself.

"Aye truly, lady," said a pretty little black-eyed *menina*, who was a guest at the house of the rector, "and moreover my grandmother (whose soul is now with the saints) knew a *Freira* of that convent who had been sorely tried by the world, and at length took refuge there. *Requiescat in pace*—her's was a sad tale!"

"Will you tell it to me?" I asked eagerly, if you but knew how I love a legend!"

"But the *Senhora* is in haste"—

"No, no, not at all—will you tell it in the garden, or shall we hide ourselves in the *alcovaa* yonder?—I would not miss hearing it for the world."

"You should not:" said the good humoured Portuguese, and the tale was told ere we parted from the kind and worthy rector, and bent our steps for the last time towards the monastery, to make our *adeus* to our more noble, though not more kind, friends, under its splendid roof.

We all took leave of the courtly and hospitable community of Saint Bernard with much regret; a regret which we were gratified to find was reciprocal; and we departed, after having received many pressing invitations to repeat our visit. As for myself, I had won the good will of the brotherhood by the curiosity which I had evinced to become acquainted with all the curiosities of their monastery; and the prior assured us that we had in consequence seen many things which are seldom or never shown to visitors: as they generally contented themselves with walking through the chapel, and spending an hour in the library, all which they declared to be very pretty; and then, looking at their watches, enquired at what hour the dinner would be ready—passed the night in the abbey; and departed the next morning to forget that which they *had* seen. And on shaking hands with me for the last time, he good humouredly told me, that he hoped some of my memoranda would be sufficiently obscure to require revision; in which case, or indeed in any other, I should ever meet with a sincere welcome at Alcobaça.

I do believe that I should, but I never saw it again.

* It is true.

THE DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On Monday evening a new Vaudeville was brought out at this pretty little Theatre, called "*The Welsh Girl*," with the greatest success, owing in a great measure to the *music* which consisted entirely of *Welsh Melodies* arranged for the occasion by Mr. Parry and beautifully sung by Madame Vestris, who personated a Welsh Girl admirably; most of her songs were *encored*, and all of them rapturously applauded by a house crowded to the ceiling. The airs of "*The Mountain Fairy*" and "*The allurements of Love*" are delicious *morceaux;* even the *finale* was *encored;* it was "The march of the men of Harlech," sung as a solo by Vestris first, and then in full chorus. A very novel effect was produced in the overture, by a harp playing the lively air of "*Ap Shenkin*" behind the curtain on the stage, accompanied by the band in the Orchestra. The Vaudeville is the first attempt of a Lady.

Ingratitude.—Does the world contain a being more despicable than the ingrate? His heart resembles a serpent, which after being fostered in the bosom of humanity, turns and pierces its benefactor; or a barren desert, which receives the dews of heaven, and gives nothing in return. At the sight of the ingrate generosity shudders, but the truly beneficent heart does not permit the ingratitude of some, to paralize its exertions in the cause of suffering humanity.

An Infallible Remedy.—What is a cure for the gout? Live upon sixpence a day, *and earn it.*

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. *The Banks of Don.* Poet, Charles Jefferys; Composer, W. Grossé.

No. 2. *To Yonder Shrine we Haste Away*—Duet. Poet, Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Composer, Auber; Arranger P. Prucilli.

Publishers of both the above, Keith and Prowse, Cheapside.

No. 3. *Maiden of the Laughing Eye.* Poetry by J. L. Clennell; Music by Miss Clennell.

No. 4. *The Bonnie wee Blue Bell.* Poetry by J. L. Clennell; Music by Miss Clennell.

Publisher of both the above, Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 5. *Weipperts Echo of the Bands—Quadrilles, Third Set.* Z. T. Purday, Holborn.

No. 6. *G. Merriott's First Set of Foreign Quadrilles.* Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 1. We have not had a sweeter melody than this little Ballad on our Music-desk for a long time. It is very easy of execution and pleasing in effect, and we cordially recommend it to our fair musical friends.

No. 2. This Duet, from its beautiful melody and excellent arrangement, ought to become popular. It is a worthy companion to the celebrated Duet "What Fairy-like Music," which is in the hands of the same Publishers, who have always been very happy in the good taste and judgment they have displayed in their publications. The words go very smoothly to the music, which is a gondola air, and in rowing time.

No. 3. When we heard Miss E. Paton sing this Ballad on the night of her benefit, we prognosticated it must soon become popular, and now being published, its success will doubtless realize our predictions. The fair Composer, Miss Clennell, is a young amateur of much promise in the musical world.

No. 4. Is by the same composer, and much as we admire the Ballad already spoken of, we confess we give the palm of merit to the "Bonnie wee Blue Bell." It is in the best style of Scotch Ballads, and cannot fail of delighting all lovers of Caledonian airs. Both these songs have issued from the press under high patronage: the former being dedicated, by permission, to her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans; the latter to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. The Poetry is by the brother of Miss Clennell, the words of the "Blue Bell" are very pretty, and sing smoothly to the melody, but those of "The Maiden of the Laughing Eye," are sadly strained to come in to the rhythm of the air. Will the poet forgive us for this severity?

No. 5. We before mentioned this set of Quadrilles in our Noetes, and every time we hear them tends to strengthen our good opinion.

No. 6. Another set of Quadrilles, which, from their variety and judicious arrangement, (being selected from the works of the most popular composers on the continent), cannot fail to become favourites in the fashionable world.

A BILL A DO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

DISAPPOINTMENT, OR THE BILLET DOUX.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Rat a tat, rat a tat, run, Lucy, run!
What *can* that stupid girl be at,
Why in the kitchen stay to chat?
Hark! hark! again! the Postman's rap!
Oh, run! good Lucy, run!

Here's a *pink* letter, Miss, for you!
Post paid, dear heart! why how you blush!
Cock'd hat-like folded; (fashion new)—
The seal two doves that bill and coo—
Well! hush, good Lucy, hush!

From Cornet Slender, of the Blues,
No doubt! — its every fold breathes sweets;
Dear charming youth—the muse he woos—
Sophy, my darling, what's the news?
N-o-thing, Papa; how my heart beats!

I tremble—gentle wax unclose—
Goddess of Nerves! support me still!
'Tis open'd—(Pa's so kind to doze!)
Dear youth, I knew he would propose!
What do I see?—Miss FITWELL'S BILL!

Was it for *this* my heart *so* beat?
(With grief and rage I shall expire,)
Instead of Love's own whispers sweet,
A milliner's account to meet,
That feeds no *flame except the fire!*

Shameful! that TRADESPEOPLE should write
On *tinted* paper, seal'd with doves;
Sure *they* may keep to "black and white,"
If these vile Bills they *must* indite,
And leave the GRACES to the LOVES!

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

BY MISS HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

If astrologers always are reckoned so wise,
What must *my* discovery be worth?
When they only find out their stars in the skies,
And I have found one on the earth.
Oh, Herschell! thy planet that won thee such fame,
On whose globe still thy name is imprest,
Is like a faint rushlight compared with the flame
That illumines my STAR IN THE WEST.

Its visible time when the atmosphere's clear,
Is when twilight is mantled in gray,
Then it glitters and twinkles awhile in its sphere,
And sets at the dawning of day.
'Tis a rainbow, incased in such exquisite mould,
With the powers of eloquence blest,
'Tis the brightest of planets, and all who behold
Must worship my STAR IN THE WEST.

Now I fain would avoid an account of its birth,
But a thought has just entered my mind,
That when Heathen mythology fled from the earth,
It left this modicum behind,
But Folly, remaining, began to discern
To christen it Fashion was best,
For as Fashion, and Folly, revolve in their turn,
They're the two ruling STARS IN THE WEST.

THE VOICE OF GLORY.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Glory, like a sun-beam, plays
Around the warrior's deathless bays,
And lights Ambition's grave;
Glory's voice wails o'er the dead,
And mighty visions seem to spread
Their splendour o'er the Brave.

Glory, like a ray of light,
Gleams through Antiquity's dark night,
And gilds each Hero's pall;
His voice calls from oblivion
The "mighty hunters" that are gone,
Though Death has earth'd 'em all.

Glory's voice shall wake again
Our might on some immortal plain,
Where Freedom's flag's unfurl'd;
The red-cross banner there shall wave,
And claim the homage of the Brave,
And worship of the world.

BALLAD.

Will you meet me at eve, when the moon's pale beam
Is reflected beneath in the ripling stream;
When the nightingale's song is heard in the air,
And all is silence and softness there,
When all beside are gone to rest,
And all's at peace except this breast.
Oh! meet me beneath thy favourite tree,
For I have a tale to tell to thee.

Oh! meet me there, and while gazing on thee,
The moon's sweetest beauties unthought of shall be,
And the murmuring stream, and the heavens above,
Will not be so sweet as the thoughts of thy love,
And the nightingale's song so sweet and clear,
While listening to thee will be lost to my ear.
Then meet me beneath thy favourite tree,
For I have a tale to tell to thee.

THEODORE.

LIFE'S BREVITY.

(TO MY CHILDREN.)

BY A. KYNE.

Live whilst ye may in pleasure's bow'r,
Since her best gifts seem shadows fleeting,
And youth's first dawn and closing hour,
Resembles morn and midnight greeting;
Time speedeth by, mis-spend it never,
An hour once lost is lost for ever.

Vainly most objects ye pursue,
To honour, wealth or fame aspiring,
Though tempting they may meet the view,
They're rarely worth the pains acquiring;
As roses grasp'd, in pieces sever,
So joys possess'd dissolve for ever.

The mind that peers beyond the sky,
The heart that revels in its lightness;
The soul that beams in beauty's eye,
Which genius decks with lustrous brightness,—
Extinction's mighty pow'r can sever,
And set them all in gloom for ever.

Thus life's best span is like a dream,
That reigneth in our midnight slumbers,
Is like the minstrel's oral theme,
That dieth with its airy numbers;
Is like a bubble on the river,
Which Zephyr's breath destroys for ever.

There is a bright, a sacred fire,
By watchful vestals kept ignited,
Through time or chance should it expire,
By human aid again 'tis lighted,
Not so when life's warm spark doth sever,
Back to its source 'tis gone for ever.

Man is at best wild Passion's slave,
A victim to each selfish feeling,
Though rule and empire he may have,
The grave's the boundary of his dealing;
Then let your deeds be sullied never,
An honoured name will live for ever.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A GAME AT CHESS.

Behold the field prepared; the warriors rife
For harmless battle and for bloodless strife;
Proudly they march to their appointed stand,
Each with a mimic weapon in his hand;
Their floating banners now unfurled view,
These of pure white, and those of blood-red hue!
"All 'vantageless" each noble warrior came,
Their forces equal, arms and shields the same;
See the bold kings, observe their martial air,
Each is attended by his consort fair;
Ranged by their sides the bishops have a place,
And next appear the knights of noble race;
In front a file of men of warlike powers,
Flanked on each side by heavy pond'rous towers;
Now ardent for the fight, each soldier brave
Swears—he will lose his life his king to save,
Will never yield until they see him free;
The cry of either host is "Liberty!"
Fain would I now in lofty strains recite,
And tell in glowing terms the deeds of fight,
But fear in me it would presumptuous seem,
So to some abler pen I leave the theme,
For, ah! my king's in "*check*," and—must —remain—
Writing these verses I have lost the game.

A. N.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Louis de Condé, brother of Anthony, King of Navarre, the seventh and last child of Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, was one of those extraordinary men, born to prove at once the glory and misfortune of their country. He was for a long time the chief of the Reformers. Never was general so beloved by his soldiers, of which the following is a striking example:—At Pont á Mousson he wanted money to pay his troops, particularly the hirelings who came to his assistance, and who threatened to abandon him. He dared propose to his troops, who were themselves unpaid, that they should pay the auxiliary army, and wonderful to relate! they taxed themselves to the least boy. Such an occurrence could never have taken place but in a religious war, and under such a general.

At the battle of Agincourt, fought by Henry the Fifth, the English army consisted of nine thousand men, the enemy of nearly ten times the number; the French lost ten thousand men, and fourteen thousand prisoners; the English only forty men in all.

James Clement, of the order of Dominicans, and native of Soubonne, a village near Sens, aged twenty-four years and a half, had just received the order of priesthood when he assassinated Henry the Fourth at St. Cloud.

Henry the Second, King of France, chief of the branch of Valois, was killed at Paris in a tournament; which was the last of these romantic and perilous diversions in Europe.

The Prince de Condé was the first who gave Dunkirk to the French.

Lyons was destroyed by fire in 145, and rebuilt by the munificence of Nero.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was the institutor of the Golden Fleece.

Coats of arms were adopted by the Crusaders in the reign of William the Conqueror and Philip of France.

Lord Bolingbroke passed several years of his exile in a secluded chateau, in the neighbourhood of Villette; a village some distance from Paris.

The first Bank was established at Venice, 1157. The next establishment of the kind was opened at Genoa, 1409. The Bank of England was established in 1694.—ANNETTE.

FRENCH GALLANTRY.—General Desmoncourt, though himself of very opposite principles to those of the Duchess of Berri, thus speaks of the wretch who betrayed her retreat; "I should never pass him in the streets without bestowing a horsewhip on him, did I not think my horse would be degraded by being afterwards touched with the same whip."

All pages of human life are worth reading; the wise instruct; the gay divert us; the imprudent teach us what to shun; the absurd cure the spleen.

ON A GENTLEMAN DECLARING HE WOULD DANCE WITH NONE BUT PRETTY WOMEN.

So really, Sir, you now declare
You'll dance with none but ladies fair;
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hand to none but men *of sense*.
Suppose, Ma'm, well, I pray what then?
Why, Sir, YOU'D never dance again.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 24—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Dec. 28, 1833.

OUR AULD ROOF-TREE.

(A SCOTCH BALLAD.)

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Slow, and with tenderness.

p *cres.* *p* *cres.*

p Hame is na lon-ger a hame for me, There is na joy 'neath our auld roof

p *cres.*

ad lib.

tree, For my Fey - ther frowns and my Mi - ther storms, And dis - cord and cla-mour the

p f

expressione. cres.

spot de - forms. Now Hame is na lon - ger a Hame for

sf cres.

cres. sf dim. mf

me; There is nae joy 'neath our auld roof - tree. Now, hame is nae

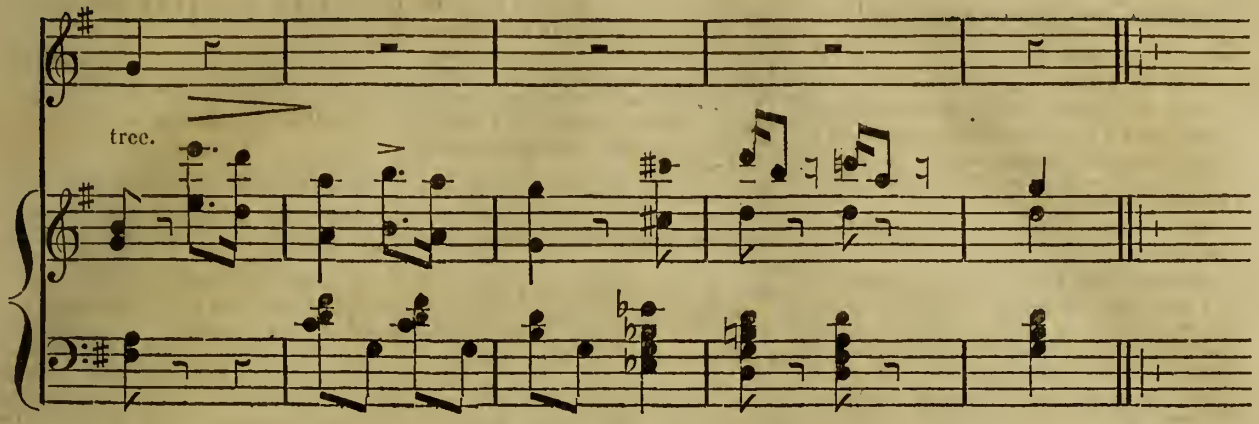
cres. sf dim.

piu lento.

ad lib.

lon - ger a hame for me; There dwells na joy 'neath our auld roof -

f sf



II.

I was happy, till Luve came to our door,
They were nae cross till that luckless hour;
But Mither's face a' wore a smile,
And Father bless'd his Bairn the while!
Now, Hame is nae langer the same to me,
There dwells nae peace 'neath the auld roof-tree.

III.

I maun gang fra' the place where I was born,
From the flow'ry braes, where I've planted a thorn;
I maun gang fra' my Father and Mither's side
To seek HIM, who's a' to me beside!
But the Hame of my Luve, can it ever be
Like sweet childhood's hame 'neath the auld roof-tree?

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

ACCESSORIES TO MORNING DRESS.—We return to the subject of our last article. A cravat may give a pretty finish to such a dress as we then described, it may be either a small one of black velvet, bordered with very narrow black lace; or else a piece of broad rich ribbon, the ends rounded, and edged with black lace. Although caps are worn by *belles* of all ages, we do not recommend them to our very young readers. For them we should say, that the prettiest and most becoming head-dress would be, their hair parted on the forehead, or else brought round it in a plaited band, and turned up in a low knot behind. We must observe, that when the hair only is worn in morning dress, it ought to be arranged as simply as possible.

Morning caps have the trimming of the front narrower at present than they have yet been worn. Some that are intended quite for dishabille are of clear muslin, very prettily worked, and lined with coloured sarsenet. The trimming consists of a row of English lace set on full, partially turned up in front, but falling round the face at the sides; it should be of a light pattern, and of very moderate breadth. A knot of ribbon is placed on the top of the caul, the ends of which descend in a twisted *rouleau*, and in an oblique direction to the ears, which we should observe are of the half mob kind; the ribbon passes over them and ties under the chin. This is a pretty matronly style of cap, but, generally speaking, those of *tulle* are more in request. They have the trimming of the front low, but extended at the sides, and disposed in short flat plaits. Gauze ribbons are no longer fashionable for morning caps; they ought to be either of taffeta or satin, and the bows, or knots, made of ends, light and few in number. A very pretty style of trimming consists of two or three notched ends of different sizes being placed together under the trimming on one side, and a small cluster of ends, also notched, but of the same size, attached on one side to the band that goes round the caul.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XVI.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle and the Secretary discovered.*

Miss Bluemantle. Fair Secretary, we beg to premise that no letters or communications will be received either at the office of our Work, or the Editress's private residence, unless POST FREE. The payment of letters, on the most trivial subjects, has of late become so great a tax, that we were obliged to refuse seven last week. Our friends, therefore, must not feel offended if, after this notice, they have any returned. Now for your correspondents.

Miss Scribbleeumdash. The "Twin Brothers," by W. H. S. (I think.)

Miss B. In answer to the question contained in W. H. S.'s note, we beg to say that our gratuitous contributors are so numerous, and so excellent, that we need not pay for articles, could our Work afford to do so. We have stated this often before. The tale shall be left as desired at the office; but in future we beg not to be troubled to read articles which are to be returned.

Miss S. A letter from A. N.

Miss B. We consider A. N.'s remarks, as extremely ungenerous and undeserved, and offensive to all good feeling. WE have ever been the first to encourage merit, however humble; under whatever patronage our Work has appeared, the similie he uses about "ACCEPTING," but not honoring, savours more of the banker's-clerk than the Poet. His wish, however, is complied with, not from the motive he holds out as a bribe, that of selling half a dozen extra copies, for we need no friends in the quarter he alludes to, but to satisfy him that we wish to please our correspondents where we can do so, consistent with our own arrangements. Will A. N. avow who he is? that we may meet on equal terms. It is not fair in him to combat with a mask on, when we wear "our beaver up."

Miss S. Letter from E. L.

Miss B. We have *said* we would insert the fragment, but we will not be teazed into doing so before it suits us.

Miss S. Anecdotes of Elephants, &c., by MINNA.

Miss B. Accepted with thanks. We thought MINNA had forsaken us, or (a thing not uncommon to young ladies), *changed her name.*

Miss S. A sheet of Poetry by R. S.

Miss B. A knife and fork *are* a knife and fork, whether their handles be made of wood or ivory, with this difference only, the one is more *polished* than the other. So every thing is called POETRY that is written in rhyme. The "Fairies

Invitation" may do with a good deal of *polishing*. We will try what our "Warren's Japan" can effect.

Miss S. ANGELINA.

Miss B. She stands alone in her opinion, but we beg to assure her no change is contemplated in the size of our magazine, that can affect its binding with former numbers.

Miss S. H., (Lines on an infant sister, &c.)

Miss B. Too local for our pages, we do not want effusions to sisters, mothers, uncles, or maiden aunts, though they may do the heart of their Poet-relative credit. General subjects are what can alone interest general readers. The acrostic we have inserted to please A. N., for this very reason is done against our better judgment.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from a correspondent who requests you will not notice him in the "Noctes," as it is not calculated to do him any good.

Miss B. "Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade." Though we sincerely believe that his contributions to our Work will not cause his volumes on the "bookseller's shelf unbought to be laid"—

Oh, no! we'll never mention him,
Now he's a Bard profess'd;
Or else his prospects it might dim
A Belle to have caressed
Of lower grade and lesser fame,
Than Haut Ton Magazines,
Whose ruse de guerre we will not name,
'Cause we're behind the scenes.

Miss S. Another letter from A. N., to assure you he is your only correspondent with those initials, and though the hands are different, both A. N.'s are one and the same person.

Miss B. Certainly *not*, however *this* A. N. has two characters in his epistles. The one we hold in our hand now, being that of a gentleman, whereas the last—but we will say no more. We can assure A. N. press of matter often obliges us to seem more uncourteous in refusals, than we else should be, and nothing is so disgusting to us as being teazed into the insertion of accepted articles, when for our own interests we should let them appear, at the earliest possible moment.

Miss S. Letter, &c., from JESSY.

Miss B. In a few days we shall communicate with JESSY as she names.

Miss S. A Tale by ROSALIE.

Miss B. It is accepted with thanks, we shall be happy to receive the other Tales she speaks of.

Miss S. Letter and Packet from ANNETTE.

Miss B This lady is sincerely thanked, she is not only ornamental but useful to us.

Miss S. Letter and Enclosure from HELENE.

Miss B. HELENE is right in her conjecture, no signature being affixed, and the enclosures coming together, was the cause of the mistake, which we beg to rectify, by stating that the "INDIAN GIRL," which appeared in our poetical page last week, should have been signed HELENE, and not ANNETTE; to shew we are not obstinate in our opinion, the verses she alludes to shall be taken off our "WONT DO" file, and inserted in a future number.

Miss S. Letter from GEORGE DAVEY, to request we will not miscall him JOHN, which name it seems is an offence to his ears.

Miss B. His Sonnet shall be inserted, though really we cannot undertake to transfer to our pages all the Sonnets and Odes to pretty actresses we receive. None can admire talent, in whatever shape it appears before the public, more than ourselves, but WE do not always see with *young men's* eyes, or hear with their ears, consequently, do not always take that interest in the eulogies they write on the "Goddesses of *their* Idolatry," they deem we *ought* to do. By the way, what has become of our friend of the "Trysting Tree?" We believe he never replied to our *challenge*.

Miss S. Yes; he did do so, Lady President, during your severe illness, when the conduct of the Work was in the hands of your humble SUBS.

Miss B. Well! we never heard of it till now. Our correspondent CHARLES, too, has long been silent; perhaps he is visiting his Shropshire friends. We expected a fuller meeting to night, but suppose our fair sisters are beginning their holidays early. We feel fatigued. Ah! there stands the Twankay to refresh us—

When the spirit is sinking, sinking,
With its weary load of care;
What's so good as drinking, drinking,
To drive away the fiend Despair!

Come—let us drain "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and then adjourn till next week.

THE DRAMA.

THE CLARENCE THEATRE.

We spent three hours very pleasantly the other evening at this pretty place of amusement, and witnessed several excellent performances for the benefit of Mr. BELL, himself a clever and deserving actor, and possessing much versatility of talent. The pieces were "*Presumptive Evidence*," in which Mr. S. Johnson, sustained the part of *Pryce Kinchela*, with a very powerful effect. The *Fortune Teller* of Mr. Buckingham, was admirable. But the wonder of the evening, at least to the juvenile part of the audience, was the *Ourang-Outang* of a Signor Plimmeri in the piece of that name, whose distortions of shape, and flexibility of body almost surpassed belief. The whole concluded with the "*Adopted Child*," in which Mr. Bell sustained the character of the *Fisherman*, and displayed the blunt honesty of the hardy veteran to the life.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

IL MAESTRO DELLA MUSICA.

It was the month of August; Rome was deserted, and the the San Carlos closed. Rienzi Vamore returned home dispirited and unhappy; all hope of employment was over; what was to be done? He turned to his pianoforte, there lay his last, his only resource. He continued for some time wrapped in the beauties of one of Rossini's favourite operas, happy in the oblivion of his sorrows, when he heard a gentle tap at his door. A Cameriera entered, "Una Riglietta Signore." Ere the door was closed Rienzi had scanned the contents with anxious eyes. The paper dropped from his hand. Was he awake, or was ita dream of bliss? Did he really hold a note from the Conde's daughter, written at her father's express desire, to request him to call at his piazza at twelve at noon, to commence instructing his daughter in singing? The day was spent in reading and re-reading the precious paper, and when night came, Rienzi slept with it under his pillow.

The Conde de Roncevalle was stern, obduiate, and severe. His wife had died in giving birth to his only child, the beautiful Francesca. She had been educated in a convent, and had only returned at the beginning of that spring to her father's residence. He loved her, but treated her with harshness and severity. Francesca was at this period scarcely seventeen, she had a slight elegant figure, with a face and mind of uncommon loveliness, her complexion was transparently fair, with eyes and hair of raven black, the latter, which she wore en tresse-à-la-chinoise, exposed to view a high forehead of alabaster whiteness. Unconscious of her charms, she had lived during the summer, since she left the convent di Santa Maria, secluded in a campagna of her father's, and it was only now, when Rome was deserted, that he permitted her to enter it, for the purpose of taking lessons of masters. Notwithstanding the entire seclusion in which she had been kept, Rienzi Vamore had seen her. After having seen her, could he do otherwise than love her?

She was singing one day to her guitar with her duenna, when Rienzi was strolling near the wall of the garden, which was low, and bounded by the Tiber. She was sitting on a raised terrace which overhung the wall, when the cordon, by which the instrument was hung round her neck, broke, and the guitar fell over the balustrade into the river beneath. In an instant Rienzi had plunged after it, and bringing it safely to shore, he held it up to Francesca, who had witnessed the exploit from her elevated situation. After having thanked him, and expressed her

concern at the wet state of his clothes, she sent her Duenna round to the portico to admit Rienzi. He however felt the impropriety of entering, therefore having given the guitar to the Duenna, he returned beneath the balustrade, and in a sweet melodious voice sang in an impassioned tone a Neapolitan air, then bowing to Francesca, who stood above entranced, he opened his vest and exposed to view the broken ribbon placed near his heart, and immediately disappeared. From that moment each cherished the remembrance of the other; and little did Francesca think that the "Maestro della Musica" was no other than the preserver of her guitar, and the idol of her imagination.

At the appointed hour on the morrow, Rienzi repaired to the piazza. The Conde received him with haughtiness of demeanor, but urbanity of manners; he ordered a servant to announce to the Signorina that the Signor Vamore was in attendance.

In a few moments she appeared; on entering the room, she had advanced towards her father, when raising her head she perceived, not a formal stiff Maestro, but the well remembered features of the young, handsome, and captivating minstrel. Their eyes met.

Two months elapsed, the Maestro was punctual to his lessons; the Duenna was always present, and the father was contented. At the expiration of this period, one morning the Conde de Roncevalle was reading in his library when the Duenna rushed in, and falling on her knees before him, with hands clasped and a trembling voice, informed them that his daughter was missing. To depict the feelings of the bereaved father is alike distressing and impossible. Francesca was his idol, the image of his deceased contessa; to be deserted by her, his only child, in his old age, was more than he could bear.

Rienzi Vamore loved and was loved by Francesca. Both despaired of the haughty Conde's permission for their union; both were young, both were virtuous. In their eyes no alternative was left them.

It was one of those nights of which only those privileged few who have sojourned beneath "Italia's sunny clime," can form an idea of, when Francesca de Roncevalle cautiously opened her lattice, and gently pronounced the name of "Rienzi." "Presto ;vita mia," was the reply. Francesca then fastened a line of steps to the balcony, which night after night she had been netting. Rienzi made the other end secure with a stone firmly fixed. Francesca, tying a small packet round her waist, and wrapping her mantiglia and veil round her, prepared to descend the rope. The ladder was of the slightest texture, but her light and elegant form as she descended, scarcely rested on the steps, and she was safely received in Rienzi's arms. Without waiting an instant they proceeded to the environs of Rome, where, at a small albergo, two mules awaited them. Having mounted Francesca upon one, Rienzi, placing his guitar before him on the other, took her bridle and gallopped towards the little secluded chapel, where some days before he had engaged a priest to be present. Day had dawned ere the exhausted fugitives arrived at this place of their destination; having tied the mules to a tree, where Rienzi left his guitar, and Francesca her cloak and small packet, they entered the church where the father was in readiness, approached the altar, and there ratified the vows they had so often sworn of eternal fidelity to each other.

To return to the Conde. Nearly four months had expired, and the heart-broken father was gradually sinking from the desertion of his child, when he received a letter, dated Paris, from the distracted Rienzi. The rapidity with which they had travelled, and the anxiety of mind she had suffered, caused Francesca to be confined to her bed. The fever ran high, and Rienzi wrote at her request to her father to implore his forgiveness ere she died. De Roncevalle adored his daughter, but his pride overcame his affection, and he returned no answer to the appeal of his son-in-law. A few days more and he bitterly regretted his obduracy. Three incoherent lines informed him of his daughter's repentance and death. After receiving these, he never smiled again, and shortly after died, leaving his immense treasures to be employed in the elevation of a monastery on the site of this palace.

Ten years have been added to preceding centuries, few would recognize in the modern Englishized justly celebrated vocalist, the interesting hero of the above tragedy; yet those who know him well, may sometimes observe a shade of melancholy pass across the handsome and interesting countenace of Rienzi Vamore.

ROSSINA.

THE SELECTOR.

SCENE IN AN OMNIBUS.

In this mood of mightiness, his Lordship was driving at a slapping pace across Barne's Common, when his horse shyed at a donkey, who was very wisely, and by no means like a jackass, standing up out of the rain under a hedge. The suddenness of the shock snapped the shaft of the cabriolet, and the career of his Excellency the Governor-General Bahauder, K. G., was suddenly stopped, with no other damage than two or three kicks against the floor of the cab, from the heels of the proud and spirited animal that was drawing it. The rain was coming down in torrents.

"Shaft broken, my Lord!" said the Tiger.

"What the deuce is to be done?" said the Marquess; "not a house near, no umbrella?"

"No, my Lord," said the boy; "it's the worst place, too, as it could have happened in, my Lord, for there's no house near."

"To be sure. What's this thing coming?" said his Lordship.

"It's the Richmond Hondibus, my Lord."

"Oh! mercy on us—is there any body in it?" said the Marquess; who began to feel that rain is no respector of persons.

"Town, Sir, town!" said the fellow on the step of the door; "plenty of room."

"My Lord, I think you had better get in," said the Tiger.

"Well—I—here, open the door," said the Marquess, who certainly had never before seen the inside of an omnibus, and never expected to have been driven to such an expedient. However it saved him from the rain, from cold, rheumatism, and all the "ills that flesh (even that of the Plinlimmons) is heir to," and might be immortalized in history, as having been graced with the presence of the greatest Governor-General that ever was destined to govern India.

The Marquess stepped in, and the conductor gave the word "all right," but this was done so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, that the jerk of the hearse threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fattest woman that ever was seen out of a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which was upset by the Marquess's tumble, and in its fall saturated the front of his Lordship's waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice.

The Marquess made a thousand well bred apologies, and was got up upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman, whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility, materially assisted the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantum-cock and three hens in a basket, to London, having upon her other hand a large faced child, with great blue eyes, and a cold in its head. It wore a brown skin cap, with a gold band round it, while a green and white net comforter was twisted round its chin and body; its dress, generally, bearing very strong evidence that the dear little thing was an extremely bad traveller.

Near the door, and over whose shins the Marquess first tumbled upon getting in, was placed a stout, blue-aproned market-gardener; and opposite to him, a smartish-looking man, with a mosaic gold chain round his neck, and a bunch of oily curls coming out from under his hat just over his ear—he was the dandy of the party.

Off went the omnibus—rattle went all the windows—slap went the weather boards—bang went the axle-trees; and

away went the whole concern at a rate, and with a noise, of which the Marquess till that moment had but a very faint conception.

The dirty dandy in the corner, as soon as he saw the involuntary contortions of poor Lord Snowdon's countenance, as the huge thing bumped up and down, and twisted first one way and then another, began to affect a similar distaste for the conveyance; and to mark his sympathy with the new arrival, forthwith bumped himself up close to him. He looked at the Governor-General Bahauder for a moment or two, and then pulling out a sort of whitey-brown paper funnel, which did duty for a snuff-box, offered it to the Marquess.

"Do you snuff, Sir?" said the dandy.

"No, I'm obliged to you," replied the Marquess.

"Have you been down to Richmond, starring?" asked the dandy.

"Sir!" said Lord Snowdon.

"I mean," said the man, have you been acting a few?"

"I don't exactly understand you," said the Marquess.

"Oh! come, Governor, none of your nonsense—no tricks upon travellers!" said the dandy.

"Governor," thought the Marquess, what the deuce can he mean.

"I think," continued the stranger, "I have smoked a pipe or two before now along with you in the Coal-hole."

"Sir," said the Marquess, "I never smoked a pipe, or was in a coal-hole in the whole course of my existence."

"I say, Governor, now you *are* coming it strong," said the monster; "you think I don't know you, eh, O. P. and P. S.? I say, what was you doing with Mrs. Linnegar in the Greenwich coach last Thursday week, eh? I don't know whether you ever smokes—I smoked you."

"I think, Sir, you are mistaken," said the Marquess

"What! mistaken in the cut of your jib? "said the dirty dandy; "no, Governor, that's no go—there can't be two sich as you."

"I fancy you will find that you are in error, Sir," said Lord Snowdon, beginning to boil.

"What, my Solomon Lob," said the exhiliarated fiend, "you don't mean to deny yourself to *me!*" No, no—whether you have smoked pipes and been in the Coal-hole, I wont argue; but I know this, I have paid many a shilling to see you, and never grudged a penny of them."

"Sir," said the Marquess, I repeat you are mistaken."

And what made these dignified replies of his Lordship more ridiculous, was the fact, that in consequence of the noise of the carriage, he was obliged to bawl them out at a pitch of his voice, which, upon no other occasion, he ever condescended to adopt; whilst by the irregular bumpings and thumpings of the vehicle, his Lordship's graceful attitudes were reduced to something very like the uncontrollable antics of a stuffed Punch in a puppet-show.

"I tell you once for all," said the Dandy, "it's no manner of use your trying to gammon me; Buggins is Buggins all the world over—on the stage or in it."

"Sir," said the Marquess, "I am not Mr. Buggins, and I never saw that person in the whole course of my existence."

"Then if you never did," said the facetious passenger, "I'd advise you to look at your own sweet countenance in the looking-glass the moment you get to your lodgings, and you may save your two shillings for paying to go to see him in the play."

The horrid monster having here worked up the conversation to a climax, Lord Snowdon hoped he might remain at rest. But no—it had scarcely ceased when the woman on his other side, believing him "quite the gentleman," said, "Pray, sir, are you a Judge of Cocks and Hens?"

"Ma'am!" said the Marquess.

"Because I knows nothing of them myself, and I'm afraid perhaps this basket is too small for 'em," said the woman, "they keeps a pecking and digging at one another so."

"Ma'am," replied his Lordship, "I know nothing about fowls."

Here a truce seemed to be agreed upon. The omnibus stopped at the Red Lion, Putney, and the sudden silence of its sonorous machinery which ensued, induced a corresponding quiet in the passengers, — the surrounding noise having hitherto encouraged noise in the passengers. All that happened during the check was, that the dirty dandy resumed his seat near the door, and took the opinion of the man on the steps as to their fellow passenger being Buggins or not.

After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which periods the Marquess adopted the celebrated system of *ostrichism*, and hid his head—the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Walham Green, two tall, scraggy girls from a boarding-school,

"Sickly, smiling, gay, young, and awkward,"

were poked in. A gentleman with very red mustachios was picked up at the Queens Elm Gate; and a poulterer's boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Sloane-street, the said rabbits being on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke-street, St. James's, because they were not fresh.

"Ah!" thought Lord Snowdon, "if my old friend Noah had had such company as this in the Ark, I am sure he would have preferred death to security in such society, and have jumped into the flood." Away they went, up the hill in the outward of St. George's, Hanover-square, upon which thousands of pounds have been spent, each thousand making it worse than it was before, tossing and tumbling up hillocks and down hollows, equalled only in effect by that produced by the unbreaking billows of the Bay of Biscay, upon the bows and quarters of a crank craft.

At the top of St. James's-street the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up; the pavement was dry. The King was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowdon just peeped through the window, and saw groups collected—men he knew. *Here*, it was clear he could not get out. Whither should he go? How far—what place was safe? At length he resolved upon going the whole journey to the Bank, so that he might emerge in the city, and then enveloping himself in a hackney-coach, reach the habitable part of town without fear of discovery.

"Any body for White Oss Cellar?" said the man on the steps. Out went the dirty dandy, the man with the apron, and the boy with the rabbits. But their places were instantly supplied by a portly gentleman lugging in a small-sized green garden-engine with a fan spout, and three fishing rods, which he had just bought at the corner of Albermarle-street, and a fond mother, who had provided herself with a heap of toys for her six children.

Still the Marquess kept peering out of his prison,—nobody saw him;—and it was pleasant to peep through the loopholes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right, but, the pavement in Piccadilly was up; it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James's-street, and so it did; but short was its progress in that line of march. All the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited, now were to be compensated for. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound, when bang went something, and in an instant the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of Whites.

The shrieks of the women, the cries of the men, the noise of the fall, all combined to attract a thousand spectators. Fifty heads were out of Crockford's coffee-room; all the guardsmen rushed into the balcony; and in the bow window of White's itself, which was instantly thrown up, were heard the well-known voices of the leaders of the *clique*, in a sort of war whoop, which, like the whistle of Roderick Dhu, roused the whole clan to observe the dreadful *denouement*.

In detail were the passengers extricated. The dear little boarding-school girls jumped out first; the fat man with his garden-engine stuck in the doorway, and was only ejected by the ponderosity of the still fatter woman with what she called her "inion jar" clasped like a lovely baby to her bosom; the lady with the toys was trampled under foot; the sick child was jammed under the dirty man in the corner, and the thin woman who took care of it, getting anxious about its fate, unwillingly abandoned the poultry; and when the

Most Noble the Marquess of Snowdon, K. G., and Governor General of India, emerged, amidst the cries of "take care of the old gentleman," he came out without his hat, with a fine bantam cock perched upon his head, and a couple of fuzzy-legged hens roosting upon his shoulders.

A shout of laughter rent the sky. The little boys laughed, the old women laughed, and the fat man with the garden-engine stood and laughed himself nearly into a fit.

The instant Lord Snowdon was seen thus "roosted upon," half-a-dozen men ran out of White's to rescue and shelter him: but this made bad worse; and though having housed him, as a matter of hospitality, he was yet, politically speaking, upon the tenderest ground, and did not yet belong to them. His gratitude was, in his opinion, as painful as anything could be, until a hoarse demand from the conductor of the Omnibus, for his two *shillins*, made in a tone which implied a desire upon his Lordship's part, to get off without paying, convinced him that there are still lower depths of misery than the lowest.

"The Colonel's" green carriage was at the door of White's, which, with his usual kindness, he offered to the suffering Marquess, who, availing himself of the favourable opportunity, threw himself into it, and anathematizing everything upon the face of the earth, which had contributed to this most signal discomfiture, hastened home to Grosvenor-square, to begin a performance of a much more serious nature. — *Hook's Love and Pride.*

"SO WARMLY WE MET!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

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THE CHRISTMAS-EVE BALL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

"So WARMLY WE MET!" and so closely were jumbled,
Like pigeons in pies, (for the rooms were too small),
I was fearful my new satin dress would be tumbled,
As I gasp'd in a corner at Miss Fidgett's Ball.
Some attempted to dance! but ran 'gainst each other;
Some flirted—some fainted;—but *this* agreed all,
They had ne'er before witnessed a crowd or a smother
Like the getting up stairs at the Christmas-Eve Ball.

A Dance! 'tis a Heaven! if a girl's not neglected,
And has plenty of partners to come at her call!
And many a mirror's bright surface reflected
Soft smiles and warm blushes at Miss Fidgett's Ball!

Mammas sat aside—for *eldest sons* looking,
Whose daughters had beauty, but *no cash* at all;
Younger brothers (in thought) were tho bright thousands booking
Of those girls who had fortunes at Miss Fidgett's Ball!

And some they were waltzing, and others quadrilling,
All "PAIRED BUT NOT MATCH'D"—young and old—short and tall;
While some in sly corners were cooing and billing
Notes at sight, and of hand, at the Christmas-Eve Ball!
Thus Fashion's gay crowd goes on flirting and whirling
As they mingle together the Great with the Small;
And what's LIFE but a dance, too, where, twisting and twirling
We jostle each other to get through the BALL!

UNDER THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Nay, turn not away with a pout or a frown,
Fair maidens! ye all must allow
The privilege granted to squire and to clown
Under the Misletoe Bough!
Far hence be the prude
Who would fancy it rude,
And dislike to the custom avow;
Or in scorn turn away
With a cold chilling "Nay!"
From a kiss 'neath the Misletoe Bough.

In this age of improvement in earth, air, and steam,
Old customs are waning away;
Our sires' jovial Christmas to us is a dream,
So coldly 'tis kept in our day!
But though Fashion's hand,
Has polished our land,
And made us so elegant now;
Have we friends more sincere,
Lips more tempting or dear,
Than *they* had 'neath the Misletoe Bough?

Then let not the habits of England's past day,
Be so much soften'd down and refin'd,
That in taking the dross of rude ages away,
We leave nought of the silver behind;
If our boards are still found
With smiles circled round,
And good fellowship beams on each brow;
What improvements can mend,
The heart of a FRIEND,
Or Love's kiss 'neath the Misletoe Bough.

BALLAD.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

I come from a land where each young heart is merry,
Though the bosom it beats in is far, far from free,
Our own lads they call me the sweet rose of Derry;
Oh! how dear is the green isle of Erin to me!
I echo its war cry, have joined in its weeping,
When the home of my fathers grew dreary and wild;
I learn'd not to smile, for the strong curse was sweeping
From, in deep tones of anguish, the lips of a child.

Oh! give me no more than a name that must borrow
A remembrance of flow'rs that have pass'd to decay,
But christen me rather a handmaid of sorrow,
The short term of whose pilgrimage fast wears away.
I come from a land where each young heart is merry,
Though the bosom it beats in is far, far from free,
Our own lads they call me the sweet rose of Derry;
Oh! how dear is the green Isle of Erin to me!

THE DEATH OF THE POLE.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Hark, 'tis the sound of the gathering drum,
Muscovy's legions, they come, they come!
Forth from its sheath my gallant blade,
Now be the Patriot's last debt paid!

Thou, my own and my father's brand,
Sooner than quit my *living* hand,
Find thy sheath in this throbbing heart,
While flows its life-stream—we will not part!

Raise the white Eagle* in air upborne,
Though her snowy pinion is soil'd and torn,
Yet shall it gleam as a meteor star,
Lighting us onward to Freedom's war!

Though baffled we are not quell'd; again
We rush to a contest as proud as vain;
Better to rest with the martyr'd Brave,
Than live the Russian's degraded slave!

Though we, o'erpowered by numbers, fall,
Others shall follow at Liberty's call,
As wave after wave on the craggy shore,
Rushes and breaks—and is seen no more!

The bands of Tyranny swift advance,
I see the gleam of the Cossack's lance,
And the gloomy Eagle† her wings expand,
For Liberty on! and our father-land!

* * * * * *

My spirit fleets to its final goal,
God of my fathers receive my soul!
Poland! the son who could not save,
Joys in *thy* bosom to find a grave!"

ACROSTIC ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF AN INFANT.

E mblem of innocence, beauty, and sweetness,
M ay each natal day as it passes in fleetness,
I n happiness also, glide smoothly away,
L ike the Sun's bright beams on an April day;
Y et thine Infantine smile, so lovely so bright,

H ow soon 'tis obscured, thy day turned to night,
A s a cloud that flies swift past the silvery moon;
S o pass all thy cares, and lovelier soon
E nchant with fresh beauty, shine brighter again,
L ike a flower that was fainting, revived by the rain,
D espair thou sweet infant then, never, oh, never!
E ach wish of thy young heart, should cruel fate sever,
N ew joys shall spring up and dwell with thee for ever.

A. N.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY MRS. CRELLIN.

One morn in May, when flowers were bright,
Young Love to Beauty's bower flew,
Reposing there his wings of light,
He bathed his lips in roseate dew.

Awhile he laugh'd, awhile he play'd
As idle boys will laugh and play,
Nor dream'd that morning's blush might fade,
Or day's beam melt in evening's gray.

He spread his wings of ev'ry hue,
When first he saw day's light decline,
And laughing gaily as he flew,
Bade weeping Beauty not repine.

But Beauty knew, alas! too well,
Love ne'er returns another day;
Then Maidens list the tale I tell,
And mark its moral as ye may.

* The Polish standard.
† The black Eagle, the Russian standard.

CHARADE.

My FIRST, when properly arranged, must ornamental be,
My next to hear I dearly loved—Miss Stevens and Miss Tree,
The pleasures of my THIRD are priz'd, by those who thoughtless dash on;
My WHOLE's in daily use with each fair votary of fashion.

MARIA.

ENIGMA.

Of great importance I am always found,
For without me the world could not go round,
Peace I know not—nor can I ever know;
Though last to war, I still am found to go.
In Parliament I'm found among the Peers,
And always join in their continued cheers,
Though never in the House of Commons seen,
Nor in the presence of the King or Queen,
My help is much required, with pride I own,
To make complete the high imperial throne.
In England you may search for me in vain,
Although in Ireland I shall long remain.
To justice I'm a stranger, yet I lend
My best assistance to the impartial friend,
But hold—or else, perhaps, I shall proclaim
What I wish you to guess—my simple name.

I. T. G. G.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE
Page 168.

Why, Tom, my boy, and how do ye do?
Lauk, who'd 'a thought of seeing you!
'Tis many a day since here we met,
Let's have a pint of "heavy wet,"
Or, perhaps, A—yes, a drop o' GIN,
You would prefer, come let's turn in;
Then down the COURT, the comrades sought
The well-known sign of "AGINCOURT."

SYLVA.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

A countryman passing A shop one day,
Where GIN to its lovers was sold,
Down the COURT close by, to his utter dismay,
Fought Bacchus's votaries bold;
When he asked the reason why thus they fought,
He was told "'Tis the battle of A-GIN-COURT.

M. DONAGAN.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE,
Page 168.

When seated round the social hearth,
We CHAT, and who can blame us,
The hours thus pass in harmless mirth,
For HAM our county's famous,
Though I've no doubt if so inclined,
That you may both in CHATHAM find.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE,
Page 168.

The bugle sounds afar,
To the CAMP the hero flies,
Honour his guiding star,
With her he conquers—dies.

Chant not the song of grief,
Toll not the mournful BELL,
Let the silent tears be brief,
To sorrow bid farewell.

For as heroes love to die,
His soul has pass'd away,
May his fame be sounded high
In CAMPBELL's master lay!

MELISSA.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

FATE OF DR. DIXON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—A letter received from Cape Coast Castle, dated April 28th, gives the following account of this catastrophe. Dr. Dixon was proceeding through the interior of Africa, from the Dahomey coast to meet Captain Clapperton and his companions at Katunga. The king, into whose territory he was about to enter from Dahomey, having swam to afford him protection and assistance, came out of his principal town to meet him, attended by his sons and chiefs, and desired his eldest son to swear fidelity to the stranger after the fashion of the country. This is done by drawing a sabre, and making a long harangue, using the most violent gestures, and pushing his sword in the face of the person in whose favour the oath is taken; in fact, they show their dexterity, by cutting close to the face, without actually touching it. Dr. Dixon unfortunately mistook the nature of the ceremony, and thinking the king's son meant to kill him, drew his sword, and thrust it into his body. The doctor would have been sacrificed on the spot, but the king ordered him to be safely guarded, declaring, that he could not break his oath though his son had been killed. The next day Dr. Dixon was sent on his journey, under the protection of an escort, but the instant they passed the boundaries of the king's dominions, thinking the king's oath no longer binding, they fell on the doctor and killed him.

A DUTIFUL SON.—"You will of course immediately join the *mess*, Mr. A——," said Adjutant B—— to the former, a newly appointed Ensign, on the day of his arrival at the regiment; —"You are very kind, Sir," stammered out the incipient hero, "but the last promise which I made to my father, was to avoid getting into any *mess* whatever."

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 25—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Dec. 28, 1833.

THE BELLE ASSEMBLÉE QUADRILLES.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

MISS BLUEMANTLE.

LA PANTALON.

Con Spirito.

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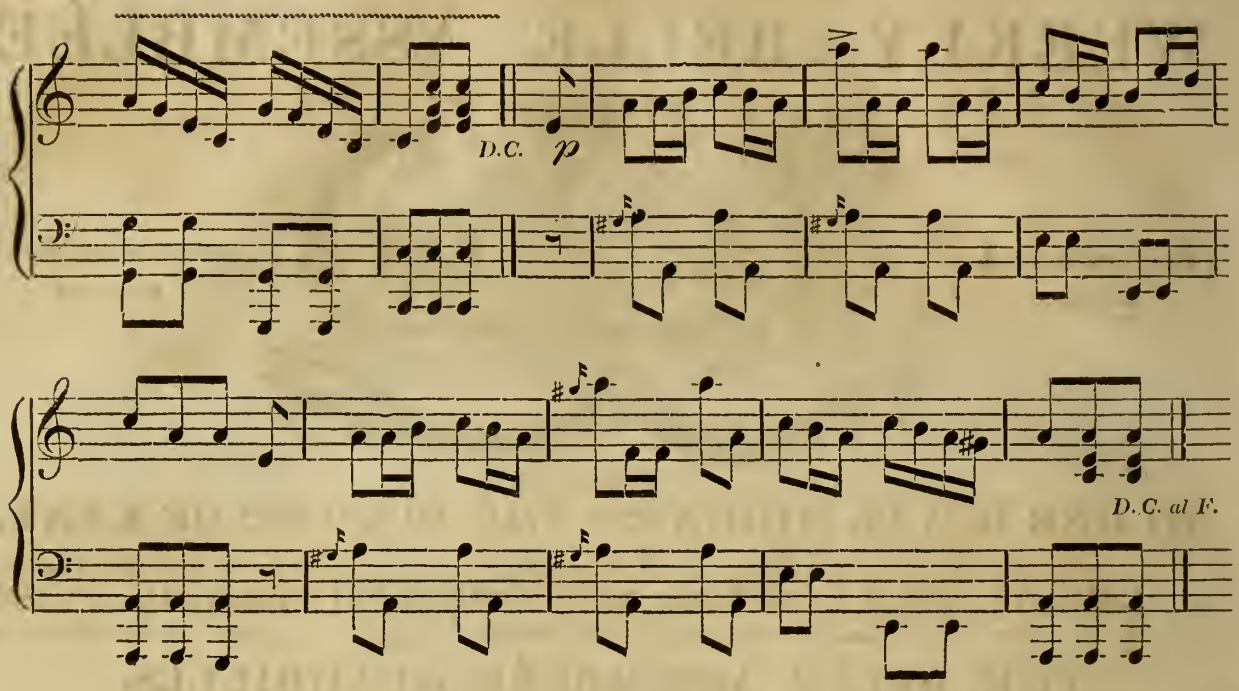
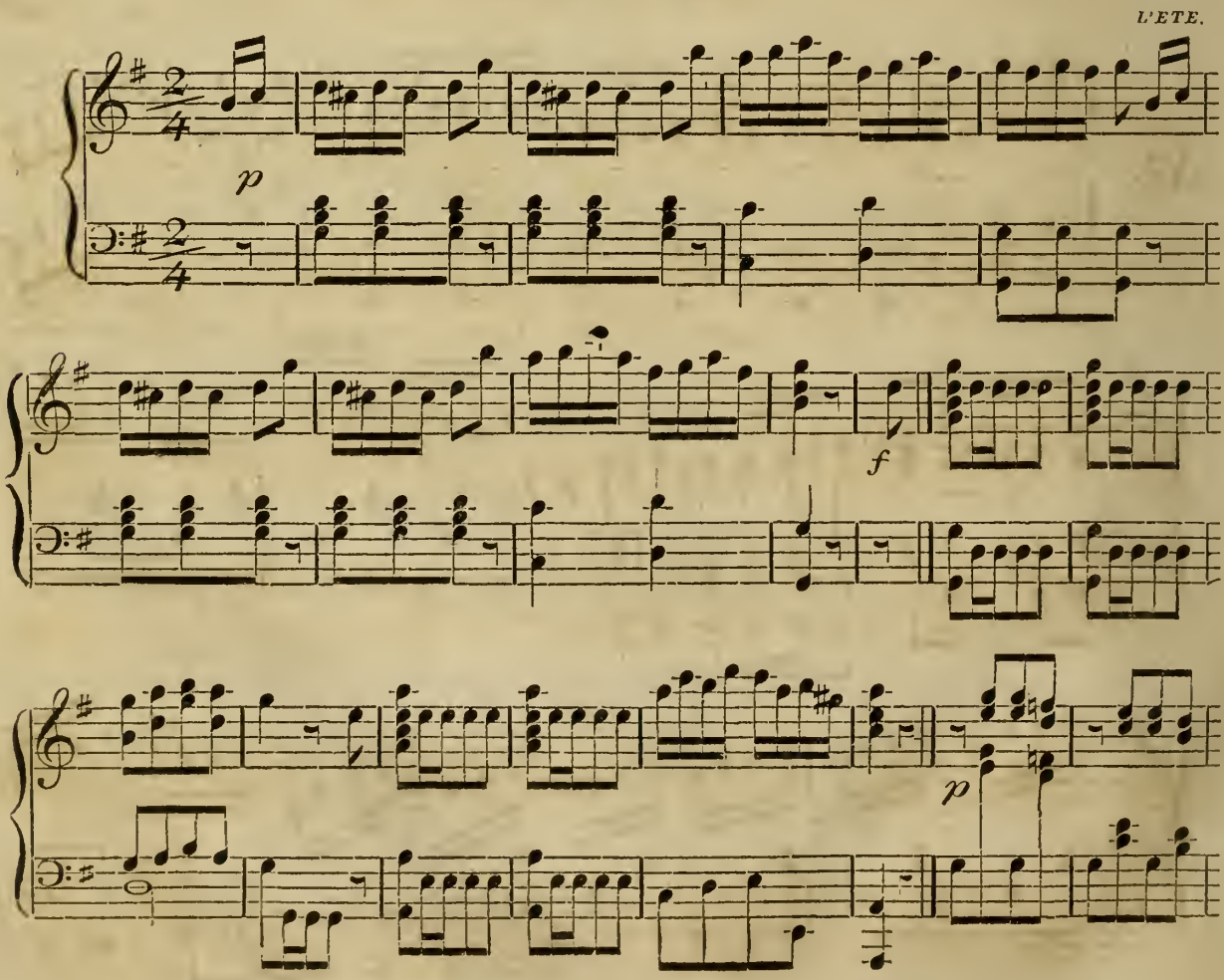
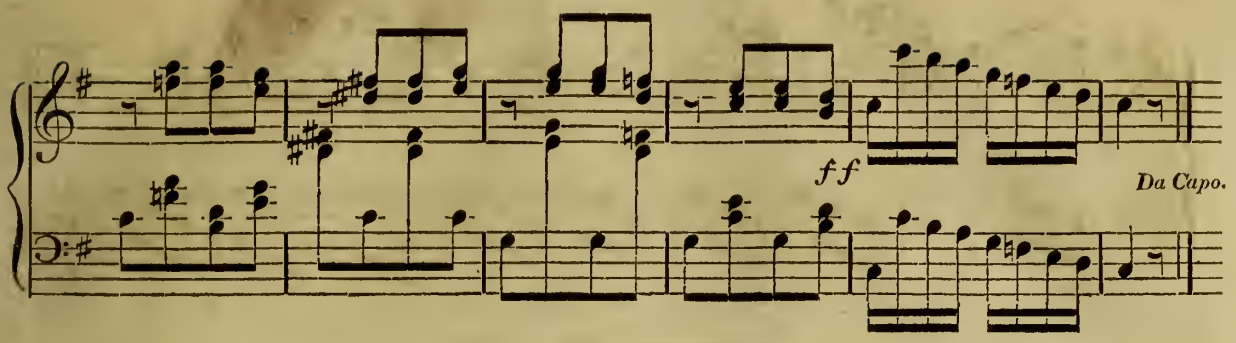


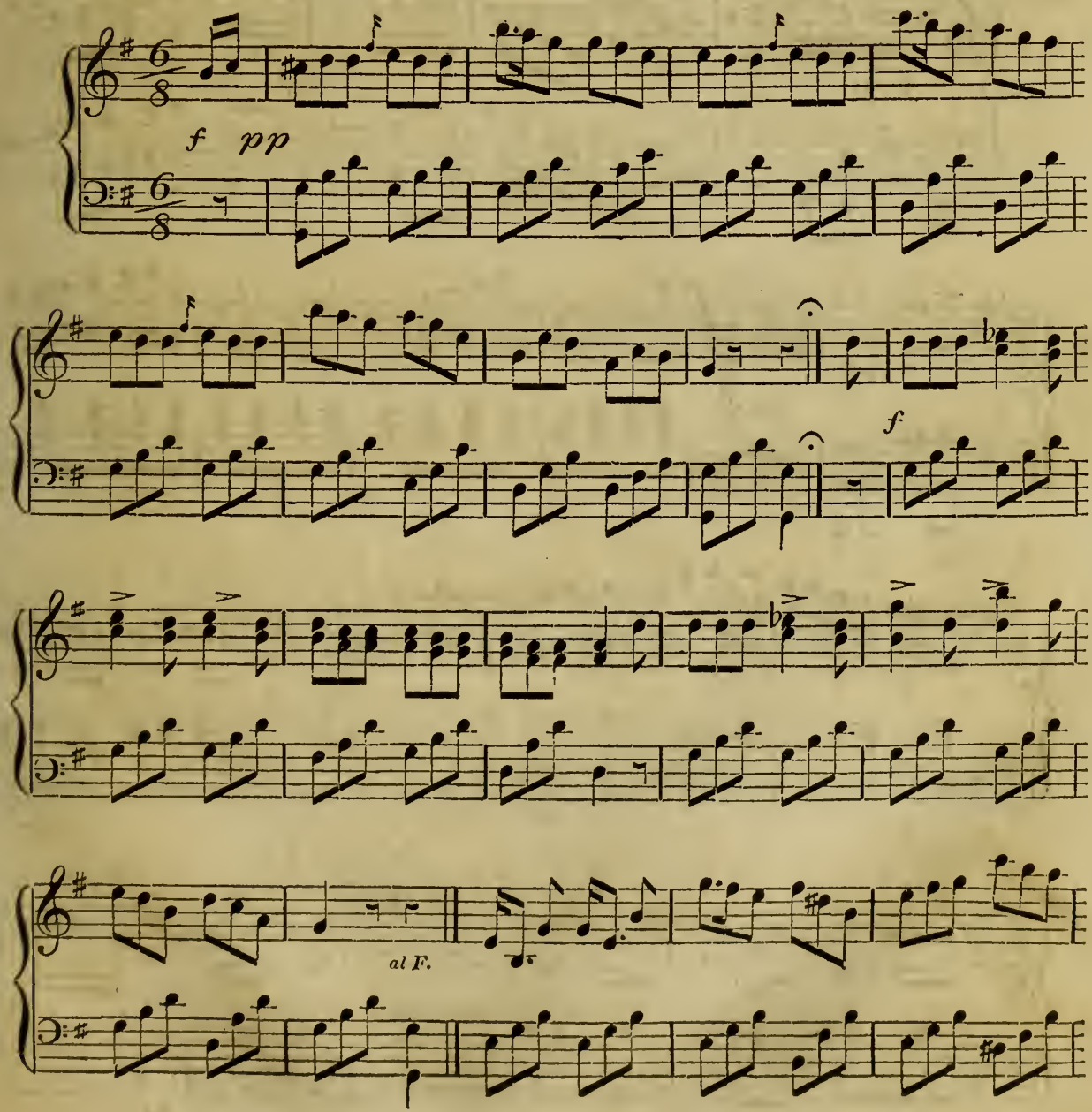
MISS HARMONICA.

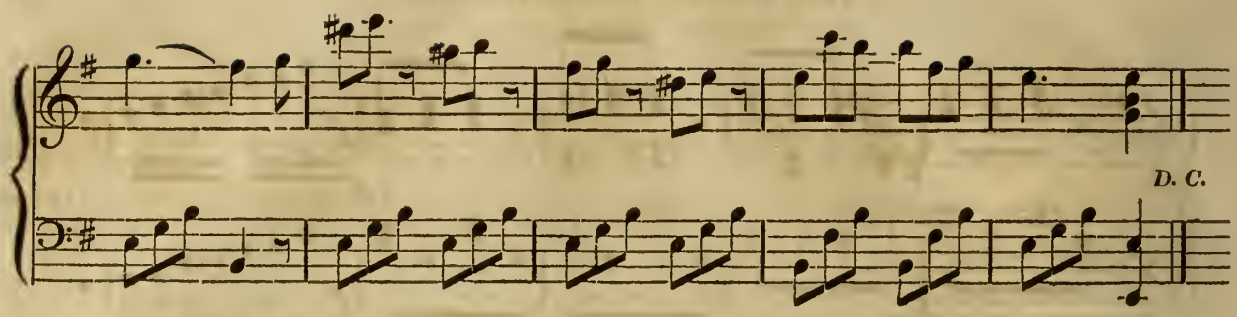




MRS. MODISH.

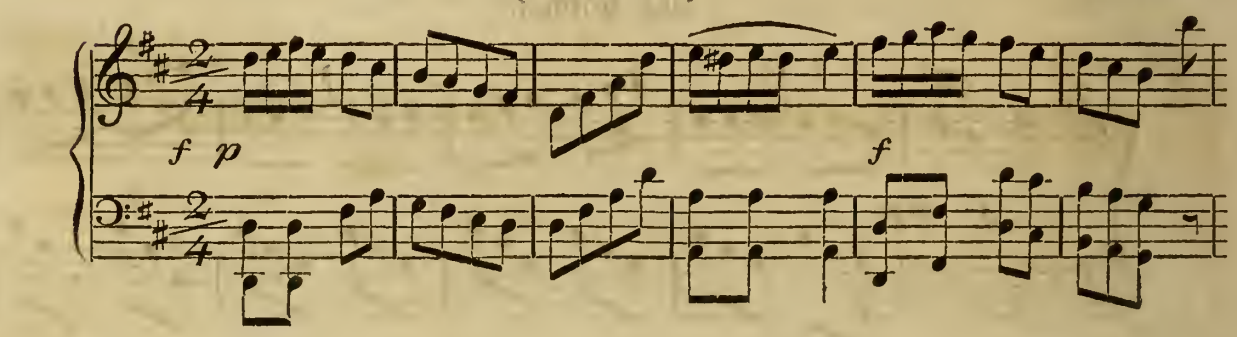
LA POULE.

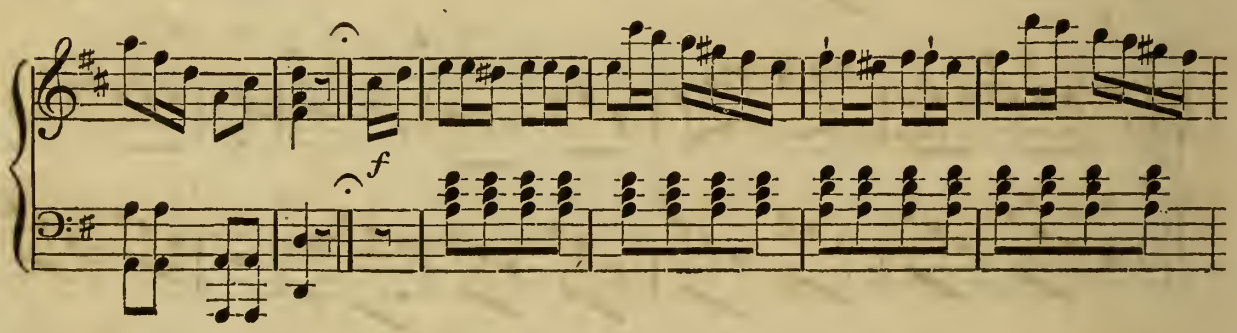


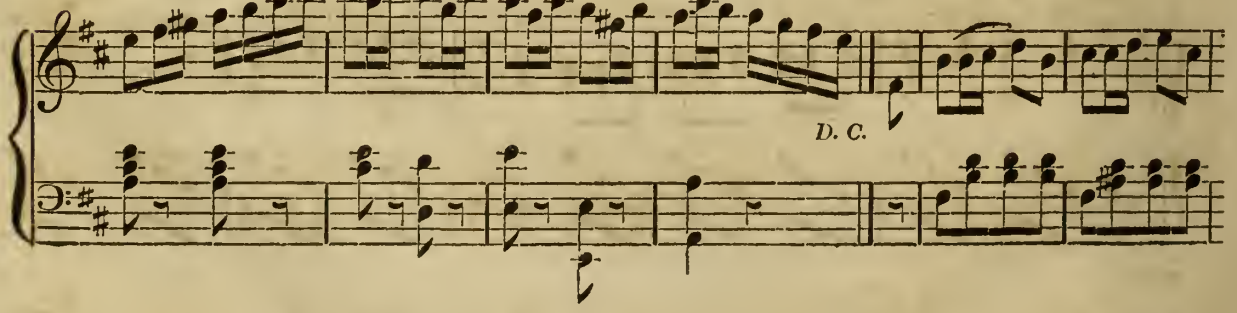


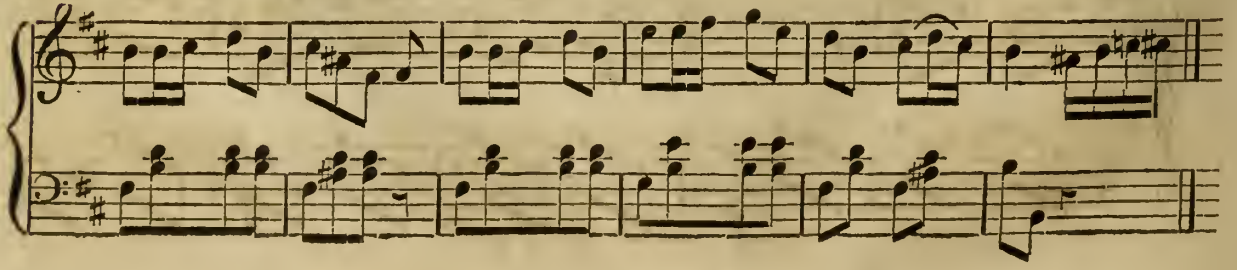
MISS SCRIBBLECUMDASH.

LA TRENISE.









THE SUBS GRAND ROND.

LA FINALE.

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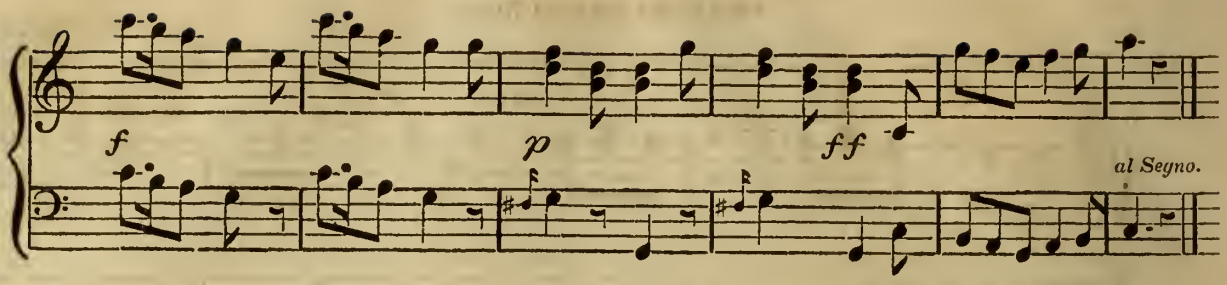

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVE MOUNTAIN, COUNTY OF ANTRIM, IRELAND.

BY E. P. TURNERELLI.

In the vicinity of Belfast is situated a mountain, which various causes combine to render an object of the greatest curiosity. The last and highest of a long range of hills, it is the only one, that from its ruggedness, and the rocky nature of its soil, is totally unfit for the slightest cultivation. The following circumstance gave rise to its appellation. In a rock of fearful height at the summit of the mountain, Nature has constructed three caves,—the one rising (at successive though unequal distances) above the other. The first may be entered with ease, the second is a task of great difficulty and danger, and the ascent to the third (from its height and the various obstacles that present themselves on the attempt) is almost an impossibility.

In Ireland every natural curiosity has its story — every glen its legend—and with every cave and fountain is associated some tradition of importance. To few places, however, do the peasantry attach a greater degree of veneration than to the cave mountain. And, indeed, if the awful grandeur and sublimity of nature, heightened by circumstances at once strange and unaccountable, have the power of exciting superstition among the inhabitants of its vicinity, I know few spots more calculated to create such feelings than the wild and solemn magnificence which pervades this place.

The attachment of the Irish to the memory of their ancestors is well known; seldom do they fail to pay the tribute of reverence due to the memory of courage and worth.

Mac Art, one of their celebrated chieftains, — idolized by the vassals over whom he presided,—after the loss of a battle in which his two sons and the greatest part of his army were put to the sword, being a man of the most surprising strength and activity, evaded the eager pursuit of his enemies by taking refuge in the highest cave of this mountain. Some of his faithful adherents contrived, in the darkness of the night, to bring him arms and sustenance. The misery he endured must have been extreme;—exposed, in the midst of a severe winter, to every vicissitude of the weather in that inclement season, his fate excites a feeling of sympathy and sorrow in the breast of a stranger, Even this miserable existence it was not his fate to enjoy long. A traitor friend, who, in the moment of prosperity, had cringed and crouched before him, in his hour of adversity betrayed him (to gain the reward offered for his life) into the hands of his enemies. All attempts, however, to force him from the cave were vain and ineffectual. The situation was such, and the means of defence had been so amply supplied, that none approached him but at the forfeit of their lives; like the angry lion in his lair, each intruder was sacrificed. At length starvation alone succeeded in doing that which the combined efforts of his enemies had attempted only to be baffled. His body was never removed from the cave, but was left to decompose and moulder away in the place which had afforded him refuge and protection. Such was the fate of Mac Art! His melancholy story has been traditionally handed down to posterity, and his misfortunes are not forgotten even at the present period. What must then have been the times, that could reduce any human being to take refuge in the horrors of such a place? The upper cave, since the time of that occurrence, has been considered by the peasantry as sacred; and it is firmly believed that no one enters but with the forfeiture of life.

Some years ago a circumstance occurred, of a tendency little calculated to diminish the long-established belief. Two adventurous and daring sailors, hearing how difficult of access the entrance to this cave was with that mad courage so peculiarly allied to the English mariner, determined on making the attempt. The earnest endeavours used to dissuade them from their intention, only rendered them more obstinate in their undertaking. One paid for his boldness at the immediate expense of his life; for a projection of the rock on which he had placed his footing giving way, he fell from a terrific height, and his brains were dashed out on the rock beneath, in the presence of the spectators. The other, though awed and terrified at the mischance of his comrade, seemed resolved that nought should deter him; he continued to climb higher and higher with the most indefatigable perseverance, and at last succeeded in his difficult and perilous project. Astonished at his success, shouts of applause burst from the spectators, mingled, however, with intreaties not to enter the cave. With the greatest sang-froid he drew from his pocket a bottle, drank to the health of his Majesty and the prosperity of Old England, and entered the proscribed spot. Long and anxiously did the people await his re-appearance, still he came not. To their reiterated shouts no answer was returned. Hour after hour passed away—the shades of night spread over the mountain—and the greatest part of the peasantry dispersed, with the received opinion more firmly impressed on their minds than ever. Their wonder was extreme; it was not likely he would remain in the cave merely to delude the people, At the dawn of the following day, thousands assembled on the mountain—ladders were brought—the sailor was in the cave, but life was quite extinct. Amazement pervaded every mind, and astonishment was rivetted on every countenance. The whole of the circumstance was so strange and unaccountable, that none hesitated to impute his death to some supernatural agency. Probably, however, from the immense exertion and fatigue he underwent in the ascent, his death was occasioned by a fit of apoplexy. Yet few or none thought of ascribing it to that cause; all agreed in believing it to be a punishment for his rashness and presumption.

Nature seems to combine with circumstances to render this spot remarkable, for the continuance of that part of the mountain called Mac Art's fort, presents, in a certain view, as correct an horizontal profile of a warrior's face as could possibly be delineated. The arched Roman nose, the proud and haughty curl of the lip, is depicted out plainly, and in as bold an outline as could issue from the powerful and inventive genius of the painter. This is

pointed out to the stranger as the profile of the revered chieftain.

Being on a visit with a friend, in the small yet commercial town of Belfast, and hearing this mountain continually spoken of, I set out one morning on foot with the determination of viewing the place, and all its wonders. It was in the latter end of June—the birds were singing merrily in the trees—the sun was shining in all its splendour—while the gentle breeze that stole upon the senses, tended to diminish the intense heat, and to render it a morning such as I have seldom enjoyed. Though I had some miles to walk across the country, so beguiling was the influence of the weather, and the charms of the scenery, that ere I was aware, I found myself at the foot of the mountain, whither I had been directing my steps. There was a romantic wildness about the place, calculated to excite the most intense interest. The spot seemed perfectly secluded, and the most awful stillness reigned around. Not a cottage was to be seen, and naught broke the solemn silence save the mirthful warblings of the feathered songsters, as they hovered above in the unclouded sky. I looked around, there appeared no track, no beaten path to guide me in the ascent. Trusting, therefore, to chance, I proceeded on my way. At first little opposed my progress; yet soon the difficulty and danger increased at every step. Numerous acclivities presented themselves, so steep, and the footing so insecure, that the ascent was attended with the greatest hazard. Then occurred many a huge rock, almost defying the passenger's progress—to climb which required the utmost exertion of strength and agility; that surmounted, there appeared a chasm, with the mouldering trunk of a tree laid across for a bridge—its passage required at once firmness of heart and steadiness of foot. Soon, however, the difficulty lessened—the ruggedness gradually diminished—the mountain side became covered with a low, blue-flowered furze, arranged in furrows at a little distance from each other, as regularly and systematically as if it had been planted by the hand of man. Casting my eye upwards, I could perceive large masses of projecting rock, throwing a dark, elongated shadow, down the mountain, and seeming to threaten with destruction all who should venture under them. The space covered by the furze was immense, and the labour of passing it tedious and fatiguing in the extreme; at its termination, however, judge my surprise on seeing a lawn of the most green luxuriant grass. Untrodden and unsullied by the foot of living creature, it presented a gay contrast to the barren and rocky surface I had been so long ascending. It was the last thing I could have expected to have met with, where all around was so rugged and irregular. Here I sat myself down to admire at my ease the grandeur of the scene that encompassed me.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

THE SPIRIT'S ANSWER.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

'Tis not from the depths of the forest I come,
Not from the wild deer's leafy home!
Nor yet from the desert's lonely path,
Where sweeps the Simoom in scorching wrath;
Nor yet from the gush of the torrent-fountain,
Nor the mighty shade of the giant mountain,
No, Lady! none of these scenes may be
My dwelling of darkness and mystery!

'Tis from the depths of the inmost SOUL
Where the wild waves of Passion, lash and roll;
From the hidden cells of the lonely heart,
Where the crimson tear-drops of FEELING start;
From the broken or bruised Spirit's sigh—
That echoes my voice of melody;
Ah! Lady! *such* only the shrines may be
Where I work my spells of mystery!

'Tis from the heart that hath felt LOVE'S blight,
The breast that hath bled over FRIENDSHIP'S slight;
The eye that hath moisten'd o'er SORROW'S tale,
The cheek that hath wan'd with sadness pale;
The hand that hath trembled—the brain that hath burned
Till its lightning thoughts have to madness turned;
From the soul of fire and the brow of gloom,
'Tis from SUCH dwellings I come! I come!

Lady! mistake not the phantom whose sighs
Are like Zephyr's breath when the rose-leaf dies,
For the mighty SPIRIT of ANCIENT SONG
That hover'd the sacred groves among;
Whose mystic voice in whispers spoke
To the DRUID BARD 'neath his hallow'd oak,
And fell on his brow like the light from Heav'n,
Or the dewy fragrance from HERMON giv'n!

Mistake not the notes of these modern days,
Their polish'd sweetness and smooth-tun'd lays
For the Spirit that brooded o'er MILTON'S lyre,
And hallow'd its chords with IMMORTAL FIRE!
Nor for *that* which breath'd into SHAKSPEAR'S ear
Those whispers the Gifted alone may hear,
That kindled to words on his burning tongue,
And touch'd with its magic the themes he sung!

Such is not the voice that is wafted around
The gay saloon; from the Lute's soft sound;
The SPIRIT OF SONG hath no kindred with mirth,
Nor the festive scenes of the grov'ling earth;
But where the "charmed spell" *is* giv'n,
It raises the mortal a step towards Heav'n,
And wraps him before he ascends the sky,
In the mantle of IMMORTALITY!

Yet seek me not, Lady! I should but bring'
To *thy* pathway a blight and a shadowing;
And a touch of care to thy fair young cheek,
Where only the laughing Graces speak,
And an aching void to that peaceful breast
Where the Angels of HOPE and JOY now rest
Like smiling Cherubs that lightly lie
On the eye-lids of sleeping Infancy!

I adjure thee, Lady! by ev'ry spell
Whose pow'r on thy soul may its influence tell;
By thy soft sweet voice, whose silvery tone
The SPIRIT OF MUSIC, hath made its own;
By the smile which sheds Gladness on all around,
And heals the smart of thy Beauty's wound;
By the charm thou fling'st o'er thy happy Home
Where with fairy fleetness thy light steps roam;—
By the Hopes thou awak'st in a MOTHER'S breast,
By the Pride of a FATHER IN THEE confess'd,
By a SISTER'S caress of artless love—
By the BROTHER, whose fondest regard thou'dst prove,—
And if there existeth a *tenderer* tie,
By the Breast which echoes thine own Heart's sigh,
And the lip which thy blushing cheek hath kiss'd,
I adjure thee, Lady!—desist! desist!

THOU WILT NOT!—take then the fatal sign
Which binds thee wholly, and deeply MINE!
I plant on thy brow the Seal of Care—
I give thee the power to think and dare
Things never dream'd by the vulgar throng,
Whose circle THOU can'st not have place among,
But must wrap thyself in a living shroud,
Nor fellowship feel with the heartless crowd!

Visions of BEAUTY and TERROR shall roll,
Thro' the secret depths of thine inmost soul,
That shall picture before thy mental eye,
The shadowy things of ETERNITY!
Things that the POET *alone* may dream,
Mirror'd to him like shades in the stream,
And the Prophet's glance, and the Minstrel's hand,
That are touched with the light of a higher land!

Take thou the heart with deep feeling fraught,
That shrinketh almost from its own wild thought;
Take thou the mind that stands aloof
From the world;—(though not 'gainst its arrows proof,
Nor the chill, when it sinks from its visions high
To the darksome depths of REALITY,
And wakes from its trance in Earth's vale of gloom,)
GIFTED ONE! take thou, the POET'S doom.

* The "Invocation of the Spirit," on the following page, ought to have preceded the "Spirit's Answer," but through the misunderstanding of the compositor, is misplaced.

ADDRESS TO MRS. FORBES

ON READING HER MOONLIGHT THOUGHT.

Fair lady! oft I've thought like thee,
The stars by Heaven design'd,
Blest mansions of the soul when free,
Unshackled, unconfined;
And gazed upon each sparkling orb
That gemmed the ether blue,
'Till wonder would each sense absorb,
Such myriads met my view!
And thought that it were sweet to die,
If lov'd ones we should meet,
In those bright temples of the sky,
Th' enfranchis'd soul's retreat!

ANNETTE.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

By the lonely midnight deep
That reigns o'er the stilly earth
By the river's shaded sleep,
By the leafless forests' dearth
That stretch their giant branches high
To the stirless depths of the wintry sky,
Spirit of Song, appear!

By the dark and purple sky,
By its sparkling stars of light,
By the west wind's hollow sigh,
Through the halls of the regal night,
Sweeping with cadence wild and drear,
And startling the lonely watcher's ear,
Spirit of Song, appear!

Come from the craggy hold,
In the Highland's far blue mountain;
Come from thy dwelling old,
By Castaly's bright fountain:
Come o'er the waves of ocean clear.
From thine own Italia so lov'd and dear,
Spirit of Song appear!

I've waited for thy coming
In the sparkling hour of morn,
I've look'd for thee in the gloaming,
When the crimson sun was gone;
Now from the depths of the midnight drear
I call thee! beautiful vision, hear!
Spirit of Song appear!

SONNET TO MISS ELIZA VINCENT.

Lady! when first I saw thy peerless beauty
And heard thy rich voice melting into song—
A dream-like spell—a rapture of the *heart*—
I could have deem'd some spirit roved among
The sons of clay, and scorn'd his heavenly duty.
I oft have seen thee since and known thou art
Mortal—but fairest of all Beauty's daughters!
Aye! fair as she once seen mid Alpine waters.*
But in thy glorious eyes beam brighter power
Than e'er shone forth from Aphrodite's own,
And still they beam as in that blessed hour
When first I hail'd thee queen of my heart's throne—
But, ah! 'tis vain to thee my pangs to tell
Thou wilt not cast one thought on me—
Farewell!

EPIGRAM.

"All Nature's works are true," so said the Sage,
There could have been no females in that age;
At least with time the Ladies must have chang'd;
Experience proves—truth from their heart estrang'd.

H.

* Witch of the Alps. She to whom Manfred emphatically answers, when questioned as to his purpose in invoking her presence

"To gaze upon thy beauty—
——— Nothing further."

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

PORTSMOUTH DOCK-YARD. — From the volume of *close rolls* recently edited by Mr. Duffin Hardy, under the auspices of the record commission, it may be inferred that the first establishment of this, the first naval arsenal in the world, took place in the reign of King John, by the following document.—"The king to the Sheriff of Southampton. We order you without delay by the view of lawful men to cause our docks at Portsmouth to be enclosed with a good strong wall in such manner as our beloved and faithful William Arshbishop of Taunton will tell you for the preservation of our ships and galleys, and likewise to cause penthouses to be made to the same wall as the same archbishop will also tell you, in which all our ships' tackle may be safely kept, and use as much dispatch as you can, in order that the same may be completed this summer, lest in the next winter our ships and galleys and their rigging should incur any damage by your default, and when we know the cost, it shall be accounted to you.—20 May, 14 John, A. D. 1212."

NEEDLESS ADVICE TO MODERN DOMESTICS.—Lie in bed as long as you can in a morning; but if you do rise at the third bell, the morning hours ought to be your own You can then most conveniently, before the family are stirring, see your friends, and settle your little matters with your followers;—of whom more anon. If any members of the family have a fancy for early rising, be sure you cure them of it. Let such persons find the parlour in a litter, the fire unkindled or smoking, and their shoes unbrushed. If the riser is a gentleman, withhold the supplies. This is a constitutional principle. The want of shaving water will infallibly drive him shivering to bed, and probably cure him of this impertinent practice. In the mornings when you choose to hold no levee in the kitchen, be sure to make the room-doors bang up before you and slam behind you till the house ring. Tramp across the floors till they creak, and the windows shake to your tread. If any person in the family is sick, this will help to amuse him by letting him know what is going on, and will also inform the next family of your movements. Ten to one but their servants may in like manner requite the obligation. Give nothing till it be at least three times asked, and a due time waited for. This will make your principals feel the importance and value of your labours. That you may effectually observe this rule, be sure you never brush boots or shoes till the person wanting them is ready to go abroad. Never clean a candlestick till the bell rings for lights, nor a knife till the cloth be laid, and if hot water be at any time wanted, why hot water is surely worth waiting for. To do nothing till it is wanted, and waited for, gives fine scope to show alertness and ingenuity.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a *bunch*, giving as his reason, that where there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

ANGER.—If a man can subdue his anger, he does himself a very great service; he lengthens his life, he improves his digestion, he enlarges his knowledge, he defeats his enemies, and not improbably, converts them into friends.

TRUE GAMESTERS.—Horace Walpole mentions an anecdote, of a man having in his time, dropped down dead at the door of White's Club-house, into which he was carried; upon which the members of the Club immediately laid bets whether he was dead or not? and upon it being proposed to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, alleging that *it would affect the fairness of the bet.*

MURDERING THE KING'S ENGLISH.—A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large scale, and was disclosing the plan of it to a neighbour. "I have employed," said he, "a man *which* has *eructuated* many buildings, and my design is, for him to *eruct* an *edifiz*, with a beautiful *portorico* in front, and a *Pizarro* behind, with a bath-house *contagious.*

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART V., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* JANUARY, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 26—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Jan. 4, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Lady's Walking Mantle and Hat.—The first is composed of a new Cachmere material, called *Tudorienne;* it is a rich fawn colour, the border and fronts embroidered in brown silk. There are two square pelerines, cut round the border in deep scallops, and also embroidered. A third pelerine is rounded, and lightly worked round the border, as

is also the collar; the latter is square. The hat is black velvet, trimmed with rose satin ribbon, and ostrich feathers.

Gentleman's Walking Dress.—Pataloons of a new striped material. Green coat, trimmed with a double row of yellow buttons. Sea-green cloth mantle; it is made shorter than usual, with a round cape of moderate depth, and a square collar; the latter covered with grey silk plush, with which the mantle is lined throughout.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Splendour and comfort, which are so seldom united, seem to be at present the handmaids of Fashion, particularly as regards out-door dress. One of the principal novelties for which is a pelerine-mantelet, made with sleeves; it is composed of either satin or velvet, is lined throughout with fur, the lining turns over, and forms a band round it. The sleeves are wide, loose, and much longer than the hand; so that the ends turn up, and form deep cuffs. Fur collar, square, and of moderate size. The most elegant of these mantelets are lined with sable, but we see a great many with Kolensky, and grey squirrel fur linings.

We never remember to have seen furs more generally adopted than in this winter. Several mantles are trimmed, and some lined with them. Muffs are more worn than they have been for some winters past, and large fur pelerines are in great request; without, however, absolutely displacing boas, which are still adopted by many *élégantes*, and will probably continue in favor till the end of the season.

We see among the new morning bonnets a partial revival of the English cottage bonnet, adopted by the French, under the name of *bibi*, and certainly it must be confessed that our neighbours have very much improved it. This new version of an old mode may, we think, be termed with propriety a *demi bibi;* it has a cottage crown, which stands backward, but not in a straight line, and a round brim, moderately close, and projecting but little beyond the face. The material should be either velvet or satin, and the trimming a single ostrich feather, placed on one side, or else a bouquet of velvet flowers.

Hats offer no novelty as to their form; several of those for half-dress are trimmed with a curtain-veil of black lace, and have the crown crossed by a drapery, cut in scollops, and edged with black lace. Orange still continues a predominant colour for hats, but the trimmings are usually black, or at least with a mixture of black. Thus, for instance, a bouquet of French marygolds, the leaves of which are orange, will have a black foliage. We see also a good many hats of green and black, or rose and black, but certainly those of orange and black are in a decided majority.

With regard to dresses, we have only the new materials to quote, for whatever is novel in the form we have, with the exception of one or two ball-dresses, given in our print. One of the prettiest materials for morning dress is *Cachemere Thibet*, printed in new patterns. Another material of the Thibet kind is called *Segovia*. The grounds of both are sea-green, black, or smoke colour. For evening dress, *Satin dentille* is likely to be in great favour; it offers a perfect imitation of the patterns of old fashioned lace, white upon cherry, or rose-colour, and black upon rose or blue. Painted satins, with a black ground, flowered in vivid colours, or a white one in small light patterns. *Cachemere decoupe*, composed of fine Cachmere wool, and striped with satin, is also elegant for evening dress; it is made both in white and colours. We may cite for ball-dresses two new kinds of gauze, the one checquered in very small stripes; there are two or three stripes in each square. The other is *gaze d'Arabie*, in white and rose, black and orange, in singular, but pretty patterns. We think, however, that we may venture to predict that plain crape and *tulle* over satin, will be this season more fashionable than any figured material for ball dress. We have just seen a very beautiful robe of plain white *tulle* over white satin. The body cut moderately low, draped round the bust, and pointed at the bottom, is ornamented down the centre of the bust with folds, and a lappel, that forms the fold into the stomacher shape; the latter is bordered with blond lace; the lappel turns round the back of the corsage in the pelerine style. The front of the skirt is trimmed in the apron style, with wreaths of artificial roses.

The prettiest of the new evening dress caps are composed of blond lace, and trimmed, instead of flowers, with the tips of white or rose-coloured marabouts. Nothing can be lighter or more graceful than this style of ornament. Turbans are very much in favour. A good many are composed of gauze, of two different colours, the one plain, the other figured. Several are of black and orange, or black and rose, but we see also a good many of white mingled with rose, cherry and blue. Fashionable colours are orange, cherry-colour, claret-colour, lavender, violet, and various shades of green, rose, and smoke colour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY ENGRAVING.

Ball Dress.—It is composed of black blond lace over black *poux de Soie*. The body is cut moderately low, and trimmed with a lappel of the pelerine kind, square at the border, but forming a *demi cœur* on the bosom; the space is filled with rose-coloured gauze ribbon. The lower part of the body is full. Short Spanish sleeves, slashed with rose-coloured gauze ribbon. A rose is attached at the bottom of the slash, and a ruffle terminates the sleeve. The *ceinture* is tied in bows and ends; a drapery formed of ribbon, and ornamented with roses, descends from it in a slanting direction, to the trimming of the border—a bouillon of rose satin. Head-dress of hair, in the antique style, ornamented with roses and pearls.

Evening Dress, of *gaze fleur des Anges*, the body of the antique style, is moderately low; it turns over in a small lappel, bordered with white blond lace. Bouffant sleeves, the lower part formed into a ruffle, by a band and bow of white and lemon-coloured gauze ribbon. The hair is parted on the forehead, dressed in corkscrew ringlets at the sides, and bows on the crown of the head. It is adorned with *aigrettes* of rose and white gauze ribbon. The jewellery is of gold and pearls.

Dinner Dress.—The skirt of the robe is composed of black foulard, printed in a rich Cachmere pattern. The body is black satin; it is made low, in the corset form, with an opening, in which white *tulle*, embroidered in colours, is let in the top and bottom of the *corsage*, and bordered with black blond lace. Long sleeves of black *tulle* over short ones of black satin. Pink crape *chapeau beret*, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and gauze ribbons. Jet neck-lace and ear-rings.

Promenade Dress.—A violet-velvet pelisse, with a large *Witzchoura* cape, bordered with sable fur. The front of the pelisse is ornamented with a sable trimming of the sugar-loaf shape. White satin cottage bonnet, trimmed with white ostrich feathers and satin ribbon. Sable muff.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Green velvet carriage bonnets trimmed under the brim with puffs of green and white gauze riband. The crown is adorned with a drapery, and knots formed of gauze riband, and a bouquet of dahlias, one of which falls upon the brim.

No. 2. Black lace dinner-dress; *corsage en cœur*, ornamented with knots of rose-coloured gauze riband. Blond lace cap, trimmed with gauze riband and white marabout feathers.

No. 3. A back view of number one.

No. 4. Morning cap of black *tulle*, lined with French grey sarsenet, and trimmed with foliage knots of grey gauze riband, and bands across the crown.

No. 5. White gauze evening-dress, over white satin; a low body with a stomacher front. *Coiffure à l'antique*, of hair, adorned with knots of rose gauze riband.

No. 6. A back view of number four.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XVII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle and the Secretary discovered.*

Miss Bluemantle. Fair Secretary, before we proceed to business we beg to rectify two very sad errors which occurred in our Supplementary Number of last week. The first, that No. 25 *should* have been headed Supplementary Number. The second was the omission of the author's name, GEORGE DAVEY, to the Sonnet addressed to Miss ELIZA VINCENT. We much regret *this* error, and beg to assure Mr. DAVEY it was an oversight from the hurried manner in which the number was got out. Now for your Correspondents.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Letter from A. N., enquiring the fate of a piece called the "Crusader's farewell to his Mistress," and adopting another signature to avoid mistakes.

Miss B. We earnestly request in future that those correspondents who adopt initials will add some other name (fictitious if they please), by which we may know them, there have been more blunders about the A. N.'s than we could have supposed. The Poem spoken of, we have either mislaid or never received, will MARY ADELINE again favor us with a copy? We ought to keep autographs of all our correspondents, in order to recognize them again.

Miss S. "The Violet," by MARY ANN.

Miss B. Almost too long for our pages, but 'tis simple and pretty, and shall appear.

Miss S. "Rosalie TEMPS," (I think), by JEAN.

Miss B. We beg to decline the sketch, nothing *equivocal* will suit our pages.

Miss S. "The Coquette," by THEODORE.

Miss B. We have already several accepted articles from this correspondent on our file. The "Coquette" is about the worst of the lot.

Miss S. Letter from G. H., alias Humphrey Dobbins.

Miss B. Friend Humphrey wont do.

Miss S. Henry Vth.

Miss B. Let him have patience, we have need of good store. Ah! here come Harmonica and Mrs. Bloomer.

Enter Mrs. Bloomer and Miss Harmonica.

Welcome Ladies! ye have too long been absentees from our Council Board. Well, what Christmas notices have ye to report upon? Clowns, transformations, Harlequins, and Columbines, we presume, by the gross?

Miss H. I have only witnessed one Pantomime, and heard a new overture at the Garrick Theatre, in Goodman's Fields.

Mrs. B. Where in the name of wonder is that? It is a complete *terra incognita* to me.

Miss B. What! The scene of our forefathers' earliest dramatic representations, a *terra incognita* to our literary sister?

Mrs. B. I must confess my ignorance of the topography of that quarter of the town.

Miss B. But could you not find anything new without going on an absolute voyage of discovery for it?

Miss H. I will not say that. But it is my practice to seek for and encourage talent wherever it is to be found; whether at an opera or a barn,—whether in an oratorio or a pantomime. The music I allude to is composed for a production of the latter class called the "*Sleeping Beauty.*" The overture surprised me; it is original in construction and tasteful in arrangement, and although I hear it is the first attempt of a Mr. F. Reed, yet the band parts were scored in a manner which betrayed the solid theorist. The rondo is one of the most elegant and pleasing melodies I have heard for some time; and the coda so good that I wished for a few bars more of it, as the process of working up the subjects into one *crecendo* movement (of which Rossini is so great a master), is, in the present instance, I think, rather too short; it does not give time to prepare the ear for the concluding chords, although the treatment of the passage itself, in other respects, was excellent.

Miss B. But what of the pantomime; did it repay you for your long ride?

Miss H. Yes, in laughter; and that with interest. Considering the smallness of the stage, it astonished me to see how excellently all the scenery, tricks, &c., were managed. The *Clown, Pantaloon,* and dandy-lover, knocked and tumbled about in a most laudable manner, and kicked each other down with an evident eye to business, and the interests of the managers. As for the audience, they nearly tore down the roof with delight. The very tunes were imbued with a spirit of drollery, and skipped about the scale in octaves and odd-sounding sevenths, in excellent imitation of the eccentricities of their motley colleagues upon the stage. I must not forget the *Columbine* (Mrs. Conquest). Her attitudes are both elegant and *chaste.* It is a pity we cannot say as much for all our dancers. She *looked* the part of the "*Beauty*" as well as she danced after her tranformation. I can assure you, ladies, that I enjoyed the performances with as much *goût* as the veriest schoolboy in the house.

Miss B. Bless us! you are quite eloquent on the subject. Well, Bloomer, anything new in the literary world?

Mrs. B. Oh! I have plenty of matter for your "SELECTOR," Lady President. But I have too long forgotten to call your attention to a sweet volume of poetry by your correspondent, Miss SARGEANT, entitled "THE ISLE OF WIGHT," and other Poems. It is a beautiful and touching Poem, and does its fair author great credit, some of the minor pieces at the end of the volume are very impressive and effective, and composed in the best spirit of Poetry, and the vein of morality and religion which runs through the greatest part, best shows the sterling value of the ore.

Miss B. Miss Sargeant is not only a graceful poetess but a pleasing novelist, whose writings inculcate "Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed." We will read the volume ourselves if you will leave it in our hands.—Modish is still an absentee.

Mrs. B. Ah! she is doubtless looking after the caps and head-dresses at some fashionable soirée; our province is the *inside* of the scull, Modish attends only to its outward garniture. Well, every one to their taste.

Miss B. We have also a banquet prepared, ladies, within, kindly furnished by some correspondents who shall be nameless, they are not, however, the less sincerely thanked for this mark of their attention—

"Their names the crowd shall never hear,
We'll pledge them deep in memory."

Come, let us adjourn for once in the year to something better than our usual muffins and Twankay.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAVE MOUNTAIN, COUNTY OF ANTRIM, IRELAND.

BY E. P. TURNERELLI.

(Concluded from page 198.)

Oh! how I love the mountains side! In its loneliness with what intensity do the thoughts burst upon the mind,—how wild are the reveries indulged in by the heart! Scenes long passed by, and almost erased from the tablet of memory, there rush upon the soul as vivid as at the actual moment of occurrence. To some it may afford only a transient pleasure—its novelty may beguile a weary hour—but to a mind of solitude, its solemn silence will impart a constant enjoyment,—sweeter far, than the hum of gaiety or the revelry of mirth!

The view I beheld was grand and imposing. Before me lay the sea,—and many a bark was visible on the vast expanse of its waters. In the distance appeared an irregular line of mountains, with their outlines so dim as almost to amalgamate with the clouds. On my right was the naturally green and fertile country, with its mountains cultivated to their very tops. Well did it deserve the name of the Emerald Isle! However, though incomparably verdant, still (from its scarcity of trees), it was wanting in that romantic scenery which so fascinates the eye in England. It presented the appearance of a beautifully wrought

carpet from the diversity in colour of the various fields. It was too regular, too like a surveyor's plan to interest the eye very much. On my left lay the busy, bustling town of Belfast.

Rising, I again proceeded on my way and soon reached the projection, called, Mac Art's Fort.

Here it was at the commencement of the Irish insurrection, that the gallant the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, with Charles Henry Teeling, and a numerous band of followers met and bound themselves by a sacred oath to rescue with their lives, their country from the injuries under which she had so long laboured. In such a spot the remembrance of the brave, naturally leads the mind to sympathize with the beings whom wrongs and oppression had spurred unto deeds of violence and vengeance. Theobold Wolfe Tone not long after, added another to the list of those bold spirits, who resigned every earthly tie in defence of their much-loved island.

Leaving this spot, hallowed by the memory of departed heroism, I continued to advance, and soon arrived at the summit of the mountain. Now had I reached the highest point, now I looked round with that feeling of satisfaction and delight, which those experience who have succeeded in the completion of a difficult and laborious project. The height I had ascended seemed truly terrific, it was much greater than I had anticipated. The summit of the cave Mountain is estimated to be fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Though the weather was unusually fine, yet the wind blew with great strength; and in stormy weather is so violent as to preclude the possibility of venturing on the Mountain. Above me frowned the three caves, the lowest being nearly level with the ground, is, therefore, easy of access. With great labour I succeeded in entering the second,—the third it was in vain to think of. And yet the mind feels a strange sensation of disappointment at the apparent impossibility of exploring it. It seems as if it would so well repay a person's labour, and yet it seems to threaten with punishment the adventurer who attempts it.

Such was the cave's dark entrance;—nor inferior
Was the foul vault within, though few dared venture
To move a single step towards its interior,
Unless despair or crime had bade them enter.

After many a lingering look around me,—after once more contemplating the sublimity of the scene—the grandeur of nature—with my mind absorbed with reflections on the various objects that encompassed me, and the traditions connected with those objects, I at length directed my steps downwards, and soon arrived again at the base of the mountain. Bidding farewell to the scene that still enchains my recollection, I returned home (comparatively to the labour I had undergone), but little fatigued and exhausted. So sweet even danger and difficulty may be rendered when it tends to the amusement of the mind.

So delightfully had the hours flown—so like what we meet with in the fairy mansions of sleep, that reason seemed to doubt of the reality of its enjoyment. Never in the whole of my remembrance did a day commence with circumstances so generally auspicious—pass with so much pleasure and enjoyment, and terminate so blithely and happily. The impression it has left on my mind will not easily be eradicated.

Strange it is—that while every other natural curiosity in the Emerald Isle has been explored and described at length—the Cave Mountain should have passed unnoticed and disregarded. From what cause this has arisen I am at a loss to imagine. Probably from its being contiguous to that miracle of nature, the Giant's Causeway,—the lesser wonder was forgotten in the consideration of the greater. A sense of sorrow that such a place should be so little known beyond the circle of its immediate vicinity, may in a measure tend to excuse the feeble attempt of one, who is aware he has endeavoured to soar far above his limited powers. This is, however, certain, that in hands adequate to the task, it would afford ample materials to employ the genius of the writer, and to interest the feelings of the reader.

THE GERMAN ROMANCE READER.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

"The day—the day has faded, and the burning sun-light is gone! Ah! how he weighs down my eye-lids! My spirit languishes, sleeps when his too glorious smile is on the earth. Night—night with her voice of melody calls me. Hush! the creeping of the dew, the lullaby of the breeze to the lake, and the bird of sad music with her silver-breathing sweet messengers! I come—ha! the diamond stars, too, in the skies, one, two, three—countless, countless! yes, bright multitudes! when thy fair mistress has silvered o'er the flowers, in all my joy I come—Azim! Azim!

"Placid, sleeping are thy waters my own lake! with another heaven upon thy bosom. List! is it Azim? No; the waving of the willows. Sigh on, sigh on, melancholy wood, for he is not here.

"Midnight on the earth—How many thousands are this time sleeping! What sweet hours to waste! Alas! *I* knew not what it was to love until Azim taught me to see as he did, to turn into my own soul—to love being apart from all the world—to bear the silent language of the stars—the whispering of spirits—poetry, romance, enthusiasm, and—oh! delirium! love—love Azim. Alas! the stars have glided along, and he come not! Does he dare ———? Hold, hold, maddening brain! hold, hold, quivering heart!—ah! a footstep! stop my gushing tears—my beloved! my wronged! Mein Herz!

* * * * * *

"I know him not; he comes only by night to me, but he is like a sun to my heart. His voice is an angel's, and his respectful tenderness makes me all confidence in him. Oh! why, why does he haunt my soul? 'tis a pain, 'tis a joy to love so deeply—my heart is all tranquility when he is near, but in absence the only joy I have is the sweet hope of seeing him again. Night to the world is day to me, for then I hear his voice; I see him smile, but I dare not lift mine eyes to his, for *there* speaks his soul, and it makes my cheek burn even in the pale moonshine.

"Last evening he gave me a violet, the dew was on it—strange! it has not faded, and the dew still remains! Spirit! beautiful Spirit! whatever thou art, of the earth, sea, or sky, dost thou look on me now in thine invisible loveliness? *Well*, I knew a child of the earth could not have drawn my heart so wholly away from all but himself and heaven. *Well*, I knew that a child of the earth could not have made my favourite, lonely lake, such a fairy place, with perfumed wreaths floating on its surface, and my chosen seat always strewed with roses, over my head and at my feet. Do I then love a spirit? a fairy prince? oh! happiness unspeakable!

"My sweet violet! my precious flower! I hardly dare look on thee, lest thy beauty and my deep dreams together fade—and yet twenty times a day I breathe thy odour, my soul is lighter and lighter, and I am farther away in the land of spirits. I have heard them talk of madness, poetry, delirium, and romance, can they exist together? How my temples throb! Sleep, sweet sleep come over me with thy white delicate cloud—softly, softly, my soul is sinking like the slow twilight. Azim!—Spirit! ah!———"

The young lady sleeps; shall I steal her pen for a short time, and give you a little account of her? In the first place she was very intellectual. "Nonsense; she has escaped from a madhouse." No such thing I assure you, she was only a German romance reader. She had *heavenly* eyes! "Well, go on" So now you are interested? Suppose I had told you that she squinted, had a wry nose, stuttered, and—but I will go on. Her name was Stella Von Swärz, she was lovely enough for any of Goëthe's heroines, and she had just imagination, enthusiasm, and romance enough to turn her brain on the wild, demonical, animal magnetising country in which she resided. Her mother died when she was quite a child, and her father was so much engaged in political affairs, and Stella was left in an old romantic chateau "on the banks of the blue Moselle," to read as many romances as she pleased, and to wander about gazing at the stars, the tranquil river, and the moon. Notwithstanding

her solitary life, Stella had many lovers, but she turned away her pretty head from them all, and sighed for "a knight of the red cross," just returned from Palestine, having performed prodigies of valour, without getting any wounds to spoil his face. She thought if such a one kneeling before her in bright armour, with the dark plumes of his helmet sweeping the ground as he held it in his hand when addressing her; she may, perhaps, smile on his wooing, but he must be handsome? "Yes." He must be accomplished? "Yes." He must be brave? "Ah! yes." And a sabre gash across the nose, or a black patch over a sightless eye, would alter the case?—— I thought so.

Among those who sighed for Stella, was a young, sensible, gallant Italian, named Guido Capuletti. I fancy this "dark eyed one" would have made some progress in her affections if he had remained longer at ——, but in a fit of despair he suddenly set sail for Pisa, and I really do not think Stella would have given a rose-leaf to see him back again.

* * * * * *

We left Stella sleeping—she is now awake; she smooths her beautiful silky curls; she takes her coffee; she sings to her wild harp; she walks out; she returns, and, perhaps, receives three or four persons that she cares nothing about; she is alone again—then comes the romance reading, and when the lovely peaceful night gives the earth silence, the flowers dew, and man rest; her head is filled with half-maddening poetry, whisperings of the dead, spells, spirits, and diablerie, (N.B. she had all Weber's operas, Robert le Diable, and Faust.)

This night Stella did not meet her lover! she was grieved, offended, and surprized. A week, a month passed, and her faithless Azim did not appear. She was brought to death's door! One would scarcely have known her pale face.

One evening Stella was reclining on a sofa at an open window, with her soft eyes fixed on the heavens, watching the day's departure. It was in the spring; the delicate slow spring. The earth was bursting to beauty more and more, and the flowers, and the silence, and the blue skies spoke to her sorrowful soul again in the language of poetry. To complete the romance of the scene, a guitar broke the silence of evening, and a voice whose melancholy melody surpassed any thing she had ever heard. It went thus—

"Love! my beautiful love!
I have wandered a weary way after happiness,
But in vain, for *thou* wert not near,
My only love! my cruel love!
What is rest, sweetest? dost *thou* feel it!
Then thy lover, like the "bird of peace,"
Hath none for the sole of his foot,
Ah! be mine ark, and let me rest with thee."

She listened for more, but the song had ceased; she raised her eyes, a figure darkened the window, and with a light bound came on the floor near to her, he was dressed in a picturesque style, with a silver veil on his head, and a guitar slung over his shoulder. "Azim! Guido!" Stella screamed, and the next minute the young guitarist might be seen throwing open all the windows in the rooms, running about for water and rubbing her hands all in a breath. At last they brought Stella to life, whereupon she immediately desired Guido to leave her presence, saying that she had been "deceived, insulted!" He attempted to excuse himself on the ground of his deep unhappy love, but she would not hear him, and I do not think she understood until long after, how he managed to disguise himself so completely as for her not to know that Guido was Azim, and Azim was Guido, and how he managed to remain concealed at ——, when every one thought him at Pisa. The violet, too, how could he solve that mystery? Oh! it was easy enough to get one from the convent di Santa Maria, where flowers are made in such perfection, that he was enabled to deceive Stella, particularly when he had the violet scented with some sweets extracted from the real flowers.

It was certainly a very well managed affair, even for such an enterprizing, gallant young fellow as Guido Capuletti. He had torn himself from Stella a whole month to try if his absence would affect her—she was ill—he flew to her. Was he *too* presuming—then he had his punishment.

One evening Stella was walking in a retired lane, leading to Die Landstrasse, when she saw an object of the greatest commiseration seated on a felled tree; he had on an old Polish uniform coat, his head was bare, he had no stockings on, and but one shoe, the bare foot was sore and bleeding, apparently from having walked over the stones; the poor creature was resting it on his other leg. As Stella came nearer, she perceived that he was quite a youth, that he had but one arm, and a terrible gash had laid open his left eye, which was still unhealed. She spoke to him in German, but he shook his head. "Che poss'io far par voi?" she said. No, he did not understand Italian; then in French, this he understood, and in a pure accent, but in a half deranged manner, told her the sad tale of his losses and wrongs. He was a Polish patriot. "Lady," said he, "they took my estates—I could bear that; they maimed my body—I was a soldier and could bear that; they slew my father, I fought like a madman for him. They made our country a slaughter-place, still I fought in my despair, regardless of my bleeding wound, at last Tera was lost; my own innocent Tera! then my heart gave way, they bore me—they bore me—I don't know where. I believe I have walked a long way; what place is this? Who are you sweet lady? but give me some water, pray, I suffer dreadfully with thirst." His mind was evidently wandering; his head sunk down, and then again he raised it, opened his parched mouth, and touched his tongue, (meaning that he wanted water). At any other time Stella would have been alarmed to find herself alone with a maniac, but now she clasped her hands together, exclaiming "What, what *shall* I do for him! Just at the moment, Guido (or Azim, which you please), appeared in sight. Stella, forgetting all but the situation of the Polish outcast, in a few impassioned words explained the scene. Guido fetched some water very quickly, and then left her watching while he ran for assistance to convey the stranger to a cottage. His wounds were dressed, and he was put into a comfortable bed; for three days he raved incessantly, then the fever abated, and he recovered his intellects. It was evening, Stella and Guido were bending over the bed of the dying one; she had been watching him for some hours; during that time, he told her a tale that almost froze her young heart, she fully understood the horrors of war, the veil of heroism and romance was torn from her eyes. "You are very ill, my friend?" said Guido, taking his emaciated hand. "Yes, I am dying, and God Almighty bless you for your kindness to me," he said very softly, and speaking at intervals. "Can I do any thing for you? have you any friends you would wish me to write to?" "No, no; all there," pointing to heaven, "not one left, I knew *she* would not live without me; I saw her—yes, as I live! saw her pale shadow last night," he gasped for breath; they raised him up, his arms fell powerless, he smiled on them. "Nurse, nurse, open the window, he has fainted." No—he was gone.

* * * * * *

"This is a dreadful night for me; my heart ought to be made of iron to support it," thought Guido; "Stella," he said, "I must bid you farewell." "Farewell, Guido," she answered, as if they were to meet again. "Nay, but give me your hand; wish me well, I am going far from Germany." "Going! when? where?" "To Poland!" "*Do* you *mean* that? for God's sake tell me?" Stella raised her affectionate eyes to his. It was enough. Guido was happy.

THE CONSCRIPT.

It is surely in mercy that we are forbidden to pierce the mist of futurity, for could we but for a moment withdraw the veil that shrouds the future from our eyes, there would be scarcely a youthful brow among the sons and daughters of mortality, that would not be furrowed prematurely with the sorrows of age; for even at the moment when we are at the summit of enjoyment, the sword is suspended over our heads, that is to cut the thread of happiness, and plunge us into the lowest depths of despair.

Early in the summer of 1813, as a joyous party were assembled at the guinquette of one of those romantic

villages, so frequently to be seen in Normandy, to celebrate the marriage of Louis Montemar and Céleste Villeblanche, which had taken place that morning; the merry dance was suspended, to listen to the dread news that a party of soldiers were bending their steps that way; no sooner had the sounds met the ear of the youthful bride, than her glowing cheeks assumed an ashy paleness; she felt that they could have but one motive for their visit to her peaceful hamlet; and, in "Fancy's eye," she already beheld her husband torn from her arms by the ruthless enforcers of the Conscript law. Her forebodings were speedily and fatally realized; Louis Montemar was the pride of the village, as Céleste was its fairest maid: and his fine manly form was certain not to escape the eye of the serjeant who commanded the party. The morning sun had beamed upon a happy husband; its setting rays shed their parting light upon a broken-hearted conscript.

Morning lighted a faint gleam of happiness in his heart, for his faithful Céleste, she who had pledged herself to him in sorrow as in joy, had cheerfully enlisted under those banners, which, but for her courage, had deprived her of the husband to whom she had just plighted her vows; they would at least have the consolation (if die they must) of breathing their last on the same blood-stained field, for each had determined not to survive the other. * * * * * The summer roses had shed, and autumn saw Céleste and her husband fighting side by side, on the banks of the Elster, after the fatal battle of Leipsic; bravely they maintained their ground, till a Cossack, wounding Louis in the sword-arm, he would been taken prisoner, had not Céleste, with an eagle's swiftness, thrown her arm around him, and plunged headlong into the river. The circling waters closed over them, and buried in oblivion this matchless pattern of Love and Heroism. ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

DOINGS AT NAPLES.

(*Extract of a letter from Mr. Parry, jun.*)

Since I last wrote to you, I have been introduced to several English families who reside here, and who give splendid entertainments, concerts, and dinner-parties, to the Neapolitans, as well as to their countrymen, at which I have had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the manners and customs of the people and the place. It is by no means an uncommon thing for *ladies to smoke two or three cigars with the gentlemen*, at evening parties; mind, I mean Italian ladies, not my fair countrywomen. At a *soirée musicale*, given the other evening, a new vocalist was introduced, in the shape of a little poodle dog, who, at the command of his mistress, jumped on a music-stool, and began to howl the chromatic scale, at the same time thumping the keys of the piano-forte with his fore feet, concluding his performance by a long shake! It really was an excellent satire on those whose delight is in meretricious ornaments, squalling unmeaning cadenzas, and untunable roulades. It was very disadvantageous to me to sing a simple English ballad immediately after this canine exhibition, but I am happy to state that I was honoured with an *encore!* A new opera was lately brought out at St. Carlo, composed by Il Maestro Genovese, in which Madame Masi sang extremely well, but the piece was not successful. Madame Malibran made her first appearance at Naples on the 14th instant (November), as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's *Otello;* she was most rapturously received, and her performance was a most triumphant one throughout; but what rendered the scene almost painful to me and several English friends, was, not the least applause, owing to the presence of the royal family, which I find is the custom here, and which, I think, would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance;" but although there was no clapping of hands we had plenty of *brava!* with the uplifting of hands and eyes, nods, and winks of approbation. How shall I describe the splendour of the house—no pen can possibly do it justice—it was the Queen's birth-day, and a grand gala night! The great St. Carlo was lighted on the occasion by *six hundred wax torches*—not candles! The youthful King, with his lovely consort, Maria Cristina di Savoja, who attained her 22nd year that day, and all the royal family, occupied the centre boxes. They were surrounded by the officers of state in their splendid robes, and a host of military men in richly embroidered uniforms, together with hundreds of ladies most elegantly dressed. The opera was followed by a grand ballet, produced on the occasion, called *Barba Blu (Blue Beard)*, in one scene of which there was a troop of cavalry introduced, and about 300 persons on the stage at one time!

We quitted this dazzling scene only to witness another.—Naples was illuminated in the most extraordinary manner; cannons roaring, bands playing, others singing, others shouting, and their Majesties' acknowledging the expressions of respect paid to them in the most affable and gracious manner. On Wednesday next this grand gala will be repeated, in honour of the birthday of the Queen-Mother, on which occasion Rossini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, will be performed; the wonderful little Malibran will, of course, be the *Ninetta*, and *Fernando* will be represented, for that evening only, by my kind and eminent master, Lablache, who is a prodigious favourite here: he has made a splendid fortune, and he very wisely enjoys the fruits of his labour while he can. He looks remarkably well, and lustier even than when he was in London, where he means to be again next season. He has given over teaching except in a few particular cases, and I may reckon myself very fortunate in being counted one of the favoured few. He frequently tells me that I would do extremely well, if he could impart a portion of his *power* to me; but a winter in Italy will do much in that way.

I regret that my friend, Signor N., who brought over a very clever opera, composed by the Hon. Miss M., with a view of bringing it out at Naples, has no chance of accomplishing his object, as there are three composers who have been waiting two years to get their operas performed. Rossini is the idol worshipped at Naples; I attend the English Church every Sunday, which is generally full; and I feel not a little proud of the appearance of a number of beautiful English ladies, who, in every respect, throw the dark brunettes of this city into the shade. A young lady of the name of Portans, who was formerly a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, is making rapid progress as a vocalist; she possesses a very fine conta alto voice, and has had the advantage of the instruction of Catalani for two years at Florence. A son of Dr. Boisraghon, of Cheltenham, has made a most successful *debut* at the Florence Opera-house; his voice is a powerful, rich, and sonorous bass. The Carnival commences here on the 17th of January; should I remain at Naples till then, I will send you an account of it; but I am invited to pass the Christmas week at Rome—(when I go there I shall be honoured with a letter of introduction from a nobleman to his Holiness the Pope)—and from thence I shall proceed to Florence; then turn my face towards dear Old England, where I hope to arrive early in the spring.

Naples, Nov. 18. I. O. P

SORCERY IN INDIA.

A well attested anecdote will sufficiently show how vain it is to attempt convincing the Indians of the delusion practised upon them by the impostors, in whose supernatural powers they place such implicit confidence.

About the time when the revolutionary war broke out, there was a Quaker trader residing among one of the western tribes. His name was John Anderson, but the Indians commonly called him "*the honest Quaker trader.*" After having many times argued with them against the existence of witchcraft, and the craft of their sorcerers in vain, he took the courageous resolution of publicly putting the power of some of these people to the test. He therefore desired that two of them should be brought before him on different days, who should have perfect liberty to do him all the harm they could by their magic, and that in presence of their chiefs and principal men of the village.

The Indians, who were much attached to Anderson, endeavoured to dissuade him from trying so dangerous an

experiment, but he insisted on having his own way. Upon this a Conjuror was brought to him, who professed himself fully competent to the task for which he was called, but he could not be persuaded to make the attempt. He declared that Anderson was so good, and so honest a man, so much his friend and the friend of all the Indians, that he could not think of doing him an injury. He never practised his art but upon bad men, and on those who had injured him; the great "*Mannitto*" forbid that he should use it for such a wicked purpose as that for which he was now called upon.

The Indians thought this excuse perfectly good, and retired more convinced than ever of the abilities of their conjuror, whom they now revered for his conscientious scruples.

The one who was brought on the next day was of a different stamp. He was an arch sorcerer, whose fame was extended far and wide, and was much dreaded by the Indians, not only on account of his great power, but of the wicked disposition of his mind. Every effort was made to dissuade Mr. Anderson from exposing himself to what was considered as certain destruction, but he stood firm to his purpose, and only stipulated, that the Magician should sit at the distance of about twelve feet from him, that he should not be armed with any weapon, nor carry any poison, or any thing else of a known destructive nature, and that he should not even rise from his seat, nor advance towards him during the operation. All this was agreed to. The Conjuror, boasting that he could effect his purpose even at the distance of one hundred miles. The promised reward was brought and placed in full view, and both parties now prepared for the experiment.

The spectators being all assembled, the Sorceror took his seat, arrayed in the most frightful manner that he could devise. Anderson stood firm and composed before him at the stipulated distance. All were silent and attentive while the Wizard began his terrible operation. He commenced working with his fingers on his blanket, plucking now and then a little wool, and breathing on it, then rolling it together in small rolls of the size of a bean; and so went through all the antic tricks to which the power of bewitchery is generally ascribed. But all this had no effect. Anderson remained cool and composed, occasionally calling to his antagonist not to be sparing of his exertions. The Conjuror now began to make the most horrid gesticulations, and used every means in his power to frighten the honest Quaker, who aware of his purpose still remained unmoved; at last, while the eyes of all the spectators were fixed on this brave man, to observe the effects of the Sorcerer's craft upon him, this terrible conjuror, finding that all his efforts were vain, found himself obliged to give up the point, and to allege for his excuse "that the white men eat too much salt provisions; that salt had a repulsive effect, which made the powerful invisible substance recoil upon him; and that the Indians who eat but little salt, had often felt the effects of this substance, but the great quantity of it which the white men used, effectually protected them against it.

Mr. Heckewedder, who relates this anecdote, was informed of the particulars by Anderson himself, who observed, that the imposition was perfectly plain to him, as it must have been to any tolerably sensible white man; but that the Indians, notwithstanding the failure, believed as firmly afterwards as before, both in the power of the conjuror and the truth of his excuses. "Ah! it was very clear," said they, "it was the *salt* that saved the Quaker, and a lucky fellow he was to have lived upon salt meat."—*Thatcher's Indian Traits.*

BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR WITH *SPIRIT!*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE BELLS RING IN THE YEAR 1834.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

"Years rush by like the wind, we see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight, without a sense that we are changed; and yet Time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage."

The NEW YEAR! the *glad* New year!
With its glowing Hopes and fairy dreams,
Fresh as the rush of the Torrent's-streams,
And cloudless as Spring-tide's golden beams,
Salutes gay CHILDHOOD's ear!

The NEW YEAR! the *sweet* New Year!
What phantoms of Love and lovely things,
Bright visions and gay imaginings,
Come floating upon its sunny wings,
As it falls on YOUTH's light ear!

The NEW YEAR! the *chequered* Year!
Sad thoughts of what its mists may shroud,
Like the rugged PAST, his steps have plough'd,
Brings o'er the brow a shade and cloud,
As it peals on MANHOOD's ear!

The NEW YEAR! the *weary* Year!
Lost friends—lost Hopes—(a mournful Train!)
Life's bitter lesson, learn'd in vain—
And the thought "shall I see its return again?"
Falls sad on AGE's ear!

The NEW YEAR! the *fleeting* Year!
It bringeth a sigh, and a doubt to ALL,
For who can tell what its dusky pall
May cover,—or where Fate's shafts may fall,
Ere its change again draws near?

The NEW YEAR! the *good* New Year!
Should bring resolve and purpose high
With steady hand and steadfast eye,
Through the mazes dark of Destiny,
By HONOR's chart to steer!

The NEW YEAR! a *happy* Year
May prove itself to YOUTH and AGE,
If VIRTUE holds the weather-gage,
Thus much the POET may pressage,
Nor risk a doubt or fear!

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. R. J. HARTWELL.

Thou art come, thou art come, welcome season of gladness,
But where are the heralds thy dawn to proclaim;
Where—where is the snow with its cold robe of sadness,
Which strives to o'er-shadow our pleasures in vain;
Where—where are the icicles, pendant and sparkling
In sun-beams too cold to dissolve them in air;
Where—where are the clouds thy horizon once darkling,
Thy laughing skies throw back the question—where—where?

Thou art come like the Moon in her youth and her brightness,
Which waits not till daylight has quitted the sky,
Though rude winds sweep not o'er our birth-place with *lightness*,
Yet flowers *still* mourn o'er companions that die;
Oh! once 'twas not thus when thy visit of pleasure
Was paid to our land with its symbols of mirth,
Art *thou* alone chang'd, or is not the same measure
Of fickleness found at our board and our hearth?

Long—long years ago—and the Father sat smiling
To watch the gay gracefulness childhood display'd,
Or heard the wild laughter of sorrow beguiling,
Himself in the beauty of manhood array'd,
Whilst sweetly the wife and the mother was beaming,
Through eyes ever wand'ring, maternally proud;
Round, round went the goblet, the China bowl steaming,
Making laughter more careless, and merriment loud.

But Beauty itself 'neath the touch of time alters;
That form now is bent, so majestic before,
That eye less expressive, that manly voice falters
That brow with the symbols of age is spread o'er,
The mother—although every look is still glowing
With tender affection, with joy, and with pride,
Her step is less agile, her feeble hand, shewing
That time has not left her unchanged and untried.

The children—see there stand the Daughters whose beauty
First claimed their parental affections alone;
To them love is rather a pleasure than duty,
And all they *should* grant them, still, still is their own;
'Tis true that their *childhood* delights them no longer,
Its wild merry laughter no more can engage,
They have blushed into *womanhood's* grace, but a stronger
Than infantine love now can solace their age.

The Sons—Oh! what hope in those beings are centred,
What joy, what anxiety, pleasure, and pain
Has been spent on their boyhood, and now they have entered
A world of temptation, has wakened again;
Their boisterous mirth is exchanged for a milder,
But still the home-hearth by their presence is cheered,
And nought but their *fancies* in manhood are wilder.
Though checked by the counsels they ever revered.

These—these are the changes our circles are proving;
What change can be greater in seasons than this,
Yet still there *are* tokens no age is removing,
With Christmas's gay hour comes the misleto's kiss,
The red berry glows mid'st her evergreen bowers,
The laurel and yew-branch united are there,
And then come those ancient but dearly loved hours,
When all to their infantine pleasures repair,
With forfeits so dear to the youth and the maiden;
The struggled for kisses, (oft gladly bestowed,)
With carol, with music, and dance art thou laden,
Kind Christmas! thrice welcome to ev'ry abode.

INVITATION TO A TETE-A-TETE.

Dear Sophy, I want you to come
This evening, quite early, to tea;
Mamma won't, I'm sure, be at home,—
There'll be no one to see you but me,
So come in your neat dishabille,
And don't mind the clouds and the weather;
I will play you my last new quadrille,
And we'll try some duets o'er together.

We can talk of our beaux at the ball,
You know who I thought danced the best,
'Tis a matter of taste after all,
But I wouldn't give a pin for the rest.
I must show you a sweet little hat
Mamma's kind enough to bestow,
And something *much prettier* than that,
('Tis a secret I'd have you to know);

If these pretty things don't allure
You to come—I've a budget of news!
You prick up your ears *now* I'm sure,
And can't have the heart to refuse.
But I chatter away much too long,
You will come here this evening depend,
So till then I must fain hold my tongue—
Your impatient, affectionate Friend.

SYLVA.

CHARADE.

Say, what is that which does *degrade*
The *same time* it *exalts*,
Casts o'er our *joys* a *gloomy* shade,
Yet *cancels* all our *faults*.

E. L.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO FIRST AND THIRD CHARADES, Page 168.

Now all is bustle in the CAMP,
To-morrow's dawn the fight shall see;
And hark! the passing BELL proclaims life's lamp
Extinguished in some child of frail mortality
Despite these solemn sounds of sorrow,
Hope nerves each breast to meet the morrow;
Bright sunny Hope! by CAMPBELL sung!
Sweet Bard! once more thy harp be strung,
Of bloody AGINCOURT to sing,
Where laurels crown'd proud Albion's King.

ANNETTE.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO THIRD CHARADE, Page 168.

'Tis night, and the hosts are en-CAMP-ed on the plain;
'Tis eve, and the death-BELL is mourning the slain.
Paint, CAMPBELL, the theme; let thy genius rove
O'er the grave of Ambition, of *Hope*, and of Love!

G. C———R.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

The University of Orleans was founded by Philip le Bel.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero occurred in the year 1355.

Cardinal Mazarin was the minister of Louis the Fourteenth.

The minister of Louis the Fifteenth was Flenrie Bishop of Fréfus.

Cardinal Alberoni was prime minister to Philip the Fifth of Spain.

LAW ANECDOTES.

INSTANCE OF THE BRUTALITY OF JUDGE BACON.—One day, having just passed sentence of death on a prisoner, the culprit asked him to pardon him, on the plea of their near relationship. "How do you make it out?" inquired the Judge. "Why," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and mine Hogg, so we must be related." "That will not do," replied the unfeeling Judge, "the HOG must be well hung before it can be considered BACON."

AN UGLY LAWYER.—A very plain barrister, who was in the constant habit of brow-beating witnesses, during a cross-examination, said to a man who he wished to intimidate, "Look at me, fellow; why don't you look at me?" The quick retort was, "Why really you are so ugly I can't look at you!" Upon this the abashed Counsel sat down amid the laughter of the court.

PRONUNCIATION.—A solicitor's clerk, reading some proceedings before Lord Thurlow, pronounced enough, enow. "Spell it," said the Chancellor, in a voice of thunder, "e-nough, enough." Shortly after the young man coming to the word plough, pronounced it pluff; upon which his Lordship exclaimed, "Young man I sit corrected!"

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

No. 27—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Jan. 11, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—A *robe de chambre* of Cashmere, the ground a yellow brown, printed in a scarlet and gold-coloured small pattern. The dress is made with the body and skirt all in one, very wide, and not attached round the waist; it comes quite up to the throat behind, but slopes a little in front, and is trimmed with a very deep blue velvet-falling

collar, and a lappel of the heart shape, also of velvet. Very large sleeves, confined at the wrist by velvet cuffs. Blond lace cap, a single border of moderate depth, turned back by a band of blue gauze ribbon, above which is placed a half wreath of flowers. The caul is ornamented with a band and bow of blue gauze ribbon, and a half wreath of flowers placed obliquely; a sprig ascends from the wreath, and mingles with the bow of ribbon. The cravat tied in a bow and ends in front, is white Cashmere.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Some novelties have appeared with the new year; we see among them the revival of a very comfortable fashion, cloth robes, several of which are now in preparation in first rate houses of business, for ladies of distinguished rank. All these dresses have the *corsage* made quite flat, and nearly, but not quite up to the throat; they are variously trimmed, some with brandebourgs, others with different ornaments of the fancy silk kind. The skirts were narrower than those of silk dresses, and made without trimming. The material is extremely fine, and always of a dark colour.

Small cottage bonnets will, we have every reason to think, be soon as fashionable as ever. We have seen some very pretty ones lately made, with the brims descending a little over the forehead, and ornamented with ribbon arranged in the form of a cabbage rose; this is a simple but remarkably pretty style of trimming, when it is properly made, it should be placed a little on one side of the crown. We have seen some of these bonnets, made for half-dress, of white, rose-colour, or citron. Others of the same shape trimmed with flowers. Those for *negligé* are always of a dark colour, and if they are trimmed with flowers, which is not often the case, the flowers must correspond.

Some new turbans have appeared in evening dress, they are composed of two kinds of gauze, the one black and figured with gold; the other plain, and either cherry colour or blue. The tints of the plumage of the bird of Paradise that ornaments the turban should correspond.

Counsel and Witness.—A counsel proceeding to examine a farmer, as witness in a cause, commenced with "Well, Mr. Baconface, and what are you thinking of?" "Why, I am thinking, answered the farmer, that your Calf's-head and my Baconface would make a very good dish."

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XVIII.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—Miss Bluemantle and the Secretary discovered.*

Miss Scribblecumdash. I see, Lady President, an error in the signature of the "Tête à Tête," which appeared in your last number. It should have been Melissa, not Sylva, I believe.

Miss Bluemantle. The article had no signature, and forgetting the handwriting, we put Sylva for Melissa. We request in future that when there are more than one article on a sheet of paper, each may be signed separately to prevent mistakes.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from Henry Davy.

Miss B. He is thanked and accepted.

Miss S. Letter from J. Shaw, which requires me to explain, that in the autumn, when you were ill or absent, Lady President, this correspondent wrote you a very consequential letter, requesting to have certain articles returned as they had not appeared the moment he wished them. The articles were found on the accepted file by myself and assistant, and as we did not chuse to insert them out of their turn, they were of course returned in compliance with his request.

Miss B. You did quite right, and as we will never subject ourselves to be plagued into the insertion of articles before it suits us to print them, we beg to decline this correspondent's communications.

Miss S. I always observe in proportion to the dearth of talent, impatience in the writer—

"Where mediocrity we find,
Conceit is seldom far behind."

Miss B. Certainly your remark has some justice in it, as far as regards many of our correspondents, who assume a great many airs, that their talents do not entitle them to. True Genius, (and we boast to have many possessing it who contribute to our pages), is ever humble and modest, and gives us no trouble.

Miss S. A Packet from Annette.

Miss B. Just a case in point, this lady sends us more communications than almost any other correspondent, and is as talented as any, yet, is she contented to wait the time it suits our purposes to insert her articles—this patience and forbearance is not lost upon us, and we thank her for it.

Miss S. Letters from Consistency, A. B., and Toby, complaining of the increased price of the Monthly Part.

Miss B. We are only answerable for the Literary department, and refer them to the Publisher for two-penny worth of reasons for the said rise. It benefits not us.

Miss S. Letter from the Proprietor of the Grecian Saloon, to inform you the Ballad which appeared in Number 24, "Our Auld Roof Tree," has been sang at his concert, by Miss Tunstall, with much applause.

Miss B. We know Miss Tunstall for a very sweet ballad singer, and doubt not it would gain much credit in her hands. She is one of the very few singers who seem to *feel* the sense of what they are singing, and give effect to the composition of the Poet, as well as the Musician. Her singing the Song was unrequested on our part, and we feel ourselves obliged and flattered by the attention.

Miss S. Letter from A. N., (I believe the original A. N.)

Miss B. We are satisfied with the explanation he offers us, and assure him he shall meet the same attention other correspondents receive.

Miss S. Letter and Poems from P. P.

Miss B. His letter shows him to be a gentleman, and his article, no mean Poet. The first moment we have space one of the pieces shall appear.

Miss S. A Tale, by Rossina.

Miss B. We have not time now to read it through, but think from what we glance at, it will be on our accepted list. We regret the mistakes in her former tale, they arose from the handwriting; we will be more careful in future, but wish as little of the "foreign aid of ornament" as possible. It sadly puzzles compositors, and does no good to any story. We do not profess to correct proofs, and our reader may not understand Italian.

Miss S. Lines on a Tear, I really cannot decypher the initial attached to them.

Miss B. They are short, which is one recommendation, and shall appear.

Miss S. A Packet from Augustus.

Miss B. We will look it over at our leisure, but request all our correspondents when they send more than one article, to write them on separate papers, as if all are not used at once, (which is not probable), it gives the trouble of re-transcribing them for the printer.

Miss S. Emma, of Camberwell.

Miss B. The Song shall appear, the other is a terrible long affair, quite too long for our pages,—fourteen verses! mercy on us! has Emma no conscience? and we don't quite comprehend the subject. There, Secretary, we really must conclude our labours for this evening. We are on the invalid list, and claim some indulgence on that score. Come, pour out the Twankay, and let us adjourn.

THE DRAMA.

DUBLIN THEATRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Your fair English vocalist, Mrs. Waylett, made her first appearance here this season, on Saturday night, (28th December), in the character of *Letitia Hardy*, in the favourite play of "*The Belles Stratagem.*" Her reception was most enthusiastic, a quarter of

an hour elapsing in rounds of applause ere our warm-hearted sons of the Emerald Isle would permit the performance to proceed. Of course many songs were introduced to display Mrs. Waylett's talents as a vocalist, (though by the way she is an ACTRESS of no minor pretensions), each of which was encored, and "*Kate Kearny*" was even called for a *third* time. Her dress, a yellow satin, richly trimmed, was splendid in the extreme, and set off the charms of the fair heroine of the evening, to great advantage. "*Paul Pry*" and several other novelties are announced, in which Mrs. Waylett will sustain characters not originally vocal, but with songs introduced to display her "rich and mellow warblings."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.*

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE VICTIM OF FASHION.

"Madame Geradon promised to send our dresses home to-day, I hope she will not disappoint us; I should die with horror to let the Seymours see me again in that odious bleu de ceil."

"Well, Florence, said the mild Teresa; on ne peut pas toujours faire ce qu'on aime, and if the dresses do not arrive, we must wear the blue."

"I will not," resumed her sister, "I will feign indisposition sooner than go in it. Could we be seen at two parties in the same dress, and all our fashionable young friends will be there? the Ladies Prescot, Emily Vavasour?" and the devotee to fashion repeated a list of the most admired young ladies who would grace the approaching juvenile party. The evening came, the dresses arrived, the fair sisters were remarked for their recherché appearance; several ambitious mammas enquired the names of their music and dancing masters, that their daughters might immediately be placed under their tuition. The following week saw them, attended by their governess, and Sir Charles and Lady Grenville, on their route to Paris, from whence they proceeded to Italy. Two years passed in the delights of foreign scenery, and our party returned to London, adorned with all that could make them desirable acquisitions to a London ball-room. Teresa had attained her nineteenth year; her eyes were of the deepest blue, her hair dark brown, her form tall and graceful, and her manners retiring, mild and unassuming; Florence, who was one year her junior, had all the vivacity of an Italian, with black eyes which sparkled like diamonds, and hair which resembled satin; rather shorter than her sister, her tournure was more bewitching, and she was generally considered the most beautiful. Before the season was over, she attracted the attention of Colonel Douglas of the Guards, and in less than three months he was her accepted lover. In offering her his hand, his heart had no participation, he was like herself, fond of gaiety, thoughtless, and partial to splendour and admiration, therefore to call the beautiful, accomplished, admired, sought for, bewitching Miss Grenville, his wife, was in his eyes supreme happiness. She, on her part, wished to be married, admired the person and rank of the Guardsman, and was anxious to be her own mistress, when she could launch into all the gaiety and profusion which she idolized. The wedding day was fixed. The Baronet's house in Portman-square, was thronged with guests. The lovely bride, in a blond dress and pearls, was led to the carriage. The ceremony over, an equally elegant travelling dress was substituted, and the handsome pair set off in a carriage and four, and bid adieu to their friends and England for a twelvemonth. They visited France, Italy, Germany, and Swizerland, frequently wrote over of their happiness, and returned at the end of the appointed time, loaded with presents, designed for their English friends. An elegant house was taken in Portland-place, and Colonel and Mrs. Douglas were talked of and sought for, among the circle of their extensive acquaintance. Balls, dinners, soirées, operas, theatres, concerts and morning visits occupied the time of the universally admired Florence. Her establishment was entirely foreign, her ideas, her dress, her manners, herself, every thing was changed. The season passed. The courted Florence, tired of London, wished once more for the delights of Italy; her health declined and she declared a trip to her favourite country was the only thing that would restore it. Her friends protested it was cruel to leave them, the baronet vowed she must not, and the gentle Teresa, entreated her to stay where she was. Florence was very goodnatured, and acceded to the wishes of her friends. The air of Devonshire was to be tried; a large house was taken, many visitors were engaged, and the party adjourned to the beautiful spot. Florence was delighted for the first month; afterwards, she thought the scenery tiresome, her friends departed, others arrived, and when they quitted her, she found herself much worse than when in London. Dying with ennui, she fixed the day for returning home, but before that time arrived, she was confined to her bed with a cough, caught at the races the previous week. A month rolled on, she was a little better, and with difficulty was conveyed to London. A visible change then took place; the doctors said that nothing but change of air and scene would save the life of their emaciated patient. They said she was consumptive; over-excitement and continued raking had undermined a naturally delicate constitution. The consequences were alarming, and the altered Florence was conducted to Italy. It was too late, three months she lingered, the Italian air was of no use, and before the fourth had elapsed, Colonel Douglas was a widower. Although he never had felt much affection for his beautiful wife, he was much shocked at her untimely death, but as he never retained any impressions long, he soon forgot her untimely end, and returned to England to rejoin his regiment. Many mammas tried every art to secure to their daughters the handsome colonel, they all failed; the character of his unfortunate wife was unusual, and few would have suited him but her. He sold his commission three years after, went abroad, and married an Italian; he never returned to his native country. Teresa was united to an Englishman well suited to her amiable and gentle disposition; she lived happily, but in the midst of her blissful career, frequently gave a sigh and tear to the memory of her unfortunate sister.

A GIPSEY PARTY.

How delightful is a gipsey party! so thought the gay and joyous beings who were wending their way in detached and merry groups over the sunny hill tops, and through the beautiful vales, that bright and glorious summer's morn, Some were gaily racing in the buoyancy and light-heartedness of youth, and fatiguing themselves to death, in their ardour to find the sweetest and most secluded spot for the repast which was to follow their exertions; others were more quietly walking, fully contented to allow the more active the palm of precedency; in the rear was seen the donkey, laden with panniers, (to look like *real* gipsies), containing the provisions, led by two sturdy little fellows, who were too proud of the honour of pulling the animal along, to think of the exertions they were undergoing by so doing, it was a rare treat for them to have no tiresome "*John*" to tell them not to overheat themselves, and "mamma" was too far on before to notice them. At length some of the party came to a dead stop, as they began to imagine the "*sweet spot*" which they had universally acknowleged was to be found *somewhere*, never would make its appearance. "And Nina is looking *so* pale," said an anxious mamma, "*do*, Mr. Hartley, lend her your arm, she is so delicate that I fear this exertion will be too much for her." Nina faintly resisted the idea of fatigue, but the utterance died on her lips, and the bright blush rose to her cheek as Hartley, who had only waited to be allowed the privilege, gently drew her

* We are so much in arrear with contributors of short Prose pieces, that we have determined to oblige their frequent importunities for insertion this week, instead of giving a longer Tale. We beg to inform our readers that we have in hand several Prose articles of length from the pens of well-known writers, which will shortly appear.

hand through his arm, at length a shout from the preceding party proclaimed that something pleasurable had occurred, which was soon proved by the appearance of Harry Latimer at a distance, shouting to them at the top of his voice to make haste, for "Clara Hammond had found the sweetest, most beautiful spot on earth for them to dine in!" And in sooth it *was* a fairy spot, with its velvet carpet of soft grass, and the clustering branches of the nut stem bending so invitingly, and the tall and overshadowing beeches sheltering it so deliciously from the broad sun light, and the cool and glassy stream which flowed so softly, and unceasingly. "Is it not a sylvan retreat?" said Harry. "Beautiful!" "delightful!" was echoed by all, "the very place for a gipsey party." And now came the important business of preparing the repast, and many were the disasters and ludicrous mistakes that were made by hands so unused to arrange such matters. Harry Latimer had been to a gipsey party before, and he *really* wished they would leave all the arrangements to him, which they very willingly agreed to, but poor Harry was doomed to be perplexed, for his mamma had promised half a dozen of wine, and he drew forth *two* bottles only, with a rueful countenance, and the cold turkey, too, had been entirely forgotten in the packing. "I think you had better walk home again," he said at length, quite in despair at the many omissions he met with, "for we have not more than sufficient for a hungry man like myself, (by the way Harry was just fifteen), but, however, when all the eatables were arranged they found more than enough, although Harry *did* eat as though he were starved; and many were the jokes, and loud was the laughter which rang round their mossy table. But there was a deep silence when it was whispered that "sweet Lora Murray" was going to sing, and as the liquid and bird-like voice of the fair young girl rang through that romantic hollow, there was one there who listened with the breathless extacy of first love; and when the last note died away in the distant echo, the loud applauses which greeted the blushing girl were all unheeded by her, she saw nought but the dark eye which was fixed so impassionedly upon her, and which told a tale more eloquently than words.

* * * * * *

The gay and joyous party of the morning were now sauntering homeward in a more chastened mood in the bright moonlight, save Walter Graham and Lora Murray, who stood all alone in that fairy dell; a rich glow was on the cheek of Lora, and her dark eye was veiled under the long silken lashes, which could not conceal its dazzling brilliancy. Walter Graham's arm encircled her slender waist, and her small and delicate hand was closely clasped in his. Never—never did he behold so beautiful a creature as she stood there in her pure and maiden loveliness in the soft moonlight. It was then he poured forth his whole soul to her in an impassioned avowal of his before untold love. The pellucid tear-drops stood in the soul-beaming eyes of Lora, as she raised them to her lover; he needed no other answer than their softened expression; long they stood in that moonlit dell, now echoing with the song of the night bird. And never have Walter Graham or Lora Murray, now his own, his beautiful wife, forgotten or repented joining the "Gipsey Party."

ROSALIE.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

[Written by the author of several popular works, at the request of a romantic young lady, who was very fond of the marvellous, and who, after reading a portion of the following simple and affecting narrative, intreated the author to finish it, for she was exceedingly anxious to know the result of the mysterious visit to Mount Castle.]

One beautiful summer morning, about six o'clock, I quitted my bed, and dressed myself as well as I could in the dark, then ordered the carriage, having made up my mind to walk over to Mount Castle. Soon after seven o'clock, we all started, and as I was alone, I took with me a brace of pistols; in two hours time, that is, about half-past six, we descried the lofty turrets of the castle, which were completely enveloped in smoke, so that we could not distinguish them. I rang the porter's bell at the ponderous entrance-gate, then opened the cottage door and walked in, leaving all my companions outside. The baron gave us a most hearty welcome, desired myself and friends to sit down, which we did; when, presently, the beautiful and fair Romantina, who had gone to Italy for the benefit of her health, entered, and bearing in her lilly-white hands, which were covered with black silk gloves, a massive gold bowl, composed of the finest Sevre porcelain, carved out of an aged oak tree which stands in front of the castle. When I saw the divine creature, I inquired of the baron when he expected her home, he replied in the most affable manner, that, as she was to be united to a neighbouring Lord on the following day, she would, as a matter of course, return during that month. Just at that instant I heard a loud shout, as if of many voices whispering; I began to tremble for my safety, grasped my trusty sword, which I had forgotten to bring with me, and rushed forward, without quitting my seat, to ascertain the cause of the noise, when I perceived all my companions had left me, like a pack of cowards, just at the moment when I did not require their aid. I resolved on quitting the castle instantly, so remained chatting with the baron until dinner was announced by the firing of cannon, which the domestics could not let off, owing to the priming being wet. We had not been seated ten minutes, before the warder's bugle was heard among the distant hills, as he stood blowing it in the court-yard, to proclaim the approach of some hostile chieftains, who were gone to attack another castle; the baron seemed very much alarmed, and laughed most heartily; whilst his lovely daughter hastened to the dungeons at the top of the cottage for safety; but while she was in the act of descending the dark and dismal iron staircase, which was built of the hardest granite stone, her foot slipt, and up she fell lifeless into my folded arms! Oh! it was an incident of the most blissful terror I ever experienced, and from that moment all my thoughts by night, and dreams by day, have been centred in that angelic form! but how shall I relate the sequel? The baron was frantic with joy, he tore his whiskers, and killed himself with grief; after which, he accused me of the murder of his daughter; I was dragged before the officers of injustice, and to my inexpressible horror and delight, the principal evidence against me was the lovely *Romantina* herself! I was found guilty and executed! Whenever I think of my visit to Mount Castle, it reminds me of Hoaxiana's sublime lines,

"Oh! mysterious mystery! thy mystical spells,
Turn rivers into mole-hills, and mountains into wells."

ORLANDO CURIOSO.

THE JEWESS.

"I can walk no further. Oh! save me all powerful Jehovah! from the cruelty of these bloodthirsty Gentiles," and the lovely speaker sank exhausted at the foot of a reverend oak. She did appear as if incapable of proceeding further, for her slow and tottering steps plainly told that she had walked far that day. Her dress, (though torn now), was formed of the finest and most costly materials, her glossy black hair was decorated with the most valuable gems, that instead of the ornament they were intended to add, seemed now to mock the wretchedness of her appearance; her eyes, (dark and penetrating), were cast with the utmost fervour towards heaven, while tear after tear bedewed her silken eye-lashes, and rapidly chased each other down a cheek of the most alabaster whiteness; she was about sixteen, her stature was short, her form exceedingly graceful, and the oriental fashion of her dress, the darkness of her hair, eyes, and eye-brows, and altogether the peculiar contour of her face, told at a single glance that the interesting creature was of the Hebrew faith.

In the latter part of the eleventh century, the Jews, (always sufficiently persecuted), in greater numbers fell victims to the cruelty and *religious* zeal of their superstitious tyrants. In the city of York alone, when convinced that the attempt to save their lives and possessions would be unsuccessful, 500 chose rather to destroy with their own hands their property and lives than submit to

the torments they knew would be inflicted on them by their *Christian* persecutors. And well might Esther (for that was the maiden's name), implore heaven to assist her, for she was destitute of the aid of all else. Completely overpowered by fatigue, she closed her eyes, and continued in refreshing sleep for nearly two hours, when she was awoke by the clattering of horses hoofs on the dry ground; she started on her feet, gazed eagerly in the direction from whence the sound came, and beheld a knight in complete armour advancing towards her. "Oh! God of Jacob!" she exclaimed, and attempted to fly into the midst of the forest, but she had over-calculated her strength, for, after running but a few paces, and striking her foot against the projecting root of a tree, she fell to the ground. Partially raising herself up, she bent her eyes with a wild expression on the stranger, who had dismounted on seeing her fall, and was now hastening to her assistance, and in a voice of terror exclaimed, "Dare not to approach another step, or I dash my head against the tree." "May I not come to your assistance?" enquired he. "You assist me? think you that I am idiot enough to trust to the promises, the honour of a Christian; I know too well how their promises are kept; how they regard their honour; I have seen too much of their boasted humility, justice and kindness, and rather would I perish this instant than receive assistance from one of your accursed persuasion." This was said in a scornful tone, and with an assumed air of courage, but her haggard and distressed looks belied her words, and scarcely had she uttered the above speech of defiance, than falling backwards she fainted. The knight who had stopped, fearing she would execute her dreadful purpose, was in an instant at her side; he lifted her on his steed, and supporting her with his hand, led her to his castle, (only a short distance), carried her in his own arms to a chamber, and left her not till he had commanded his domestics to render the lovely sufferer every assistance in their power, which command they proceeded with evident reluctance to obey, for the Jews were universally disliked. For some time their utmost efforts were without success, at length she evinced symptoms of returning reason. Her eyes opened, but she was so completely exhausted, that the physician judged it necessary to administer a composing draught, and left her to the enjoyment of a repose she so much needed.

"Oh! where am I," cried the unhappy girl on awaking the following morning with her strength nearly recovered; and looking around at the strange furniture of the apartment, exclaimed in a voice full of despondency, "in the castle of a Christian, then I am lost; but shall I die without an effort to escape? No, no! this window is not so lofty but I will attempt the descent, and if I perish, even death will be preferable to the insulting offers of the wicked Nazarene;" so saying she immediately dressed herself; as she concluded this task, hearing a noise in the apartment, she turned to discover the cause, and beheld the knight who had entered softly, fearing to disturb her should she have been asleep. For a few moments she was nearly overcome by disappointment, but on perceiving the benevolent expression of his countenance, she felt more assured of her safety. "Surely," thought she, "such looks cannot hide a treacherous cruel heart," and she replied with composure to his repeated enquiries concerning her health. "I am well, quite well, thanks to your hospitality, and able to pursue my journey." "Do you wish to leave me so soon? you are not then satisfied with the accommodation my poor house affords you, or you—" she interrupted him. "Not so, I am grateful for the shelter you have given to the despised and forlorn Jewess, but I must not incur obligations that I shall never have it in my power to repay." "If you are determined to depart, at least tell me where you go?" "To my friends," answered she, then recollecting herself, "Alas! I have now no friends, no home, *your* countrymen have robbed me of both; but you appear to feel an interest in my welfare, listen to my tale of woe."

"I am the youngest child and only daughter of an aged man, the wealthiest of his tribe, we resided a few miles distant from the city of York. Two days have now passed since our family, (consisting of my parents, two brothers, and myself,) were quietly seated in our peaceful apartment; suddenly a noise as of many voices was heard from without, approaching towards our solitary dwelling—the tumult increased, and the house was surrounded by a mob of armed ruffians, urged on by a priest; we could offer no resistance while they entered and ransacked the house. My brothers were struck down immediately on a party entering the room in which we sat. My poor mother sunk to the ground with terror, and was trampled under the feet of the wretches. My father's life was spared, at least till he had divulged the hiding place of his secret treasure; this he refused to do, and the refusal filled their hearts with renewed fury; I saw the weapon uplifted to deprive me of my only earthly friend; I would not, I could not behold more. I broke from the ruffian that held me, and the villains, too intent on plunder, suffered me to pass unheeded. I flew I knew not whither, until no longer able to continue my flight, I fell at the spot where you discovered me." "You are called Esther," enquired the knight. "Yes." He smiled as he continued, "you possess more friends than you are aware; your father is unhurt; your mother and brothers who were but slightly bruised, are now nearly recovered, under this roof, and mourning the supposed loss of their favourite Esther." The joyful intelligence was true, and the now happy Esther, conducted by the generous stranger, was again pressed to the affectionate bosoms of her parents and brethern, and the knight enjoyed his reward in witnessing the universal happiness he had diffused.

THEODORE.

THE SISTER.

"Well this is very strange!" exclaimed George Morice, as he turned himself in his bed, after having opened a letter which he had received with much surprise, and found to his astonishment a fifty pound note. "Who could have sent it to me, or who could have known I was here I cannot guess. Well, sure I am a lucky fellow; not only does 'the sweet little cherub who sits smiling aloft, take care of the life,' but also of the comforts. Pshaw!" said he, interrupting himself, "what have I to do with either?—parents, I have none, and Louisa!—she whom I have so long loved, even to idolatry, and for whom I have forsaken all! has proved herself to be unworthy even of my contempt." A fainting fit was the effect of this burst of mental anguish, and for a while we will leave him to the care of his landlady, and attempt to explain the meaning of his soliloquy. George Morice, together with an infant sister, was, ere he had completed his second year, desprived by a sudden stroke of both parents, through which circumstance they became dependent upon their maternal uncle, their only relation, a bachelor. With the feelings of a father did this worthy man look upon these helpless orphans, and he determined he would use every effort to supply a father's place to the children of his departed sister. He had them educated under his own superintendence, and as he intended George for the study of the law, he spared neither pains or expence in fitting him for the study of the same. But how great was his mortification, when he had reached the age of sixteen, to find George had conceived an inveterate dislike to the profession he had chosen, and was determined to become a sailor in the merchant service. In vain did his uncle reason, or his sister with tears entreat. George was not to be persuaded from his determination, and he thought he had reached the summit of his fancied felicity when he signed the articles which bound him for five years to a friend of his father's, who was in the habit of visiting the house, and from whose conversation he had, doubtless, imbibed his penchant. I will not enter into details of their first parting, or of his feelings on finding himself obliged to associate with men so wholly different from himself, or any thing he had ever seen; nor need I say how often he involuntarily compared his situation in being obliged to obey the commands of others to the elegancies of his home, where his every wish was a law. He felt it was the effect of his own choice, and he resolved to persevere in the path he had chosen. Gra-

dually he became used to it, and the blunt carelessness of the sailor adorned the character of the gentleman. At twenty he had the misfortune of forming an acquaintance with a female in every respect his inferior. But he saw it not, or if he did, he excused all. He loved with all the romantic ardour of a sailor of twenty, and left England with the firm persuasion that their love was mutual. A twelvemonth elapsed, he returned to his home, he hastened to his uncle, and sought his permission to introduce Louisa, and, in the character of his intended wife. No sooner, however, did he mention her circumstances, than his uncle determined, if possible, to wean him from so low a connection, replied with well dissembled rage, "I shall give you no such permission; you relinquish me or Louisa for ever." The struggle was but short, though severe, and George Morice left his uncle's house, all but wretched. He hastened to the house of Louisa. "Here then," thought he, "I shall find my reward." With the greatest possible delicacy he informed her of all that had passed between him and his uncle, and the sacrifice he had made rather than relinquish her. "Foolish man," she exclaimed, in a rage, "did you think I was so madly in love as to marry a sailor without friends or fortune; no, no; go, be reconciled to your uncle; love in a cottage will never do for me." With this she left him, he rushed from the house, now completely miserable. He wandered to the ship he had left in the morning. Along side lay a ship just about to sail for Sidney. A thought struck him, he took a passage in the ship, had his things removed, and he sailed with the vessel. Two days afterwards he was seized with a fever which threatened his life, and the Captain landed him off Dover. The Captain had found in his chest a card on which was his sister's address. He wrote and informed her of what he had done. It found the gentle Emma plunged in grief. Her uncle had been suddenly taken off by a fit of apoplexy the day before, and she knew not what steps to take, she, however, remitted him the fifty pound note before mentioned, which he received on the first day his reason was restored to him. Emma staid but to see the remains of her uncle and more than father attended to, and instantly sought her brother. Delirium had followed the recollection of his sorrows, and long and unceasingly did Emma watch by his bedside ere reason returned. When it did, her affectionate attentions did much to alleviate his grief, and reconcile him to his disappointments; he rejoiced to find that the anger of his uncle was but dissembled, and as reason resumed her sway, he could not but rejoice that he had been prevented from marrying so worthless a woman. Finding himself possessed of half of the property of his uncle, he has relinquished the ploughing of the ocean. In the company of his sister he is happy and contented. They are both single at present, each determining never to marry until they find their present life uncomfortable.

JEAN.

THE SELECTOR.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

(Extract of a letter from Mr. Parry, Junr.)

I am truly rejoiced that the kind solicitations of hospitable English friends have induced me to spend my Christmas at Naples, for I have had the gratification of beholding an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which continued to emit flames and lava, or streams of liquid fire, down the furrowed sides of the mountain for three days. It was an awful but a splendid sight. There was no extraordinary noise, except about twelve o'clock one night, when a vast quantity of stones were hurled furiously into the air. On the fourth day a dense column of smoke issued from the crater, and extended its murky form over nine or ten miles of the country around, the effect of which was prodigiously fine when contrasted with the blue, serene, and bright canopy of heaven.

Since I last wrote a new Opera has been brought out at St. Carlo, called *Irene*, or *L'Assedio di Messina* (The Siege of Messina), the music by PACCINI; but it did not prove attractive, although it had the powerful aid of MALIBRAN, REINA, DAVID, and LABLACHE. It was only performed three times. Nothing goes down with the Neapolitans like ROSSINI; his *La Gazza Ladra* was the piece chosen on the evening of the QUEEN MOTHER's birthday, on which occasion there were 750 wax torches (some of them five feet high), within the walls of the Theatre? MALIBRAN was admirable as the persecuted but innocent *Ninetta;* the observation made was, that she sang like an angel and acted like a goddess! My good master LABLACHE continues his kind attention towards me; we often meet at evening parties, which, by-the-bye, are so unlike those given in England that a brief description of them may not prove uninteresting to you. Just before Madame MASI left Naples she invited all the principal singers, &c., belonging to the Opera House to a *Soirée Musicale*. There were present also a number of distinguished *dilettanti* and several professional persons, among who were Signor N. and your humble servant.

We had much good music of course, but we also had a most merry evening, for several Italian Gentlemen displayed their talents in a variety of ways for the entertainment of the company. I had the honour of singing several things with MALIBRAN, LABLACHE, CALVAROLLA (a great favourite of the KING's), &c.; but you will be surprised when I tell you that MAZZINGHI's comic duet of *When a little farm we keep*, sung by MALIBRAN and myself, carried all before it, owing to the very clever and brilliant manner in which the bewitching *cantatrice* executed the *do re mi* passage; and when the duet was repeated she sang the florid divisions in a totally different manner, to the astonishment and delight of the enraptured company. Naples is greatly annoyed by fellows going about making hideous noises with a sort of bagpipe. In the course of the evening a couple of these grated discordantly on our ears, which caused the *prima donna* to construct one of a novel plan. She requested LABLACHE to sustain F below, myself B flat, others the harmonic intervals up to B in alt, and each to place his finger on the side of his nose. This formed a most capital *drone*, while she sang through her nose in a squeaking sort of tone that produced the most laughable effect imaginable, particularly when we all sunk our voices gradually, as if the wind was exhausted in the bellows. And this burlesque exhibition originated with her who represents to the life the gentle *Desdemona*, the heart-broken *Giulietta*, the simple *Ninetta*, and the superb *Arsace!*

You will be glad to hear that my English friends will patronize a Concert which they urge me to give at the great Fondo Theatre. I shall have the powerful aid of most of the eminent vocalists here; also that of DE BERIOT on the violin. Among the English songs the favourites are, Dr. ARNE's *When forced from dear Hebe*, Lord BURGHERSH's *Bendermeer Stream*, MOORE's *Oft in the stilly night*, and *Norah, the pride of Kildare*. NEUKOMM's *Midnight Review* is greatly admired, although it is German. I must give you an idea of the manner the dead are treated at Naples. When an individual in pretty good circumstances dies the body is placed on a couch, but not in a coffin, near the door of a public shop or room, engaged for the purpose, which is hung with black and lighted by torches. The people, as they approach, kneel down, mutter an *Ave Maria* or two, and walk on. When a priest or a soldier dies the body is carried through the public streets on a couch, decorated in the most fantastic way, with its hands uplifted; a black velvet cap is placed on the head, and a bunch of flowers fixed in the mouth. The pall-bearers and a numerous train are dressed in the most frightful manner. They have white hoods over their heads and faces, with a couple of holes opposite the eyes, each bearing a lighted torch, and carrying a large Friar's hat under his arm. Of course I shall remain here to see a little of the Carnival, which commences on the 17th of January. The holidays begin at Naples nine days preceding Christmas; and I understand it is a common custom for the bagpipe-tormentors, accompanied by a horrid noisy hautboy-player, to halt before the statues and paintings of the *Madonna*, of which there are hundreds, to charm her with their mellifluous strains, with a view of invoking a happy delivery on Christmas-day? Although fourteen

hundred miles away I shall think of you on that day. and say with MOORE :—

"Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My SOUL, happy friends! shall be with you that night:
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I WISH HE WERE HERE.'"

Naples, Dec. 12, 1833. J. O. PARRY.

AMERICAN REMARKS ON ENGLISH WOMEN.

The proportion of English women who pine in celibacy, is far greater than that of Spanish or Italian women, who languish in Convents; and the English women suffer more than the others, because, living in the world, they are more in the way of temptation, more cruelly tantalized by their intercourse with happy wives and mothers. There is not in the world a more deplorable sight than a fine brood of English girls turning into old maids one after the other; first reaching the bloom of beauty, full of health, spirits, and tenderness; next striving, anxiously aided by their mother, to become honoured and happy wives; then fretting, growing thin, pale, listless and cross; at last, if they do not grow mad or die of consumption, seeking consolation in the belief of an approaching Millenium, as in the single pursuit of that happiness in another world, which this world has denied to them. The picture may displease, even because it is correct.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "*The Holly Bough.*" Written and composed by Mary E. J. Skynner. Faulkner, Old Bond-street.

2. "*The Emigrant's Return.*" Composed by Edmund F. Allen. J. and J. Peck, Newgate-street.

3. "*Lady! fair Lady!*" Written by G. Howse, Esq.; composed by Edward Tucker. Aldridge, Regent-street.

4. "*The Fisherman's Return.*" The words by the Rev. Chaucer Hare Townsend; Music by G. A. Osborne. Aldridge, Regent-street.

5. "*The Musical Album for* 1834," with Lithographic Illustrations. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

6. "*Pelzer's Instruction Book for the Guitar.* Chappell, New Bond-street.

7. "*Five Waltzes from the most admired new Operas.*" Arranged for the Pianoforte. Mori and Lavenu, New Bond-street.

1. We before mentioned this delightful little Ballad in our Noctes, and we now feel a pride in doing so, in the character of reviewers, as it reflects a lustre on our page, to state it is by one of our earliest and most valued correspondents. Divesting ourselves of any feeling of partiality to the fair composer, we may boldly affirm it is a sweet melody, very ably arranged, and being a *seasonable* subject, makes it at the present moment a most pleasing novelty. We heard it chastely sung by that clever little girl Miss Smith, a few evenings since, and it did not lose any of its playful beauty in her hands. We subjoin the words for the gratification of our readers, and recommend all who are vocalists, and love a sprightly and at the same time easy song, to purchase the music.

THE HOLLY BOUGH.

The Holly Bough, with its glossy green
And berries red, that blush between,
Hangs a coral wreath of beauty rare,
On December's front, so drear and bare;
Tho' the perfumed buds of the violet pale
Fill with sweets young April's balmy gale;
Ah! can they fadeless beauty shew
Like the blooming evergreen HOLLY BOUGH?

The Summer's Bride, the blushing Rose,
May wreath young Love's own radiant brows,
And Joy his clustering locks confine
With tendrils of the Autumn vine;
But nought may thy fit emblem be,
Oh! thou true-hearted constancy,
But the changeless light, the cheering glow
Of the blooming evergreen HOLLY BOUGH!

2. This is the first production of a very young composer, and does him much credit, as the youth's age is only sixteen, with proper cultivation and close application to the study of his profession, we prognosticate a brilliant result to his after career.

3. A very sweet melody, and successfully set.

4. This beautiful Song has already gained a deserved popularity from the exquisite warbling of Madame Malibran. The poetry is of a very superior order.

5. This is a charming little work, and beautifully got up, with pictorial embellishments, at a very moderate price. The Editor, Mr. Charles W. Glover, (who from some ill-judged modesty has withheld his name) has done every justice to his contributors, many of whom are well-known in the musical world. But if the volume had no other charm, (of which, however, it is not lacking), it would find one in our eyes, from being the *entire* production of ENGLISH authors, and on this account our British fair are bound to patronize and protect a work, whose title-page thus appeals to them—

"Lays of Love, Romance, and Gladness
Vary here the vocal page;
Strains of Joy and notes of Sadness,
Offerings meet for Youth or Age!
Airs to win the ear of Beauty—
Melodies from many lands;
Here shall form a fragrant Bouquet,
Cull'd by NATIVE-MINSTRELS' hands!
Woman! let thy smile of pleasure
Round our page the laurel weave;
Oh! what richer, higher treasure
Can the Minstrel-Bard receive?"

6. This is one of the most judicious and best explained instruction books for the guitar we have ever met with, and coming as it does from such a master of the instrument as Pelzer, is justly acknowleged to be, is doubly valuable. We know of no work we can more safely recommend to the pupil than this, it is concise, and yet contains all the learner has need of,

7. This is a pretty set of foreign waltzes, and we think, being easy. likely to become popular. They have been collected, we understand, by an English amateur on the continent, and sent over to this country for publication. The title should have expressed what operas the airs are taken from, which is a sad omission, but we think we trace some to that of Parisina. The Work is very neatly executed and brought out, with the exception of the TITLE PLATE, the engraving of which would be a disgrace to any apprentice in the first six months of his instruction. We know the style of the engraver and give him this hint in time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

THE CHOICE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Let Sages waste the midnight oil
In Learning's labyrinthian toil!
Let the grave Student wisely pore
O'er musty books, and tomes of yore!
Be *mine* the joyous circle's mirth
Around the warm and glowing hearth;
While Beauty's ruby lip divine,
Breathes forth in Song the Poet's line!

Let the grave Stoic lonely dwell
In desert cave or mossy cell;
The Nun, within her cloister'd bower—
The Anchorite in ivy tower;—
Give *me* the gaily-lighted hall,
The bright and joyous Festival!
Where social mirth and wit refin'd,
Unbend the brow—relax the mind!

I love the Drama's Attic treat—
The Dancer's bound—the Jug'lers feat—
The melting Song—the Serenade,
For moonlit skies and Lovers made!
And sometimes let the drops that dwell
In Feeling's deep and hidden cell,
Call'd up by well-told Tragedy,
Dim, with their dewy pearls, mine eye!

The joyous Dance—the garlands hung
O'er mirror'd walls; the roses flung
By Pleasure in the path of youth,
When Fancy wears the garb of Truth;
The raptures of th' unchill'd heart,
That in such scene of joy takes part;
The voice of Song—the breath of flowers,
Dear are to me such fairy hours!

And give me, too, the social Board,
Where wit and wine together pour'd,
Shed o'er the moments as they roll,
The "feast of Reason and of Soul!"
Man was not form'd to live alone—
The Peasant's cot—the Monarch's throne
Alike would dull and joyless prove
Unlighted by the smiles we love!

I'M HEIR TO TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

They wish me to give up my house in the square,
And live on my father's estate;
To change for field-flowers, perfumes, and fresh air,
The club and each learned debate;
They talk of their fairs and their fêtes on the green,
Forgetting that Almack's is here;
Could I with a cottager's daughter be seen?
I'm heir to ten thousand a year.

Could I think about leaving the gay masquerade,
Or give up my ride in the park;
Forget all the charms of that bright cavalcade,
And Lady Elizabeth Clark?
Each tree and each cottage have charms it is true,
When Michaelmas quarter is near,
I dream of green fields and a country view,
I'm heir to ten thousand a year.

'Tis all very well after fifty to quit
The town for a quiet retreat,
I heed not, surrounded by fashion and wit,
The charms of a country seat;
They say the old mansion will fall to decay,
(Repairs are confoundedly dear),
I'll go down with Robins,* the first leisure day,
I'm heir to ten thousand a year.

C——.

A SKETCH.

She stands before the altar, and her eyes
Are fixed upon the figure of our Lord
Ascending into Heaven. Why are they thus?
He, the betrothed is near her; he who long
Hathlov'd, and now has won her—he is there;
Gazing in rapture—but his look is turned
On her alone; for what are pictured shrines
Or gilded glories in an hour like this?
On her, on *her*, those dark and beaming eyes
In fondness rest—why meets she not his glance?
Does she shrink from it? No, there is a calm,
A majesty in that most graceful form,
Which falsehood or pale guilt could never wear;
I will go near, and watch her narrowly—
The pillars and the waving of her veil
Obstruct my sight. * * * *
This should not be, fair girl;
This is no study for thy marriage-hour—
I own the tale divine, the artist's skill
Supremely great—but thou, in thy young heart
Should on this morn have other thoughts than these;
Oh! that mute gaze should speak thy thankfulness
For he, who imaged those, has sweetly crown'd
Thy destiny with such a love.
She moves!
Her veil, stirred gently by the air which sweeps
Through the long aisle, is softly waved aside,
And I behold her—is this she? the bright,
The beautiful,—Love's own affianced one?
This still fixed brow, so pallid in its calm,
These rigid lips, from whence nor voice, nor breath
Appear to issue—marble scarce can be
More cold or lifeless—those most sunny eyes,
Blue as the Heaven they look on, swoln with tears
Which sear, but will not fall—read ye her tale?
She has no hope in man—her trust is God!

AUGUSTA.

* The auctioneer.

HOPE NEVER DIES.

BY JAMES BIRD.

He who has marked life's troubled stream
Rush onward through the vale of life,
Flashing beneath the lightning's gleam,
And tossed by fatal storms of strife:
He still may find some sunny spot
Where the sweet flowers of Hope may spring,
Where the cold world can blight them not,
Nor stay their welcome blossoming.

Oh! HOPE! thou soar'st on seraph's pinion,
The bright, the beautiful, the free!
Man's willing heart owns thy dominion,
And clings in life and death to thee!

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

And so much shorter is the path we tread,
And so much nearer are we to the grave;
We too shall soon be numbered with the dead,
And God recall the spirit that he gave.
Those who just now wear smiles upon their cheek,
Ere long will give the cankerworm a prey;
Man at his best, methinks, should hardly seek
To tarry many weeks upon the way.
Bright is the prospect that before us lies,
If we pursue it with unerring aim,
He who in confidence to Jesus flies,
Finds that his mercy ever is the same—
Another new year's day *my* death may tell,
Old year, however, in God's name, farewell!

CHARADE.

At my FIRST our Monarch often smiled,
His friends made happy, and his time beguiled;
My SECOND our Monarch has often been,
And hail'd with joy when as my WHOLE was seen.

E. B. S.

REBUS.

The wife whose faithful web unwove,
The minstrel who could forest move,
The maid his strains restored to love,
The muse of gay festivity,
The anchor of man's destiny,
The day none ever more shall see;—
Combine th' initials and you'll quickly find
A lovely art—the music of the mind.

MELISSA.

ANSWER TO ALL THE CHARADES IN Page 168.

Your first Charade is AGINCOURT,
Renowned for deeds of fame;
Your second is a country town,
And CHATHAM is its name;
Your third a bard—CAMPBELL thy lay
Can strew life's path with flowers,
While Hope's bright vision shall illume
This dreary world of ours.

HENRY V—LLE.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

'Twas at that dreary hour "when ghosts have walked,"
A tall gaunt SHADOW to my chamber came
Up to my couch with pompous gait it stalked,
And in a hollow voice revealed your name.

A. N.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

DAYS OF SUNSHINE.—There are days when the sun is so bright, the sky so clear, an aspect of such universal hilarity diffused over the world, that even the most morose can hardly resist its influence, or the saddest fail to be cheered by it.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friends are usually very true when nothing is required of them beyond friendship; but when in urgent or adverse circumstances you rely on them, they bend and totter, and ill brook supporting you.

GRIEF.—The woe which makes our hearts less social, often makes our habits more so. The thoughts which in calm would have spurned the world, are driven upon it by the tempest.

MILITARY COMFORT. — When the English army was in Germany, a chaplain to one of the regiments, had one night, disposed himself to rest on some straw in the kitchen at a little village Inn, when the general entering, observed that he was in very good quarters. "Why do you not join me?" said the clergyman. "I think I will," said he, "but I must first see how my men are disposed of." The general did not return, and, on the chaplin remarking it to him in the morning, he replied, "Why no, my soldiers had made a fire in the churchyard, and they seemed so comfortably situated, that I thought I could not do better than remain with them."

One of the masters at Jesus College, Cambridge, named Sheepshanks, having spelt Satire with a *y*, instead of an *i*, a student affixed the following lines on the door of his room:—

The Satyrs of Greece were Satyrs of note,
They'd the head of a man and the shanks of a goat;
But the Satyrs of Jesus all Satyrs surpass,
They've the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART V., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* JANUARY, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 28—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Jan. 18, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—Pelisse robe of mouse coloured satin; a plain high body, fastened before by a row of brandebourgs. The front of the skirt is ornamented in a similar manner, and trimmed also with a band of swansdown on each side, in the apron style; a row of swansdown also encircles the border. *Gigôt* sleeves, with deep swansdown

cuffs. Large pelerine, thrown very backward in front, and bordered with a band of swansdown. Blue satin bonnet, moderate sized brim, and crown inclined to the cone form; the latter encircled with a fluting of blue gauze ribbon, and trimmed with a blond lace drapery, arranged partly on the crown, and partly on the brim, and a boquet of white ostrich feathers. The inside of the brim is trimmed over the forehead with blond lace and blue gauze ribbon. Blond neck *rûche*. Mouse coloured velvet half-boots.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Dress.—We are now about to begin the fashionable winter, and there is every appearance that it will be a most splendid one. We have been favoured with a sight of some dresses, and their accessories, which we think surpass in elegance any that have yet appeared. We shall describe those tasteful novelties to our fair readers, as accurately as we can. A white crape dress over a white satin slip, a plain body cut low, but very moderately so round the bust; it was made to fasten behind; the front was embroidered on each side in a wreath of foliage in different shades of green silk, in the form of a V. A flower is embroidered in gold in the centre of it. The V descends to the bottom of the *corsage*, the point of which forms the termination of the letter. A wreath of foliage of a similar form descends on each side of the skirt, and gold flowers are embroidered at regular distances from each other in the centre of it. The front of the bust is bordered with a narrow blond lace standing up, and a superb blond mantilla falls low over the back and shoulders, nearly covering the sleeves, which are of the single bouffant form.

A second dress is of blue Cashmere gauze over satin to correspond; the border cut out in deep scallops at the bottom, on each of which a bunch of wheat in embroided in silver. A low body with a lappel of the shawl kind; also cut in scallops, which are embroidered to correspond with the bottom, but on a smaller scale. Double sabot sleeves of blond lace.

The accessories—but here we must stop, lest we should incur a rebuke from that to us most formidable body, the Council of Ten. But patience fair and gentle reader, your curiosity shall be gratified in the next number.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. J. RUSSELL'S ENTERTAINMENT, Crown and Anchor, Strand.

On Tuesday evening this Strand-ed Actor took a benefit at the above Tavern, and we were happy to see the room well and most respectably filled. Very few changes were made from the entertainment as originally given at the Strand Theatre, but imitations of "some old acquaintance and gone-by favorites of the British Stage" were introduced, and with good effect. We particularly recognized, and were struck with the fidelity of the portraits of Munden, Cook, and Emery. This species of Solo-Dramatic Entertainment is occasionally highly amusing, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. J. Russell is not allowed a fair field to display the versatility of *his powers* by the "Powers that be," as well as others of his more fortunate brethren.

MADAME TOUSSAND'S

EVENING PROMENADE, AND EXHIBITION OF WAX-WORK,

Royal London Bazaar, Gray's Inn Road.

We have not been more gratified a long time than by this truly magnificent Exhibition, which for splendour of costume and correctness of likeness to the distinguished individuals represented, exceeds all we could have imagined the art capable of effecting. Remembering, and still with a shudder, from the impression it made on the dreams of our childhood, for

"On the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible *do* make a deep impression,"

the Mother Shipton of Mrs. Salmon, and the Friar who cried tears of blood, (represented by hot sealing-wax,) and the naughty Nuns, whose unfortunate noses were slit, for being guilty of playing "peep-bo" through the grate of their convent-prison, we confess we went to Madame Tussand's Exhibition, *not* prepared to be particularly pleased; but the *coup d'œil* on our first entrance, like the wand of a fairy, turned our former memories of disgust and fear, to enchantment and delight! We felt "charm'd, we knew not why, and cared not wherefore." Instead of the gloomy half-lighted walls, which our reminiscences of Fleet-street had led us to anticipate, and the death-like looking automatons, starting from their niches, as the spectator walked along, we found ourselves at once transported into the "Royal Presence," in a magnificently-illuminated saloon, fitted up with ottomans and couches, in the best style of modern taste, with an excellent band of music to heighten the illusion of the scene. The figures are too various to specify in a notice so brief as ours must necessarily be; but the groupings are admirable; and for splendour and correctness we should say the Coronation of his present Majesty, deserves particular mention. The likenesses of the statesmen and heroes who surround the canopy are beyond all praise, they approach to the very life. The group which represents the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, abdicating the Crown, is, we think, next in beauty,—of course we cannot equally judge of its faithfulness. Madame Toussand, the artiste, is a native of Berne, in Switzerland, and niece to the celebrated Monsieur Coureis, of Paris, by whom she was instructed in the art, of which he was an eminent professor. In 1802, she quitted France, and has, since that period, been exhibiting her collection of figures in the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland. In concluding our brief remarks, we strongly recommend all our readers, both old and young, to visit this most interesting and agreeable Exhibition and Evening Lounge! It will well repay an hour, spared from the theatre, or the social board!

ORIGINAL ODE TO THE EDITRESS OF "THE BELLE ASSEMBLEE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle!
You that mingle, may."
Macbeth. (Old Editions.)

O Mistress Cornwell Baron-Wilson!
I've had a dream! and all the ills on
Phantasies that light,
Seemed to unite
To make mine any but a bed of roses.
I dreamt, I suddenly was called in
Before a host, 'yclept by Paulding
"Azure Hoses!"
I thought they styled themselves "La Belle Assemblée,"
(*Blue* belles I reckon, for their *tout ensemble*, a Mass of azure seemed.)
I also dreamt they were a batch of sprites!
For from their eyes there beam'd
A glare, so like the Portland-race blue lights,
That quite alarmed me, lest their anger brewing,
Should make these sky-hued spirits my *blue-ruin!*

Lo! on a slab of *blue*-stone for a desk and table,
Wrote they a *caustic* "*noctes*," not with fluid sable,
But with *blue* ink!
And what d'ye think
Their inkstand was? A giant Spanish fly!
A brobdibnag *blue-bottle!!*
Into whose gaping throttle
They dip their pens, which they industriously ply
On tinted paper. The floor was strew'd with posies
Of sage and violet-hue,
Boquets exceeding *blue*,
Blue as their noses!
They burnt *blue* candles,
(Such as boys at play
Let off on Guy Faux day:
Which "flare up" without so many dockings
As tallow. Of course they wore *blue* stockings,
Blue shoes and sandals.
Let me remember! What colour were their dresses?
Ba!! Bleu of course, so were their tresses,
In short, their figures were so blue, though neat,
That, as I dreamt, it seemed to me
As if these spirits had been making free
With wardrobes, at the school in Newgate-street!

"A change came o'er the nature of my dream!"
And o'er the nature of the colour too!
For suddenly there rose a perfumed stream
Of *green* tea, altho' they used sky-*blue*

To milk with. So, as the twankay had begun,
It struck me, I would see what had become
Of my last contribution;
But, (what with the confusion,
Of tongues, and tea-cups, saucers, spoons, and papers,
And Cocked-hat *billet-doux*
From ensigns of the *Blue*,
With many other specimens of the *belle lettres*,)
'Twas sooner said than done!
For, on the blue-stone slab aforesaid,
In most promiscous plight, were laid
"The royal *Blue* book;" also, a few
Dozen of "Scott's liquid *blue*"—
Five essays on *blue*-cholera;
Enough to bother a
Fellow into a fit of *tic-doloroux*.
There also lay,
Beside the play
Of *Blue*-beard, six vols. of Brandreth's sonnets
Containing songs of Scotland, *'anent blue* bonnets,
And her bonny hills.
They were, tho' "children of his brain," a disobedient pile;
For the whole heap seemed threat'ning, all the while,
To crush a box of that famed antidote to bile—
"Brandreth's *blue* pills!"

Not with more care,
Thro' earth and air,
Did Orpheus travel,
Trying t' unravel
The secret of his spell-bound spouse Eurydice;
Not with more care,
Did Bob St. Clair,
Seek Julia Knight
The other night,
When he suspected she was waltzing with Count Pivoti,
Than did your humble
Try to stumble
Upon his much-wished-to-be-inserted lucubrations.
But—just as I had put one hand upon
Number fourteen of "Brockendon
On the *blue* mountains," 'tother on "*Blew's* equations"—
All in an instant became quiet!
The President had quelled the riot
By striking on the table with her torquoise hammer.
And then, methought, I heard a voice cry
"Scrawl no more! Double-u doth murder grammar!"
"Egad! *my* signature is W.," thought I,
"Tho' by the bye
I am a dab at syntax." But casting then a glance
Towards the chimney mantle,
(Whither she of the *azure mantle*
Had stept), I saw! (O! frightful, horrid trance!)
My flaming Epic all on fire!
Made *light* of, too, by her
Who was the principal concoctor
Of the *Noctes*. I could have knocked her Down!
Browne,
(Mary-Anne, I mean),
If she had seen
Her "Mount Blanc" so treated,
So melted down, would have been heated
As much as I was!
I think she'd have good cause.

"Order!" again was called. They seemed to me
To get bluer than ever,
These sprites, whenever
They listened to their President's decree!
But when she ope'd her huge *blue* book,
They all began to grow
More blue than Indigo;
Blushing a kind of purple, at her very look!
At length the Secretary sprite,
Mended a pen to write
At her command
And———

O! gifted authoress of "Astarte," "The Cypress Wreath,"
"And other Poems," 'tis really past belief
The torture of suspense that racked my brain!
I woke too soon
To learn the doom
Of thirteen other pieces, which had sometime lain
Before your autocrat, *Bas Bleu*, or
Literary censor Bloomer,
O! Mrs. C. B. W.!
Permit me to trouble you
Not to allow her to abuse
My dull, but inoffensive muse;
Nor let her in her answers be so rash!
Do, if you can, something more kind elicit
Than her last notice—videlicet:
"W. H. W.'s heroics are egregious trash!!!"

W. H. W.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

LA BELLE DE BERNE.

"Je ne puis pas danser avec deux à la fris," said the gay and lovely Augusta Morton, to two cousins, her suitors, who were each soliciting her to be their partner in the next contre danse. "C'êst vraie," replied Victor the elder of the two in a tone of pique, and bowing left Augusta with his rival, who taking her hand, said as he led her to join the dancers, "C'est dommage qu'il se fâche toujours quand j'ai le plaisir de danser avec vous." "N'importe," was the reply. "Je danserai avec lui tout à l'heure." The evening advanced, Augusta had been successively the partner of the handsomest young men Berne could boast of, but Victor Valmont had disappeared immediately he saw his cousin and his fair friend begin the contre danse, and as yet had not returned. After the guests had partaken of a light supper, dancing recommenced, when to her surprise, Augusta saw Victor enter accompanied by a very handsome young man, who appeared from his dress and conversation, (for she heard him talking to Victor), to be a stranger to Berne, and consequently uninitiated in its little peculiar customs, and unacquainted with the company. "Mademoiselle," said Victor, "Voulez vous faire une tour de valtz avec mon ancien ami Signor Ronzini?" She took his arm and soon began to join in the inspiring movement. The valtz being over, a contre danse, as a finale, was proposed; Augusta and Ronzini were so well pleased with each other, that they again danced together, and when the party broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Morton and Augusta were accompanied across the garden, home, by Victor and Louis Valmont, and Signor Ronzini.

We must here digress a little, and give our hitherto indulgent readers an insight into the family and views of the Mortons and their friends.

Five years previous to the above-mentioned fête, Mr. and Mrs. Morton were residing in England, of which country they were natives, on an independent fortune, which kept them in affluence. They had lived for some years near Weymouth, and had spent their thoughts and time entirely on the education of Augusta, their only child.

The bank in which the whole of their fortune was invested, failed. The Mortons were pennyless—they had one and only one resource. An uncle of Mrs. Morton's had been living for many years in Switzerland; he had a comfortable independency, and was becoming old and infirm. When a girl Mrs. Morton had been her uncle's darling, and he repeatedly wished her unmarried that she might nurse him in his old age. In her distress she wrote to the kind-hearted old man, who in reply to her letter, desired his niece to bring her husband and child, and from that time forward to consider his money and house as their own. His proposal was thankfully accepted, and Mr. Morton and his family embarked for Berne, where Mr. Hayward resided. A year after their arrival he died, and left his property, entirely, without any reservation, to Mrs. Morton.

Four years elapsed from the death of Mr. Hayward to the period of the commencement of our tale, during which time the Mortons had continued to reside at Berne, and from being amiable and agreeable people, they had become friends and favourites of their neighbours, and no fête was thought perfect unless they were present. The night on which Augusta first saw Signor Ronzini, was at the latter end of May; the party was given by Monsieur Malin, a particular friend of Mr. Morton's, to celebrate his daughter Adèle's birthday, who that day completed her seventeenth year.

Augusta Morton and Adèle Malin were the belles of Berne, and consequently rivals, nevertheless a sincere affection existed between them. They lived next door to each other, and at the repeated solicitations of the girls, their parents consented to have the hedge which divided the gardens removed, so that they might almost be said to live together. Augusta Morton was two years Adèle's senior; they were both rather tall, and had both light brown hair, but Augusta's eyes were very dark, and Adèle's light blue. The 5th of June was Augusta's birthday,

and preparations had been some time proceeding for a fête, which her fond parents intended giving her on that day. The intervening fortnight passed on gaily; Signor Ronzini was a constant visitor at the Mortons, and nothing was talked of or thought of but the approaching soirée.

The evening of the 5th of June at last arrived. The night was warm, the moon shone brightly, not a breath of air was felt, and the sky was of a pale blue colour, tinged with red. The garden was lighted by small painted lanterns hung in the trees, and a transparency with Augusta's name, was placed over the gate. The guests arrived, and dancing commenced.

Augusta wore a muslin skirt and blue satin Swiss body, with a wreath of white roses in her hair. Adèle wore a similar dress, but her hair was unadorned, and hung in natural ringlets on her shoulders. To the casual observer both were equally pretty, but those who were interested, might easily perceive the mental superiority of Augusta, in the intellect and extreme feeling which shone in her bright and beautiful eyes.

The village girls and their beaux had wagered many bets whether Augusta would first dance with Victor or Louis Valmont, and it was with eager anticipation that all eyes were turned upon her when the first chords of the music were heard. The fête was opened by a valtz, when to the astonishment of all present, Augusta took her place with Ronzini; Adèle followed with Louis Valmont, and Victor stood leaning against the door, apparently abstracted to all that was passing. We must however, let our readers into the secret of his thoughts.

Victor Valmont's parents were dead; he had for some time resided with his aunt, Louis Valmont's mother. The cousins had both entered the army, but peace having been proclaimed, they had leisure to amuse themselves at Berne. They were sincerely attached to each other, and both loved Augusta Morton; both were favourites with her; but she had never, as it appeared to them, given a preference to either. Louis was younger than his cousin, and of a gay kind disposition; he adored Augusta, but was too timid to acknowledge it. Victor had sterling good qualities, but he was sullen and jealous. Before his father died he had been to Turin, and had there conceived a friendship for Antoine Ronzini, who was an orphan with a little money and no employment. Whilst Victor stood pensive at the door, he was jealously eyeing the graceful figure of Augusta, as she valtzed with his friend; and when she stopped, as she stood near him, he listened, almost unconsciously to the following conversation. "Ne savez vous pas," said Augusta. "que c'est aujourd'hui ma fête." "Mais non, mademoiselle," replied her partner; a silence of a minute followed, when Ronzini said, or rather sang in a low voice—

"A che il destino
Mio bel Tesoro
Altro che pene
Non ha per me—
A te vicino
D'amor mi moro
Non ho mai bene
Sontan da te."

Victor Valmont had learned Italian at Turin, and Augusta had been perfected in that language by her father, consequently both understood the expressive words of Ronzini. He pressed Augusta's hand as he finished, and she, in endeavouring to release it, broke the ribbon which confined a string of pearls round her neck; Ronzini, as he stooped to pick them up, said, "Est-ce que toutes vos chaines sont aussie légères." "Celà dépend," said Augusta, "de qui elles sont forgées." "Pourquoi si triste le jour de ma fête," said Augusta, now for the first time perceiving Victor standing behind her, then laughing, she added, laying her hand on his arm, "Victor, ne veut tu point danser avec moi." "Si, si ma belle," he replied, smiling. After dancing they went to supper, Victor was still at Augusta's side, when Ronzini, bringing his guitar, stood before her, and sang in a graceful easy manner, and impassioned voice, a popular canzonnetta of his country. She to whom it was addressed, Victor Valmont, and her father, were the only persons who entirely understood it; Louis and her mother just knew sufficient of Italian to comprehend that it was very complimentary to her. The last four lines were as follows:—

"Ti laciò, Bellina—Addio
Non te scorda di me
Conserva in te ben mio
Chi sai che vive in te."

Then kissing Augusta's hand, and bowing to the company, he said, "Au revoir," to the cousins, and left the soirée. "Pourquoi il s'est en allé si tôt?" said Augusta to Louis, who was her next partner. "Il va demain matin de bonne heure à Turin," was the reply. "Alors je ne le reverrai plus," and Augusta sighed she knew not why, for she did not care for the Signor, but he was *so* agreeable, *so* graceful, *so* handsome, and above all sung *so* sweetly, that she could not help regretting his absence. Six months elapsed. One stormy evening as Augusta and Adèle were sitting by the fire after the parents of the former had retired to rest, afraid to go to bed on account of the wind which howled fearfully, and the thunder and lightning which flashed every moment through the room, they began to think they smelt smoke, and sat too much frightened to say what each thought, when a bright flame issued from the stairs, and shone through the door. "Mon Dieu! nous sommes perdues," said Adèle, and following Augusta, rushed up stairs. The smoke almost blinded them, but when they reached the top, the fire blazed in the bed-room of Mr. and Mrs. Morton. The curtains were in a flame, but from the light, the poor girls saw that the room was empty; turning to Adèle in an agony of doubt and fear, Augusta was about to rush into the room, when she was caught in the arms of her parents, who had been distractedly seeking her in the room above, thinking she had retired to rest. The fire had by this time caught the adjoining house, but the flames were smothered so that the Mortons did not perceive it, and they all went there as a place of refuge. Monsieur and Madame Malin were yet sitting up, and the families assembled in speechless agitation in the salon, when a servant who had gone up stairs, informed them that the upper part of the house was in flames. A minute description is needless, both houses were severely injured by the fire. The Malins took refuge at the house of the Maire, an amiable man, and the Mortons were kindly received by Madame Valmont. They remained with their kind friends while their dwellings were repairing, and in February, when they returned home, Augusta Morton and Victor Valmont were affianced lovers.

War broke out. The village youths were each called on to take his chance in defending his country. The lots were drawn. Victor Valmont was a conscript, but Louis drew a blank, and consequently was to remain at home. Augusta heard the result with a mingled feeling of sorrow and satisfaction; for although Victor was her fiancé by her own free will, her heart in secret owned (as she felt,) an unrequited passion for Louis. No word of love, however, had ever passed between them, and she checked the feeling as unbecoming her situation. Louis preferred accompanying his cousin to remaining inactive at Berne, he therefore acted as substitute for the Maire's son, who gratefully allowed him the preference, for to his mind the bright eyes of Adèle Malin had a far greater attraction than the glory of distinguishing himself in the war. When the cousins departed, Augusta lay insensible to all around her, and as they *each* kissed her pale forehead, they felt a gleam of consolation that she was unconscious of their mutual distraction. The spring advanced, Augusta recovered from the fever which had threatened her life, but a settled melancholy was visible to her anxious friends; her beautiful eyes had lost their brilliancy, and a feeling of intense thought pervaded her whole frame. She was one fine morning slowly walking in the garden, leaning on Adèle's arm, when as they returned up the walk she perceived a man near the house; her heart beat violently from a mixed feeling, for she felt she ought to wish it might be Victor, but as she fainted from excess of agitation, the name of Louis trembled on her lips. Adèle screamed, for she feared she should not long be able to support Augusta, when perceiving a man approaching, she immediately recognized Antoine Ronzini. Without waiting to exchange compliments, they carried Augusta to the house, and endeavoured to bring her to herself. She at last opened her eyes, and fixing them on Ronzini, uttered a groan of disap-

pointment, and relapsed into insensibility. The agitation she suffered so far debilitated her that the fever returned, and although the danger was not imminent, she was unable to leave her room for many weeks. Adèle was her constant companion, and Ronzini never missed a day in his enquiries after the invalid. The friends frequently heard when the moon was up, and the peaceful inhabitants of the Canton asleep, his soft melodious voice, singing to his guitar under their window. Augusta was sitting one evening at the open casement enjoying the cool breeze, lost in thought, when she heard an instrument lightly touched, and looking to where the sound proceeded from, she saw Ronzini attentively watching her, as he sat on the garden gate, his fingers glancing over the strings of his guitar. At her earnest solicitations Adèle had consented to attend a fête at a neighbouring village, and her parents having gone out on their evening walk, Augusta was alone, and their conversation consequently unheard. When Ronzini perceived that Augusta saw him, he advanced under the window, and commenced talking in a casual manner; their discourse then turned upon the absent cousins; Augusta said, "Je suis étonné puisque vous êtes si intime avec eux, que vous n'avez point entendu de mon engagement." Her companion replied, "Dites-moi je vous prie qui est celui qui est aussi heureux d'avoir gagné la Déesse de Berne." "C'est une chose si bien connue, ne pouvez vous pas devinez." "Ah!" said Ronzini, while a fearful expression overspread his fine countenance, "Louis Valmont, c'est lui." The words and manner with which these words were uttered, esused an indefinable sensation to agitate Augusta, and she felt anxious to close their interview. She, therefore, without replying, said she feared to remain longer at an open window, and wishing him a "Buona sera," was about to close the lattice, when Ronzini touched the guitar, and with a talent peculiar to the Italians, made her an animated and explicit declaration of his sentiments in verse, in that soft and beautiful language so well adapted to express forcibly the feelings by which he was actuated. Augusta stood near the window, but out of sight. Ronzini's fine melodious voice, and the words he sang quite overcame her, and she sank on a chair unable to shut the window. She remained some moments in a sort of waking trance, when she heard the door of the house open, which she knew was the sign of her parents return, and feeling conscious that she did not wish them to be acquainted with her interview with Ronzini, she approached the window, and as she hastily closed it, she could not forbear plucking a rose from the clustering branches round the casement, which she threw into the garden beneath.

The summer came, the war ended, and Victor Valmont returned to Berne to claim his bride. The day was finally fixed for the wedding, It came. Victor Valmont received from her father the young and lovely Augusta Morton, the idol of that part of the community who were her friends, and the Belle of Berne.

A glance at a few previous months may not be uninteresting. Signor Ronzini had left Berne a few days after his interview with Augusta, and did not again see her.

Louis Valmont had returned to Berne with his cousin, but had again enlisted, (on the wedding day being fixed), and had left the canton without assigning any reason a week previous to the marriage.

Victor Valmont had an aunt, who had many years before married a wealthy Italian, and had settled at her husband's native place, Turin. Augusta being delicate, an excursion to Piedmont, and a visit to Madame Bramont was thought both agreeable and beneficial.

The leaves were beginning to fall, and autumn was fast approaching, when Monsieur and Madame Victor Valmont arrived at Turin. The Piedmontese are remarkable for their kindness and hospitality, and the Valmonts were received, and affectionately welcomed by their aunt. Four weeks flew past; the Valmonts became domesticated at Turin. One evening a friend of Madame Bramont's gave a grand entertainment. The festa was to begin with a bal-masqué, but the company were to appear au naturel after supper. Our party had scarcely entered the rooms when the ball commenced. The only persons sans masque were the noble host, Conte Jerome Guise and his Contessa. The dancing was proceeding, when, as Augusta stood delighted and astonished at the gay scene around her, a mask approached and entered into a careless conversation with her, which terminated by his soliciting her to dance. She replied in the affirmative, and turning to Victor, who stood near, said, "Tu veux reste ici jusqu' à mon retour?" Victor assented, but the green eyed monster, who for ever haunted him, prompted him to follow her, he, however, missed her in the crowd, and, when she returned after dancing to where she left him, he was not there. Augusta walked about the rooms with the mask, her eyes wandering in search of her husband; this at last attracted the attention of her companion, and he asked her who she was looking for. "Mon mari," she replied. "Votre mari?" faltered the mask, in an altered voice, "êtes vous donc mariée?" "Mais oui, certainement," said Augusta, her companion sighed. The alteration in his voice struck her as strange, but she was so anxiously seeking Victor, that she paid little attention to it. As they passed a window she perceived the gardens were crowded with masks, and thinking he might be seeking her there, she said "Il est peut etre, dans le jardin, allons là." To the gardens they went. Augusta felt tired and distressed at her fruitless efforts to find her husband, she was also astonished at the total silence of her companion. "Asseyons nous ici," at length spoke the mask. The seat was public, and Augusta seated herself, thinking that Victor would better find her if she remained in one place than if she moved about. It was, however, useless, no Victor appeared. As they were returning to the house they saw a figure resembling him proceeding quickly, as if in search of some one, along a side walk. "Le voilà," said Augusta, and leaving her companion, she flew after the retiring figure. The mask, however, followed her steps, and when, after gazing up one walk and down another, until she was far away from the house, she stopped exhausted, having lost sight of the figure, she felt herself supported by some one who stood behind her. Speedily recovering, she turned to see who it was, and recognized her masked partner. No person was near, and it being quite dark, she felt a degree of fear at being alone with a stranger. She checked the feeling, and said, "Quel malheur qu' il ait disparu, je sais bien que c' était lui; voulez vous avoir la bonté, Monsieur, de me conduire à la maison, la route m' est inconnue?" He made no reply, but suddenly throwing himself at her feet, and removing his mask, exposed to her sight, the unaltered countenance of Antoine Ronzini. Augusta stood speechless from astonishment, she at length said, "Signor Ronzini, est-ce donc vous?" He was in the act of replying when Victor Valmont rushed through an opening in the trees, and, (being dressed en militaire), stabbed to the heart the prostrate Italian. "Il m' a tué," said Ronzini, then turning his closing eyes on Augusta, he made an effort to rise, grasped her hand, and pressing it to his lips—died.

"La fiévre est très forte, madame," said the Piedmontese Esculapius, in answer to Madame Bramont's enquiries concerning poor Augusta, who lay raving in delirium on the bed of sickness. "Elle est dangereusement malade," he continued, "il ne faut pas trop éspérer." "Cependant elle est jeune," said the lady. "C' est vraie," replied the doctor, "nous verrons."

But where was Victor? the hitherto kind and affectionate husband—confined in a dark cell in the carcere of Turin.

Antoine Ronzini had scarcely breathed his last when a party of masks sportively coursing each other, ran towards the scene of the tragedy making the surrounding shades echo their laughter. A fearful silence succeeded. The party stood horror struck. Stretched across the path was the body of Ronzini; by his side, with her hand still clasped within his, apparently dead, lay Augusta. Near them stood Victor, the reeking poignard still in his hand. He made no effort at resistance, and allowed himself to be conducted to the house, where he was secured, and finally lodged in prison. On the third day, when the officers entered his cell to take

him to trial, on their desiring him to follow them, he made no reply, and when they approached to insist on his concurrence, they found him cold and dead. His heart was broken from the combined misery of knowing himself a murderer, and feeling assured of Augusta's inconstancy.

The body of Ronzini was removed to the residence of his friends, and a faded rose was found confined by a ribbon next his heart.

At the end of a fortnight Augusta was pronounced out of danger, but the complicated misfortunes which had overwhelmed her had materially injured her constitution, and the once gay and lovely "Belle of Berne" rose from the bed of sickness a pale emaciated "shadow of her former self," the roses on her cheek were faded, the lustre of her bright eyes was dimmed, their only expression being a settled melancholy. She gradually began to recover her health and strength. It was now the middle of winter, and it was agreed that when the cold weather should be past, she was to return to the peaceful home of her youth.

She was one day sitting alone in the salon, dressed "in the sable garb of woe," when she saw a stranger enter the house; thinking it probable he would come to where she was, it being the public room, she wrapped closely round her, her voile de veuve, and as the door opened, was preparing to quit the apartment, when she was received in the arms of Louis Valmont. Explanations followed; Louis brought letters from her anxious parents, he was himself the bearer, under the hope that she would allow him to be her protector on her journey from Turin to Berne. During their conversation she learned that he had lately left the army, and returned to his mother who was old, and required the care of her son in that advanced stage of life. Augusta consented to her parents wish that Louis should be her companion, and the first week in April saw them en route for Berne; having taken an affectionate leave of their kind and attentive friends at Turin.

They arrived without accident; and Augusta's health and gaiety gradually returned in the peaceful and pleasing retirement of the canton.

* * * * * *

On the fifth of June, three years from the birthday fête which formed the opening of our tale, a gay procession was seen proceeding through the village. It was a wedding. Two couples were about to be united. The bridegrooms walked first with their fiancées; their friends and relations followed.

We will leave them in the anticipation of their happiness, and unmask the incogniti. The votaries of Hymen were Adèle Malin and Henri Samur, the son of the Maire, and, "last though not least," (in our estimation), Louis Valmont; who was that day made happy in the possession of Augusta, the idol of his affection, and "La Belle de Berne."

ROSSINA.

AN ONLY SON.

How many there are, in large families, especially, who look upon an only son with envy, wishing they were situated as he is; thinking he must be happy, his parents so fondly doat over their darling boy. His mother turns with such an expressive eye upon him; all their thoughts, their joys, seem centred in their son; and he they suppose must be happy; for him to be unhappy with such affection surrounding him seems impossible! it cannot be! yet how different are the feelings of *his* heart, he sees the paternal eye always fixed upon him; he must not be absent a moment but the piercing question comes, "where has their dear boy been? where is he going? or how long will he be absent?" His very thoughts are endeavoured to be scan'd; he must form no acquaintance with others of his own age, for fear of his being led astray; the thought of his being from home always alarms them; should any little sickness oppress him that it is impossible for him to conceal, the physician must be sent for, physic must be swallowed, till the poor fellow is made ten times worse; he looks around, sick of his house, affection overmuch he sees lavishly bestowed upon him, and wishes from the bottom of his heart he was blessed with brothers and sisters he might hold sweet converse with, and ardently looks forward to that happy period when he may join hand in hand with some fair girl, and open to her his overcharged and almost bursting heart; this fond thought fills all his mind, to find one that will return his affection is his anxious wish, and he passes away many a dreary hour in expectation of love, of joy, of happiness, in days that are to come.

GUILLIAME.

The first outline of an English House of Commons, was given in the reign of Henry the Third.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear;
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Waking thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

MOORE.

What a powerful controuler of the hidden feelings of the human heart is music! It binds our emotions by a spell we can neither break or account for. A simple air will sometimes awaken recollections that have slumbered for years in their invisible cells, or bid the care-worn heart tremble anew, with emotions it almost thought itself incapable of feeling again. I was once not only witness to, but a sharer in the startling effect produced by hearing our national anthem played on foreign shores. Those who were strangers to the air, and the feelings of love and pride associated with it, beheld us with a gaze of wonder, as each, expressing her delight at thus unexpectedly hearing the air with whose tones were entwined every domestic feeling of her bosom, hastened to reward the performer. I never hear the waltz of Weber without its wakening emotions over which no other air holds the same controul; and however pensively inclined, the huntsman's chorus will transport my fancy to fairy scenes of gaiety, which but for the mysterious connection between soul and sound, would have long since been buried in the oblivious waters of forgetfulness.

ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

An officer who had commanded a volunteer corps in the seven years' war, at the peace procured his discharge. The King, whom he had frequent opportunities to see, promised not to forget him. In the mean time, pressed by the necessities of a large family, he stated his case to his Majesty repeatedly by letters, to which he received no answer; he had then recourse to satire, and having composed a severe lampoon on royal ingratitude, he stuck in the frame of a favourite picture in the gallery at Potzdam, (before which the King would oftentimes stand a quarter of an hour, lost in contemplation of its magic colours and extraordinary beauties), a defiance of all detection of the author, in the following terms.

"Your Majesty gives yourself great trouble in attempting to discover the author of the satire, but it is impossible, though there are four of us concerned, I, pen, ink, and paper."

The King was more piqued than before, and offered a reward of 500 gold Fredericks for the discovery of the author. The next day the Colonel's name

was announced to the King for the discovery of the satire. His majesty started on hearing his name, and ordered him to be introduced. When the Colonel saw the King, he fell on his knees, and said, "Your Majesty has promised to give the informer 500 Fredericks; he now lies at your feet, well knowing that he shall be imprisoned in Spandau for life; but the reward will save a wife and eight children from a state of desperation." The King answered, "He has pronounced his own sentence, let him wait." His Majesty retired to his cabinet, and wrote an order to the Commander of Spandau, which he gave to the Colonel, sealed up, saying, "You will quit Berlin in twenty-four hours, and the 500 Fredericks in gold shall be paid to your family."

The Colonel bowed most humbly, left the King with every mark of respect, and went to his own house. In a very few minutes the page arrived with 500 gold Fredericks, and having delivered them to the Colonel's wife, repeated the royal order for his departure for Spandau in twenty-four hours. Soon after, in the course of the day, all Berlin talked loudly of the King's cruelty to so very deserving an officer. In the meanwhile the time ran out, and the afflicted Colonel began his journey amidst the piercing cries, the blessings, and good wishes of his distressed wife and children. It was some consolation to him and them, that the Commander of the fortress of Spandau was an old acquaintance and friend of the Colonel. Before he arrived, the news had reached the Commander of the Castle of his old friend's disgrace; and he was prepared to receive him with open arms. As soon as the Colonel got to Spandau, he went immediately to the Castle; and the meeting of the two friends was moving to a great degree. When the Commander saw the Colonel, he threw himself into his arms, without power of utterance for some moments; and when he could speak, assured him, that his greatest pleasure would be to make the Colonel's confinement as little irksome as possible. Upon which the Colonel delivered to him the King's sealed orders. The Commander took the packet with a trembling hand, broke the seal, and hardly read the two first lines, when he threw himself, in an extasy of joy, into his friend's arms, and, in the most affectionate tone, cried, "The King makes you Commander of Spandau for life; and I go to Berlin, to wait for further orders." The astonishment of all parties at this sudden reverse of fortune, may be better conceived than described *.

A "Short" Joke.—A person complaining, at a tavern, of the smallness of some chops brought to table, a coffee-room wag observed, "Probably the sheep was fed on *short commons*."

* This anecdote forms one of the principal incidents in the opera of "Frederick the Great."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

BALLAD.

THE ROVING BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

The child of day, on sportive wing
I revel thro' the sweets of Spring;
Inhale the balm of Summer's breath,
And banquet upon Flora's wreath;
Where each fair flow'r in hue doth vie
To win the ROVING BUTTERFLY!

When sets the Sun—my wings repose
Within the bosom of the Rose;
Cradled beneath her folded leaf,
The Summer night seems all too brief,
When morn awakes with envious eye
To claim the ROVING BUTTERFLY!

And thus I revel out my hours,
Amid the sweets of Pleasure's bowers;
Unlike the hapless sons of clay,
My life is one bright Summer's day;
No care, no cloud, no thought comes nigh
The happy ROVING BUTTERFLY!

WRITTEN ON RE-PERUSING "MARMION," AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SEVERAL YEARS.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Lord of Romance! what magic power
Exert'st thou o'er the human heart!
Years have flown o'er me, since the hour
That saw my tears unbidden start,
While lost, I read with glowing eye
Thy Hero's death-scene stern and high.
I then was but a laughing child,
With feelings, wilful, warm, and wild;
Untam'd and reckless as the breeze
That wakes to strife the slumbering seas;
Yet could thy high heroic tale
Make my young cheek with sadness pale.

Those lightsome days have fleeted past;
*Time sets his seal upon my brow,
My bloom of youth is fading fast,
And I am strangely alter'd now
From the wild girl whose spirit gay,
Grew hush'd while bending o'er thy lay;
Yet doth this changed heart of mine
Own the deep influence of thy line,
And still the same warm tear-drops flow
Above the page of war and woe.

And thou art in thy lonely tomb,
Amid the cloister'd arches gloom;
And never more thy high command
Shall wake anew to light and life,
The legends of thy mountain land,
Of love, or woe, or battle-strife,
With many a scene from other climes,
And many a tale of former times,
To hold the spell-bound soul in trance,
By the bright witch'ry of romance.

But they have laid thee in thy rest,
Deep in the land thou lov'd'st the best,
Where the wild heath-flow'rs bloom and wave,
And Albyn's mountain breezes sound,
Sweeping thy gothic shrine around
A requiem o'er her Minstrel's grave.
A proud and fitting tomb is thine!
But thou hast yet a nobler shrine,
Erected in thy COUNTRY'S breast,
There, in thy glory, calmly rest!
For aye shall live thy brilliant page,
And age succeeding unto age
Shall make thy memory's stedfast light
Shine only more intensely bright!

* At Poets, as "at Lovers perjuries (we hope) Jove laughs," our fair correspondent is in the first blush of womanhood, "Time hath not touched the roses on her cheek," (and to parody the quotation), we believe "that sorrow hath not washed them," except with those gentle and kindly dews that refresh rather than weigh down the flower.—EDITRESS.

SONNET.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters,
Is thy sweet voice to me.

BYRON.

There's not a joy like that I feel
In gazing thus on thee;
And every word of thine excites
My tenderest sympathy;
There's not on earth a face more fair,
More brightly set in smiles,
Than that which e'en in sorrowing mood
My bitterest woe beguiles.

There's not a voice whose accents sound
More sweetly in mine ear;
Whose thrilling tones can touch my heart,
So musical, so clear;
For who unmoved can hear thy song,
Replete with joy and mirth—
But wondering doubts how one so fair
Could e'er have sprung from earth.

E. P. T.

INVOCATION.

BY GEORGE DAVEY.

Christe Jesu, audi nos!
We pray of thee by thy heavy cross—
By thy crown of thorns—thy Father's name,
By thy agony and death of shame—
Christe Jesu, audi nos!
Deliver us from the fiery flood,
And wash us pure in thy crimson blood,
That we through eternity may hymn
Thy praise with cherub and seraphim,
Christe Jesu, audi nos!

SONG.

THE LINDEN TREE.

The vows that I pledged as the pale moon beam'd
Shall never be broken by me,
When the silv'ry light on his helmet stream'd
Through the leaves of the LINDEN TREE.
His warrior's plume waved gracefully
As he falter'd his last adieu,
And his words I recall them joyfully,
Were, "remember I live but for you."
That night from my memory ne'er shall fade
While reason maintains her seat;
And the heart whose earliest love was his own,
Shall be his to its latest beat.

BENEDICT.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Adieu my mother, dear, adieu,
My father, too, farewell;
My sister dear, I leave thee, too;
My friends and all, farewell!
Farewell dear village of my birth,
To scenes of infancy, farewell,
I leave thee still with fond regret,
Too fond to say farewell.

Farewell, oh! who can use the word
Without a bitter sigh;
It causes many a tear to flow,
From love, from sympathy.
But may you, when I'm distant far,
My father, mother, dear,
Then cast a lingering thought on her
Who leaves your blessing here.

EMMA.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY A. KYNE.

Youth launch'd his boat and spread its sail
On Pleasure's rippling ocean,
While wafted on by Joy's brisk gale,
He felt not Care's emotion.
Love at the helm, he speeded on,
O'er deeps and shallows dancing,
So bent Enjoyment's game upon,
At Reason rarely glancing.

Though Caution's beacon met his eye,
Its light was heeded never,
The rocks of Disappointment nigh,
She struck and sank for ever.
So Men, mature, as blindly go,
Life's many plans pursuing,
And see Hope's blossoms, ere they bloom
Nipt by the hand of Ruin.

THE WARRIOR'S SONG.

Oh! tell me not of woman's love,
Or Cupid's fickle dart;
Do they not often faithless prove,
And leave a broken heart?
Oh! tell me not of rosy wine,
Or the famed minstrel's lay,
Oh! lead me not to the banquet hall,
Where all is blythe and gay.

But lead me to the battle field,
Where glory shines afar;
Oh! give me but my sword and shield,
Lead on, lead on, to war!
And if I fall on the battle plain,
I shall sleep on glory's bed,
Where honour, fame, and victory,
Shall crown my dying head.

AUGUSTUS.

CHARADE BY MISS BLUEMANTLE.

My FIRST is a creature that sleeps half the day,
Tho' fam'd oft for liveliness, frolic, and play,
And a fav'rite of old maiden ladies they say!
My SECOND's an exclamation of pain,
And also a letter—so puzzle your brain!
My THIRD is a number, I'm sure you will guess it,
And your cause will be gained, if of LAW you possess it;
And here if your brain of knowledge should fail her,
I'll just hint it is said to be part of a Tailor;
My FOURTH's an appendage, guess it who can,
That belongs to most creatures on earth—except MAN,
But not to mislead, and give you a *cue*,
To find me, he once wore the ornament too;
My WHOLE's a disgrace to our national pride,
When in our brave Soldiers blood it is dy'd.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, Page 176.

It is the offspring of the Poet's brain,
'Tis modern love and modern friendship, too,
Which while 'tis sunshine only will remain,
And that withdrawn fades ever from our view,
Yet still I think it possibly may be,
(Though I am giving a mere phantom chase),
That some brave Tar, while gazing on the sea,
May see the SHADOW of an honest face.

JESSEY.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

VINEYARDS IN ENGLAND.

It is a singular circumstance, and worthy the attention of the naturalist, that in the early period, when there were no hot-houses, and when the climate is generally supposed to have been much colder than it is now, England contained a number of vineyards within its boundaries, and produced grape wine apparently as of good a quality as that which is concocted by the genial suns of a more southern sky. It is not idly that a love of good wine was charged upon the monks, for wherever we hear of these ancient vineyards, they invariably are found to belong to an abbey or a monastery.

It appears that the Emperor Probus first gave permission to the Britons to introduce the culture of vines into their country.* The cultivation from that time must have gone on increasing greatly, since William of Malmsbury, speaking of Gloucester, says "there is no place in England has so many or so good vineyards as this country, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape. The wine whereof carrieth no unpleasant tartness, being not much inferior to the French in sweetness." Nothing remains of these vineyards but the places named from them; one near Tewkesbury, at present called the Vineyard, and another on a rising hill, by Orersbridge, near Gloucester.

DESTRUCTIVE KISSING.—Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules, which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of a figure of the Saviour among the bronze bas reliefs which adorn the Casta Santa at Loretto, has in this manner been quite kissed away. The foot of the famous statue of St. Peter in the Vatican, has lost most of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries; and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour by Michael, in the Minerva, from similar injury, by a brass buskin.

GENIUS DEFINED.—A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question, but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

* Camden.

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.—When the late Duchess of Gordon was a girl, she was what her country people called a *wild lassie*, and rattled away severe and smart things at random. Sitting one day on the parapet of a bridge, near a mill-dam, her mother, Lady Maxwell, said to her "have a care, child, or you will fall into the river." "If I do, I'll be *dammed*," cried the bonnie Duchess. "Fie, fie!" exclaimed Lady M., "that ready wit of yours will be the ruin of you." "I am sure," retorted her daughter, "you have nothing to do with *that*, it is not mothers's-wit." This stamp of witticisms was very common with her Grace through life, nor was she very nice as to their being rather broader than the *Graces* in high life commonly tolerate.

AN OUTLINE.—When the Duc de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, "he did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—"Mr. B.'s compliments to Mr. C., thinks it unnecessary that his *piggs* should go through his grounds." Brief reply:—"Mr. C.'s compliments to Mr. B., thinks it unnecessary to spell pigs with two *gees*."

EPITAPH IN CHISELHURST CHURCHYARD.

This world's like a city, with many a crooked street,
Death like a market place, where all men meet;
If life were merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would live, and the poor would die.

EPIGRAM.

Tom swears that he respects a friend,
And never will *deceive* him;
Tom, though a liar, tells the truth,
No friend will e'er believe him.

HENRY DAVY.

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 29—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Jan. 25, 1834.

ESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

NING Dress.—The robe is composed of French grey grenadine gauze, it is embroidered in a rich fancy pattern in columns, in a darker shade of the same colour. A low body made to sit close to the shape, pointed before and behind, and trimmed in a very novel style with *râches* of blue gauze ribbon to correspond. Maintenon sleeves, or-

namented with *rûches*, which are intermingled with knots of blue gauze ribbon, and blond lace *manchettes* of one fall only. The front of the robe is slashed *à l' Espagnole* on each side, the slashes are bordered by *rûches*, and united by knots of gauze ribbon. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in a full tuft, lightly frizzed on each side. The hind hair is partly cut close to the head, and partly arranged in two bows which are crossed by a platted band on the summit of it. A knot of blue gauze ribbon ornaments the bows, and another of similar size is placed on the tuft at the left side. A gold bandeau brought low upon the forehead, completes the *coiffure*. Gold earings. Necklace a string of large pearls. White satin shoes. White kid gloves. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Accessories to Evening Dress.—In resuming the subject of our last notice, we must observe that it is indispensibly necessary if the robe is of a rich but heavy material, that the head-dress should be light. Thus if the robe is of velvet, the hat or *chapeau-toque* must be of crape or blond lace, but if the robe is crape or gauze, then the hat may be velvet or satin; or the turban may be of one of those materials mingled with gauze.

One of the most elegant hats that we have lately seen is of white satin, the crown of the melon shape, with the material laid flat at the top, but fluted at the sides. The brim is turned up all round, it is very small, particularly behind, and is trimmed on the inside with a flat knot of gauze ribbon, placed next the face; the knot is formed by an emerald clasp. A blond lace drapery disposed *en coquilles* adorns the front of the crown, and is surmounted by a bouquet of three short white ostrich feathers, tipped with emerald green, which droop a little over it. This is a very becoming as well as tasteful head-dress.

Toque-hats of blond lace are equally remarkable for their lightness and elegance: The crown is that of a hat, and rather of the conical form; the front of the turban shape, the blond laid over a light roll of satin in such a manner as to display all the beauty of the lace. A membrane of the plumage of a bird of Paradise, placed far back upon the crown, waves lightly over the brim.

Equally fashionable, though of a very different kind, are turbans of velvet intermingled with gauze. The two materials must be of strongly contrasted colours; as black with rose, green, or orange, white, with ruby, violet, or citron. The trimming consists of a bouquet of feathers of the one colour, tipped with the other.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XIX.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and Secretary at their usual employment.*

We met! *not* in a crowd, for the Subs they all shun us,
With Let-(ters) the table bow'd, for correspondents *dun* us;
We read till our bright eyes grew dim with perusing,
We said who can advise mid such picking and chusing?
There were papers quite enough our whole Council to smother,
Some were *good*, and some *sad stuff*, some not one thing or 'tother!

Parody on "We Met."

Miss Bluemantle. You seem to have a formidable pile of letters before you, fair Secretary, but as we did not "give judgment" last week, (as the lawyers have it), we suppose we must not complain. Come, begin.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Enclosure from Henry Davy. *(The Secretary hands each letter she announces to the President, who peruses the article before she gives the reply.)*

Miss B. It shall appear, though its length is (as the writer supposes), an objection.

Miss S. Four poetical pieces from E. P. T.

Miss B. One is already on our accepted file, the rest shall be, but we should like another prose article from E. P. T.'s pen. The change he enquires about *will* take place, but not yet.

Miss S. The "Farmer's Son," by J.

Miss B. 'Tis a mere Fragment, but shall appear.

Miss S. Two answers to Charades, by Jean.

Miss B. One is *entirely wrong*, the other partly so, but we think we can correct the error of the last, and it will probably appear.

Miss S. Charades, &c., by H. W. J.

Miss B. Accepted, but we have so many on hand at present, they will not yet appear.

Miss S. Letter, &c., from Lucinda, Birmingham.

Miss B. Lucinda is informed whatever *has* been accepted will certainly appear. We hardly know what to say to the Acrostic, but we think—yes!

Miss S. Two packets from Annette.

Miss B. They shall be used as occasion serves. Annette is sincerely thanked.

Miss S. A Packet from A. N.

Miss B. A. N. is most indefatigable in our service. He is thanked and generally accepted.

Miss S. "The Young Sailor," a tale by C. M. J.

Miss B. "The Young Sailor" shall shortly be *launched* on the ocean of literature, an element in which he must expect to find many *rocks* and *shoals*, yet if we can pilot his little bark, and set the young mariner fairly afloat, it will afford us much gratification. We remember even now with a sigh the spring morning, when our own humble vessel first set sail, with Hope at the helm, and streamers that certainly *trembled* in the breeze;—but favouring gales sprung up to speed its course through many voyages, till at last it became a *chartered ship*. With these recollections fresh in our mind, we are happy to be the first to take the little craft of C. M. J. in tow.

Miss S. Answer to Rebus by Henry V—lle.

Miss B. Well! We think there are answers enough to one puzzle at least; why you have already shewn us half a dozen. We cannot insert all, so must cast lots we suppose.

Miss S. Letter and enclosures from Monsieur E.

Miss B. Monsieur E. is thanked, they shall meet every attention.

Miss S. A sheet of scraps and charades, &c., signed F. M., a young aspirant.

Miss B. We may possibly select some out of the collection. We assure this correspondent as we have done others before, we have no power to regulate the price of the Magazine. Nor do we benefit by this mighty *two-pence*, so much complained of. His other remark we differ from, and fear by its tone he is "no respector of persons."

Miss S. "A Modest Man."

Miss B. Is both a Fool and a Brute. The first to pay two-pence for the postage of a letter whose contents he must know could never appear. The latter for offering an insult which he *dared* not have done to the *male* Editor of any periodical. But we have hands about us that *can* lay a cane upon the Coward's back if he will give the opportunity.

Miss S. A packet from Theodore.

Miss B. We are happy to have obliged him, he is one of the few reasonable correspondents who will allow us to use our own judgment. More of his articles shall appear by and bye.

Miss S. Letter from Plymouth.

Miss B. Our kind correspondent is sincerely thanked. We fear the packet sent through the usual channel was not received, as the promised work *was sent* by us to the party he alludes to. We will try again.

Miss S. Recollections of my "Early Days," by a Student.

Miss B. No fault but length. Certainly it shall appear. We have our recollections, too, of the hand-writing,—does the Student think to deceive the eye of Woman?

Miss S. Letter and Poem from Henrietta.

Miss B. For her good wishes she is thanked, our pages this week speak the rest.

Miss S. "Lay of the Crusader's Mistress," by Mary Adeline.

Miss B. If the Poem was sent it certainly never reached us, appear.

Miss S, E. S. letter of enquiry.

Miss B. We believe the answer has already been given. Some of E. S.'s letters certainly never reached us. On reperusal, the lines alluded to, will *not*, we think suit us. The fragment shall be inserted when we *have space*, or returned if E. S. desires it. But we again repeat we will not after this, trouble ourselves to return articles, if they are not inserted the moment the writer wishes. By the way a tale called the "Twin Brothers," (we think), has been lying for the author at the office some weeks past. If not taken away, we shall send for and use it.

Miss S. "Love on the wane," &c. I think from the writing, by SYLVA, but have mislaid the envelope.

Miss B. They shall appear, we wish every article to be written on separate slips of paper, and each signed, and then no mistakes or misnomers can arise.

Miss S. Lines on a Child Praying, by J. S. C.

Miss B. Accepted, we shall be glad to hear again from the same correspondent.

Miss S. To the Departed, by MINNA.

Miss B. Accepted;—We hope to hear shortly from our kind friends in Hampshire. Our fair tale writer there, is much enquired after by our readers, *not* of the "feminine gender."

Miss S. Letter signed "A Music Seller," complaining sadly against our "cheap music as injuring the sale of superior and more expensive publications."

Miss B. We have no wish to injure any one, and the expense to ourselves is very heavy, therefore for our own exchequer's sake, our songs will in future be "few and far between" in our numbers, but we *shall* give one now and then for variety. Have you heard or seen ought of our critical sisters, Literary, Musical, and Fashionable?

Miss S. I expected them here this evening, but suppose their numerous engagements have made them play truant. Mrs. Bloomer informed me that Miss Pardoe's popular work "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," (from whose pages she furnished several extracts in our "Selector,") is about to go through a second edition already. I understand it will appear with illustrative plates of the different scenes described by the fair and gifted traveller, and that in compliance with the wishes expressed by several Reviewers, Miss Pardoe will in the new edition omit the numerous Portuguese phrases interspersed through the volumes, the reference to the notes giving the English meanings in the margin of the page being considered as an interruption to the reader.

Miss B. We think the fair author will do a very judicious thing. We ourselves have more than once heard complaints made by readers of the frequent occurrence of foreign phrases, the only fault we ever *did* hear found with the volumes, which, certainly, to our taste, are the most delightful and graphic sketches of scenery and manners we have a long time met with. Come, we shall wait no longer for our absentee sisters, the Twankay is growing cold, allons!

THE DRAMA.

ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE.

We visited this little theatre the other evening, for the first time since it has been under a new management and name. The arrangements, as regards the convenience and comfort of visitors, are excellent. Here you have not to wait, as at the Adelphi, in the lobby half-an-hour after you enter, to endeavour to propitiate (through the medium of a *silver ticket*,) the good graces of the box-keeper, to shew you into a *third* or *back* row—but are, on entering, immediately met by him, and conducted to a seat. We were too late to see the first piece, "A Father's Plea," but were much pleased with "The King Incog," and the new production of the evening, entitled "The Wandering Minstrel," the hero of which was admirably personated by Mr. Mitchell, and we wish all the young ladies of Richmond and the Beulah Spa neighbourhood, would go and see it; we think it would be the best antidote for the late *minstrel-mania*, that any mamma would desire to be administered! The pantomime of "Harlequin Merman," which followed, has many attractions for a juvenile audience. We do not like the decorations of this house in point of *colour*, so well as those of the Queen's—they were *then* "colour de rose"—they are *now* a dingy yellow, or faded buff! Let the managers who, we doubt not, possess the true spirit of gallantry, consult the *complexions* of their female visitors, and restore the original draperies to the private boxes.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE CONQUERING LEG.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Oh! woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspens made,
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Sir Walter Scott.

There are many subjects on which a spinster of thirty-three appears to have no right to give an opinion; yet, in some cases, apologies, either before or after a venture, only render it less safe. If even I, without a dozen female acquaintance in the world, have met three or four ladies, contrasted, too, in character and situation, to whom the following facts might prove useful, there must, at this ratio, be many in error on the subject most vital to their best earthly interests.

Some mistake, romance, some vanity, some curiosity, some instinct for that noble sentiment on which their future destiny depends; some marry without any mistake, any feeling, any principle at all. Others, though bowing to their parents, or their "circumstances," evince, as an evidence of refinement, that squeamishness which realizes the worst effects of its opposite fault; and exposes to ridicule the sensibilities which natural conduct preserves from insult. The woman who, remote from all extremes, dignifies passion by the veil of friendship, and adorns respect with the flowers of love, will seem and strive to be content with her wedded fate, whatever it may become. When the soul is as a letter full of faithful sincerity, the kiss of rapture seems but a seal, with or without which it might safely speed to heaven, and attest the TRUE WIFE; but behold! "there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than o'er fifty just women who went not astray."

"Why did you say *yes* at all then, Charlotte? if, when it comes to the last, you betray this repugnance?" asked Mr. Crosby of his daughter, whose pretty seventeeny face was hidden in her hands, and her foot beating the tattoo which our male protectors have unanimously dedicated to his Satanic Majesty.

"You all teazed me so!" sobbed the young lady; but now, I'd give the world—"

"You have nothing but yourself to give or withhold, child. Never, in trivial causes, did I stoop to teazing, and the most important step of a woman's life, is the last into which I would even permit others to teaze her. Did you not, though incapable of appreciating James as I do, rave, even before he made his offer, of *his all conquering leg?*"

"No, Pa! that was my sister," half laughed the blushing Miss. "I hate to hear ye talk of *that;* putting mischief into every silly woman's head; 'tis quite—quite—no matter. I admire Mr. Stapleton, as himself, esteem him as a friend, am grateful for his preference—but indeed, indeed—" She paused, her father gazed on her in dismay. He was a merchant of slender means, widowed, with a large family, this, his first and favourite daughter, had early proved a clever housekeeper, and so tutored the one next to herself in age, that she was now quite capable of supplying Charlotte's place. For some two years had Mr. James Stapleton, an architect, ranked with her admirers; "among them, but not of them." At thirty he did not prize, perhaps even to their real value, what his *fiancée* overrated; fashion, accomplishments, professions; in spite of his pride and warmth of heart she could never get up a lover's quarrel with him; he mildly reasoned on her airs, and frankly told her that

she must learn to curb the conceit which so often rendered her selfish, exacting, egotistical, inconsistent, helpless, idle, extravagant, and childish. Something, she knew not what, constantly irritated and depressed her; not even the sight of her wedding finery could please; cry she would, and stamp she must.

"Why then," asked Mr. Crosby, "have I been so far committed? but James will feel that I erred in ignorance; and could I—would I—bid you complete your sacrifice, I know he would not accept it; here he comes, so answer for yourself candidly at last!"

The parent left the room as the lover entered it. Charlotte wept more passionately than before; uttering at intervals,

"Psha! as if I meant *that;* bad enough as 'tis; yet is it not natural that I—"

"Should make yourself and all who love you wretched?" interrupted Stapleton, "'tis any thing but rational, at best; what has Papa said to you?"

"Why—what even you, I do believe, would not dare to hint, sir, taxing me"—

"With any thing worse than a causeless paroxysm of the pouts?"

"Well may one pout at giving up one's liberty."

"Not if one has duly considered whether one may not get something better in exchange, my own!"

"That's a lottery, sir; but to leave one's house—"

"And live over the way; an awful separation, truly; come now, be good! we have every thing in our power which should constitute happiness; why do you shake your head?"

"Because I have it not in my power to feel that love which I expected would be something so all absorbing, so sublime, so tender, so ardent, so reverential, yet so joyous; so—"

"So ridiculous, so unstable! you will be a far better wife without it."

"Bah! Suppose I fell in love with any one else? papa fancies I've done so already; what would you say if I had?"

"Charlotte!" cried Stapleton, turning very pale, "if you prefer another, who values and deserves you, nay, if you cherish a regard that cannot be gratified, I set you free, though in the latter case, you might securely trust your heart to the *healing* power of *my* confidence and kindness."

"I guess what you suspect, sir," she returned, "but, no! I never loved—any one—never shall—nor can I promise even you the cheerful duty you deserve; if you loved me as I should like to be loved—you would not take me as I am?"

"*Au contraire;* it is because I love you better than myself, that I *will* take you, tears, frowns and all, in hopes of soon being able to banish them, and setting you an example of how to oblige and attach a good heart, by generous re-assuring forbearance. Tomorrow—"

"Must it really be to-morrow?" pleaded the young *belle.*

"Then or never!" answered Stapleton, decidedly; if I permitted you to name some more distant day, we should have the same scenes to go through afresh. I will drive you to the ruins you have so long wished to explore; we can dine at the inn near them, and return in the evening; so God bless you! my dear girl! one kiss to grace—I hope our last leave-taking—good night."

Never was so cross a bride as Miss Crosby made next morning. She would not speak at church, she could not eat at breakfast, and when, all blushes and tremor, she was handed into the tilbury, she gazed back at her old home, as if never to see it more. Stapleton endeavoured, by instructive comment on all they saw, to interest, soothe and cheer her, but in vain, her answers were short, her silences long, her sighs frequent; she shrunk from, would not even look at him, and when he prepared to return, was seized with such a faintness, that her bridegroom actually trembled for her health; placing her in their vehicle, he drove off; and, for some time neither spoke; at last, in a gloomy yet resolved tone, he said, "My reason depends on your peace. Ere we come in sight of your father's house and mine, choose which you will make your future home; it is not yet too late for you to extricate yourself from a tie you seem to loathe; if you bid me leave you now, no human power shall ever recall me; if the morrow sees us together, remember—I shall expect your obedience!"

"There it is!" she pettishly rejoined, "you would either escape from the bonds you so rashly ran into, or demand from a flattered young fool, conduct more consistent than your own; had you been less equable, I might not have felt thus awed; you make no allowances, draw no distinctions; so matter of fact, so unfeeling! you would better know how to bear with me if you could read my heart."

"Well, well, sweet wife," sighed Stapleton, turning towards her, with a self upbraiding air, "I own that not to be confounded with those who weakened your mind by idle compliments, I have forbidden my very eyes to betray the extent of your influence over me; and feigned the power of resigning what it would almost cost my life to lose; be composed, my little treasure! and I swear that to our latest day." His protestations were alarmingly interrupted; in fixing his care on herself, Charlotte, had diverted it from his horse, who, taking fright at a stumble, caused by the roughness of the road, kicked and reared so furiously that all the skill and strength of his master was unavailing. Charlotte clung shrieking to him, and, in another minute both were thrown, with great violence, to the earth. There was a stunned pause; then the bridegroom's voice, faint yet eager, was heard, calling "My love! speak to me, if still you live! are you much hurt?"

"No, no—but where are *you?* Ah! heaven! you will be killed."

"Keep out of the creature's way, Charlotte, I entreat you," cried Stapleton, from between the feet of the plunging animal; but the girl, with a vigour which, till that instant, she had not even imagined any other being to possess, dragged him from his perilous situation, and would have assisted him to rise, but he could only utter, "I had better not attempt it; 'twould only do more harm—you are not hurt, dear, really? then all is well! you will soon be free."

He swooned; his poor bride thought him dead. Their steed set off with the shattered equipage; this she hoped might give the alarm, and bring some one to her aid; no house was in sight, she called aloud—but nobody appeared; then, looking on the still pale face of Stapleton, while remorse and terror froze up her tears, she felt for the first time, the full importance of her vows. The once selfish Charlotte, insensible to her own cuts and bruises, exclaimed, "Oh, God; enable me to save my husband!"

In the twilight glimmered a pond; but how convey its water to him? sacrificing maiden vanity to wifely duty, she bared her head, and, kneeling on the wet clay, filled her white hat; then hastened to sprinkle the forehead of her helpless charge. While she was thus employed two boys ran to the spot; and, laughing hysterically, she addressed them, "Oh! bless ye, dear fellows! help me to carry him home."

Cautiously she drew her shawl beneath the limbs of Stapleton, entrusted its corners to her young assistants, and, putting her arms about the waist of the sufferer, raised him from the ground, saying, with great firmness, "Now be careful, and ye shall be well repaid, but if ye add to his pangs, beware! Oh! that ever I should see him thus! so late all activity, and now powerless! let us move gently—he shall find how much his wife wishes to be free."

She led the way; at the nearest cottage dwelt an old marine, who, having had some experience, knew that it would be safer to carry the patient home, as it was not far, before his leg was set, than to detain him at a less commodious abode; for that operation; after which he must remain stationary; accordingly, pausing but to force a glass of brandy on the speechless young man, this honest creature substituted a blanket for the present litter, sent one of the lads forward to apprize Mr. Crosby of what had chanced, then, aided by Charlotte and the other, bore their burden towards the town.

With our heroine's father had dined a gentleman famed equally for his own good looks, and for his surgical success in restoring those of others; he accompanied the alarmed parent forth to meet this melancholy bridal procession.

"Good heaven! in what disarray do I find the lovely Charlotte!" he exclaimed, "your arm is wounded."

"Don't think of me!" she cried, "'tis but a scratch—I knew it not till now; look to Mr. Stapleton, sir! no,

papa, not to *your* house. I will nurse him *in our own house.*"

As soon as the bridegroom was laid on the bed of his gaily furnished bedchamber, he sighed forth, "Leave us now darling! this is no scene for thee."

"Oh! you shall see how unfeelingly I'll bear it, if I can be of use," she answered, and, withdrawing a little from the group, listened anxiously for Mr. Harmer's report. The words "dislocation, and compound fracture," o'erwhelmed her not.

"Will he live, sir?" she asked.

"I trust so; if we can reduce the fever, and keep his nerves quiet; but it must be months ere he will leave his bed. I shall send you, Mrs. Stapleton, an elderly woman, accustomed to—"

"No;" broke in Charlotte, "if extra attendants be required, let them keep house for me. I devote myself to him 'for better, for worse, in sickness and in health;' nay, Mr. Stapleton, let me not thus unman you."

Indeed he heard these words less firmly than, for her sake, he bore all the necessary proceedings of his surgeon; and she, coward as she had been till now, rose at once into a noble matron, nor did her resolution fail, when, the first excitement over, patience became the virtue most required by her fatigues. Jealous even of her father's rivalry, she retorted all praise. "Don't mock me," she modestly whispered, "you know how much I have to atone. Mr. Stapleton's fortitude and amiability besides, makes my duties light. Fancy me your servant, sister, mother, brother, dear sir, I'm sure I feel as if you were my own child."

"Oh, Charlotte! would thou wert less heavenly," said Stapleton; "but you must some day play the invalid, that I may requite your good offices. I little thought that thus—"

"Pray try to sleep, while I go and prepare your arrowroot," she gravely replied, and left the room.

Stapleton, who had begun by loving her, in spite of himself, as a giddy, common-place Miss, now imagined her only too spiritualized for a wife; he could not be satisfied with the disinterested, *unsympathizing pity*, which, propped by her sense of honour and regret for past petulance, now accorded him her Samaritan-like familiarity. He questioned her father and sister, they could offer him no hope, no consolation, of the nature he desired.

"I am convinced, however," said Crosby, "that to preserve your peace, your affection, your character, our little angel will, when she must, sink from her platonics, and make you a home indeed."

Ere the sad honey-moon waned, Charlotte one day surprised her father by saying, timidly,

"Papa, I am not pleased with Mr. Harmer's system. Stapleton's life is not safe in his hands. Call in old doctor Grey." "My dear, it is a breach of the *etiquette* due to the faculty, to dismiss one of its members, without any definite reason, it would hurt his reputation."

"So it ought; so he would let it, in one way, and not call it hurt at all—yet—though he is so rich that he intends retiring from practice, I must avoid—I think I see how—yes, Mr. Stapleton shall not be agitated, no, nor you, papa!"

The next day, a note from Harmer announced that business calling him to London, he recommended Dr. Grey as quite competent to succeed him; refused all remuneration, and departed.

Generous fare, and the sight of Charlotte's improved spirits, gradually restored our convalescent to strength. The day he first sat up, the morning when, softly pillowed, he was allowed to take an airing in an easy carriage, were two great eras for his young nurse; but when six months from the date of his accident, the crutches were abandoned for the support of her arm, a not quite calm reserve tempered her gratitude to heaven, and damped the hopes of her enamoured bridegroom.

Mr. Crosby sat with them one day, when a letter was handed to Stapleton. His colour changed, and his face worked as he perused it; then, laying his finger on his lip, gave it to his friend. The old gentleman read it with a proud yet tearful smile. Charlotte remained the quiet witness of these emotions.

"Can you be indifferent to what affects us, that you do not ask one question?" said Stapleton.

"No, sir; but I'm sure that whatever befits me to know, you will, at a proper time, explain unasked. If there be any thing you wish, that I can do, I am ready now. Papa! why do you look so at Mr. Stapleton?"

"Mr. Fiddlestick! why can't you call him James? it seems you do, sometimes; and *dear* James too. Listen to this."

She would have escaped, but he held her fast while he read—

"With generous minds confession is atonement; and to a heart not hardened in error, conferring the felicity itself hath craved, on one more worthy of it, unites luxurious enjoyment with a peace, on the stability of which one feels some just claim. There is a secret in my power, shared but with one too diffident for all boasting, it will tell you where to find a treasure. I had long admired Miss Crosby—was aware how reluctantly she became your bride—felt a bad pleasure in your misfortune, and in the chance that put you into my hands. Though I did nothing that could militate against your ultimate recovery, I kept you low enough to protract your confinement; and lost no occasion for paying the most insinuating attentions to the fair Charlotte. For some time she attributed them to friendship. At last I perceived that she began to suspect me; and, having forced her to take some refreshment below, while you slept, I spoke to her in somewhat the following strain, "Come, be at ease! and you may find how providential has been the event which, as yet, hath imposed on you only such duties as a grandmother might fulfil, though how Stapleton can permit you to be the victim, I know not. I did not fear that you were born but to make gruel and air night-caps for a decrepit being who, disabled for his profession, will doom the once liberal Charlotte to comparative poverty; your father cannot do much for you; but I, Miss Crosby—start not,—I mean all in honour—can procure your divorce without delay, and then fortune and happiness are yours.' 'Without James?' she articulated, looking me through, 'and with one who can avail himself of my distress, and profane his privileges—I will not involve my father; leave this place while you are safe; were my dear husband in health, you would not dare thus put yourself in *my* power.' '*Dear husband!*' sneered I, 'he is *ni l'un ni l'autre.*' 'Why, then,' she retorted, 'my life, my virtue, my soul's hopes are not dear to me; dare you, a libertine boy, a butterfly, think to rival him, now that I know his worth, now that my spirit is subdued to his? Sir, our interests are the same: the sweet habit of being with him, of serving him, is my all. I could live on as I have lived, till we both died of old age; we may pass blyther hours together, but none on which I shall reflect with more unqualified affection. Yes, now doubt the truth of your ill-bodings, he shall recover to be the same graceful creature he was when first I fell in love with him—my own poor James!' Struck with contrition, I humbly departed, and would not inform you of this till I learnt that she was your only prop. Tell her she is betrayed, claim the hoard of tenderness she hides from you, and forgive the faulty, G. HARMER."

The wondering delight of Stapleton, the bashful agitation of Charlotte, may be conceived; as Crosby, seizing his hat, gave her a boisterous kiss, and pushed her from him with such force that she could not a avoid falling; but her father staid not to raise her, for she fell into the arms of her husband.

Years afterwards I saw this happy family. Crosby played with his fine grand-children. Harmer and his amiable wife—Charlotte's own sister—looked on enraptured. The slightest perceptible lameness remained, as a memento of James's wedding-day; which Mrs. Stapleton declared rendered him more interesting than ever; she knew his gait, his step, at any distance, and no longer denied that it was *herself* who had originally raved of "his all-conquering leg."

QUEEN'S BOOTS.—In Rutlandshire is the ancient village of Ketton. Its tenure is by knight's service, and it is a curious fact, that the sheriffs of the county collect annually a rent of two shillings from the inhabitants, "pro ocreis reginæ," which can only be translated "*for the queen's boots.*"

THE SELECTOR.

THE MEETING OF THE BUILDINGS

ON THE HOUSE AND WINDOW TAX.

A meeting took place on Tuesday night in Copenhagen fields, to take into consideration the house and window tax, as it pressed upon those *most affected by it*. Several Public buildings had declared at a Private meeting, that as the inhabitants seemed apathetic, it became imperative on the buildings suffering so much to look to their windows; it was unanimously agreed to call the meeting at night, as the crowded state of the metropolis would render it inconvenient for such large bodies to move in the day. By eleven o'clock, at least five thousand streets and buildings were upon the ground. At a quarter after, the *Queen's Head* came with the *King's Arms;* the *White Horse* came in a cab; *Shoe* and *Leather Lanes* on foot; the *Blind School* unfortunately lost its way in the fog, whilst the *Three Tuns* were taking a glass together with the *Cheshire Cheese* at the *Glo'ster Coffee House;* the *Green Dragon* and *Blue Boar* came with the *Spotted Dog;* the *Swan with two Necks*, arm in arm with the *Windmill;* the *Sun Fire Office* being very old, was carried by the *Atlas;* the *Norwich Union*, (Life and Fire), came separately; and the *Hand in Hand* one after another. By twelve o'clock all the principal Buildings were present, except the *East India House*, which said though *itself* was in the habit of *going out after tea*, it would *not* do so, if *others* went.

Saint Paul's Cathedral was unanimously called to the Chair.

The venerable Chairman said there was scarcely a building in London that was not disordered in its *lights* under a paltry pretence of decreasing its *panes;* the very cess-pools paid assessed taxes; these evils existed in Bishopsgate-street within, without comparison; the taxes too, were unequally levied; at Saint Giles's they did not pay a shilling in the pound.

A shabby old fellow, who we understood to be *Saint Giles's Pound* complained of this as personal.

Saint Paul's proceeded: he had reason particularly to complain of his *doom;* he had no peace for the *railing* around him; those only who dwelt at a dancing school could imagine the annoyance of having continually a *Ball* over one's head, and it could not excite surprise if he (St. Paul's) showed a little *cross* upon it. A tax on *light* was a *heavy* calamity, it was equivalent to putting out the eyes of the buildings; it was peculiarly dreadful in his case from the complaints of his neighbours, for the great bell, if unmuffled, would, by its tone, break all the windows in the church-yard, which in times of taxation, would make it the most expensive of all the city Bells.

"No! no! *not* of *all* the *City Bells*," from the *Mansion House*.

The *Great Bell* of *Saint Paul's* was asked whether he vouched for this, but said he did not *know*, he was only *toll'd*.

The Chairman spoke at great length, but in so low a tone as to be frequently inaudible where we stood, (close by *Highgate Archway);* and concluded by proposing an appeal to Parliament by Petition, and to the Public through the press.

Smithfield said it would employ some able *pens* for the latter purpose; but represented the anomaly of a Petition from the *Streets* and *Buildings* being sent to the *Two Houses*. "Why!" said the *Market* energetically. "Why is not the *Commons* here?"

The *Broadway*, *Westminster*, remarked, the *Commons* being untaxed, was not affected by this question.

Smithfield was astonished to find the *Broadway* taking this *narrow* view of the subject. The *Commons* was interested if it wished to preserve its credit or consistency, which it really appeared regardless of in this case. The other *House* might be excused, as the meeting was not called on the *Lord's*-day. The eloquent *Market* concluded by negativing the proposition of petitioning.

The *Old Bailey*, on the contrary, was willing to give the thing a *trial*.

The *Monument* was wholly uninterested in the question; but if an appeal was made to the newspapers, he would supply a *long column*.

Here the meeting was disturbed by a quarrel between the *Old* and *New Post Offices*, which was fermented by the *Three Cups*, the *Cross Keys*, and *Wapping*. The *Green Man and Still* was particularly *noisy*, and there was much *muttering* between the *Hummums*. In the confusion, the *Mansion House* and *Bank* left the meeting.

The *Jews Benevolent Society* wished the *Bank* would *stop*. It behoved it, and indeed all *Threadneedle Street* to have an *eye* to the proceedings of that evening. He (the Society) was sorry to observe any dissensions between the *Post Offices;* such conduct was derogatory to persons of *letters*. "Hear! Hear!" from the *Gerrard Street Office*. He could have wished to have seen a larger assembly. One speaker had asked why the *Commons* did not attend? (a voice answered that *Commons* would not come to *crowded* meetings, as they dreaded being *inclosed)*. The speaker continued. He meant the *House of Commons*. He would ask, where were the *Bridges! Blackfriars*, *Waterloo*, and *Westminster?* He excused *New London Bridge*, which was too young to know any better; and *Southwark*, which was not a legitimate building.

The *Bricklayers Arms* said that was mere irony; it *had* been *built*—ergo, it was a building.

The *White Horse* could not *draw* such a conclusion. *Southwark* and the other *Bridges* should have attended. The *Bricklayer's Arms* suggested that had the *Bridges* left their places, he and his eloquent friends *New Bedlam* and the *Elephant and Castle* would have found it impossible to cross the water to attend this meeting. It was time to bestir when the windows were vanishing before the innovating hands of the bricklayer and tiler.

"*What Tiler!*" from *Smithfield*, who had been talking to the *East India Docks*.

"If" resumed the *Bricklayer's Arms*, "the tax continues, we shall be reduced to Cimmerian darkness of a primitive state; the gloom of bricked up windows will make the metropolis resemble "*Lethe's dismal Strand*."

The *Strand* and *Pickett Street* rose at the same instant. *Saint Pauls* said the latter caught his eye first, however, the *Strand* proceeded. He complained of the impertinent allusion of the *Bricklayer's Arms*. The term "*dismal Strand*" was exceedingly inapplicable, when so much had been lately done in the way of improvement that he (the *Strand*) actually did'nt know himself. It was true *Exeter Change* had been removed; but an *Arcade* for a menagerie made the *Change* no loss. *Cateaton Street* complained of the destruction of the *Mews*, (King's Mews) and it might make the quondam village of *Charing Cross*; but *Saint Martin's Church* would bear testimony to the utility of that alteration. All the neighbourhood concurred in the improvements. "No! No!" from the lower part of *Saint Martain's Lane*, on which *Northumberland House* said he would *conclude* for the Strand. *Saint Martin's Lane*—"*You* say so now; but the *Lion* has a different *tale*."

When the confusion had subsided, a wretched-looking foreigner, in old Italian garments, which had evidently *once* been gorgeous, stepped forward. As well as we could understand, for he spoke English very imperfectly, he described himself as a refugee of the name of *Herculancum;* he said he could speak as to a deprivation of light, having been nearly 2000 years under ground. "Question! Question! Was it by Taxation?"—"No, no, by Lava, which was an intolerable burthen, and so was the tax."—Huzzas! During which the old gentleman requested the *Hercules*, Leadenhall Street, to intercede for him, but the learned *Coach Office* denied all knowledge of *Herculanenm*; he had no such name on his books.

A question arose as to who should report the meeting. *Johnson's Court*, Fleet Street, offered his services, but the *Temple* said, there was a *bar* to *Fleet Street*. *Paternoster Row* suggested the author of *Lights and Shadows*, but it was ultimately settled that the *report* should be made by *Cannon Street*.

On the question of drawing up the Petition, the *Inner Temple* offered his *gratuitous* services. "Bravo;" from *Chancery Lane*. "I wish you may get it," from *Furnival's Inn*.

Lincoln's Inn Old Square said, the flippancy of Furnival's Inn, a mere boy was unworthy of reply. The venerable parent of the present Furnival's I

who many must recollect with awe and adoration, "Hear! hear!" from *Staples* and *Barnard's Inn*; that venerable building never descended to ribaldry. The offer of the *Inner Temple* was *peculiarly* liberal. "Werry peekooliar," was here *whistled by Furnival's Inn*; a disturbance ensued, and the *Opera House* knocked *Furnival's Inn* down. "Bravo!" from the *Ancient Concert Rooms*. Many had offered their services to prepare the Petition. The *Elephant* said he could *draw* anything; the offer from *Drury Lane* and *Covent Garden* he treated as ridiculous, as it was well known they had ceased to *draw* together; it could not be in better hands, for the *Temple* had itself existed in very *dark* ages.

The late *Equitable Loan Office* spoke in favour of *pledges*, and after a *short* speech from *Long Acre*, the resolution was passed.

Aldgate Pump moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his impartial conduct. Carried.

Saint Paul's returned thanks in a neat speech, and the meeting broke up.

We are truly sorry to add that much confusion occurred in retiring. The *Adelphi* behaved in a most unbrotherly manner to the *Theatre* of that name. *Petticoat Lane* got tipsey with *Holywell Street*, the latter by the bye, said his house was in a street near the *Strand*, yet he did not know *which* street. *Smithfield* being dreadfully intoxicated, talked in a very revolutionary manner. *Skinner Street* kindly undertook to see the *Market* safe as far as the corner of *King Street*, alias *Cow Lane*, then *Long Lane* took charge of it (Smithfield), but ultimately left it and ran into *Barbican* and *Aldersgate*. *Saint Paul's School* missed its way, and got to *Birchin Lane*. The *Wheatsheaf* wandered to *Cornhill*; and *Old Saint James's Palace* was so frolicksome, that he said, he "did'nt care whether he got home or not," and actually talked of an excursion to *Windsor* and *Brighton*. By six o'clock, however, all were at home and in their proper places, with the exception of the *English Opera House*, which has not yet appeared, and considerable doubts are entertained whether it will ever be seen again.—*New Monthly*.

Family Quarrels.—The Rev. W. S. happened to call at a certain house near to which he had been brought up, when the man and his wife had just got to the climax of a severe difference. "Oh!" says the husband, "if it were not for this *stranger*, I would have made a pretty example of thee;" too plainly indicating an intention of inflicting bodily chastisement upon his wife; when the reverend humourist, very jocosely, but at the same time, with his usual seriousness, observed, "I beg you will make no *stranger* of me."

Bannister being impudently asked "If he was not a relation of Lord Stair?" good humouredly answered, "It must then be by collateral descent."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Ah! who would be a Sailor's Bride,
To wear the morn of life away
Distant from that protecting side
Which should be Woman's firmest stay?
Dwells she in castle or in cot,
In lowly bower or hall of state,
The Heart that shares a Sailor's lot
Must oft be sad—and desolate!

What is *her* life? a fever'd dream—
Her love? a transient hour of bliss;
A sun-light on the World's cold stream,
But not domestic happiness!
While distant from his peaceful home,
Far from the Heart that holds him dear;
Her Sailor braves the billows' foam
With none to gladden or to cheer!

For *her* there's terror in the roar
Of Ocean; and the gentle swell
Rippling against the yellow shore,
Rings in her ear a Seaman's knell!
In all she sees, in all she hears,
One image reigns alone confess'd;
And Fancy weaves a web of fears
To rack her fond and faithful breast!

When Summer's blushes paint the Rose,
And Zephyr sighs its softest breath;
Each balmy gale around that blows,
Speaks but to *her* of storms and death!
When social Winter crowns the board,
And mirth around his banner waves,
'Mid scenes of Joy her mind is stor'd
With thoughts of dark unfathom'd graves.

Oft shall the streaming sand-glass run
Its steady course from hour to hour;
Oft shall the Summer's glowing sun
Give place to Winter's icy shower;
Oft shall soft Spring perfume the breeze,
And Autumn wave the golden grain;
Ere from the distant pathless seas,
Her Sailor greets his Home again!

Then who would be a Sailor's Bride,
To wear the morn of life away
Distant from that protecting side
Which should be Woman's firmest stay?
Dwells she in castle or in cot,
In lowly bower or hall of state,
The Heart that shares a Sailor's lot
Must still be lone, be desolate!

TO A PEN

WHICH HAD BELONGED TO A POETIC FRIEND.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Powerful! tho' simple implement!
Medium thro' which hast flowed
The light of HER inspired mind,
Who, as a gift bestowed
Thee on my wish in sportive ire;
Oh! shed upon my feeble Lyre
A spark of Song's undying fire,
And give its numbers to express
Her kind complying tenderness!

Ah! vain the Hope! thou would'st refuse,
Placed in *my* nerveless hand,
Thy burning spell-wrought words to yield
Beneath a strange command!
And *I* hold not the master-spell
That can thy vassalage *compel*,
Then rest thee in thy quiet cell!
Thou'lt ne'er again by ink be stain'd,
Rest thee, untouched and unprofan'd!

THE INVITATION.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

The shadows of morning are flying,
Awake, Love, and welcome the day,
Whilst the light winged Zephyrs are sighing,
And dew-drops repose on the spray;
The Lark from his lowly couch rises,
With rapture these beauties he greets.
Oh! one who the hour of bliss prizes,
Will hasten to share in its sweets.

Soon Sol with his fervour shall waken
All Nature from silence and shade,
Of dews will the flowers be forsaken,
And coolness will flee from the glade;
The Zephyrs no longer will hover,
The Skylark's sweet sonnet will cease;
Oh! Love, if thou would'st be a rover,
This, this is the hour of peace.

TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

ON READING "ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH."

Would that each heart, patriot miscall'd,
Glow'd with thy bosom's noble fire,
Then would old England's throne be wall'd,
By all that English hearts desire.

The pride of worth, the birth of soul,
The noble mind that could not bend
Its will to Lucre's base controul,
Its Monarch's glory and his friend!

A pious church, a thriving state,
A people's smiles, an honour'd King;
These blessings on such hearts would wait,
This glory from such deeds must spring!

Annette.

TO LILLA.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

Art thou the same, my sister, and thy smile,
Bright as that smile was ever wont to be,
Come there quick thoughts of sadness not awhile,
Marring the fairy gifts of memory?
Thoughts of the past, of calm and tranquil hours,
Day dreams of pleasure that has fleeted by,
When all of life around seem'd strown with flow'rs,
And in our love we had sweet sympathy!
We *both* were happy then, I could not guess
Of aught that might befal that happiness.

Thou art, *thou* must be happy, happy still,
Glad in the love of him who calls thee Bride,
I will not blame thee tho' there be a chill
Upon thy heart t'ward all the world beside;
I will not chide thee, should'st thou once forget
A sister would thy best affections share;
In sooth I ween it but a vain regret
To think upon the once fond tender care
Of one whom kindred feelings lead to roam
Far from her fatherland to find a home.

Clouds are around me, Lilla, and I turn
Like some lost mariner who seeks the star
Whose sparkling fires in yon blue ether burn,
To guide his light and fragile bark afar,
To seek some gentle soul; ah! can it be,
That other spirits are as kind as thine,
Mine is a sister's love, and clings to thee,
Will not the love of Lilla answer mine?
'Tis a hard case for one so young to wend
A doubtful way thro' life to meet a friend.

Blame not my sorrow, for this foolish heart
Has lost the string on which hung all its mirth;
Ah! woe is me that I was doom'd to part
From that which gave its melody a birth;
Far art thou from me, sister, and I fear
That angry waves will long between us flow;
But should they ask me, if thou art less dear?
Were it my dying breath, I'd answer "No!"

THE CHOICE.

BY MRS. G. CROOKSHANK.

Shall I have the Lily fair,
That blooms in Gallia's gay paterre?
The modest Heathbell shall I choose,
Pearled o'er with Scotia's dews?
Or that little green trefoil,
Growing wild in Erin's isle?
Or that gaudy orange flower,
Emblem of proud Nassau's power?
No, none of these, I'll have, I cried,
The blushing rose, Britannia's pride.

LAYS OF THE SEA.

No. I.

BY MISS HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

Softly, oh! murmuring billow,
Your rapid course give o'er,
While yet I see the willow
That droops beside the moor,
The village spires, the lofty tower,
All in the distance die,
And vaporous mists begin to lower,
Dear much loved home, good bye!
Blow gently o'er the troubled main,
Thou mournful hollow wind
Your breezes ne'er can waft again
Those sounds I leave behind,
For still at intervals I hear
Yon chime sweep o'er the surge,
It seems to whisper on my ear,
'Tis thy last parting dirge.
One moment more, then Ocean,
I yield me to thy wave
This seeming weak emotion,
Betrays no heart less brave;
'Tis not at danger of the main,
Nor for that land I sigh,
'Tis but the momentary pain
In bidding it good bye.

CHARADES.

I.

My FIRST is oft in beauty found
In Italy and Spain,
'Mid grandeur and magnificence,
Yet never free from pain;
My SECOND's found in misery,
In darkness, chains, and tears,
In madness and despondency,
And yet in smiles appears.
My LAST with peace and pleasure dwells,
Unknown to grief or care,
Tho' in the midst of happiness,
I'm ever in despair;
My WHOLE of yore a beauteous fair,
By fatal venom stung,
Whose wond'rous fame and hapless fate
Hath poet often sung.

EUSTACE.

II.

My FIRST you must do if you wish
Any progress to make in my SECOND,
My WHOLE by all is possess'd,
And a faithful monitor reckon'd.

JEAN.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 192.

Beauty, "they say," needs not the aid
Of ornament or DRESS,
But where shall we find out the maid
Who will this truth confess?
Time, ladies fair, is on the wing,
Then seize it while you're able,
And while you laugh, and dance, and SING,
Don't slight your DRESSING-TABLE.

A. N.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, Page 192.

To answer this problem I did not go far,
Its solution I fond in the form of an R.

A. N.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD SPINSTER.—In former ages females were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed-furniture, and till their marriage they were called spinsters, which continues up to this day in all legal proceedings.

A Prince's safeguard is his subjects' love. Edwin was the greatest prince of the Heptarchy; and distinguished himself by his influence over the other kingdoms, and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed, and it was a common saying that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery. There is a remarkable instance transmitted of the affection borne him by his subjects. "Cuichelm, King of Wessex, was his enemy, but finding himself unable to maintain open war against so valiant and powerful a prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and he employed Enmer for the criminal purpose. The assassin having obtained admittance by pretending to deliver a message, drew his dagger and rushed upon the King. Lilla, an officer of his army, seeing his master's danger, interposed *with his own body* between the King and Enmer's dagger, which was pushed with such violence, that after piercing Lilla, it even wounded Edwin, but before the the blow could be repeated he was dispatched by the King's attendants."

PUNS.—Some one observed on hearing of the *Manchew* Tartars, that they must be a race of cannibals; on which another said, "that he concluded the Chinese must be a tribe of the Celtes." *(Sell-Teas.)*

MARRIAGE.—In her evasive answer to the Commons in her reply to their petition to her to marry, Queen Elizabeth has employed an energetic word—"Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; and therefore I give you an *answer* ANSWERLESS!"

A gentleman, of about fifty, of polished manners, one day said to Dr. Darwin, "A ride in the morning, a warm parlour and a pack of cards in the afternoon, are all that life affords." He shot himself a few months afterwards.

AN AFRICAN KING.—Lieut. Farnell of the Navy, was induced for the sake of carrying on a trade with the natives to fix himself at the Bay of Natal, on the coast of Africa, under the sovereignty of a chief named Chaka, one of the most inhuman and monstrous characters that ever existed. The account of him by the Lieutenant appears scarcely credible. He puts to death men, women, and children who oppose him. He keeps 1200 concubines, and those of whom he becomes tired, he distributes among his officers. He suffers no one to see him eat or drink; his chiefs approach him in a crawling attitude; and if any one should laugh or smile, cough or sneeze in his presence, he is put to death. One ugly person having disturbed the serenity of his features, he called out "*Take that man away and slay him, he makes me laugh.*"

EPIGRAM

ON A PRETTY, BUT DIRTY GIRL.

The moralist will often say
That woman's but a lump of clay;
But you, you pretty little flirt,
You're nothing but a lump of dirt!

EPIGRAM.

Love but knows a moment's bliss!
A tear from Beauty's eye!
Ming'ling with the Lover's kiss,
Turns to a Lover's sigh!

LEO.

ON HEARING MY NATIVE TONGUE AT DIEPPE.

How doubly dear to hear our native tongue
Breathe its soft accents on a foreign shore,
Yea, dearer than the sweetest minstrel's song,
The language of the land we view no more.

ANNETTE.

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 30—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Feb. 1, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Bridal Dress.—The under dress is of white satin, embroidered round the border, close to the bottom, in a wreath of red roses with their foliage. The robe is blond, and made sufficiently short to display the embroidery. The border of the blond dress is in a new and very rich pattern. A low pointed body, trimmed with a fall of blond lace,

which forms the upper row of the *sabots*, *Imbecille* sleeves, the embroidery of which, and also of the *sabots*, is extremely rich. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in a bow formed of a platted braid at the back of the head; it is decorated with the bridal veil, which drawn through the knot, flows loosely over the shoulders, and two wreaths of orange flowers, the one encircles the knot, the other is placed over the forehead. Diamond ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets. White satin shoes. White kid gloves.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Evening Dresses for a Social Party.—We present our fair readers with some *ensembles* that we think they will find worthy of their attention. A very pretty dress for a matron is composed of ruby satin, the *corsage* is made half-high, and descending in front in the style of a stomacher, displays a blond lace *chemisette* richly embroidered round the top. The back of the robe is trimmed in the mantilla style, with a fall of blond lace, corresponding with the embroidery of the *chemisette*. Long sleeves of the double *bouffant* form at top, and descending full from above the elbow, half-way to the wrist, where the fulness is confined by a plain cuff. The sleeve is ornamented on the shoulder at the point of the mantilla, by a knot of ribbon; a second knot is placed in front of the arm between the *bouffants;* they are of the round rosette form. The ceinture fastens in front with a knot of the same shape, from which three long ends float over the skirt. There were also some robes of a form similar to the one just described, of black ground and rich flowered patterns. The *chemisette* and mantilla were of black real lace, and the ribbons of one of the colours of the pattern. It is singular that the richest of the new satins, as well as those beautiful silks the *foulards*, are of patterns so easily imitated, that they are almost immediately reproduced in common materials. We saw the other day some satin just imported from France, which had cost there fifteen francs (twelve shillings) an ell, the pattern of which was precisely the same as that of a twelve shilling English calico dress. But to return to our subject. Blond lace caps are still in the highest request for social parties. Some of the most novel are made extremely small, the trimming, which consists of one row only, is turned back in a rounded manner, by a soft rouleau of gauze ribbon on the right side; it terminates over the left temple in a knot. A sprig of flowers is placed on the caul at the left side, and droops partially over the trimming. These caps are generally made in white blond, but we have seen a few in black, trimmed with roses or variegated pinks, and gauze ribbons to correspond. The effect was extremely pretty.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

"Des objets si charmants, un sejour si tranquille,
La verdure, les fleurs, les ruisseaux, les beaux jours,
Tout invite le sage à chercher un asyle,
Contre le tumulte des cours."
Rousseau.

Cumberland, bonnie, bonnie Cumberland, sweetly and fondly cling my thoughts to thee, even as the instinct of a bird leans towards the land of its nativity, and my soul pines for very sadness at the remembrance of the fair scenes amid which the light-hearted songs of boyhood found an echo! It was pleasant to roam through thy green palaces, and catch a smile from the sun's bright tint upon the foliage, or to be lulled to sleep under the shade of some moss-grown crag by the soft trickling of a rivulet; aye, it was passing pleasant thus to spend my hours, and be a happy, contented little child. Oh! it does me good to think on those times when my path was one of roses, when the world had for me no sting, and my heart knew no other guide than nature. I can dwell on such blissful moments till the warm tears fill my eyes, and image my sorrowings still deeper and more lastingly on my cheeks. How often have I wandered on the banks of Derwent, seeking fairy food for fancy; have guided my boat o'er the lake's blue waters, or traced a doubtful way up the steep ascent of Skiddaw, and when arrived at its summit, have sat for hours entranced in the contemplation of the far-extending prospect of beautiful scenery. The lakes beneath spotted with little islands, and their winding banks studded with wood; the purple heath upon the surrounding hills glittering in the sunshine; the face of the adjacent country variegated with corn, green as an emerald, or luxuriantly waving its stem under the weight of its golden burden; and meadows filled with cattle, or ready for the hand of the mowers, with the broad river shining like silver, and the meandering rivulet sparkling as a diamond; these are the charms upon which the eye can rest with pleasure, in the knowledge that they are not so transient as others of earth's production, and which fill the mind with rapture and enthusiasm at the wonderful goodness of Him who clothed the land in verdure, and appointed the rivulet to flow. In the extreme distance may be seen the Isle of Man, the mountain of Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and even an occasional glimpse may be had of the sea near Lancaster. And there are others, though not fairer, yet to me more interesting spots, insomuch as the remembrance of their localities is connected in the mind, and associated in feeling by their having been the scenes of border warfare, and possessing, as it were, indigenous to the soil, legends of romance, and tales of kindly feeling and soul-appealing interest. There is Brayton, the home of my childhood, the place to which I am indebted for my earliest conceptions of the charms of solitude; strolling through its plantations, I have listened to the coo of the ring-dove, the heron's scream, and the rook's loud cawing; have roused the pheasant from its lair, and the rabbit from its resting place; and cowering beneath a hedge, have watched the sparrow-hawk hover over its unresisting prey, and gradually contract its circles of descent, until pouncing on the devoted victim, it has afforded me an opportunity of obeying the dictates of humanity. And the village school of Blennerhasset, with the recollections that it brings of madcap frolics, and the wild train of thought that rushes on my mind of trifling but interesting events that form bright spots in memory, it has charms for me.

Methinks I yet see my poor old master seated at a low desk, with his ferula of office lying before him, and sundry books and slates held out to him by a motley group of boys, contending eagerly for the preference. There are but few men of greater and more varied attainments than he to whom I owe the well-being of my mind, and to whose care and watchful kindness I am indebted for the very thoughts that lead me to honour him.

He taught me to regard nature as an indulgent mother, whose kindly impulses should be cherished with affection. He spoke to me of the young whose hearts know nought of vice, whose actions are their feelings, and bade me love them; of the old grey-haired man whose precepts are the worth of rubies, he told me many a tale, and bade me respect him. Pity it is that the world knows not one so worthy of its admiration! Neglected he certainly is, but not unsought, and though his virtues claim for him a loftier sphere to move in, whatever may be his failings, he is happy in having so limited a circle to observe them; that to mankind in general he seems a bright star, which is ever shining, but at so great a distance, that the eye may not discover an imperfection in any way to mar its brightness.

With this man, more a friend than a preceptor, I have explored every place within many miles of our habitation to which the tales of rustic credence had affixed an interest. He was well versed in all the simple legends connected with each romantic scene, and for hours together has told them to my willing ear.

One Saturday afternoon, after being freed from the labours of the day, we strolled to the old Keep of Harby-brow,

and when tired of looking round us, sat on a bank-side, and I then learned from him the following story.

THE LEGEND OF ALL-HALLOWS.

"To All-hallows it was dedicate,
For on All-hallows' day,
Fell out that deadly fell debate,
That cruel lethal fray."

Old Ballad.

One cold winter's day, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, a band of travellers journeyed across the bleak and barren moor that extended then between Long-town and the pleasant vale of Bolton. It was one of those parties which at that time were so frequently to be met with on either side the border, when the system of marauding was carried on to such an extent as to render what might be termed neutral ground in both kingdoms, a continued scene of warfare. The party consisted of thirty men-at-arms, their henchman or commander, and a young Scottish chieftain, whose kilt of plaid, and cap surmounted by the heron's wing, spoke him no lowlander.

The shades of evening were fast closing around them, and their toilsome march becoming yet more difficult; already since day-break they had journeyed upwards of twenty good miles, and six more remained to be threaded ere they might tarry their steps, and sleep in safety.

Cutting and bleak were the winds that swept across their path, and the dark mass of watery looking clouds that had long presaged bad weather, now began to fulfil their promises in a tremendous snow-storm. At every step the way became less easy, and doubts began to be entertained by some of the older travellers of the practicability of passing the river, owing to the swell that would be caused by the mountain torrents. All except the prisoner, for such the young Scotchman was, suggested some plan to be adopted for their safety; he alone was silent. Stronger and stronger the blast came, and bent him like a young sapling, and the snow drifting against his cheek, melted the blood that had congealed upon a wound, and caused it to flow afresh, but still he walked on proudly, indifferent to the wild strife of the elements, although the fixed glance of his eye told how deeply his mind was dwelling on some occurrence that had wounded and harrassed his feelings.

"Nay, nay, good master Walter, be not angry," said one of the men, "You know full well I am no coward, but surely it were folly to trust the lives of brave men to the mercy of a rude stream that bides no buffetings; and young scape-grace there, what would you do with him; throw him in the water, I suppose, and see if the torrent runs strong enough to drown a Highlander?"

"Be still, rascal," said the frowning henchman; "I need no prating fool to counsel me as to what had best be done; I am your master, sirrah; remember it is for me alone to determine; you have but to follow your leader and obey him."

"I beg pardon, kind, gentle master Walter, but—"

"Be silent, villain, or the dungeon shall cure this talking humour that besets thee."

These words had a visible effect upon the whole party, for their loud wrangling was now changed to a low murmur, and the man who had provoked the anger of the henchman passed on in moody silence.

"How fare ye, my brave laddie?" asked master Walter of his prisoner, "these cold winds, I ween, agree not over well with cuts and bruises; but cheer up, cheer up my boy, you need not fear ill usage; Lord Salkeld is a soldier and a brave one."

"I fear nothing," scornfully replied the youth.

"'Tis true thou fearest not," said the henchmen, "and that thy mad courage yester-eve proved but too well, as I can testify, witness this scar upon my forehead; but learn, young man, that prudence and civility, though they lean even toward cowardice, are things that sometimes must be used. I would not have you think that I speak harshly; your proud bearing suiteth well my own reckless spirit, and I would befriend you."

"So far as the thanks of one deprived of liberty may avail you, you have them," returned the prisoner. "The fortune of war has this time made you conquerors, and so seldom has such been the case, that I thought perchance you might forget your duty towards a captive, but when I look upon your face, master henchman, I feel no further qualms of that sort, for, if I mistake not, it has before been my lot to teach you what good keeping is."

"Ah! 'tis Roland Maxwell then, I speak to! God bless you, master Roland, many's the debt of kindness that I owe you, and insomuch as I am able they shall be repaid. We will journey no further to night than yonder cottage. My mistress's old foster-mother dwells there; she shall wash your wounds and bind them. A night's rest will do neither of us any harm, and to-morrow's morn shall see us betimes at the castle. Soho! there, Robert, we will tarry the night with old Margaret, go forward and tell her of our coming."

The man thus spoken to quickened his pace, and was seen to enter the house, ere Walter and his party were half-way thither. The cottage stood nearly at the foot of the hill, about two hundred yards from the banks of the river, and closely adjacent to the Lord's Keep of Harby-brow. It was a rude building of quarry stone, surrounded by a dyke of similar material. At first observation there appeared to be no place by which the light could penetrate into this habitation, but on a nearer approach, might be seen chinks in the walls, edged round with flint stones, and crosed by iron bars, which served the purpose of windows. The entrance was through a low porch, on each side of which was a seat, and on the exterior of it a cross and an uncouth figure of the Virgin Mary. Through this porch they crept into a large room something like the kitchen of one of our old farm-houses. The first object that naturally attracted the attention of most of the party, on their entrance, was a blazing fire, which Dame Margaret had just raised with some of her best faggots, and which lent an additional brightness to the well polished oak furniture that garnished the room. The inmates were an old woman who, to all appearance, had passed the bounds of three score years and ten, and a young girl of about eighteen: Dame Margaret was busily engaged preparing refreshment for her visitors. She spread upon the long table a clean white cloth of her own bleaching, and placed thereon, with scrupulous accuracy, the various necessary table ornaments, amongst which were conspicuous the large wooden salt-seller, and the bright horn drinking cups. She was one of those good-natured, good-tempered old women that children love to meet with, and whom they can teaze and vent their humours on without receiving any further rebuke than an occasional pettish exclamation of "Be still, child." Her dress corresponded well with its wearer; it was a rather short gown of faded green taffety, the bottom of which was covered with silver spangles, and for its antiquity might have been an heir-loom in the family for the past century, and then no doubt it could be traced as part of service money bestowed on her attendant by the noble lady Salkeld; besides this she wore a short fustian jacket, ornamented with bows of ribbons, and inside that a waistcoat of the same sort of taffety, ending in a stomacher profusely decorated with spangles; her head was covered by a neat close linen cap, from the sides of which peeped out a few hairs of snowy whiteness.

The girl, who was seated by the fire spinning, rose at the entrance of the party, and extending her hand to Walter, who respectfully kissed it, welcomed in gentle terms the return of him and his companions in arms.

"I did not think to see you, Walter, such a night as this; surely you must have made good speed, or my father has fallen far short of his conjectures, God send that none of you are hurt!"

"As to the matter of that, fair lady, I may not crow very loudly, for thanks to my noble prisoner here, some five or six men, as well as their henchman, have marks, and deep ones too, that they will carry with them to the grave. However, greet ye him kindly my gentle mistress, 'tis a brave and comely youth, and one of good report; your faithful servant knows what it is to have experienced kindness at the hands of Roland Maxwell, and therefore commends him to your notice."

"There lack but few words, master Walter, to interest me in favour of one

to whom you owe a service. So old and tried a vassal of my father, has claims upon my gratitude that may not easily be requited. Besides, he for whom you speak is a prisoner, and my heart ever leans toward the unfortunate."

So saying she advanced to Roland, who was standing near the door, and taking him by the hand, led him to a seat by the fire, at the same time offer-her feeble skill to the dressing of his wounds.

"Many thanks, gentle lady, for your courtesy," said Roland Maxwell. "It was but a few minutes gone, that I deemed myself one of the most unlucky beings in existence; I now can find no measure large enough wherewith to mete my happiness. Your eye, lady, seems to tell me that I speak a riddle; it may be so, but it is one that is easy of solution. A maiden's charms have fetters for the heart, more powerful even than the dark web which sadness sometimes spins around it."

Such words as these had never before met the ear of Helen Salkeld, and as she withdrew her hand from the ardent pressure of his, the colour mounted on her cheek, and she hastily turned aside, under pretence of preparing the poultice of herbs which was to draw inflammation from the wound, to conceal the emotion they had caused. Brought up and educated in the midst of war and tumult, her music the trumpet's gathering, save at times the lay of some wandering minstrel, and the voice of flattery, heard only in the rude greeting of her vassals, Helen Salkeld had a heart which met nature's every impulse with a responsive throb, and the soft words of youthful admiration roused in her bosom a slumbering, because not heretofore awakened chord of feeling. She was but two years old when her mother died, and from that time almost the entire care of her had devolved on Margaret Hutchinson, the widow of the late chief warder of the castle. In our modern ideas of the qualities essential to a guardian of youth, Margaret would have been found lamentably deficient. Her whole stock of learning was confined to reading and writing her own language, and the only experience she could boast of in dealing with the world was, to use the illustration of one who knew her, "a clever and discreet way of getting things cheaper than other folk could." Yet Margaret was as good an old soul as ever existed. She never knew what it was to be really angry, and if offended by the familiar name of Mag, applied to her in jest by some of the men, it was ludicrous to see her try to put on a frown, a smile invariably mingling with it, and producing such strange contortions, that even steady old Walter, as he was called, was fain to unbend his brow, and expand his mouth to a regular broad grin. She had been waiting-maid to the mother of Helen Salkeld, a post which descended to her from her parent, and had been a considerable time hereditary in the family. She was versed in every legend connected with the Salkelds, and could trace the history of them as far back as the period of their obtaining great part of their possessions from the descendants of Ughtred, to whom the townships of Brayton and Aspatria were bequeathed by the second lord of Allerdale. She also could repeat the catalogue of miracles said to have been performed by the pious Gospatrick, and knew the compact he had entered into with his patron St. Rentigern, to whom his son dedicated the church he founded at Aspatria. These manifold acquirements had given her a high place in the opinions of her neighbours, and you might never hear the name of Dame Margaret mentioned without at the same time being informed of her wondrous knowledge of the secrets of castle Salkeld.

Such was the foster-mother of the fair Helen; no wonder then that a girl intrusted to her became a complete child of nature, and that the heart of this young being was susceptible to each impulse of feeling that a passing incident might awaken.

Having prepared the requisite herbs, by steeping them in boiling water, the fair chirurgeon washed the wound, and then bound up his forehead, recommending him to compose himself to sleep as soon as possible.

"That is your couch, cavalier; I can vouch for its softness. Be careful to move as little as may be, lest the cut should bleed afresh," added she tenderly. "Good night, good night."

"Good night; God bless you," was Roland's short reply.

His heart was full, and she perceived it. She held out her hand to him, and he pressed it to his lips. It was a mutual sentiment that actuated both, and from that moment Roland Maxwell and Helen Salkeld loved and were beloved again.

"Good night," she repeated on closing the door between the two rooms. "Happy dreams attend you, cavalier."

"Happy they must be, lovely maiden, thy fair form being the object of my thoughts."

"Halloa, halloa!" cried the henchman, yawning; "Halloa, master Roand, what not gone to rest yet?"

"I am just going, master Walter."

"G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t," drawled he, again relapsing into slumber.

Having stirred the fire together, so that it might last through the night, Roland laid himself down to rest, and soon forgot all his fatigues, dangers, difficulties, aye, and even dreams of happiness, in a sound sleep.

When he awoke the following morning, he found master Walter and his men making a hasty meal, prior to their departure.

"'Tis an hour past day-break," said the henchman, on seeing him rise; "we must not tarry. Robert tells us that the stream is now fordable, and we had better therefore lose no time in crossing it. Take part of our food with us; it is not well to meet the cold air fasting."

"You say true, master Walter, regarding you English borderers. Did your courage but keep pace with your appetites, it would be no very hard task to exterminate us poor Scotch, for men who can at any time dispatch such hearty luncheons. I thank you for your offer, but for the present must decline accepting it."

"Just as you like, my callant, there is no compulsion here; you may not be hungry, I am, so will not waste my time in talking. Nevertheless, a word in your ear, Roland Maxwell, he that lets his wit outstrip his judgment, oftimes has to rue his want of prudence."

The young Scotchman bit his lip, but did not answer. For the next ten minutes not a word was spoken. Walter and his men being busily engaged with their trenchers, and Roland too much rapt in thought to disturb a silence that so well suited him. The appearance of Helen Salkeld put an end to this quiet scene; all the party being loud in greetings to their young mistress. Roland's salutation was diffident, her reception of it seemingly distant. It was, perhaps, the first time she had stooped to deceive, but circumstances required it, and the safety of the prisoner was likely to depend on her command of feeling. Sleep had but for a short time rested on her eye-lids the past night; her thoughts had wandered wildly from subject to subject, but all her cogitations had reference in some way to assist the cavalier whom she had so strangely met, and who had excited so warm a sympathy in her bosom. Great was the struggle between her sense of duty toward a parent, and yearnings of compassion for the captive chieftain, but her untutored mind was at length led away by its more natural impulses, and she formed a plan which she intended as soon as might be to put in execution, for liberating the young Scotchman from her father's power.

All the party being ready, they set out for the castle. Helen Salkeld and the henchman went first, Roland walked a little way behind them, and had thus an opportunity of regarding attentively the person of his fair mistress, and imprinting in memory features which, happen weal or woe, would, like the form of Mahomet to the true believer, prove a talisman to counteract any excess that might result from an over-burden of one or of the other. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed girl of the middle height; of slender but well proportioned figure, and of a sunny brow whose equal only could be found gazing on the bright skies of Italy. A hat of plaited straw consorted well with the golden ringlets on which it rested, and the strip of white willow bark, that tied it beneath her chin, was no mean addition to the sweet charm of simplicity that was in her whole apparel.

It was one of those mornings that frequently occur after a previous day of storm, calm and sunshiny, as if nature, like a restless babe, tired of its petulance, had fallen into a gentle sleep,

the tears yet on its countenance, and the bright smile of infantine thoughtlessness mingling with them. The snow had vanished, but the effects of it were still to be felt in that exuberance of moisture which made the ground at every step give way beneath their feet. The swell from the mountain streams had abated, and the river trickled along with nearly its ordinary course, the only perceptible difference in it being a a brownish tinge from the loam-beds of the valley, which partially discoloured its waters. A few large stones thrown by nature into such positions as fortunately to serve as steps, were the only means of crossing the stream, and each person had to exert his agility in jumping from one to the other, in order to gain the opposite bank. Light feet like theirs, you may be sure trod safely, onward they passed, and half an hour's walk brought them to the gate of Castle Salkeld.

The castle, although formidable in appearance, was a place of no great strength. A wall about fifty feet high, and two thick, enclosed a large space of ground, part of which formed a courtyard, and on the remainder stood buildings of various descriptions; some serving as places of rest and entertainment for the noble inmates; others being appropriated to the use of the numerous armed retainers, who might thus ever hold themselves ready to their lord's bidding. Each of the four corners was flanked by a watch-tower, and their call for admittance was answered by one of the warders addressing to them the pass-word.

"Skiddaw is a noble hill," said Hugh Morris, the warder of the western tower.

"Aye, is it, and passing fair to look upon," replied Walter the henchman.

"Pass free," echoed from mouth to mouth, and the sound of the ponderous bolts grated heavily on the ear. A small wicket was opened, and one by one they stepped into the court-yard.

"Is my Lord Salkeld stirring yet?" asked master Walter.

"You will find him in the hall, he waits your presence there," returned the man.

Helen sprung forward, and when they entered the hall, was standing with her arms round her father's neck.

Report had not belied Lord Salkeld, he looked the soldier. His tall muscular form was encased in a coat of mail, and his countenance which showed plainly the traces left by sixty summers, was rendered still darker by the shadow thrown on it from a large steel helmet. One hand leant upon the hilt of his sword, the other supported his daughter.

"Well, honest Walter, how have our neighbours, the canny Scots, treated you this meeting; do they bandy jest for jest, or blow for blow; not much kind greeting, I ween, from them at any time!"

"Not much, indeed, my liege lord. Jests truly we have met with, but awkward ones to parry. We have a prisoner here, my lord, God save you, but one that would not easily be made a captive. You may have heard of him, 'tis Roland Maxwell."

"Yes, yes, I know the name. Come hither, boy, and tell me what could prompt you to so wild a daring as to attack all those brave men without a provocation?"

"Without a provocation do you call it?" replied Roland, his eye kindling with anger. "Would you have me see the widow's portion wrested from her, the orphan thrust an outcast on the world? Shame on you, Lord Salkeld, if you can countenance such deeds as these. Would brave men strive to harm the innocent? *Brave men*,—No! They are cowards, vile cowards."

A murmur, expressive of irritation, rose at this speech, from the retainers who had flocked into the hall on the arrival of their companions, to learn the success of the expedition.

Helen looked at him reproachfully.

"Rash boy," said Salkeld, "irritate me not too far. These men have but returned a part of those injuries inflicted upon us and ours by your countrymen and friends. I own it may be called cruelty, but at the same time it is justice. You are my prisoner, and must remain so until your kinsmen think it worth their while to ransom you. Walter, see you him safely lodged in our keep of Harby-brow; let him be well guarded, but treat him kindly. Away with you; not a word. It is my will, see that it be promptly answered."

Roland was accordingly conducted out, and had to retrace his morning's walk. The same pass-word was spoken from the barbican which commanded the entrance of the Lord's Keep; a similar answer returned, the chains of the draw-bridge were slackened, and the party entered one of the then numerous instruments of feudal tyranny.

"Good morrow, Tindal," said the henchman to him, who for the time being was master of the prisoner; "You look gloomy. Why that frown, surely the angry words of yesterday do not breed ill-will to-day. You troubled me, and I spoke hastily; but though my words were warm, I meant nought by them. Give me your hand and let us be friends."

"What need for shaking hands, I bear no ill-will," returned the man in a surly tone. Tell me your commands, master Walter, and as far as my duty is concerned, I will perform them."

"You must take our prisoner here into safe keeping," said Walter, without noticing his ill-humour. "Treat him well, but guard him closely."

"It shall be done; good day to you, master Walter. Here men, take the prisoner to the northern tower."

Roland followed those who were appointed to lead him, through several dark passages, and up a winding staircase, at the top of which they stopped, and one of the men taking a large key from his girdle, essayed to open a door which barred their further progress.

"By our holy Virgin," said he, after many ineffectual attempts to effect his purpose, "this lock has lost its use for want of wearing; bad luck to the lazy knaves who fail to give it more employment!"

Roland asked leave to try what he could do.

"Thou try, stripling! well, well, marry and thou wilt, try on."

Roland wrapped his plaid round his hand, and taking hold of the key, with a vigorous effort turned it round and unlocked the door.

His conductors stared at him with astonishment.

"I have heard many a time that weirds and witches suckled you Highlanders, but never till now have I believed it. No wonder that our doors creak harshly on their hinges, when we have to strive with such as thee."

Roland could not refrain from laughing, but the men who appeared to have a mortal antipathy to any dealings with the Evil one, thrust him forward, and hastily closing the door, left him to his meditations.

The place of his confinement was a small room, the only furniture of which was a wooden table and two or three stools. There was a fire-place, but the green slime that constant damps had spread over it as well as the walls, proved how long it was since it had been made use of. A loop-hole, closely grated with iron bars, admitted light, and from it the prisoner had the mortification of seeing the grey outline of the lofty hills of Annandale, bringing to his mind more fully the bitter consciousness of his being a captive, in the power of one of his sternest enemies. It was not long before the door was again unlocked, and Tindal, the keeper of the prison, entered. He it was whom master Walter chided for doubting the practicability of passing the river when swelled by the heavy streams from the mountains. He was the son of old Margaret, and consequently foster-brother to the fair Helen.

"Halloa, knaves!" said he; "bring wood, and be quick, to kindle us a fire to chase part of this confounded gloom away. And stay, let us have the best provisions you can find, not forgetting a bottle or two of mountain dew. Begone, and tarry not. How do you like your lodgings, master Roland; not much at present, I dare say. It is some years since they were tenanted, and as we did not expect visitors just now, they have not been paid particular attention to."

"Why I cannot say that they are very comfortable," replied Roland, smiling.

A good fire was soon blazing on the hearth, dishes, plates, bottles, and drinking cups were placed on the table, and the prisoner and his keeper sat down together to partake of the repast.

Roland's excursion had given him an appetite, and he did ample justice to

the good fare set before him; nor did he spare the mountain dew, and as he quaffed cup after cup, the sternness of his countenance relaxed, and he became more talkative.

"What's that tune you are humming?" asked Tindal; "methinks it is familiar to me."

"'Tis a little song that pleases our Highland lassies," said Roland, "and I sometimes sing it. The humour is on me, and you shall hear it."

"Come, come from the mountain glen,
Young hearts, brave and true,
Much there is, my merry men,
Must be done by you.

Lord Douglas in a dungeon lies,
A captive knight is he,
A maiden's love for him who flies
To set his master free."

"Very apt, my boy, that song of yours, and might be to some purpose, if any of your Scotch lads were within hearing; but little chance of that through these walls. We will have another cup to pledge the Lady Helen, and then I must depart."

They were just going to raise the liquor to their lips, when their attention was caught by a delicate voice, singing. The words, as well as they could hear, were—

"He pledg'd his love, she yields his bride,
That night they mean to fly,
For forty horsemen from Nithside,
Lie in the vale close by."

"Ah! what's in the wind now, master Roland? None of our people could favour us with such a ditty as that; and in so soft a voice, too! There is treason brewing, and I must be vigilant. Good even to you, Roland Maxwell, we shall meet again to-morrow."

"To-morrow,—to-morrow!" repeated Roland, as the door closed upon him; he thought there was something ominous in the word, corresponding as it did with the mysterious meaning couched in the lines of the strange minstrel, and he stood pondering on it for some time. At length rousing from his reverie, he looked up, and to his amazement saw a young Cambrian peasant standing before him.

"Whence and what are you?" exclaimed Roland.

"Have you sprung through the floor, or dropped from the ceiling? Tell me at once what would you with me?"

"Look at me, Roland Maxwell, and see if you can trace beneath this borrowed garb features that have once before met your gaze. Love is a wayward thing, cavalier, and wears many a motley costume."

"My Helen, my lady love! God bless you for this meeting. My minstrel, too, I suppose I may call you, for what other lips than those could sing so sweetly?"

"'Tis even so chieftain, know you the import of that song? Listen to me and you shall learn. A trusty messenger at day-break was dispatched to apprise your friends of your misfortune, and this night they will await you in the valley. You shall fly with them; I have means to accomplish your escape. The time draws nigh, and," added she falteringly, "we must part."

"Never!" said Roland; "rather would I for ever be a captive, than part from you without a hope of seeing you again. Say, fair one, will you trust me? I offer you no lordly manors, no jewels rich and rare, but you shall have the heart and hand of one who will love you dear, aye, dear as his country, and that he loves full dearly. Fly with me, Helen, nay, do not deny me," and he gazed fondly on her. "You will not, I see, you will not deny me."

"It must then be so, we fly together," replied she with animation, and advancing to the wall, she touched a spring in the stonework, and a stone turning on a pivot, disclosed a narrow passage, just large enough for a person to creep through on his hands and knees.

"See then the means of our escape. We have no time to spare. Follow me, but do not speak a word."

Roland crept through this aperture, and found himself in a passage high enough to admit of his standing upright.

They descended a long flight of steps, and after threading many intricate passages, passed through another small opening on to the common.

"Old Margaret has taught me something useful," said she, as they tripped along toward the valley.

"I hope it may prove useful," replied her companion.

"But see yon lights upon the watch-hill; they bode no good. And hark to that cry! If I mistake not, it is Salkeld's gathering."

The day was just breaking, and they could discern objects at a little distance. The cry grew louder, and men were seen approaching.

Good God, my father!" cried Helen, as they came nearer.

"Nay, loved one, fear no harm. Lean on me, maiden, I can support thee; I can defend thee, and," exclaimed he, drawing his sword, "I will protect thee with my life."

"Turn thee, turn thee, thou recreant knave," shouted Salkeld. "Art thou a lady's love, and dost thou fly? Give back my daughter, or I will chastise thy churlish insolence."

"Will you forgive her?"

"I will not."

"Come on then, Lord Salkeld. "I defy you."

"I wage not war with boys," said Salkeld.

"Hark ye, my gallant men, he that will fight the Scot, and slay him, shall be my son-in-law."

A stout yeoman stood forward to accept the challenge.

"Well done, Higmore, my brave fellow. You have heard my promise. Have at him."

The sword flew from its sheath, and in a moment they were engaged in deadly contest. Both were strong, both skilful, and long they toiled without either receiving any material injury. At length, Higmore, determined to trust all to the hazard of a cast, raised his sword with both hands, and rushing on his adversary, cleft a deadly gash upon his forehead; but in lifting his arm, he had given an advantage to the wily Scot, he little dreamed of, for Roland at the same time pierced him through the body, and he fell dead at the moment when his party were beginning to raise shouts of victory.

"Beshrew my heart, he is a noble youth," exclaimed Salkeld. "I have wronged thee, my gallant boy, but here I pledge myself Helen shall be thy bride."

Roland heard these words and smiled, but they were the last that met his ear, for the tide of blood had flown freely, and he was already sick to fainting. He reeled, Helen rushed forward to support him, and as they sunk together on the grass, Roland kissed her and expired.

Part of an old ballad shall conclude my story—

"She wash'd his wounds down in the brook,
Thus runs the popular fame,
And thus the wildling streamlet took
Its sweet poetic name.

Old Salkeld, then, a signal made
Unto the Scotish train;
Who straight his body had convey'd
To Terragle's demesne.

Where by a monumental stone
His peaceful ashes lie;
With heraldic symbols carv'd thereon,
'Thus should a Maxwell die.'

But aye, at earliest morning's dawn,
In widow'd mourning clad,
She sought the river-skirted lawn,
Where hapless Roland bled.

And nigh thereto a church did build,
(As ancient legends tell,)
A place, romantic, shy, and wild,
In solitary dell.

To All-hallows it was dedicate,
For on All-hallows' day
Fell out that deadly fell debate,
That cruel lethal fray.

Her father, too, he gave it lands
To keep a priest and cowl;
And then were sung by her commands,
Requiems to his soul.

And there her hallow'd ashes lie,
And there her sainted shade,
Aye, ere the sun lights up the sky,
Skims o'er the hapless glade,"

THE SELECTOR.

ATTACK UPON A SNAKE.

Before we left Dindigal, a circumstance occurred to an English officer commanding a small out station in the district, which may be considered not undeserving of record. He was early one morning taking his customary ramble, before the sun had attained a sufficient elevation in the heavens to drink up the freshness of the dews which glittered around, when upon passing a small

ruined building, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of something with which his eye did not seem to be at all familiar, moving in a deep recess of the ruin. He approached it cautiously, fearing, as he could not distinguish the object very clearly, that it might be a tiger, or some other animal equally dangerous. Upon close inspection he discovered it to be an immense snake, filling with its voluminous folds the whole recess. Determined at once upon its destruction, but knowing that he could do nothing single-handed against a creature at once so active and so powerful, he made the best of his way to the gaurd-house, and ordered half a dozen soldiers to the spot, armed with muskets, and having their bayonets fixed. They were six strong determined Englishmen. They made no objection to encounter so unusual an enemy; on the contrary, they were pleased at the thought of the sport, and, being formed in line, advanced steadily to the attack as soon as the word was given, and simultaneously transfixed the monster with their bayonets, firmly pinning it against the wall. Being so roughly disturbed from its slumbers, the enormous creature uncoiled itself in a few seconds, and such was its prodigious strength, that, with one mighty sweep of its tail, it dashed five of its assailants to the earth. The sixth, who was near its head, maintained his position, and still kept his terrific adversary against the wall, adroitly avoiding the lashings of its ponderous tail, by stooping or dodging as circumstances required, until the animal, exhausted with pain and exertion, lay extended at full length upon the earth, almost motionless. By this time the five soldiers who had been struck down, having recovered their feet, wounded the vanquished snake with the butt end of their muskets upon the extremity of the tail, where the inosculation of the vertebræ is less firm, thus disabling it so completely, that it was soon despatched. It measured upwards of fifty feet in length, and was full three feet in circumference.—*Oriental Annual.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines Written in the Album of my Friend Miss PARDOE.

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF OF PORTUGAL."

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Sister Spirit! thou hast ask'd
From my pen an idle rhyme;—
Sister! thou hast kindly task'd
Fancy, for this page of thine!
Say, then, what shall be the theme?
('Tis a point that puzzles me),
Minstrel's song and Poet's dream,
Are familiar things to THEE!

Wreath of Fame and voice of Praise
Are already richly thine;—
Thou dost need no added Bays,
From a Lyre so poor as MINE!
If I wake the Poet's spell
That thy Harp still thrills beneath;
If I tune the lyric shell—
That thy glowing lip can breathe!

Shall I of thy Beauty sing?
No! *that* theme so soon will fade!
To thy Goodness touch the string?
No!—for Virtue counts the shade!
Shall I—(but my pen would fail)—
Celebrate the Gem enshrin'd
In that form?—a needless Tale
'Twere to paint thy gifted MIND!

Why for One invoke the Muse,
Who that Muse at will commands?
Sister! I the task refuse—
'Tis super'fluous from my hands!
All that FRIENDSHIP's pen can say,
One short verse may well express;—
'Tis to wish each added day
Added bliss and happiness!

NIGHT.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Night! thou art with me now—
Companion of my hours of watchfulness!
Thou bring'st enjoyment on thy raven wing,
Pure, deep, and bright as thy own star-lit sky,
When free from veiling clouds!—What tho' thy brow
Be now bound round by shadows?—Still thou'rt fair.
A deep and solemn hush pervadeth all,
From the wide darkness of the mighty heaven
Descending to the earth; the mossy woods
Wear a still darker robe, and, all unstirr'd
E'en by a breath, in dreaming silence rest.
And the deep river glideth calm and still,
As the sweet slumbers of a stainless child!
Is there not beauty, then, in thee, O Night!
And intense power for the child of song?
Ah! I am all unmeet to bear that name,
Yet, while beneath thy hallowing influence,
In lone unbroken solitude I sit,
High musings stir my heart, and, for a time,
I dream myself a POET!*

Bright, clear, and joyous is the early morn;
How sweetly doth her first faint blush expand
To rosy smiles, that bid the drooping flowers
Lift up their pearl-hung bells to greet the sun;
And the young waters dance to welcome him.
And beautiful, O sunny noon, art thou!
And Evening's golden hour is lovelier yet.
But Earth's revolving circle bringeth not
A time unto th' expectant sons of men,
Of sparkling radiance, or of shadowy calm,
To which my bosom giveth welcoming,
Like thee, majestic Night!

STANZAS TO A FAITHLESS ONE.

Throughout the world's wide plain I roam,
But ne'er approach one hallowed spot;
Tho' thou can'st make that spot *thy* home,
And hast thy perfidy forgot.
I could not bear to see the place,
The spot our love has marked so well,
Those scenes which tears could ne'er efface,
Or hatred from my heart expel.

I knew that if we met again,
It could not be as once we met;
I could not bear the maddening pain
To meet thine eye—and to forget.
But love and hate alike are past—
Now nought remains but deep *regret*
That thou should'st love me as thou hast,
Or that our hearts should e'er have met.

And now 'tis o'er, and thou hast fled
To reign in other hearts' than mine—
Thyself hast broke the golden thread
Which bound my heart so close to thine.
Be still poor heart—all words are vain
To heal the wounds they cannot cure,
But yet thou shall'st thy pride maintain,
And silent every pang endure.

P. P.

* Our fair correspondent *has realized* her dream.—EDITRESS.

SONG.

BY ROBERT TURNER.

To-morrow's my birthday, I am then seventeen,
And I really can't think what you bachelors mean,
I can't for my life tell the wherefore or why,
You let a poor damsel in solitude sigh;
There is not a girl in the village I know,
Excepting myself but can boast of a beau;
I'm as pretty I'm sure as a maiden need be,
But yet there is no one comes wooing to me.

My mother will tell me whenever I'm vext,
That if I'll have patience *my turn* will come next,
That many a youth who has spurned at our wiles,
Has yielded unto a few innocent smiles;
But against her advice I'm inclined to rebel,
As it cannot succeed, for I know very well
I'm as free with my smiles as a maiden should be,
And yet there is no one comes wooing to me.

There's a certain young man, and I scarcely know why,
But I blush and look foolish whenever he's nigh,
And if at a ball he's my partner by chance,
I think more of him than I do of the dance;
Moreover I've seen that when to me he speaks,
The blood from his heart rushes into his cheeks,
So I think in *his* blushing a sign I can see,
That *he will* very shortly come wooing to me.

ON A CHILD PRAYING.

I came to the spot where the young Christian knelt,
And her gaze was fast fixed on the star-beaming sky;
And I knew in the depth of that moment she felt
What words cannot utter, nor kingdoms supply.

So pure and so humble, so lovely and mild,
Her eyes beaming rapture, her lips breathing pray'r,—
Oh! the lost one might gaze on that innocent child,
Till repentance burst forth in one heart-burning tear.

Hail fair one and faithful! may Seraphs sustain thee,
And guide thy young steps in the pathway of truth;
May God and His glory for ever retain thee,
"Remember" Him still "in the days of thy youth."

In the spring-time how sweet to behold the tree bending
With blossoms unnumbered, the pride of the vale;
But rude are the tempests around us portending,
And many a bud may be nipped in the gale.

But thou, in temptation may mercy relieve thee,
Defend thee in youth and sustain thee in years;
And, oh! may that God whom thou servest receive thee,
His child upon earth, to be blest in the spheres.

J. S. C.

LOVE ON THE WANE.

I cannot conceive why it is the young men
Have all an objection to me;
The offers Miss Charmer has had must be ten,
And little Miss Smart has had three.
It is not my face that's repulsive or stern,
It can't be my figure they shun,
If age be a standard, I'm sure 'tis my turn,
As yet I have never had one.

My manners are pleasing, my fortune is great,
I always am handsomely drest,
Whatever is prim or old maidish I hate,
And the sight of a cat I detest;
But, 'tis useless to grieve, I'll not longer deplore,
My fortieth summer's not past,
And wives of all ages are wanted, what's more,
Mr. WRIGHT may be coming at last.

SYLVA.

A TEAR.

How much does not a tear express
When grief and pain our heart oppress,
When frenzied passion dims our eye,
And Love deceiv'd calls forth a sigh;
When madd'ning thoughts and deep despair,
And jealousy and sick'ning care
Consume our brain, increase our fears,
How much relief we find in tears.

M.

CHARADE.

The name of a man, and when winter is near,
The name of a bird with my FIRST shall appear
The reverse of all evil, and a college chum,
Will give my WHOLE meaning quite plainly to some,
Who're lovers of Shakspeare, and seen the sweet name
In pages which render immortal his fame.

JESSEY.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 208.

"Well! what is that?" said I to Ma,
"Do you not know?" replied Papa;
"You're nine years old, and you must try
To answer it, and not feel shy;
Well, Charles the First DEATH did degrade,
And George the Third it still exalts,
Napoleon's a gloomy shade,
And it has cancell'd all their faults.

HENRI JAMES D'EMDEN.

ANSWER TO REBUS, Page 216.

'Tis PENELOPE deserves the praise,
That on the web you fix,
For if 'twas faithful, would it play
So many slippery trick;
When ORPHEUS woke his tuneful strain,
Poor ELLEN's heart was moved;
'Twas THALIA graced the laughing train;
REST is the anchor all obtain;
And YOUTH the time most loved.
These six initials form, with taste combined,
POETRY, the sweetest blossom of the mind.

HENRY V—LLE.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME—ACROSTIC.

P enelope was the faithful wife who did her web unweave;
O rpheus in the realms below, played sweetly to retrieve
E urydice his lovely bride from Pluto's direful power;
T halia, mirth-loving muse, makes joyous every hour;
R eligion has the power, to assuage each mortal's pain;
Y esterday will never, never, come to us again.

A. N.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

MANNERS IN 1741.—The ball began at eight, each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters and their mother, still handsomer than they: the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand. The supper was served at twelve; a large table of hot for the lady dancers; their partners and other tables stood round. We danced (for I country-danced) till four, then had tea and coffee, and come home.—*Sketches of the Court of England (1741), by Horace Walpole.*

A GREAT BORE.—A Scotchman was one evening sitting in Drury Lane Theatre, when a diminutive man, whose name was Gunn, and who sat beside him, repeatedly called off his attention from the stage by his tiresome remarks, till at length his patience was entirely exhausted, when he turned round to him, with, "Hoot Mon, ye're but a leetle *Gunn*, but ne'er till noo did I ken sic a monstrous *bore*."

WIT *v.* TYRANNY.—Al Hejaj who governed Irak more than 20 years, was equally remarkable for his cruelty and love of wit. He one day met a strange Arab, and asked him, "what sort of a man is that Al Hejaj of whom people talk so much?" "He is a great scoundrel," replied the Arab. "Do you know me?" asked the irritated governor. "No," said the stranger. "I am," he said, "that Al Hejaj of whom you give so bad a character." "Well! do you know me?" asked the Arab in turn. "No," was the reply. "I am," said he, "a member of the family of Zobier, whose posterity all become mad *three days in the year*, and *this* is *one* of them." Al Hejaj freely pardoned the insult.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia, seemed to anticipate that his reign would be short, and he determined that it should be a merry one. His revels at the palace at Cassel, equalled, and probably surpassed, those of any contemporary crowned head in Europe—Great Britain, (as Elliston would say), included. A gentleman with whom the writer was acquainted, arrived at his Palace, bringing dispatches from the Grand army. He was dressed in the uniform of a French Colonel, and the sentinels, of course, allowed him to enter without difficulty. He proceeded through several apartments, in which the servants were dancing, drinking, or playing at cards, and he at length came to a large room, the doors of which were partly open. Shouts of laughter echoed from within; my friend peeped through the aperture, and beheld the Monarch almost in a state of nudity, with his eyes bandaged, playing all sorts of wild pranks, hallooing with all his might, and holding in his arms a young and fair damsel, whom he had just secured. The lady represented some nymph or goddess, and, like the immortals, she was not incumbered with needless attire. My friend deemed it prudent to withdraw. On the following day, he called upon the King, who scolded him for not coming into the room: "*We were only having a little fun,*" said the Monarch, "*the Pagan Deities to get rid of heavenly ennui, would frequently visit our terrestrial Dames; we had transformed ourselves into Gods and Goddesses; my saloon was Mount Olympus, and the Deities were playing at blind man's buff.*"

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 31—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Feb. 8, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Evening Dress. — Pelisse robe of emerald green satin; a low *corsage* of the shawl kind; the lappel square behind, cut in points on the shoulders, and wrapping across in front, is bordered with black lace. The front of the body is draped on each side; the back is plain. *Gigôt* sleeves, with deep cuffs of a very novel kind, also trimmed

with black lace. The skirt wraps over to right side, it is cut in points from the waist to the bottom, the points are bordered with black lace. Ceinture of broad green satin ribbon, tied in short bows and long ends, to which tassels are affixed. The head-dress is a toque hat of claret coloured velvet; the crown and the back part of the brim is of the form of a riding-hat, but the sides of the brim turn up, and the front descends in the Mary of Scotland shape. A bird of Paradise is placed upright in front, and a band of gauze ribbon to correspond encircles the crown, and ties in a bow behind. The *chemisette* is of *tulle* drawn full round the bust.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Promenade dress affords little room for observation, mantles are generally adopted, and are usually very appropriate to walking-dress, being mostly of plain silks of dark colours. Some without trimming, others bordered with velvet. We observe that walking mantles are not made either with sleeves or *ceintures*, but some of the most novel have the cape cut in four pieces, so as to sit close to the shape behind; the fore part descends in a point nearly half-way to the bottom; the back is rounded.

Pelisses are coming into favour in carriage dress, and we understand, from high authority, that they are likely to be very fashionable during the remainder of the season. Some of the new ones are trimmed with fur; it is employed for satin, velvet, and rich silks, but some of the most novel composed of the two latter, are trimmed with velvet in a very novel style. A deep lappel of the shawl form decorates the body, it terminates in points, and may be either thrown back so as to display a little of the front of the bust, or raised and crossed upon the bosom. The border of the lappel is cut in sharp points. A pyramidal trimming of velvet, also cut in sharp points on the inside edge, goes down the front of the skirt, which is attached by full knots of satin ribbon placed at regular distances.

The majority of the new carriage bonnets and hats are of velvet. We still, however, see a good many composed of an intermixture of velvet and satin. Some bonnets of these two materials have the crown of the helmet shape, with the satin let in in folds from the front to the back, and the sides of velvet laid on plain. The brim, rather close, is of satin lined with velvet. The mixture of orange and black has declined in estimation; black with violet, fire colour, or green is now preferred. We observe also, that the trimming if of flowers is now no longer confined to the two colours of the bonnet, some being trimmed with a bouquet of flowers, the colours of which are entirely different; others having the flowers of one of the colours of the bonnet with green foliage.

Where velvet and satin are employed for a hat, black and fire colour are favourite mixtures. Several of the new ones have the crown nearly of the same form as the head, and covered with alternate folds of satin and velvet. The brim is round, composed of velvet, and lined with satin; a band of black gauze ribbon edged with fire colour, is twisted round the bottom of the crown, and a single long black ostrich feather, tipped with fire colour, attached on one side, droops over the brim.

Silks, of antique patterns and fabric, continue to be preferred in evening costume, except for ball-dress. One of those silks strongly resembles the damask, so much in vogue in the days of our great-grandmammas. Several robes are made even in evening dress, with the bodies of a three-quarter height. If the material is a rich silk, the body is made without drapery, but it is trimmed with a black or white lace mantilla, the ends of which are sometimes brought in drapery from the points of the shoulders to the centre of the bosom, where they are attached by a knot of ribbon. The form of sleeves has not varied since our last number.

Crape is much in favour for ball-dress, particularly white crape. Some of these robes are made a little shorter than the white satin under-dress; the body of the latter is made quite square, that of the former draped before in the heart style. The drapery is confined upon the shoulders by an ornament of ribbon resembling a cocks-comb, which also forms a finish to a row of blond lace that trims the back and shoulders; the ends of it are gathered under the ribbon. A knot is placed on the drapery in the centre of the breast, and the *ceinture* to correspond, ties in bows before, with long floating ends. The robe is drawn round the bottom, a little above the under-dress, in festoons, which are looped by ornaments similar to those on the shoulders.

One of the most novel head-dresses of hair in evening costume is the *coiffure à la Princesse Marie*. The hair is partly disposed in braids, which fall low over the cheeks, the ends of the braids are confined near the summit of the head by gold pins, with the heads finely wrought. The hind hair also disposed in braids forms a knot at the back of the head, which is fastened by a single pin.

The most fashionable colours are those of last month. We observe that *fumée* (the colour of smoke) is still more generally adopted.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY ENGRAVING.

Dinner Dress.—Violet satin robe, the body is plain behind, in crossed drapery in front, and trimmed, as are also the sleeves, with puffs of violet satin ribbon. The sleeves form a very full bouffant, the lower bouffant is white *tulle*, as is also the *chemisettes*. A ribbon trimming formed of flat *nœuds*, with a gold buckle in the centre of each, descends on one side from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Green velvet hat, the brim is entirely turned up, and a little arched on one side. The trimming consists of gauze ribbons, a white feather, and a pearl ornament.

Evening Dress and Mantle.—The former is of white crape; *corsage* and sleeves *à l' antique*. The border is embroidered in a wreath of blue bells and geraniums of the natural colour. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with two rose coloured ostrich feathers, and a diamond star. The mantle is of ruby velvet; a square collar; a very deep pelerine; and very wide sleeves.

Ball-Dress.—Of white *gaze Sylphide* over white satin. A low body trimmed with a gauze drapery, and knots of green gauze ribbon, three ends fall from the lower knot, which is affixed to the point of the *corsage*, they descend below the knee, and each terminate in a knot of ribbon, in which a bouquet of roses is inserted. Bouffant sleeves finished in the ruffle style, and surmounted by triple *mancherons*. The hair is dressed in a profusion of full curls at the sides, and ornamented with flowers.

Evening Dress.—The under-dress is of white *tulle*, *corsage à la Vierge*. The skirt is embroidered in a light pattern in white silk round the border. The robe is of *satin d' Afrique*, a pale violet ground, flowered in a most superb pattern. A pointed body, and bouffant sleeves, the lower bouffant of *tulle*. The skirt, open from the waist downwards, is ornamented at the point with a gold cord and tassels. The head-dress is a turban composed of a mixture of a pale brown and rose-coloured gauze, it is trimmed with brown *plumes panachées*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Carriage bonnet, composed of rose-coloured satin, figured with lilac, and trimmed with ribbons of the latter colour, and a white ostrich feather.

No. 2. Evening-dress of blond lace over white satin, low *corsage*, arranged in a *demi cœur* by a *rûche* of plain blond, and trimmed with knots of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. Double *sabot* sleeves. Toque hat of full rose-coloured satin, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and a white ostrich feather.

No. 3. A blond lace half-dress cap, trimmed with blue gauze ribbons, and a sprig of blue flowers.

No. 4. A back view of number three.

No. 5. Evening-Dress.—Rose-coloured satin robe, the body partially high, drooped in front, and trimmed round the top with gauze ribbon to correspond, arranged in a very novel style. Bouffant sleeves. Rose coloured crape hat, trimmed with *coques* of ribbon and ostrich feathers to correspond.

No. 6. Carriage bonnet of *oiseau*

satin, trimmed with *oiseau* and brown gauze ribbon, and a white ostrich feather.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XX.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and Secretary discovered.*

And they're a writing—write, write, writing,
And they're a writing whenever they're at home;—
And how do ye, Sister? and how do ye thrive,
And how many letters a ye? Sister forty-five.
And they're a writing—write, write, writing,
And they're a writing, tho' best 'twere let alone.

And they're a teazing—teaze, teaze, teazing,
And they're a teazing, till we've no peace at home,
The cats love milk, and the dogs love broo,
Young ladies love to scribble, and young lads will scribble too;
And they're a teazing—teaze, teaze, teazing,
And they're a teazing, to know their fate they come.

Parody on "We're a Nodding."

Miss Bluemantle. The old song "wonders any man alive would ever rear a daughter." Now WE wonder any woman would ever be an EDITRESS. Verily, what with reading new books; opening and answering letters; sights of a morning; theatres of an evening; an Editress has no time to mend her "*azure hoses,*" and yet she *is* expected to do all this, and receive a dozen visitors per day beside—

"We're a weary, weary, weary,
We're a weary of this life of ours."

Miss Scribblecumdash. Its no use to be weary, Lady President, you have put your hand to the plough, and must follow it through the stubble, so be content.

Miss B. Well, we suppose we must abide by your sage advice. Come let's see the letters.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from E. P. T.

Miss B. We will make the correction he desires, and the articles shall have early insertion.

Miss S. Twenty-two answers to charades, by as many different correspondents.

Miss B. We will select the best in our judgment for publication.

Miss S. Lines entitled "Youth and Beauty pass away," by CATHARINE.

Miss B. They shall appear, the young author *might* have added some such moral as this—

"Youth improve thy summer hour,
As thou roam'st from flower to flower;
Copy thou the humming Bee,
She's the pattern meet for thee;
Storing sweets for Winter's sky
To last when BEAUTY's flowerets die."

When the moralist *can* be blended with the Poet, the effusions of the Muse are rendered doubly valuable.

Miss S. A Poem of only nineteen verses!!! by X. Y. Z., called the "Christmas Holidays."

Miss B. Very long holidays indeed, and a day after the fair too; let the author send them again in *time* next year, and we may perhaps be induced to print them.

Miss S. Lines on "STELLA."

Miss B. No objection but the length, eleven verses! six is our average number to accept in one piece.

Miss S. Some Music, and an offer of assistance in "Poetry or Music," by Alfred C.

Miss B. He is thanked, but we do not need any at present; the Music shall be noticed in our next review.

Miss S. A Tale, &c. "The Holm," by E. H.

Miss B. Accepted with many thanks.

Miss S. A Tale, "Kate Ethrington," by ROSALIE.

Miss B. Also accepted with thanks.

Miss S. Lays for *young* Lovers, No. 1.

Miss B. We don't think they would do for *old* ones. The Poem shall appear, but not with so silly a heading.

Miss S. "The Village Belle," by J. M., and another Poem.

Miss B. WE do not look with the author's eyes on his Belle, she wants *polish* before she can be admitted into the society of our BLUE BELLES. The other piece shall appear.

Miss S. A song about slighted love, by G. C—n.

Miss B. We are sick of these common place love effusions. They are not poetry, but namby-pamby nausea! like a dose of sugar and water before dinner.

Miss S. Letter from Mr. B., Clarence-place, with some lines enclosed.

Miss B. We would most willingly give insertion to what he has sent us; but that we think he may *do better.* His abilities are so great in *other ways,* that we should regret to publish what when he saw it in print he might perhaps wish *unpublished.*

Miss S. A Tale from our Hampshire correspondent.

Miss B. Received with thanks, we have sent a private letter, &c., as desired.

Miss S. Letter and Song by GEORGE DAVEY.

Miss B. Accepted. We regret his illness;—by the way we have mislaid the "Dramatic Scenes," or did we return them? We shall be glad of the Tale at his convenience. But we entreat all our Tale writers to remember the size of our work, and not extend their Tales* to too great a length.

Miss S. Lines written in an Album, by M. S.

Miss B. Accepted, but did the author ever read Mrs. Hemans' "When will ye think on me my friends?"

Miss S. Letter from JAMES R——, complaining of "extreme rude treatment from the persons in the Office, when letters are left there," &c. &c.

Miss B. The packet he alludes to, if left there, *never reached our hands.* The MS. now received, shall meet every attention. Will he send us his address? and point out the offending party?

Miss S. Letter of enquiry from Mons. d'EMDEN, respecting the coloured plates being obtained separate by weekly Subscribers.

Miss B. We have always been taught to believe that the plates and wrappers *may* be obtained *separate* from the parts every month. We are not aware there has been any alteration made in the usual arrangement. If the Newsman refuses to procure the plate, let Mons. d'EMDEN state the same at the Office, and we think *he* may obtain both plate and wrapper there. The supplement to the last part, the difficulty of obtaining which is made the subject of constant complaint to *us,* may be also procured, if Newsmen *chuse* to ask for it.

Miss S. A. KYNE.

Miss B. Shall have early attention and insertion.

Miss S. A packet from STEELPEN.

Miss B. Being *steel* we cannot *nib* him, which is what he wants. A little more *point* will improve his style.

Miss S. Steel may be easily *polished,* Lady President.

Miss B. Why that is one advantage certainly, and we'll adopt your hint, and let some of his scraps appear.

Miss S. Auto-biography of a Ring.

Miss B. We think this *Ring* will fit our *Belle,* but request to have the whole MS. sent before we finally give an answer.

Miss S. A letter from our friend B. Y., requesting you to insert his solution of Sir Walter Scott's Charade.

Miss B. We have really no room for any more answers on that subject, and we apprised our readers to that effect some time ago. But read it.

Miss S. Reads—

HEARTS to those to combat flying,
EASE to those in battle dying;
HEARTS-EASE to sad maidens crying
Over the brave on the red field lying.

Miss B. Very good, and no doubt is as correct an answer as any we have inserted. But it is our opinion that either, if it be a Charade, it is a very bad one; or it is a literary hoax, having no meaning but to puzzle. As we are inclined to the *latter* opinion, we must refer our numerous correspondents to the observation of the Governor, in the "Critic," to his daughter: "The Spanish fleet thou can'st not yet perceive, because the Spanish fleet is not in sight." We therefore say: "Ye cannot guess the meaning, because the meaning is not guessable."

Miss S. A Bachelor's Tale, by THEODORE.

Miss B. It shall appear.

Miss S. Letter from HENRY DAVY.

Miss B. No apology was needed, on the subject he alludes to. We take all things in good part, when they are so intended. But to insert the article would savour too much of egotism, for

* Query TAILS?—Printer's Tigre.

which reason alone it is declined. The other shall appear.

Miss S. Communications are received from HENRIETTA, ANNETTE, MINNA, HELENE, and several other known and appreciated correspondents.

Miss B. All are thanked, and shall meet early attention. We have just been looking over a very clever little book, "Rules for the conjugation of the French Verbs," arranged by a lady for the use of her pupils, and wished to shew it to our critical sister, Bloomer, but as she does not make her appearance this evening we must defer a more detailed notice of its merits at present. Come, "fill the flowing cup"—of TEA, and let us rest from our labours.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MR. LOVE'S PERFORMANCES, CITY OF LONDON TAVERN.

We attended Mr. Love's "Satirical Lecture," on one of the evenings he performed last week, and must report that we have not been more entertained for a length of time. We consider this gentleman nearly equal to Mr. Mathews in his personation of eccentric characters, and as a Ventriloquist, (we beg pardon,) a Polyphonist, he is by far the *best* we ever heard. His deception of voice, as to *distance*, is beyond all belief. His imitation of sounds in animated nature is excellent; the buz of a bee, or large blue-bottle-fly in particular; and no less admirable are his imitations of *inanimate* sounds, such as a saw, carpenter's plane, file, creaking of a door-hinge (which actually set our teeth on edge), &c. But Mr. Love's performance must be witnessed to be fully appreciated or understood, and we shall close our brief account with a little Impromptu, written in the room, and by strongly advising our readers, the female part in particular, to convince themselves, (if experience has not taught it them already), of the wonderful powers of LOVE!

The Sage asserted, (not in fun),
"There's nothing new under the Sun!"
That he was *wrong* we now can prove,
Since there *is* something new in—LOVE.

"What's new in Love?" an old maid cries,
Uplifting wrinkled hands and eyes,
"That fact you'll ne'er make *me* believe,
LOVE's art was ever to—*Deceive!*"

Yet, Ladies, ye may fearless view
The tricks, the changes LOVE goes through,
For, tho' your REASON he may blind,
THIS LOVE will leave no sting behind!

BURFORD'S PANORAMIC VIEW OF BOOTHIA. LEICESTER-SQUARE.

We take shame to ourselves we have not before noticed this most interesting Panorama, but a pressure of engagements has thus long delayed our doing it justice. Nothing can exceed the awful magnificence of the scene, as the spectator enters. The eye wanders over these dreary regions of almost eternal snows, till the mind becomes almost as condensed with wonder, as the surrounding ice-bergs with cold. The time is supposed to be mid-day in January; yet the stars are shining above and from out the dense mass of gloom in full brilliancy; while the reflection of the Aurora Borealis on the horizon, gives a startling effect to the observer. The painting, which is no doubt a most accurate one, being taken from drawings made on the spot by Captain Ross, does the genius of the artist, Mr. Burford, the highest credit. 'Tis a particularly interesting Panorama for young persons, and if any are dissatisfied with old England, let them view the "dreary plains" of Boothia, and bless their happier stars that shine over them in a land of luxury and comfort. To young ladies, who shiver with their feet upon the fender while reading a novel, and spoil their complexions over the fire, in spite of all the cautions of careful mammas, a glance at this Panorama may convey a useful lesson.

THE LINWOOD GALLERY.

Like the celebrated "Paul Pry," being in the neighbourhood, we looked in here, and were gratified and delighted at "what the hand of a woman can produce." The Salvator Mundi, after Carlo Dolci; Judgment upon Cain; Hubert and Arthur, and a host of other master-pieces, are too well known for us to descant upon now. But if there is any female in London who has not witnessed the wonderful pictorial effects of Miss Linwood's needle work, we advise no time to be lost in paying a visit to her celebrated gallery.

EXHIBITION OF MODELS.

A card for a private view was sent us for the above exhibition, stated to be in King William-street, Strand; but after perambulating the street till the inhabitants, doubtless, took us for some damsel who, having answered a matrimonial advertisement, had fixed upon the said street for the "Trysting Place," we gave up our search in despair, no signs of such exhibition meeting our eyes, or information greeting our ears to the numerous enquiries we made on the subject. Exhibitors should remember that the *time* of an Editor is *of value*, and give some less vague direction than was on our card of admission.

SIGNOR MASONI THE GREATEST VIOLINIST OF THE DAY.

The great *star* of the season, Masoni, is at length arrived in town, after repeated performances at the Pavilion, by order of their Majesties. This great violinist has not as yet performed in public; but having had the advantage of hearing him in private, we can confidently assure our readers that in many points of *skill* he *surpasses* Paganini, and where *expression* and *taste* are required, he imparts a degree of *soul* to the performance which the other could never attain. We have lately chanced to see a file of papers from Calcutta, (from whence Masoni has just arrived), and they all speak with the most extraordinary enthusiasm of this celebrated musician, who has been obliged, unfortunately, by bad health, to relinquish the golden harvest of the East which poured forth for him on all occasions; this indisposition is greatly to be regretted, as he has seven children to provide for, and his liberality of feeling has hitherto prevented him from following the example of the avaricious and uncharitable violinist who has during the last two years drawn so largely on English resources. Without pretending to be very wonderful oracles, we may safely predict that Masoni's superior talent and amiability will effect a great change in the patronage bestowed on one who has shewn no gratitude for our support, and who has uniformly refused to aid, by one single exhibition of his art, the friends of the charitable institutions of the nation which has enriched him. Next week we hope to procure for our musical readers an authentic biographical sketch of our new musical wonder, who has been a performer before *Royalty* since the age of eight years.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE WEDDING.

"The Lord help us, how these things are talked over!"

Old Play.

I had been in the village of ——— about six months, when my breakfast was one morning enlivened by as joyous a peal as ever resounded from the old belfry. It was a bridal peal, and just as I was about to lay my hand on the bell-rope, and enquire in whose honour the ringers were exercising, what from previous specimens I soon discovered to be their best skill, Martha entered the room with a countenance big with import; it was indeed an extraordinary and important occurrence in the little hamlet, for the clergyman had that morning returned from a short visit at the neighbouring town, and they were actually "ringing in the bride!" I rejoiced to hear it, for no man ever merited happiness more fully than Mr. Saunders, and I, (as a woman), considered that this event would in all probability considerably increase the sum of his earthly comfort.

The table was scarcely cleared when old Mrs. Benson and her two daughters were announced. Mrs. Benson is the

widow of an eminent wool-stapler, and her daughters are likely to have good fortunes; they are "looked up to," in the village, for they have a large house, and keep a foot-boy, a luxury which is regarded with perfect reverence by the villagers, who never fail to turn and stare at the silver-looped collar of his drab coat, and the bright scarlet plush waistcoat, which he sports on a Sunday. In person Mrs. Benson is a perfect female Falstaff; a petticoat personnification of the Heidelburg tun; a sort of woman, to see two of whose proportions meet in my little breakfast-parlour, would give me a most unpleasant sensation of suffocation.

Mrs. Benson, wheezing from the mighty efforts which she had made to be the first in the field, was sometime ere she could give vent to her astonishment at the unexpected marriage of the worthy clergyman; but she did succeed at length, and uttered sundry ejaculations of amazement and conjecture, which were perfectly unanswerable.

"And so he is really married! well, there's no being sure of any thing in this world—but a clergyman ought to be very particular."

"I dare say that Mr. Saunders's selection—" I was commencing, but Mrs. Benson resumed—

"I beg your pardon for interrupting what you were going to say, but I have a reason for being *very* much surprised at this wedding." The good lady paused for an inquiry from me as to the cause of her surprise, but I was silent, and a sigh from Miss Alicia, whom I now discovered to be sitting with a pensive look, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the point of her parasol, filled up the conversational blank.

"Never sigh, 'Licia, my dear," continued her mother, "you see he was'nt worth all the fuss you made about him, though he was a parson; I don't mind speaking before you, ma'am," and she turned from her daughter to me; "I consider you as a friend. You must know that Mr. Saunders has behaved very ill to my poor girl; very ill indeed; not that she need care about it, to be sure, for she has got ten thousand pound in good cash, thanks to my poor dear Mr. Benson, that's dead and gone! and there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." At this gratifying assurance, Miss Alicia drew her handkerchief across her eyes, and looked up. "But, ma'am, Mr. Saunders has drank tea in my house twice in a week. What brought him there, ma'am? he has lent 'Licia books, and been teaching her botany—what did that mean, ma'am? Do you think I wanted my daughter to be made a market-gardener of, and to have my house strewed all over with nasty weeds, and my man sent scampering about the country for herbs, and grass, and stuff, for them to pull to pieces together? No, ma'am, but I put up with it, for I thought that 'Licia might go farther and fare worse; and after all this, what does he do, but takes and marries somebody else! he may be a parson, but I say that's not right—for I always treated him handsome—always had tea in the best room, and made the man put on his livery, and all that!"

"Really," I interposed, "you must have mistaken Mr. Saunders's intentions—he is too honourable—too good a christian to wilfully gain the affections of any young person from mere wantonness—did he ever avow an attachment to your daughter?"

"Why, I don't mean to say that he ever spoke out point blank," replied the worthy Mrs. Benson, "but then he was always a saying that he liked dark women; now 'Licia is much darker than Ann, and her hair is'nt near so red—"

"Auburn, mamma!" prompted the senior Miss Benson.

"And, then," pursued the mother, regardless of the interruption, "he used to praise the cakes 'Licia made, and say, when he was married, he'd have the receipt from her for his wife, and laugh—now, what do you call all that?"

"How I have loved him," ejaculated Miss Alicia, throwing up her eyes; "I may not—cannot tell!—I gave up Mr. Thomas Wincall, the distiller, because I was afraid he would be jealous, and that consequences might ensue—"

"Nonsense, Alicia," interrupted her sister, "you know parsons can't fight!"

A great deal more followed, equally amusing to me who had a sincere regard for the object of all the animadversions of the family party, until at length the conversation became altogether conjectural — would the bride be pretty? young? had she any money? where did she come from? would she like the viranda that Mr. Saunders had put up that spring? and, would it be proper to call on her before she had been to church?

All these points having been duly and separately discussed, Mrs. Benson and her fair daughters put a period to their visit just as Mrs. Cliver, the dashing widow entered the garden-gate. Mrs. Benson prided herself on being "comfortable and able to do things handsome," and in this respect she certainly ontweighed in power her sister widow; but Mrs. Cliver was still young, well-connected, and moreover had no family. She passed for seven-and-twenty with her friends; but Mrs. Benson "knew for a certainty that she was thirty-one." All this caused a slight jealousy between the parties, and when they met in my little garden, a profound curtsey from the graceful Mrs. Cliver, and an awkward attempt at haughty disdain from Mrs. Benson, was the only salutation which passed between them, while the young ladies shouldered each other through the gate in order to escape the notice of the horrid, satirical, dressy Mrs. Cliver! but the manœuvre did not succeed, for the dreaded personage turned ceremoniously towards each in succession, and bent her plumed head with an air of mock reverence, which sent me laughing from the window.

"Madcap!" I exclaimed as she entered, but the smile was yet on my lip.

"So you have had those bores, the Bensons, with you, my dear?" she commenced, "well, has Saunders behaved ill to either of the sweet girls? And what would poor dear Mr. Benson, that's dead and gone, have said to all this? But away with this foolery and its odious subject, for I am not merry at heart."

"Are you actually convicted of a sigh, Arabella?" I exclaimed in feigned surprize, but as I looked at her, I saw that her fine eyes were swimming in tears.

"And Saunders is then really married," she continued without noticing my remark, "and I have been building my castle in the sand."

"How!" I demanded eagerly, "can he ever have led you to believe that—"

"No, my good friend, never; for I know what you would ask. But at my age, I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I am not altogether insensible to talent, principle, and good-breeding; be it as it may, I confess my weakness; I *had* hoped that time and intimacy might have rendered the esteem reciprocal; but he is married, and may be happy, as happy as it should have been my study to have made him; but I am childish, "she continued rallying, "I have only 'treated him handsome,' as the elegant Mrs. Benson would say, in vain."

A ring at the bell, announced another arrival, and the widow hastily wiped the lingering moisture from her eyes, and shook her fine hair over her brow to conceal the traces of her recent agitation. The new guest was a Mr. Edmunstone; he was a widower with an only daughter, a pretty fair girl of nineteen, with a bloom upon her cheeks, which might have killed a score of court beauties with envy. Mr. Edmunstone had been in the army, but on the death of his lady, he had retired with his infant daughter to ——, where they had resided ever since.

"I came to request the honour of your advice, madam," he commenced, when the usual salutations had passed, "and I congratulate myself on the presence of your fair friend, whose judgment will also be valuable. You have learned, of course, the marriage of the worthy Mr. Saunders, our curate no longer, for he has, through the interest of his lady, obtained the Rectory of —."

We expressed our satisfaction at the intelligence, and I added a congratulatory glance at my agitated friend.

"Mr. Ellmore, who has been in the habit of officiating for him, succeeds him here, and this brings me at once to the subject of my dilemma. Mr. Ellmore and my Louisa have, it appears, become attached. I believe him to be worthy of her, but your judgment shall decide for me. Mr. Saunders and his bride quit this place in the course of a few days, and Ellmore's arrangements depend on my reply."

Suffice it that our advice brought

happiness to the lovers, and when Mr. Edmunstone had retired, I proposed to the fair widow, to accompany her early in the ensuing week to pay a visit to the bride.

"It is a duty which I owe to myself," she said firmly, "and I will go."

On the following Wednesday we sallied forth together. The parsonage is situated on the left side of the church, and is a complete bower; the windows are smothered with china roses, eglantine, and jasmin, and the veranda overgrown with the elegant and graceful passion-flower. We were received in the green parlour, for the worthy curate would never suffer it to be called "drawing-room," and it was perfumed gloriously by two superb bouquets, tastefully arranged in glass vases on the side-tables. Mrs. Benson and her daughters had preceded us; Miss Alicia had abandoned the sentimental for the conceited and over-happy, a mood which became her even less than her affectation of feeling. It was in vain that Mrs. Cliver had put on her gayest bonnet and her smartest pelisse, she looked languid and ill at ease. The bride was a lady-like woman of about thirty, plain, but fashionable alike in manner and in dress; the conversation, which our entrance had interrupted, was speedily resumed by Mrs. Benson.

"I have hurried my visit to you, ma'am, to show that I see Mr. Saunders has taken my advice, and to wish him joy of it. I always advised him to marry, ma'am, for lord, said I, a man at forty is no chicken, its now or never with him."

The bride bowed, and flushed, and looked uneasy; the young widow bit her lips.

"Ma, I want to speak to you," said Miss Alicia, seizing her mother's arm, and while I addressed some common place observation to the bride, to remove the disagreeable feeling elicited by Mrs. Benson's ill-timed and ill-bred intelligence, a whispered dialogue took place between the amiable 'forsaken' and her mamma.

"Surely, surely," said the mother aloud as it ended, "I'm sure Mrs. Saunders would wish to be neighbourly. You must know, ma'am, that my 'Licia"—here the young lady tittered and hid her face in her handkerchief.—"Nonsense, 'Licia, out it shall come. I hate all secrets and fine airs;"—here she glanced good-naturedly at Mrs. Cliver,—"my daughter, my youngest, her in the green silk bonnet, with the red roses, is a going to do as you've done, ma'am; nothing like following a good example, he! he! he! Now she's taken a monstrous fancy to the cut of your gown, (suppose you was married in that), and she wants me to ask for the pattern; I don't mind the expense a pin," she continued in a louder tone, as the bride was about to reply; "I shan't look to that, for, thank gracious, poor dear Mr. Benson that's dead and gone, left the girls very comfortable, and I mean to do handsome by 'Licia myself!"

"I am extremely sorry, madam," said Mrs. Saunders, with polite composure, "but I do not preserve patterns."

"Law! how very unlucky!" said Miss Alicia with a long face, and I know Mr. Wincall does admire those little pudding things so, that are all worked round; he saw some of them at Margate once; but, perhaps, ma'am, you'd be so good as to lend me the gown, and when I'd cut the pattern, I'd have it got up again at the clear-starchers."

"My speedy departure from hence will deprive me of the honour of complying with your request, madam," said the bride coldly, "Mr. Saunders quits this place on Saturday."

Shortly after this disappointment of their modest and well-bred wishes, the Benson family took their leave, and having obtained the promise of Mrs. Saunders's company to a dinner *en famille* on the morrow, I departed with the widow, and we were both wicked enough to laugh most heartily at the discomfiture of the mother and daughter, and at the sudden revulsion of Miss Alicia's feelings, tastes, and affections.

Mr. Ellmore is now our pastor, and if any change could compensate for the loss of Mr. Saunders and his amiable bride, it would be the possession of Allmore and his gentle Louisa.

P.

ON THE POWER OF MUSIC.

There is nothing exercises such a spell over our imaginations, such a dominion over our hearts, as the sounds of music. Its sway may be deemed omnipotent, its influence irresistible! It can awaken our sympathies, rouse the dormant feelings of our bosoms, and depict scenes long passed by, and almost erased from the tablet of our memories, as vividly as though their occurrence were of yesterday. The shadows of sorrow fly at its approach; and dark and gloomy as was the soul of Saul, it was soothed and appeased by the gentle tones of the lyre of David.

At the song of Orpheus, even the stern and inexorable Pluto relented. Proserpine sat in tears on her throne; his Eurydice was conditionally restored to him; Tantalus forgot his thirst; the wheel of Ixion stood still; the hoarse bark of Cerberus was hushed; Sisiphus for a time rested from his labour; and even the savage and inexorable Furies melted into pity.

The heart of that man must be callous, his imagination a blank, and must want even the instinct of the brute, that can remain unmoved by the sounds of melody. Watch the horse as he leans his head on the gate, with what earnestness he listens to the tones of music! how in the battle-field he will prick his ears, and evince his pleasure at the sound of the martial trumpet!

But the song of those we love! far sweeter is *that* melody than the "music wafted on the waters;" with what unanswerable eloquence it appeals to our souls; and who that has once heard and felt the charm that pervades the song of beauty, but would exclaim with our immortal bard—

"That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour."

E. P. T.

THE SELECTOR.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SELF CONTROUL.

(Translated from the French of Baron de Riesbeck.)

Baron de Riesbeck mentions in his travels through Germany, meeting with an instance of the wonderful controul which some persons possess over their feelings. Amongst the prisoners confined in the castle of Werfen, he was struck by the superiority both of person and countenance, exhibited in the appearance of one of them; and requested him to relate his history:—"During four-and-twenty years he replied, I have been a prisoner here; I recollect the emigration of several thousands of my compatriots, which although I was very young at the time, made a lively impression on my mind. The joy with which my neighbours (whose consciences they wished to shackle), forsook their native land, that they might enjoy freedom of opinion, had to my eyes something in it of sublime, and struck me forcibly; the remonstrances of my friends and acquaintance, whose opinions were opposed to those of the Capuchins, found ready access to my mind; I opened the scriptures, compared the doctrine I found there with that of the Pope's, and formed a religion of my own, whose principles I did not seek to conceal because I believed them true. As the Capuchin missionaries, who wandered all over the country, had spies every where, they soon got scent of my opinions, and persecuted me unremittingly; nothing could save me from their importunities, they came even into my house, and endeavoured to oblige me to make my confession of faith. I replied according to my opinions, and acquainted them with my doubts, but in vain; they constantly evaded the point in question, persisted in implicit belief, and obstinately insisted on my confession of faith. I told them that it was impossible to believe what was contrary to the conviction of my mind; when I found that it was out of my power to convince them, and that they had no regard to my opinions, I requested them to leave me, pledging my life and honour that I would never avow my opinions, or seek to make proselytes, but in vain: every day they entered my house; I did all in my power, sir, to obtain peace, but without success. One day I came home very much fatigued, and was preparing to

take some refreshment, when the Capuchins entered abruptly. I had for some time made the resolution to restrict my conversation with them to good night, and good morning, but they commenced their accustomed clamour, which I listened to with the utmost *sang froid*; the louder their curses the faster I eat; however as they did not appear inclined to desist, I retired into a corner behind the oven, but they would not leave me at peace, even there. Quite out of patience I threw myself upon my bed; one of them came close to me, screaming in my ears, I turned my back to him, but the other came on the other side, stunning me still more than his companion. At length I flew in a passion, and told them that I was master in my own house, conducting themselves still worse, I leaped from my bed, seized the first thing I met with, (I believe a broom), and drove them out. It was then I was treated not only as a hardened heretic, but a blasphemer who had raised his sacreligious hands against the servants of the most High. At first I suffered severely; I told them a hundred times, that if they would give themselves the trouble to convince me I would confess with all my heart and soul; they wished to force me to make a public confession; on several of my religious opinions; I told them that all I would make known of my religion was, that my belief was not the same as theirs; they would not or could not convince me; and I waited impatiently the moment of going to church; but they told me I should not be permitted to go unless I went with the intention of changing my faith and confessing my errors. The unceasing importunities of the Capuchins, to obtain my confession of faith, became at length more insupportable than my fears; all my remonstrances upon the inutility of a verbal confession, if the heart did not accord with with it, were useless. At length I resolved to play the mute and make no reply; a resolution which I maintained for eighteen years. During the last five years they have treated me with less severity, and I have recovered my speech." The Governor assured us that this extraordinary man had really never uttered a word for eighteen years; and that, during that period, no one had ever observed a shade on his countenance, or a single symptom of ill humour; he performed whatever he was ordered (that did not relate to religion), with a placid and cheerful air; and the only emotion visible in his countenance, was an almost imperceptible glance of disdain, cast upon those around him, and if one considers, that the strength of his intellect, added to his frankness and good humour, would naturally lead him to seek society, the firmness with which he kept his resolution is more astonishing. The Prince, who is a zealous partizan of toleration, hearing of his good conduct, during his captivity, ordered his chains to be taken off; and at the request of the govenor, made a considerable addition to his daily allowance. He has so completely gained the confidence of the governor, that he has made him superintendant of the other prisoners; and has sent him frequently, unchained, to work with them, in places where he might easily escape, but his character is a firmer guarantee for the security of his person, than the strongest chains. He has so completely acquired (unknown to himself) the respect of his comrades, that a word from him controuls them more effectually than the staff of the Jailor. And though born in a cottage, nature has given him a marked superiority over the rest of his species.

ANNETTE.

COUNT ANKARSTROM.

We are induced to speak of *Gustavus* from a curious incident which occurred a few days ago. Dining at a Coffee-house, kept by Mr. Wood, an excellent man and landlord, and talking with a friend concerning Mr. Phillips and his performance of Ankarstrom, our Host remarked, "I knew the fellow, Ankarstrom, forty years ago, why he was nothing better than a bad one. He owes me fifteen pounds for board and lodging, in this very house—where he lived, and never paid me a sixpence."

Of what materials are heroes made? here is a man whose single arm altered the destinees of a nation, and cut short the existence of a mighty monarch; whose deeds have been celebrated in verse, whose crimes have been set to music and applauded in two capitals, and who turns out to be a poor adventurer on town—a miserable debtor for gin and water! Thus the King, the Regicide, and honest Mr. Wood, are bound together by a strange and mysterious union. Had the landlord been hardhearted, and arrested his creditor, the Regicide, the Monarch might have lived to this hour, for the murder took place a very few months after Ankarstrom departed from England.

And thus the fate of Europe has turned on the good nature of a single man who keeps a little inn near the Haymarket.

I. H.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IMPROMPTU

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE EXHIBITION OF FIGURES, IN THE GREAT ROOM, GRAY'S INN LANE, EXECUTED BY MADAME TUSSAUD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

I stand amid a breathless throng,
Though animation's light is here;
Expression, too, that might belong
To creatures of a nobler sphere;
Where'er I turn my dazzled view,
I marvel what Art's hand can do!

Here are the lips, and cheeks, and eyes,
The folded hands—the beaming brow—
Those graces Nature's self supplies—
All burst upon my vision now!
And is it FICTION?—can it be
That these are not *reality*?

The eye, where centres Genius' light;
The lip, where Eloquence presides;—
The cheek with Beauty's roses bright;
The breast, where Passion darkly hides
The Warrior's pride, the Cynic's sneer,
From Nature's book are copied here!

PAINTING her meed of praise may claim,
From Fame's proud trump or Minstrel's lyre,
And around SCULPTURE'S gifted name,
May burn the POET'S words of fire;
But TUSSAUD! both these arts divine
Must yield in *novelty* to THINE!

Thou bring'st before our wond'ring eyes,
Modell'd in truth, each gone-by scene
That Hist'ry's varied page supplies;—
Here still *they* flourish, fresh and green,
Defying Time's oblivious power,
Who long have pass'd Life's fitful hour.

Modern Prometheus! who can'st give
Like him of old, to human form
All *but* the life;—here THOU wilt live
And triumph o'er the "creeping worm"
That sullies all things—pale Decay!
Thy features ne'er can pass away!*

A nobler Trophy far is thine,
Than "storied urn," by stranger hands,
Rear'd (in thy now adopted clime),
And higher reverence cammands;
These forms—to which thine Art hast lent
Life's truth,—shall be THY MONUMENT!

TO FLORENCE,

DAUGHTER OF MRS. C. B. WILSON, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Fair Florence! youth is beaming now
Upon thy lip, and cheek, and brow;
And all the world's most subtle snares,
Its lures and wiles, its wants and cares,
Its empty pride, and dearth of thought,
To *thee* are little less than nought.

But, Florence, darker days must come,
A colder age, a chillier home;
When o'er that bright young eye will spread
The tear's dim drop too early shed;
When falsehood will thy steps attend,
Nor every flatterer prove a friend.

Sweet Florence! sport away thine hour,
Graceful and glowing as a flow'r;
Still let the nightingale sing on,
Nor heed its lay, light-hearted one;
To all her virtuous worth aspire,
But shun, sweet girl, thy Mother's Lyre!

P.

SCOTTISH WAR SONG.

BY MISS MESSUM.

The Southerns! the Southerns! already I see them,
Their banner waves proudly, oh! soon may it fa'!
Wi' dirks and wi' claymores we'll give them a welcome,
Now aff wi' your bonnets brave Highlanders a',
"Huzza for King Jamie!"

* Alluding to the exquisite figure of the Artist's self.

The Southerns! the Southerns! oh! dinna ye ken lads,
They ha' not our gallant Dundee in their band!
Gie a cheer loud and lang then ye wha loe Scotland,
For the hope and the pride o' our bonnie land!
"Huzza for Dundee!"

The Southerns! the Southerns! they're bauldly advancing,
Sound to the onset! awa' for the plain!
A right guid reception we'll gie to the traitors;
Now lads *wi' Dundee*, for our King and our ain!
"Huzza for Scotland!"

DISAPPOINTMENT IN LOVE.

(An Extract from an unpublished MS. Poem.)

This is the sharpest thorn can grow
Across dear Woman's path of woe!
All other ills she sweetly bears,
In patience meek she sits, and shares
The fiercest trials man can know
Within this vale of tears below!
When—barbed by treachery, the dart,
Or cruel Fate—it seeks her *heart*,
When blighted love *it's strings doth sever*,
She droops and falls—and falls for ever!
She may not *die*—Fate may deny it;
Prayer will compose, and she may try it;
She may live on, but weeds as rank
Are emblems of that dreary blank!
Her cheek grows blanched, her eyes wax dim,
Abstracted thoughts will through them swim,
Her being's end is passed away,
She pants but for her couch of clay!

EDWARD WARD.

STANZAS

BY ELIZA HAMILTON.

"Kneel to the wittiest,
Bend to the prettiest,
And kiss her you love best."

That Cupid's a treacherous boy,
Away with his arts and his dart,
No more shall his arrows employ
For a target this sad wounded heart.
Last night I'm sure that all eyes
Proclaimed me the belle of the room,
Sir Sedley he gazed with surprise,
And methought I had then sealed his doom.

When I sang, how sweet did he praise;
When I danced his eyes beamed with delight;
Ah! why did those romping Miss Greys
Beg for forfeits to finish the night?
For the forfeit that wound up the game,
Alas! fell to the false Sedley's share,
My heart "Di tante palpiti" became,
When he knelt at the foot of my chair.

I kneel to the wittiest, he gallantly cried,
And gracefully bowed as he rose;
I bend to the prettiest the baronet sighed,
When my blushes in myriads arose;
I kiss her I love best, in a rapturous tone,
How my brow did my triumph display,
The kiss never reached its expectant throne,
But it died on the cheek of Miss Grey.

SONG.

BY GEORGE DAVEY.

Though thy vows to another are plighted,
And Mammon has triumph'd o'er Love;
Though Life's flowers to me are all blighted,
And no hope left but Heaven above:
Yet meet me once more in that bower
Of Beauty and blissful delight,
Where we oft felt the power
Of the sweet gloaming hour,
Till it melted away into night.

'Tis my last—'tis my only request—
Reproaches are idle and vain;
For thy life will be gladsome and blest—
My hours are but sorrow and pain!
Yet meet me once more in that bower
Of Beauty and blissful delight,
Where we oft felt the power
Of the sweet gloaming hour,
Till it melted away into night.

CHARADE.

My FIRST's a word in common use, that signifies equality;
My NEXT, when it attacks a flock, creates a vast fatality;
My WHOLE is of the feather'd tribe, and for its strange vocality,
Gets patroniz'd, caress'd, and kept by many folks of quality.

A. N.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 216.

To hail the hour of MESS with glee
Our Captain's MATE did never fail,
As snug we lay becalmed at sea,
And listened to each MESSMATE's tale.

WILLIAM R.

ANSWER TO REBUS, Page 216.

I've found the *Maid*, I've found the Wife,
I've found the *Muse* and *Minstrel* too,
The *Anchor Rest*, man's hope through life;
No more we *yesterday* can view,
The initials join'd form POETRY,
To favour'd mortals only given,
It is no *art*, it *cannot be*,
The Poet's surely born of Heaven.

JEAN.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Once I dreamt, it boots not when,
I had left the sons of men;
Left the dull cold earth below,
Felt Elysium's warmer glow;
Still I gazed with fresh delight,
All was fair that met my sight.
Not such as on earth we see,
Form'd Elysium but for thee;
Thy fair sky's celestial hue,
Rainbow-tinted purest blue;
Lakes whose chrystal waters gleam,
Flinging back the noon-tide beam:
More its beauties might I tell,
But Melissa's magic spell
Bids me say whose shades I found,
Gracing the Elysian ground,
PENELOPE the first appears,
Faithful found, tho' tried for years;
ORPHEUS next his lute essay'd;
EURYDICE her charms display'd;
THALIA, free from earthly ills,
Dancing to "Les Belles Quadrilles;"
RELIGIOUS altars, burn'd with flame,
To-day or YESTERDAY, the same.
More shades advance—no more I need,
My task is ended—I am freed;
Take their initials and you'll find
'Tis POETRY, the music of the mind.

HENRY DAVY.

QUERIES.

Why is a loaf which has fallen overboard like a lobster?—Because it is bred (*bread*) in the Sea.

What town within a hundred miles of Salisbury Plain does a friend name when he asks another if he is inclined to proceed on his journey?—Wilt'on? (*Wilton.*)

Why are grasshoppers like watches; Because they move by springs.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS.—A young clergyman who had just returned from London, where he had taken orders, was invited by the Rector of his native village to preach his maiden sermon. Accordingly the preacher on the following Sunday, having entered the pulpit gave out his text, "In my father's house are many mansions." When an honest countryman, not very conversant, it should seem, with his bible, starting from among the rustic auditory, exclaimed, "Lord love yee parson, stop a bit, that may do very well for a Lunnun congregation, but its too great a flam *here*; I noad your fether and grandfether too, and blow me tight if there was more than two rooms beside the kitchen and the pig-stye, in their house; so don't ye go to tell us this again!

GIFTS.

Fresh gifts from partial friends we prize,
As proofs of their esteem,
More than the wealth that in them lies,
If rightly do I deem;
But cherish we the simplest flower
Cull'd by the hand of love,
Memorial of departed hour,
Hallow'd by feeling's tenderest power
All other gift above.

MELISSA.

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Under the immediate Patronage,

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 32—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Feb. 15, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Evening Dress.—The under-dress is composed of black satin, the *corsaye* low and square, is bordered with black blond lace, which stands up round the bust. The border is trimmed with a blond lace flounce. The open robe is of rich figured satin; the colour is a new shade of fawn. The body cut of the same height as that of the under-dress, is

plain behind, but cut out before so as to form the shape of a heart; this kind of stomacher is bordered by Grecian *dents*, the sides of the robe are also cut in *dents*, but of a larger size. Amadis sleeves, surmounted by *mancherons*, cut round the border to correspond with the *corsage*. The head-dress is a Mary of Scotland toque, composed of velvet to correspond with the dress; it is trimmed with gauze ribbons, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers attached a little on one side of the crown, a single feather placed on the inside of the brim completes the trimming. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

Evening Dress Cap.—It is composed of blond lace, a low caul shaped to the head. The trimming of the front consists of three separate pieces of blond lace arranged in a very novel manner, and sustained by bands of blue gauze ribbon, in which a bouquet of wild flowers is inserted on the left side. A band of ribbon encircles the caul, it also forms the brides; a bow behind completes the trimming. The second cap is only a back view of the one just described.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Accessories to Evening Dress.—The revolutions which we have within the last few years witnessed in kingdoms and states, are nothing, absolutely nothing, compared with the revolutions in the Empire of Fashion. But in this respect we progress backwarks, if the phrase may be allowed; for scarcely a week passes without some revival of the modes of the seventeeth century, which are now indeed almost the only ones adopted. Among the latest revivals we may cite the *toquet*, a singular but not unbecoming head-dress; it may be composed either of velvet or satin, the crown is shaped like a man's hat, and the back part and sides of the brim, which we should observe is turned up at the sides, also resemble a man's hat in shape, but the brim is open, and sloping down in the centre, and the crown descends upon the forehead, rather in a point. These hats are variously trimmed; some with a single long white ostrich feather, placed nearly upright in front, and attached by a gold or jewelled ornament; others have a bouquet of the beautiful plumage of foreign birds; and several are trimmed with a membrane of the plumage of a bird of Paradise, but we must observe that in any case a band of rich gauze ribbon, which is sometimes spotted with gold or silver, goes round the bottom of the crown, and ties in a bow with short ends behind.

Antique fans are also in very great request. Some of tortoiseshell are of immense size, and equally remarkable for the art with which they are carved, and the extraordinary beauty of the paintings that adorn them, both are in the gothic style. Some of less extravagant dimensions are of ivory, they are also delicately carved, and painted round the top in wreaths of flowers; a third sort, and these are the most in favour, are composed of short ostrich feathers, and mounted upon a small mirror. When one of these is fluttered by a lady who knows how, as Addison expresses it, to wield her fan, the effect is singularly graceful.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FITZROY THEATRE.

We witnessed the *debût* of Mr. Mayhew at this Theatre, in the character of *Mornington*, (or rather *Beverley*), in a piece called the "*Gaming Table*," which is *modestly* stated in the bills to be by the author of the "*King Incog*," *suggested* by Moore's tragedy of the "*Gamester*." *Suggested*, indeed! the whole of the beauties of the piece, modest author, belong to Edward Moore, the errors are *all thine own!* The serious part is *word for word* from the "*Gamester*," only instead of the fine character of the old attached servant, a whipper-snaper footman is introduced, certainly more in character with the race of domestics of the present day, than the fine portrait of those of the "olden time," so beautifully drawn by the author of "*The Gamester*." Mr. Mayhew strongly reminded us of Kean, but then it was of *his faults*, this gentleman has much to learn, and much, (which is perhaps the most difficult task of the two), to *unlearn*. When he let nature have her own way, he was *successful*, but *art* marred his performance. Miss Mason, the *Mrs. Mornington*, (alias *Beverley*), reminded us (as we long since stated), of her cousin, Fanny Kemble, but she wants practice in walking the stage, and stage *trickery* (if we may be allowed to apply such a term to a lady), as her fall beside the dead body of her husband in the closing scene, was any thing but graceful. A few leaden weights in the hem of her petticoat would have been of use on the night we witnessed the performance, as the force of her fall displayed rather more of the lady's *understanding* than was meet for scenic effect.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

The ensuing festival at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 1st of March, is expected to be unusually brilliant, as the Cambrian nobility have promised to "muster strong" on the occasion. The Ode for the dinner is from the pen of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, the Honorary Bard of the Royal Cambrian Society, whose Welsh melodies, adapted to the airs of the "Mountain Land," by Mr. Parry, are already well known.

Somebody said to Lady Townshend, "Pray, madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*" "No, sir, he has only *canted*."

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS.

BY A STUDENT.

"I cannot but remember such things *were*."
MACBETH.

——— C—— College, in the south of Ireland, was the place destined for the future prosecution of my studies. To one who had never, at any time, been more than a few miles distance from London, this announcement was awful. To be absent, for the space of three years, and at the distance of so many hundred miles, from those whom hardly a month had ever previously elapsed without my seeing; the thought required all the philosophy of a stoic to bear with it. *Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ, quiequid corrigere est nefas;* so I made up my mind to depart as contentedly as possible. Father, mother, sisters, uncles, aunts, friends, and even the servants, all accompanied me in boats to the side of the packet, that was to convey the exile to the emerald isle.

The time for starting now drew near, all was haste and hurry. And then came the innumerable farewells,—the deep sigh as parent parted with child—husband with wife—and friend with friend. It was impossible to avoid observing that mine was not the only eye that glistened with a tear.

There is something so sorrowful in bidding adieu to those to whom our hearts cling with fond affection, and whom fate may ordain us never to meet again.

Ye who have known what 'tis to doat upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
That partings break the heart they fondly
hope to heal.

Every endearment we have received, all the testimonies of affection that have been lavished on us, tend to melt us into grief; and coldly callous must be the heart that can leave the embraces of a fond mother and the tender love of his family, without an effort to restrain a sigh or a struggle to repress a tear.

Oh! how keen was the grief I experienced when the boats that contained all I valued on earth, began to separate from the vessel, when the envious packet cleaved its way through the waters. How heart-rending was the farewell gesture of the hand—the mournful waving of the handkerchief—as gradually they became more and more distant. With what agony did I lean over the vessel-side, and strain my eyes to obtain one more glimpse of the loved ones, now almost imperceptible in the distance. And when every trace had at length vanished, when water and

boats had apparently become amalgamated with each other, I retired lonely and forlorn to the cabin, and at the approach of night, sleep for a time put an end to those sorrows, so deservedly called forth, and so fervently indulged in.

Our voyage was prosperous and happy. 'Twas a delightful morning when we arrived in sight of Dublin. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, the grandeur of the bay of Dublin, (allowed by travellers to be inferior only to that of Naples, the latter being supposed to be the most beautiful in the world), the bold and rugged peninsula of Howth, rising precipitously from the bay, covered with intermingled rocks and heath, and crowned by two lighthouses; the whole enlivened by the pleasing motion of ships under sail, combine to impress the spectator with admiration. It certainly merits all the praise it has obtained.

For the short time I remained in Dublin, I took up my residence at an hotel in Sackville-street. Here I was particularly amused by an original character, in the shape of an Irish waiter. Pat was one of those fellows, who for the first part of the day would work like a horse, and when there was no longer any eye to watch him, would sit down and do nothing. It happened that the sashes of the kitchen window had got broken, and had been merely fixed in an unsafe manner previous to their being mended. The day happened to be very boisterous and stormy, and threatened to blow the window to the ground. Pat, who was comfortably seated by the kitchen-fire, calmly smoking his dudeen, though fearful it would fall yet, (like the King of Spain and the chesnuts), was too lazy to attend to it himself. "Come here, Tim, you spalpeen," cried he, "and be after fixin this window afore it tumbles. Thunder and turf, man what is it's keeping you?" Tim, busily engaged at something in the adjoining kitchen, promised to come in an instant. Not doing so, however, in the meantime a sudden gust of wind rose, blew the window in the middle of the room, when it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Too late, Pat, sprang from his seat, gazed on the fragments of the window as mournfully as ever Marius looked on the ruins of Carthage, and laid all the blame of the accident to Tim for having delayed in coming. This is not an exaggerated picture, and is a faithful representation of too many of the Irish servants.

My father, a few days before my departure, arrived in Dublin. Shortly after this I set out for the college, in company with a gentleman who resided in its vicinity. I remained at his house three days previous to my entrance. On Saturday, (the evening of which day had been fixed upon as the commencement of my three years imprisonment), having had an invitation to Strathally, (a little town about sixteen miles from my present place of residence,) I determined to accept it, intending, however, to return on Monday morning. My invitation had been to the parish priest of Strathally, and his brother, with whom I was a particular favourite, lent me one of his horses, and we set out in the evening together. For eight miles we continued to ride at a brisk trot, when our career was suddenly interrupted by the fall of a heavy shower of rain. We were now in Castletown, and the shower still continuing heavily, we took shelter in the house of a friend of my companion's, a rich farmer, who possessed (besides an extensive range of property and land), a lovely and interesting daughter. To see her was to love her! and bright as was the beau-ideal I had formed of female beauty, it was far surpassed by the natural loveliness of Mary K—y. The attention she paid me when she heard I was a stranger, the numerous attractions of her person and mind, the charm that pervaded all her actions, would have been calculated to win the affection of one even less romantic than myself. I had heard so much of her beauty previous to my meeting her, that I really thought none could deserve such unbounded admiration. Her form was beautiful, she had auburn hair, which fell in ringlets on her shoulders; her light blue eyes were full of laughing brightness, and beamed with liveliness and expression; the dimple on her cheek seemed ever ready to express some merry mischief; smiles were the eternal companions of her lips; she was all happiness, all gaiety, the favourite theme of every tongue. The village poet celebrated her in his stanzas, and none could envy her, she was so affable and gentle to all. Her loveliness had gained her the name of the Lily of Castletown. Still, amid the general homage to her charms, she possessd not the slightest tincture of pride,

"around her shone
The nameless charms, unmarked by her alone."

"There are some faces," says the talented author of 'Vivian Grey,' "that defy description and almost scrutiny. Some faces rise upon us in the tumult of life, like stars from out the sea, or as if they had moved out of a picture, our first impression is any thing but earthly. A strange sort of admiring fear mingles with our intense pleasure. And not till with a struggle we call back our memory to the common places of existence, can we recover our common-place demeanour." And yet an attempt to describe what we have seen, were vain.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To shew one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

The night having now cleared up, we prepared to depart. The stars shone brightly in the spangled firmament; the moon glittered in her silvery beams; not a cloud dared to cast its shadow, athwart its full, fair face; it shone with that peculiar brilliancy, which has induced more than one Irishman to assert, "there is no moon like the moon of our country." Our horses were brought us, we mounted and bade farewell to our friends. Something like a sigh escaped my bosom as I parted with Mary. Many a lingering look I gave behind me, until an angle of the road totally intercepted my view. We soon reached Strathally. Monday morning arrived. Will any one censure me if all thoughts of the college were absorbed in the consideration of her I had seen, and whom I already loved?

The event may be supposed, I remained at Strathally, contriving, however, to visit Castletown daily. We seldom dined till six, thus from breakfast to that hour was generally spent there. Time never passes so quickly as when we wish it to stay; thus a fortnight elapsed so replete with pleasure, that it glided by almost unperceived. How fleeting are the fairy hours of bliss! how sweet and happy, and yet how transient! One morning, just as I was preparing to set out for Castletown, a packet of letters were put into my hand. My father, who still remained in Dublin, had written to know if I had entered the college. To his first letter no answer had been returned. Astonished at this, he wrote a second, signifying his intention of starting immediately for the town of C——. These two letters, (with a third from my friend, advising me to return home), were the contents of the packet. This I determined to do. Bidding adieu to my kind friends in Strathally, I set out on my intended return.

On arriving at Castletown, I determined to go and take my farewell of her whom I loved, and whom I doubted whether I should ever see again. The first person I met on entering was Mary; it was the hour of the day when I generally called. She ran with joy to meet me, but I perceived a tear steal down her cheek, when I informed her of the object of my visit. We had not dreamed that time must inevitably put an end to our happiness. We entered the house, I proceeded to take my farewell of the family and to depart. This they would not hear of; they insisted on my remaining a short time with them. In vain I protested and declared it impossible; I even shewed them my father's letter; they continued to solicit me, but I was as stern and immovable as a stoic. But, oh! how frail and short-lived was my resolution; a few words of intreaty from Mary atchieved the victory over me. It was in vain for me to oppose her; the pearly tear of sorrow that had stolen from her azure eye, and still glistened on her silken eyelashes, overcame all my previous determination.

Oh! too convincing, dangerously dear
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear—

That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

In the evening, (under the pretence of going to the stable to look after my horse), I left my friends and made up my mind, (after a bitter struggle between affection and duty), to steal unperceived from her whom I knew I could not leave otherwise. Not finding, however, my horse in the stable, and enquiring after him, to my astonishment I found they had anticipated my intention and had accordingly sent back my horse to Strathally shortly after my arrival in Castletown. Thus no alternative was left me but to remain.

I have since spent many a happy hour, but none revert to my mind with such pleasure and satisfaction as those I spent at Castletown. Possessing the guileless affection of one so beautiful, how could I fail to be happy? I was so! and though brief and transient was the hour of my enjoyment; yet it was bright and undimmed as the lightning's flash, "which passeth by ere one can say it lightens!" Mary and I were inseparable companions. Soon as the sun had made his appearance in the heavens, when the daisy was gradually unfolding to its beams, our couches were abandoned, and many a mile across the country we traversed before breakfast. In the heat of the day, when the summer sun cast downwards its scorching rays, when all but the butterfly or the insect tribe had taken refuge from its beam; we were generally to be found seated under the shade of a wide elm at the extremity of the garden. And when the sun had set, when the cool evening had succeeded the intense heat; when the glow-worm sparkled on the bank; still we might be found wandering together through the romantic avenues with which Castletown abounds. Every spot within miles of the surrounding country we had explored, and many a tree, far and near, bears to this day the names of Mary and Edward.

But the time was fast approaching—the hour was drawing near that was to separate me from her, never to see her again. One beautiful and serene evening, we had taken an unusually long walk across the fields. The sun had just made his exit from the sky, and had left the undulations of hill and dale painted with nature's richest hues; the wide-ringing song of the birds was hushed; we saw the wild flowers beneath our feet yet heeded them not; we viewed the diamond drops that glittered on every leaf of the motionless trees, yet disregarded them; our thoughts were engrossed and absorbed in each other. At the request of my fair companion I had seated myself down near an old bridge to take a distant view of Castletown and the surrounding scenery. (I always on these excursions carried my sketch in my pocket, and some of the views I then made are still in my possession.) Mary had thrown one of her arms across my shoulder, and her beautiful eyes were gazing full in my face, when suddenly my name twice repeated, roused us from the reverie into which we had fallen. On looking towards the bridge, we beheld the gentleman, (with whom I had travelled from Dublin) descend from a gig. He assured me my father had set out from Dublin, and was hourly expected. No alternative was now left me but to return. On arriving at Castletown I bade Mary farewell, leaped into the gig, and was soon out of sight.

Under such circumstances how could I fail to turn poet? On arriving at home I retired to my room, took from my desk a sheet of paper, and what my heart dictated my pen did not refuse to express. I had never previously written a line of poetry, and from this felt more and more convinced that poetry emanates from, and finds its origin in feeling, though I have heard the contrary asserted. Perhaps the cold and the heartless may deem them foolish, but surely if "crimes are made venial, follies may be considered pardonable" by the occasion.

And is it thus? how swift the hours
Have passed since first we met!
Can fate's relentless hand thus sever
Me from that happiness which never
On earth I can forget?

'Tis thus in life that all our joys,
However sweet, must end!
I'm not the first can tell a tale
Of woe, which all who've felt bewail,
Of woe to which all bend.

Ah! is it doom'd life's joy should be
But momentary here?
Why should the fragile cup of life
Be filled with sorrow and with strife
Canst thou respond, my dear?

Remember. Mary! I've a heart
Will ever warm for you!
Cold must have been that heart as steel,
If it could e'er have failed to feel
Thy kindness, Love, so true!

And when far, far away from thee,
In Britain's isle I rove,
My saddened heart will ne'er deny
To waft to heaven a prayer or sigh
For thy best weal, my Love!

Adieu! my first-loved! fare thee well!
My grief 'twere vain to tell!
The thoughts of thee shall ever glow
Uncheck'd, unchill'd in weal or woe,
Farewell! dear maid! farewell!

I never beheld her afterwards, and though since then some years have passed away, she is firmly and indelibly traced upon the tablet of my memory. It lulls and soothes the mournful heart to dwell on the remembrance of those whom we love; and though our recollections may sometimes draw a tear from the eye and a sigh from the heart, still they are sweet and grateful. My first-loved and my unforgot; in sorrow and in gloom thy memory rushes over my mind like a vision of the past; in the reverie of my day-dream oft I distinctly see thee, fair and beautiful as when I knew thee! Though thou art far from him who loves thee; though thou can'st not perceive the tributary tear he devotes to thy memory, or hear the prayer wafted for thy welfare, yet are his thoughts with thee.

From town to town since then I've strayed,
I've wandered many a mile;
I've met with many a blooming maid,
And owned her charms the while;
I've gazed on some that then seemed fair,
Yet beauteous tho' they be,
I find there's none that can compare,
My Mary, dear, with thee!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DUEL.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

Here was destruction! Here was ruin and misery wrought in the space of twenty-four hours! Dead! Bleeding! Slaughtered! Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

The room was filled with people. Something dreadful had happened. The servants were all in confusion; running about with pale faces, and wild voices; moving away this thing, that, and the other; crying, lamenting, and doing no good after all. In the midst of them stood, or rather was supported, an old man, with his eyes fixed upwards in stupified sorrow. Two servants had an arm under each of his, which hung down helplessly. They brought him a chair, and let him gently into it. "Are you better, Sir?" said his kind, faithful William, rubbing his master's hand unconsciously, and waiting in vain for an answer. "Oh, speak, sir—speak to me! You are very ill, sir, I am sure you are. Oh, my God, what's coming over him—he's going—James! It will kill him—my dear master!" It was only a fainting fit, and he soon came to life. Then poor William heard him speak, but all he said was, "shocking! shocking! how does *she* bear it? Where is she? Oh, Millicent! My child! my child!"

There laid on a table at a little distance, the body of a young man. He was quite dead, but the blood still continued to drop on the floor, from a wound in his head; every spot was visible with frightful distinctness on his fair hair and brow. The mouth was placid and beautiful as ever, but the eyes stared wide open in their blue ghastly glare. There was a wound in the temple, small but deep and deadly. This was the cause of his death. Two or three gentlemen in black, evidently surgeons, were standing round the corpse, conversing on this melancholy affair. "You see the ball has penetrated the brain," said one, "he must have died instantly; poor fellow! In the flower of youth to come to such an untimely end! It is distressing? I almost hope the fellow who killed him will not escape." "My dear sir," said another, who was a heartless duellist, "It was all fair: Captain Lancaster's second, Mr. Willoughby, has related the whole affair to me; it is an unfortunate thing, to be sure. Every thing was done to reconcile them, but in vain;

and I do assure you, my good fellow, it was all according to the laws of honour." The other turned away with a sigh. "Well, we can do nothing more; the body had better be removed and washed."

It was all silent below stairs; but there was an anxious pale group above, crowding round a closed door; it was Millicent's dressing room. They had entreated her to open it, or to speak one word; every person listened with intense interest; but not a sound could be heard. Mr. Hazlemere was distracted. "Millicent, my daugher?" said he, "open the door, I beseech you; or tell me only that you are not ill. It is I, Millicent, your father, who is on his knees entreating you. Child! child! you will break my heart!" A deep groan was heard. "Oh God! my God! will no one assist an old man in his broken-heartedness? Force the door, I say; she is dying—help, help!"

It was distressing to see his frantic but feeble efforts to force the door with his shoulder. He was in agony during the few minutes the messenger was gone for instruments to break it open. At last it flew back—God of heaven! what a sight for a parent! Millicent Hazlemere was sitting on the floor, pale, wild, and altered in features; conviction struck like a burning arrow to the soul of her father that he looked upon a being deprived of sense! His once sweet, affectionate Millicent, never again would she come softly near him, putting her arms round his neck as he sat in his study. She would never more ask his blessing when she retired to rest; all this passed like a meteor over the old man's thoughts, and his bosom was like a vast dark sea, cold, stirless, sunless, and heaving, yet without life.

* * * * * *

Lennox Lancaster was "a star in the West." Wherever *he* appeared all the gentlemen were thrown in the back ground. Not that he was altogether so talented, but he had such a knack at conversation—such tact—such a winning way, that he got himself liked just as he pleased. He would talk intellectually to the intellectual; romance to the romantic; philosophy to the grave; and nonsense to the gay. In short he was "un chevalier tout a fait" among the ladies, and the "best fellow going" with the gentlemen.

Millicent Hazelmere was just such a girl as he had been dreaming of in his hours of romance. Auburn-hair'd, passionate-eyed, fair, fond, and slight; just the sweet creature his "fancy had painted."

She was his betrothed, and they were happy, till one evening they were out together at a fancy ball, they had not been very good friends all day; their quarrel was about a feather, a straw, or a flower, I forget which, but on their way to Duke-street neither of them spoke five words. Millicent looked beautiful that evening, in her Greek slave's dress! the sweet little cap, with the gold tassel, and the long hair braided behind, became her style of countenance so well; then the loose robe, and her tiny feet more than usually exposed, with the delicate chains reaching from the ancles to the wrists—Lennox might well have looked with an anxious eye upon all; but little did he know of woman's heart, and *hers*, in particular, if he thought she would trifle with his feelings. However, he leaned against the chimney-piece, with a troubled mind, an aching head, and an aching heart when he saw her doing the waltz with the young Count D'Astarelle, who was a perfect Apollo; that is, if Apollo might cultivate moustachés, for the count had as beautiful a pair—dark, glossy, fine, Greek shaped, and thin. In short, without being quite so boyish and chubby-faced as the Cupid which is painted on a harp-stand, holding a Lion large enough to eat him, (as Maria says), the young count might put one in mind of "Il Dio d'amorie—di grazia—di gentillezza." Well, to this fascinating cavalier Millicent was listening with intense interest. He spoke of the Carbonari, and her attention was rivetted; she sat pale and statue-like, with her hands clasped in her lap, and slow-moving eyes looking up into his face absorbed: her lips apart, and her teeth glittering between them. As for D'Astarelle, his words were graceful, soul-stirring, passionate, eloquent. His eyes gleamed fire, and he had a very pretty way of smoothing the left moustachio, but—it matters not. Lennox saw only Millicent Hazlemere, he marked only her low-voiced, sobbing replies, all in the "Dolce Italiano," and it sent fire into his brain. Once he attempted to retaliate, by playing the amiable to Emily Stanhope, but some one ran away with her to do a Mazurka. So the little "gentlemen in *blue*" played at marbles in his heart with as great a spirit as ever, knocking the balls about, and cheating one another famously.

It happened when Millicent's carriage was announced, Lennox was not near, so the Count D'Astarelle offered his arm. It had been raining, and the stones were wet along the portico, Miss Hazlemere's shoes were no thicker than paper—what was to be done? Why, the young Count, before she was aware of his intentions, bore her along in his arms to the carriage. Lennox Lancaster was coming down stairs, and he saw it all; he rushed forward, and seizing Millicent by the arm suddenly, nearly brought them to the ground. He looked at D'Astarelle like—like—I should be very sorry to meet with such a look—"Count, I shall not suffer this—you will—you will place the lady on the ground." "Most decidedly not—the stones are damp," answered D'Astarelle, very coolly still retaining Millicent, while something like a provoking smile passed over his countenance, "I tell you Count—" said Lennox, stamping his foot with rage, "I'll speak to you in a minute, sir," the other answered, hurrying onward with the trembling girl; the carriage drove off—she had the last glimpse of her lover just as they were exchanging cards. All night she prayed on her knees for that dear one; that he might be spared for her: but Lennox fell, and by the hand of D'Astarelle. They met in a lonely field at the grey dawn of morning, when the frost whitened the grass, and the cold wind chilled their hearts. The ground was measured—*twelve paces—wheel and fire!* Murderous! Lennox was still trembling with rage, and D'Astarelle stood cool as ever; he even attempted to yawn; but this was surely going too far. The pistols were charged, and each presented with one. The unhappy young men took their stations, the handkerchief was dropped—they fired—they still stood both with life beating in their hearts, but pale already as dead men, and a smile—a dreadful smile—parted D'Astarelle's white lips. The seconds interfered; but no, no, D'Astarelle would not apologize, "one, two, three!" again they fire—D'Astarelle stood upright, but Lennox—Lennox Lancaster laid rolling in his blood, his eyes glazing fast, and after one bound of agony, he was silent for ever.

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THE YOUNG SAILOR.*

Mr. and Mrs. Ormond resided in a family mansion in the beautiful village of E——. The affectionate couple were blessed with an only son, whom they strenuously endeavoured to bring up in habits of industry and virtue. Charles, the object of their fondest hopes, exhibited from his earliest age, a warm and benevolent disposition. This his anxious parents perceived with joy, but at the same time they beheld with fears for his future safety, that his generosity was carried beyond the bounds of prudence, and that the extreme ardour with which he commenced every undertaking, and the sanguine hopes he entertained of its success, would most likely lead to severe and frequent disappointment.

Mr. Ormond had destined his son for the medical profession, and spared neither labour or expense to render his acquirements adequate to the situation in life in which he intended to place him. Charles, however, far from seconding his father's wishes, manifested a great desire to become a sailor. His dictionaries and grammars were thrown aside to read of voyages and Robinson Crusoe. This disposition was farther increased by his acquaintance with Maria Belgrave, the daughter of Captain Belgrave, who commanded a ship called the Caroline. This young lady soon became his friend, and it was his chief delight to steal away from his school companions, to hear her relate

* We feel bound to state that the above little sketch is the first attempt of two very young ladies during the Christmas holidays, —EDITRESS.

with childish simplicity and wonder, her father's imminent perils and interesting adventures. But his greatest pleasure was to spend an evening at Green Cottage, when the Captain was at home, and to hear him relate, in his peculiarly interesting manner, the mingled hardships and enjoyments of a sailor's life. On these occasions, when Charles declared himself to be highly gratified by his visit, the Captain would stroke his head, and tell him when he grew up he would take him into his own ship, and make a fine brave man of him. These words made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the sensitive boy. He already pictured to himself the time when he should save the life of a fellow creature, enjoy the esteem and confidence of his commander, or greatly distinguish himself by acts of generosity and intrepidity. But one accident more than any another served to fix his resolution, and all the persuasions and arguments of his father to induce him to change it, were, from that time, totally fruitless. One day, when he was about thirteen years of age, he accompanied his parents to the races usually held at E——. Among the numerous beggars who approached their carriage, was a sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country. His brave and honest countenance, and also his dress, attracted Charles's attention. He eagerly enquired if he had not fought in the navy. "Yes," replied the sailor, "and would willingly serve in it again, if I could once see my poor wife strong and hearty. If it was only to support myself, I would sooner starve than beg, but when I see her, poor soul, unable to work for herself, and forsaken by all who have repeatedly promised to befriend us, it makes my heart sink within me." "But, surely," exclaimed Charles, with honest indignation. "you do not mean to say that the persons who promised to assist you left you at the time you most wanted their kind offices." "Ah! sir, I once thought so too, but time has brought me experience. Those expressions of friendship were made in our better days, when all went smoothly with us; and I am sure we were willing enough to help those who were worse off than ourselves; but things are quite changed now, and it was but yesterday when I was turned away from a house where I had been often welcomed, and was told they had nothing for me."

Mrs. Ormond had not been an inattentive listener during the conversation, and when the sailor paused and wiped a tear off his manly cheek, she asked him the nature of his wife's complaint. "Why I'm sadly afraid she's in a sad declining way, and I fear nothing that I can procure will be of the least service to her." Charles placed a half-crown in his hand, for the relief of his present necessities, asked his address, and promised to visit him shortly. The next day he called with his mother at the humble lodgings, where he was gladly welcomed by the sailor, and found his wife lying on a neat but thinly covered bed; and while he was acting at once the part of nurse and tutor, by watching her pallid cheek, and endeavouring to sooth her pain, he was surrounded by four lovely children, the eldest of whom, a girl of six years, was learning a spelling lesson; the two next were on each side of him repeating the alphabet, and the little one was on his knee, chattering in his own peculiar manner. After inquiring into the state of the invalid, Mrs. Ormond inquired of the sailor how he would employ himself if his wife were well. "I would go on board the ship directly." "And is there an opportunity for you to go now," asked Mrs, Ormond. "Oh! yes, ma'am, it is a week before the ship sails, and by that time I could get quite ready. But there is no chance of my going then, for I cannot make up my mind to leave this dear creature to die without me." "You may go in comfort," said Mrs. Ormond, "your wife shall have proper assistance, and shall be taken care of till your return." The sailor could not find words to express his gratitude; this, however, his looks sufficiently evinced, and Mrs. Ormond then departed, leaving them money to procure every comfort the invalid might require. It may not be improper to mention that the sailor departed at the appointed time, and his wife, (who with proper care and attention gradually recovered), was admitted into the family of her benefactress in the capacity of housekeeper. During the next four years nothing occurred worthy of notice. Charles had now completed his seventeenth year, and his desire for a sailor's life, so far from abating had continued increasing.

Captain Belgrave frequently conversed with Mr. Ormond on the propriety of suffering him to follow the bent of his own inclination, which was neither trifling nor vicious. Indeed Mr. Ormond's compliance was not a little promoted by the consciousness that his son would be under the protection of so excellent a man. The Caroline was to sail on the 8th of March, and Charles had only one month to spend at his paternal home, to which he was most fondly attached. Much as he longed to enter on a maritime life, the thoughts of leaving it for so long a time, almost chilled his ardour. At length the eventful day arrived, and Charles, after bidding many tender adieus to his parents and friends, not forgetting his early favourite, Maria, (who was now an elegant girl of sixteen), he, with his protector, left his native home with mingled sensations of pleasure and regret. The first letter which Mr. and Mrs. Ormond received, assured them of their son's happiness, and also bore testimony of his good conduct from his commander. In every succeeding communication they rejoiced to find that the pains they had taken to render their son an useful and worthy member of society, had not been lost upon him, that delightful assurance completely repaid every sacrifice they had made for him. At the expiration of a year, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond received, with unfeigned delight, another letter from Charles, informing them that the voyage was nearly completed, the ship would anchor at Portsmouth in less than a week, and that before a fortnight, he hoped to embrace his beloved parents. The day after they had received this joyful intelligence, as Mr. and Mrs. Ormond were sitting at breakfast, with that fashionable accompaniment, a newspaper, Mr. Ormond, who was reading aloud to his wife, suddenly changed colour, threw down the paper and rang the bell. On the servant's entering the room, he told him to go instantly and order a postchaise. His wife, alarmed at his hurried manner, and the apparent uneasiness of his mind, eagerly enquired the cause, to which he replied by handing her the paper, and pointing to the place where she read the following account—

"On Monday last a melancholy occurrence took place on board the ship Caroline, just arrived at Portsmouth. A youth of dissolute habits and abandoned principles, was sentenced to undergo some corporal punishment for his constant drunkenness. The dread of this, together with the hatred of his companions, induced him to throw himself overboard. He was of tall stature, with auburn hair and light eyes. His body is now at the king's head inn, Portsmouth, where any one who thinks this description at all corresponds with that of their relations or friends, may view it. No traces have yet been heard to lead to the discovery of his relatives. He usually went on board the ship by the name of drunken Charles." Mrs. Ormond had no sooner read this account, than she instantly fainted away, and on her recovering her senses she was taken with a fever of such a nature as te render it impossible for her to accompany her husband.

Mr. Ormond, as soon as a chaise could be procured, set off, and, except calling at the physician's to request him to attend his wife, he never stopped till he arrived at Portsmouth. While on his road, he considered, as as well as the perturbed state of his mind would allow him, the probability of the youth described in the newspapers being his son. Every part seemed to correspond, except that in which he was represented as dissolute in his principles; and here a two-fold misery took possession of Mr. Ormond's mind. When under the paternal roof he knew him to be by no means extravagant or depraved; and under the care of Captain Belgrave he scarcely thought it possible for him to have imbibed bad habits or principles. But if this should be the case, he would not only have the misery of surviving and regretting his darling and only son, but he would also suffer the inexpressible anguish of feeling that all his attention and care had been wasted on him. When he arrived at Portsmouth he hastened to

the inn, where the first person who met his view was his son, who related to his delighted parent all the particulars of this dreadful occurrence, which had inflicted so much pain on the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond. The man who had committed suicide was Charles Ossat, who had been long notorious for his bad conduct, and whom young Ormond had endeavoured to shun; but, upon a former occasion, when the dissolute youth had had a quarrel with one of the sailors whom he had robbed, the man, taking Charles for the plunderer, on account of his resemblance to him, gave him a black eye; Ossat endeavoured as much as possible to make friends with Charles, that he might by that means induce him to bear the blame of the action, but the noble-minded youth, though willing to use every honourable means to screen the faults, or help the misfortunes of his companions, would not forfeit his well-earned reputation for one who so little deserved or appreciated the sacrifice, obliged Ossat to own himself the perpetrator of the robbery, and clear him from every imputation of blame. Mr. Ormond and Charles were equally anxious to return and assure their dear relative of the life and health of her darling son. They found her considerably better, and in a few days she was perfectly restored to health. I will not attempt to describe the happiness of the three re-united friends, and can only say, it was proportionate to former misery. Charles on his return after the next voyage, married Miss Belgrave, and Mr. and Mrs. Ormond lived to see the benefit of their early instructions to Charles, and received in their old age, the love and respect due to every affectionate parent.

C. and M. J.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

There's nought like the face of a kindly old friend,
To wake the best feelings and glow of the heart!
We may rail at the changes of life,—but depend
There *are* feelings that only with life will depart!
As we rove thro' the world, and look that way and this,
Fresh joys will spring up, others vanish away;
But the heart, that would anchor securely on bliss,
Must turn to the mem'ries of life's early day!

New friends and new faces may charm for awhile,
As we love the fresh flowers and the blossoms of Spring;
But still the heart clings to a long-cherish'd smile,
With a fervor *no other* remembrance can bring!
Tho' we sigh o'er the changes of life, yet depend
There *are* feelings that only with life will depart,
And the look and the smile of a long-cherished friend,
Is the ivy of Mem'ry, still green round the heart!

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF

THE EDITRESS OF THIS WORK.

How frequent in my fancy's dreams,
Fair Lady, have I imag'd thee;
Cloth'd in a form like this which seems
To bring thy living self to me!*
I trace thy highly gifted mind,
It beams throughout that speaking face;
I trace the feeling heart enshrined
Within that form of female grace;
And I, 'till sight grew dim would gaze,
Could I but inspiration steal
From thee,—to give my simple lays
A soul—to whisper what I feel.

ANNETTE.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE SAME.

Thy Portrait boasts no comeliness
Or 'witching female grace;
Thou hast nor Beauty's waving tress
Nor blushes o'er thy face!
No! GENIUS' stamp is there *alone*,
Thoughts more of Heaven than Earth,
And from that lofty forehead's throne,
The radiant SOUL shines forth!

Lady! THOU hast too high a mind
To wish the graces riv'n
From BEAUTY's daughters;—to the wind
Such phantasies are giv'n!
There is a Gem, of nobler worth
Than Beauty's transient flower,
Which round its clayey shrine of Earth
Doth deathless lustre shower!

And that is thine!—the grace of *thought*,
The spell of soul, that throws
A magic round THEE, all untaught
Which NATURE's *self* bestows!
This the magnetic power that draws
So many Hearts to thee;
This claims the meed of JUST applause,
These charms all eyes must see!

P.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LOVE CONTRASTED.

In Arcadia's happy clime,
Each nymph had her VALENTINE!
CUPID then had nought to do
But to twang his silver bow,
And every vale and every grove
Echoed but with notes of love!
Not a shirt did Cupid wear,
Hearts alone were all his care,
And every nymph and ev'ry swain,
Were loyal subjects 'neath his reign!
But that time is gone and past,
Summer cannot always last;
Nor can nymphs be always young,
Nor resist man's flatt'ring tongue;
And the youths are wiser grown,
And their cold hearts, turned to stone;
And the maidens' blush may wither,
Cupid's fled—no one knows whither;
But another Cupid's come,
With a brow of care and gloom;
And since Arcadian times are gone,
Not "sans culotte" will Cupid roam;
For scorning now his woodland nest,
A good brick house *he* thinks the best;
With doors and windows weather fast,
And chimneys 'gainst the winter's blast,
And sweeter than on dewy roses,
He on a curtain'd couch reposes;
Fram'd is he *now* of earthly mould,
And seeks but for the *solid gold!*
But, ah! he wears his pinions still,
Flying at the sight of ill;
And still do hearts burn on his shrine
Upon the day of VALENTINE!

F. B. C.

* Our correspondent must forgive the alteration we have here made in her MS.; *her* picture of ourselves was too highly coloured, and even *now* the voice of modesty must enter a protest against much of the "Poet's praise."

IMPROMPTU

TO MISS SKYNNER.

Hail gifted Fair, the child of song,
Bright votress of the tuneful choir!
Thou bid'st sweet music's strain prolong
The breathings of thy gentle lyre;
And while a heart remains on earth,
At feeling's touch to melt and glow,
To pensive thought and careless mirth,
Still dear shall be thy HOLLY BOUGH!

ANNETTE.

A CHAPTER OF SOME'S.

BY MISS HENRIETRA SHEARGOLD.

Some love the Sun, and some the Moon,
And some "the deep deep Sea;"
Some build their skies in other's eyes,
And some will stoics be.
Some two-legged Donkeys may be seen
Westward of Temple Bar,
With high-heeled boots and low-crowned hats,
Bushed whiskers and cigar.

Some love to range in search of change,
Some stay at home and die;
Some love to smile life's cares away,
While others love to cry;
Some are won, some sold, some worship gold,
Some rise while others fall;
Many have hearts composed of stone,
And some no heart at all.

Oh! could I find in life's dark book
One clear unblotted page,
A heart that's warm, an eye that smiles
Alike in youth or age,
There would I pitch my tent of peace,
By friendship wove together,
And in this world, *bad* as it is,
I'd wish to live for ever.

VALENTINE.

TO * * * *

BY JAMES REES.

Fair maiden, I seek not the joys of the world,
Nor the power and allurements of fame;
I ask not the grandeur of honor and power,
Nor a splendid or glittering name.

I ask but thy love, deny me not this,
And then truly happy I rest,
I'll retire from busy and meddling cares,
And possessed of content shall be blest.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

When, in some future day, thy pensive gaze
Dwells on this page, and Fancy's radiant pinions
From this cold world of care thy thoughts may raise,
To wander in Romance's bright dominions,
And o'er thee sweep the spells of Poesy,
Then think of me!

Where youthful hearts in lighted hall are met,
With Pleasure's rosy wreaths around them twining,
Where Joy lights up the flashing eye of jet,
And daz'ling gems and lovely forms are shining,
Amid those scenes of festal revelry,
Think *not* of me!

But in the lone and stilly midnight hour,
When over Ocean's breast thy bark is sailing
While round thee fall the Moonbeams' silver shower,
And purple night her starry front unveiling,
Spreads o'er thy form a glitt'ring canopy,
Then think of me!

Yes! think of me!—but think as of the dead!
As of a wild bird flown and ne'er returning—
As a pale star that o'er thy pathway shed
Its trembling ray in Boyhood's cloudless morning,
Then sank beneath the waves of Time's dark sea,
So think of me!

M. S.

VALENTINE.

FAIR AS THE MORN.

Fair as the morn is she I love,
Her eyes are violet blue;
Her lips and cheeks are far above
Cherry's or rose's hue.
Stranger, 'mid summer's leafy bowers,
If such a one you see,
Bright as the hours and crowned with flowers,
Be sure, be sure 'tis she.

A swan-like grace pervades her mein,
Her bust is Beauty's own,
And sweet as it hath ever been,
Her voice's minstrel tone.
Stranger, where grace leads on the dance,
If such a one you see,
With sunny glance and song advance,
Be sure, be sure 'tis she.

She has no jewels rare to shew,
She boasts no pride of birth;
But calm contentment's flowerets blow
Around her happy hearth.
Stranger, where mirth glads wintry skies,
If such a one you see,
Whose beaming eyes dark sorrow flies,
Be sure, be sure 'tis she.

Yet tho' not her's nor sparkling gem,
Nor wealth's proud coronet,
Virtue her prouder diadem
On her bright brow hath set.
Stranger, where'er you chance to stray,
If such a one you see,
Fair as the day and blithe as May,
Be sure, be sure 'tis she.

H. B.

CHARADE.

My FIRST is seen in sunny Spain,
With stately step and haughty eye;
My SECOND's rarely turned in vain,
Without it riches oft' would fly;
My WHOLE, 'though man will still abuse,
Was honor'd once beyond compare,
The greatest Prince did not refuse
His aid, and once his home did share.

ANNETTE.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 224.

Miss Tabby, an old maiden aunt you must know,
Fond of training her CAT in the way it should go,
In due form and order, once ask'd me to dine,
O I ne'er shall forget it, tho' just turn'd of NINE;
Miss Pussy sat there to receive me in state,
When all on a sudden, and strange to relate,
Miss Tab inadvertently trod on her TAIL,
And by way of retort, Puss to scratch did not fail;
Then my aunt to enforce the suppression of vice,
With a good CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS then punished her twice.

SYLVA.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Fair lady, to guess your charade I'll attempt,
And trust the endeavour won't meet with contempt,
If I guess it not right a reproof I expect,
But hope for indulgence if deem'd quite correct,
Your first then I think is a CAT fam'd for sleep,
Though often this creature will frolic and leap.
Your second's a word used in terror and pain,
For in both with great emphasis O we exclaim.
That your third is the number of NINE it is clear,
For galling's that word to a poor tailor's ear!
Your forth both to brute and to beast doth belong,
And once did to man, which you'll own is not wrong,
For in days long gone by, the gay bucks it is said,
Screw'd their hair to a TAIL at the back of their head.
And can any name greater terror impart?
Than dread CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS to each feeling heart,
Oh! ne'er may our country again feel its yoke,
Nor yet our brave countrymen merit its stroke,

JANE.

A RETORT—"I am glad" said a missionary to an Indian chief "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," said the red man, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "We Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, 'tis true, but we do not *make* it."

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HOW TO BUY OYSTERS.—A man seeing an oyster vender pass by, called out, "Give me a pound of those oysters." "We sell oysters by *measure*, not by *weight*," replied the other. "Well, then, give me a *yard* of them."

A CHARITABLE MAN.—Joseph Butler, L.L.D., who was Bishop of Durham, from 1750 to 1757, being applied to on one occasion for a charitable subscription, asked his steward what money he had in the house. The steward informed him there was five hundred pounds. "Five hundred pounds!" replied the prelate, "what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession," and immediately ordered it all to be given to the poor.

CHANCELLOR AND THE OWL.—An amusing anecdote is related, regarding one of the fine owls kept in the keep of Arundel Castle, in the time of the late Duke of Norfolk, which was called by a great misnomer, certainly, "*Lord Thurlow.*" It happened the celebrated Chancellor of that time was dangerously ill, and much political anticipation was thereby occasioned. One of the attendants advanced hastily and out of breath to the Duke early in the morning, with, "Please your Grace, Lord Thurlow—" "Well," said the Duke, "what's the news? is he better or worse?" "Please your Grace," answered the man, he has just laid an egg," quite unconscious of the amazement he should excite by his malapropos reply.

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.—That a good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her own house, but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back; second, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoke to, but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word; third, she should be like a town clock, always keep time and regularity, but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

Notices of Public Exhibitions, Paintings, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART VI., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* FEBRUARY, *is now ready.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

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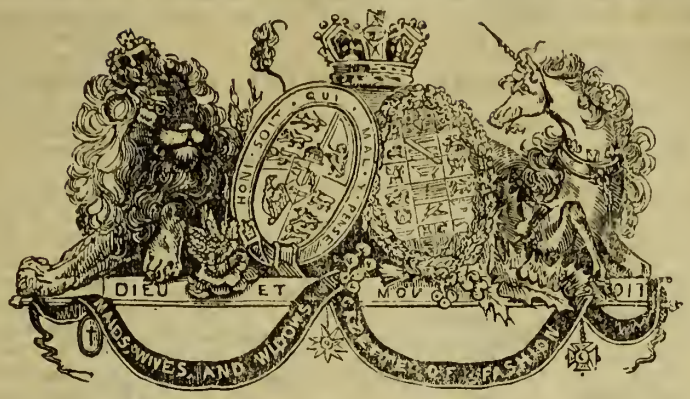

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

No. 33—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, Feb. 22, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Ball Dress.—A *tulle* dress over white *gros de Tours*. A pointed body, cut low round the bust, and trimmed with a mantilla of *tulle*, richly embroidered and pointed at the edge. Short sleeves, with very deep ruffles. The skirt is trimmed with a rich flounce of embroidered *tulle* to correspond with the mantilla. A trimming composed of

moss roses and marabout feathers intermingled, descends from the waist on each side, in the form of a broken cone, and detached bouquets of feathers and flowers are placed at regular distances round the back part of the skirt, immediately over the flounce. *Coiffure a la Reine Blanche.* The hair is combed off the forehead, turned back in the antique style, but forming only a moderately high foretop, and arranged in a club behind; it is decorated with jewelled ornaments, and white feathers. Necklace and ear-rings gold and rubies. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress. The head-dress on the left, is a turban composed of a white figured gauze scarf, one end of which is suffered to flow loosely over the shoulders; it is decorated with the plumage of a bird of Paradise. The one on the right presents a back view of the one we have just described.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ensembles of Evening Dresses.—We are about to present our fair readers with some of the most strikingly elegant that have lately appeared. The first is a dancing dress, the other a full dress. The *robe de bal* is composed of white crape over white satin. The body is low, but does not expose the shoulders so much as ball dresses do in general. A drapery which forms a V upon the bosom, comes from each point of the shoulder to the bottom of the waist before. A knot of blue and silver gauze ribbon falls from each point, a cluster of ends cut in *dents* of a new form, falls from those on the shoulders over the short *bouffant* sleeves. The ends of the waist-knot form a rouleau which is arranged *en tablier* in half circles down each side of the front. A succession of knots descends from the waist down the centre of the skirt, they increase progressively in size. Head-dress of hair in light loose curls at the sides. The hind hair divided and plaited in two braids, goes round the summit of the head, something in the style of a coronet; the ends hang in loose curls over the back of the head. A sprig of blue flowers, frosted with silver, is placed in the plaited braid a little on one side. The full dress is a green velvet open robe over a white satin petticoat; the front of the latter is trimmed with a succession of rows of white blond lace, rising one above another from the bottom nearly to the waist. The body of the dress is cut very low, and sloped down on each side to display the stomacher front of the white satin underdress. The sleeves are white satin, very short and full, and almost covered by the blond lace which forms the *sabots* and mantilla. The front of the dress is cut down on each side in deep scollops, which are also bordered with blond lace. The effect of this profusion of lace upon the satin and velvet, is strikingly beautiful. The head-dress is a white satin toque, trimmed with a profusion of ostrich feathers, the beards of which are one half white, and the other green; they are so placed as partly to stand upright, and partly to fall in the neck.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXI.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and her Secretary discovered.*

A sister who dwells in the neighbourhood sought us,
As with writing and reading our eyes felt oppress'd;
Good spirits, good sense, and good humour she brought us,
And proffer'd *her* service to give our brain rest.
Ah! no, courteous sister! still onward we'll rove,
No rest shall be ours from the toils that we love!

Yet tarry not here till the deep midnight passes,
When the arms of kind Morpheus should pillow each head;
Of mull'd elder wine take just one or two glasses,
With a slice of crisp toast, and then hasten to bed!
Ah! no, courteous sister! still onward we'll rove,
Night and day we devote to the toil that we love!

Parody on 'The Pilgrim of Love.'

Miss Bluemantle. How heavily the clicking of that marble time-piece falls upon the drowsy ear at this "witching hour," when none but ourselves seem to be awake. Verily, fair Secretary, we have carried our consultations far into the night, and have not yet looked at the letters of our correspondents. Come, let us now give them our best attention.

Miss Scribblecumdash. "The Rohber's Grave," by Melissa.

Miss B. Accepted. Will Melissa in future remember *No.* 3, two of her communications have gone wrong from this omission.

Miss S. "The Lost Rose," a Poem and a Tale, "The Cottager's Daughter," by J Martin.

Miss B. Both too much in the Celia and Delia style, a school that has long since passed away, for even the Corydens of Shenstone would not now be tolerated. However we will see if we can give them a place by and bye.

Miss S. Parody on the "Sea," beginning "The Girls," by A. N.

Miss B. In the last verse A. N. professes himself to be a married man, we therefore answer him with the old Irish song—

"Barney let the girls alone."

as we must beg to do.

Miss S. Twenty-two answers to Charades, &c.

Miss B. They shall be carefully looked over, and the best selected.

Miss S. "The Voice of the Past," by Jesse Hammond.

Miss B. Accepted, we thank this gentleman for the consideration he shews towards us, in allowing us to use our own time for the insertion of his articles; we wish all those who are his inferiors in composition, would copy his modesty as well as talent.

Miss S. A Poem from James Rees, in imitation of the celebrated "Maid of Athens."

Miss B. The author might have spared himself the trouble of translating the meaning of "*Zoe mou,*" &c. We know enough of languages to comprehend "My life I love you," and we presume all our fair readers are too well acquainted with the beautiful song of Byron to need such information. This correspondent, has, however, been too close an imitator of the mighty Bard for us to admit *his* "Maid of Athens." By the way he has not replied to the question we asked in our last "Noctes," and having made a complaint against a party, it is but justice to us to point out the supposed offender.

Miss S. A letter from "A Friend to Talent," pointing out some fancied improvements which may be made in the Magazine, I will read it aloud. *Reads*—

"A Friend to Talent presumes to suggest a few alterations in 'The Belle Assemblée Magazine.'

"Supposing it was *only* sold in monthly numbers, at a shilling a number.

"That the 'Charades' should be *entirely* expelled.

"That an enlarged 'Review of Music' should be given.

"The 'Plays' and 'Operas' criticised.

"'The Selector' has been *particularly* and *decidedly* objected to, persons have very justly said, 'Who has not read Hook's 'Love and Pride,' and Caunter's 'Oriental Annual?' when we buy a Magazine, we do not expect to find it half filled with extracts from books we have in our library.'

"The writer of this note hopes that the suggestions will not offend, but be taken in good part, as it is intended, by the talented Editress of 'The Belle Assemblée Magazine.'"

Miss B. We are always open to conviction, and ready to embrace any scheme for improving our little Work, and rendering it more worthy the extended patronage it meets with, but the propositions of this friend certainly are not feasible. We wish ours to be a weekly not *monthly* Work. The "Charades" please most readers. The "Reviews of Music" are now more frequent than subscribers like or desire, and only benefit Music Publishers, who never in return send one advertisement to the wrapper of our monthly part. The Theatres are noticed by us far more than they *deserve*, neither of the larger houses giving us a free admission, and it is not to be supposed we are to *pay* to report and advertise their entertainments! As to the "Selector" being *particularly* and *decidedly* objected to, we should find it much more agreeable to ourselves to have no "Selector," as we can always furnish abundant *original matter*, but are so constantly asked to give extracts from new Works, that

we sometimes put ourselves to much inconvenience to comply. We believe, however, there is no other cheap magazine that gives so little *selected* matter as our own, indeed we are quite *sure* of this. In concluding our remarks on this correspondent's advice, we beg to say we always take in "good part" what is *so* intended, but just hint that letters are not received at our office unless POST PAID. We have a confused idea that we have seen the hand-writing before. "A friend" should speak out boldly, if it be a "friend indeed."

Miss S. Lines and a letter signed V., beginning "Sir."

Miss B. If V. ever reads our Work, (as he professes), he ought to know we are true women, and as such we reject his addresses.

Miss S. Enclosures from J. MIDDLETON.

Miss B. We have already given our opinion of the "Village Belle." The Poem now sent is too much in the Delia strain of which we have before spoken. Why will not our Poets remember that the Arcadian bowers, with their shepherds and shepherdess's are long since gone by! Such creatures exist only on the antique chimney-mantles of country inns, where we sometimes yet find a lingering nymph lamenting the loss of a favourite lamb, or a gentle swain (pourtrayed in china), playing on his oaten reed, but even these relics of that "golden age," when nymphs were fond and men were *true*, are fast giving way to the equestrian statues of Wellington, or the interesting group of the Bohemian Minstrels. Let J. M. write more in the modern school of Poetry, and we will insert it.

Miss S. You are severe to-night, Lady President.

Miss B. By no means, let those of our correspondents who *think* us so, look to the pages of another Work, in which we are fellow-labourers. We ask J. R. and R. T. (who also are *our* contributors), if they have found themselves more gently treated by a BELL with a clapper, than a Belle without one? They will understand.

Miss S. L. G., Jun., letter and enclosure.

Miss B. We will give insertion to L. G.'s poem with pleasure, it being ten times better than the usual run of our contributions, and the letter has twenty times the modesty of those we usually receive with trash.

Miss S. "The Fancy Fair," by A. W. P.

Miss B. The first line is quite enough without reading any more; ONIONS are very well as stuffing for a GOOSE, but we are not goose enough to serve up such delicate sauce to our readers. A. W. P. had better clean his master's boots, (since *that* must be his proper avocation), than write parodies upon songs he is not capable of comprehending.

Miss S. G. W. BELL.

Miss B. *This* communication shall be inserted.

Miss S. Half a dozen letters requesting information on the important point as to the propriety and fashion of *answering* VALENTINES.

Miss B. We are of the "older time," and *our* Valentine-writing days are over, but a pair of white gloves sent in return to the nymph or swain on the next Easter Sunday was then considered the *genteel thing*. We will, however, enquire of our cook or footman, who, probably, having the most recent experience in this matter, can best furnish us with an answer. Can such questions be *seriously* asked in this age of improvement? Shades of our great grandmothers, look down and blush!

Miss S. A Poem entitled "The Midnight Wind."

Miss B. It is quite too rough a wind for our pages, and would blow some of our readers away. We will look for the Tale mentioned by the same writer.

Miss S. "The Maniac of the Mountain," by HENRIETTA.

Miss B. We don't like the name, but we do the Tale,—it shall appear.

Miss S. "The Forsaken," by LEO of Chatham.

Miss B. We will read it, and give our answer presently, we have not time now. What another? Have pity on *us*, Secretary, and your own blue eyes too.

Miss S. Nay, only this one, for I hear footsteps ascending the stairs like some of our learned sisterhood. A letter of advice and suggestion from C.

Miss B. It is easy to advise and suggest," but like putting the bell about the cat's neck, suggested by the young mouse, *who* is to put in practice what C. proposes? If he will favour us with the information he wishes to see in our pages, we shall be happy to make use of it, As for "Philosophical articles on the Power of the Mind," though we profess to be great philosophers ourselves, as our unwearied patience can testify, we say with a slight alteration of the Bard, "Hang all philosophy, unless philosophy will *repay* our toils." We can do no more for a penny than we have done! The writer is however thanked, and if we can profit by his hints we will do so. [*The clock strikes twelve, enter Mrs. Bloomer*] Bless us, Bloomer, we took you for some wandering spirit of the night, "Whence and what art thou?"

Mrs. Bloomer. Well! you twain look as if you wanted a little spirit of some kind, you seem like the ghosts of your former selves, poring over these post-marked papers at this time o' the morning,—I set down, Modish, at a Fancy Ball, on our way from a Literary soirée, and just ordered the carriage to stop here to tell you some of the chit-chat we had picked up.

Miss B. Did you pick up a good supper, or will you take some of our modest twankay!

Mrs. B. Supper! really, Lady President, I blush for your ignorance, literary people never eat—IN PUBLIC. (*A pause.*) But speaking of novels this evening, I heard with pleasure the unfailing proof of merit given to Lady Stepney's most agreeable work, "*The New Road to Ruin*," by a *second* edition being required, a fact which certifies the popularity of the production even more than the commendation of all the critical press, although the latter has been unanimously bestowed also. Being firmly convinced that an *elegant mind* is indispensible for the production of a *refined work*, I gladly produce this fair authoress in support of my doctrine, as all who have the pleasure of being admitted to her distinguished circle must bear testimony to the peculiar grace of thought and manner which is found in her ladyship's conversation, and which is displayed equally in her interesting work. I learn from some Paris friends that the "*New Road to Ruin*" is very much read on the continent, and a proof of its popularity abroad is that Baron Capelle, one of Charles X.'s ministers, is now translating it into French. Most of the principal characters are from reality, such as the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, the Duke of Wellington, and several other persons who are sketched with a degree of fidelity attainable only by an intimate knowledge of the parties.

Miss B. Well, we hope the unqualified success which has attended Lady Stepney's first acknowledged work will form an inducement with her ladyship for the continuance of such an elegant and feminine branch of literature. Come, Bloomer, though WE have neither been at a literary party, or a fancy ball, we confess ourselves fatigued with our "evening at home," so we will swallow our twankay and to bed. Good night—benedicite.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

We attended Mr. C. H Adams' opening lecture on Friday evening, and were much gratified with his brilliant Orrery, and the concise yet clear explanation he gave of different phenomena in the heavenly bodies. The phenomenon of the moon's influence on the tides, struck us as being particularly well elucidated by the transparent scene prepared for the purpose. The two large transparencies, the first representing the signs of the zodiac, sixty feet in circumference, with the sun moving in the centre; the second, the different planets moving in their orbits, gave great delight to the juvenile part of the auditory. The whole lecture was well arranged and not tedious, and we strongly recommend those who have the care of youth, to blend instruction with amusement, and take their young charges to be edified by a sight of Mr. Adams' Orrery. We ought to add that Mr. Green's Seraphine, between the divi-

sions of the Lecture, produced a very agreeable variety, and formed a most appropriate accompaniment to the evening's amusement.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS.

BY A STUDENT.

(Concluded from page 250.)

Next morning beheld me enrolled among the students of C—— College. Then came the torturing scrutiny of the boys—the ill concealed laugh, the satirical remarks—so harrassing to the mind of the new comer, yet which none can avoid or escape. "An Englishman! an Englishman!" were the words that ran buzzing through the crowd. I believe I was the first that had ever been on the college lists, and the scholars seemed to eye me with curiosity. They appeared at first so wild and ungovernable, and the prejudices (in some measure, perhaps, justly established in their minds), were so strong against the English, that really I thought my fate among such a set would have been dreadful. I had imagined my sojourn among the "wild Irish" would have been a scene of unrelenting persecution, yet judge my surprise, on finding myself, a native of the land, (so often the oppressor of Ireland), not only kindly received, but even treated with marked attention. The spirit of hospitality, which nature has implanted so lavishly in the Irish heart, induced them to extend more courtesy to a stranger (far from the land of his birth), than could possibly be expected. Customs and regulations, which every new student has here to undergo, were from this consideration infringed on in my behalf. There was a custom, long established at the college, and which all the influence of the principal and professors had in vain endeavoured to do away with; this was a practice of obliging every new scholar to obey certain galling commands, exacted for the amusement of their comrades. And this ordeal was called Connorizing — O'Connor having been the name of its first inventor. Not a student at the college, under any pretext, had ever escaped it but myself,—great and small were all obliged to pass through it, and it was the fate of four to be subject to it shortly after my arrival.

At eight o'clock in the evening, all had assembled in an immense room, (intended as a place of recreation for the students in wet weather), the doors of this room they then firmly barricaded. Ten of the senior scholars were elected as decemvirs, and the four unfortunate fellows were ushered in the midst of the assembly, consisting of 150 students. The most provoking things were then demanded of them—one was asked to make an extempore speech of half an hour's duration, another to sing a multitude of songs, while the room reechoed with peals of laughter. To disobey was seldom dreamt of. One of the "*castigati*," a tall, stout fellow, confiding in his strength, persisted in refusing to acquiesce in the commands. Three times the demand was repeated, and each time firmly refused. In an instant the lamp, (which hung from the roof), was extinguished; they seized upon him, bound his arms behind him, and proceeded to beat and buffet him until he promised the most submissive compliance. The lamp was then relit, he calmly went through his ordeal, and the assembly broke up. On being released he immediately acquainted the president of the college with the treatment he had received. Once more the professors determined to do their utmost to put down this harsh custom. The affair was to be publicly investigated next morning, and exemplary punishment was to be inflicted on the offenders.

In the middle of the night, however, when all were apparently asleep, a few of the students rose, seized upon the tell-tale, and bound his mouth with a handkerchief, in a manner that prevented his uttering the slightest noise. They then tied his arms behind him, and securely fixing a sheet round his body with a knot, attached to a strong rope, they opened the dormitory window, and proceeded gently to let the fellow down, leaving him dangling at least thirty feet from the ground. After a certain time they drew him up, and so terrified was he at his punishment, and so fearful of its repetition, that he solemnly promised to disclose nothing. On the following morning, therefore, when he was to deliver in his complaint, not a word of information could be obtained from him, so that every effort at discovery was futile. Thus once more the professors saw themselves baffled in their intentions.

After having related this anecdote in justice to the character of my Irish comrades, I am compelled to state that though such treatment may appear harsh and uncouth, yet if we call to mind the many and the barbarous customs established in all colleges, in all kingdoms, those that are mingled with generosity may easily be palliated and excused. Certainly, the practice in England, of converting the younger scholars into fags, while the elder and larger ones are permitted to pass unnoticed, is both more unjust and ungenerous. Gratitude, for their consideration and kindness in exempting me (as a stranger and sojourner in their land), from this ordeal (a generosity which I much fear would not have been shown to one of their countrymen under similar circumstances), compels me to their vindication; and no one should forget, that—

"Qui rodit amicum absentem,
Qui non defendit, alio rodente,
Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto."

"'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In hateful tones resounds the college bell.

One cold wintry morning, when the icicles that hung from the roof, bore witness to the severity of the weather, and the frost (which the subdued rays of the sun had not been able to thaw), still remained on the whitened grass, we all, simultaneously, sallied forth with the intention of resorting to the exhilirating and enlivening game of foot-ball. Upwards of 150 students had gathered together in the grounds to enjoy the intended sport. (Party spirit is and has been the bane of Ireland, and it was astonishing to see how deeply it reigned even in the heart of the college students. The scholars who came from Leinster, made a practice of asserting a superiority over the other three provinces, by averring that theirs was the best, the most polished, and the most distinguished province in Ireland. This the other party could not well brook, and became the cause of many a quarrel among the students.) The Leinster boys (for that was the name they went by), declared they would kick a match of foot-ball for the bet of five pounds against all the rest of the collegians. The other party, who bore the name of the united-provinces, accepted the proposal with avidity. The two parties drew up in array at considerable distances from each other. Umpires were chosen, and four trees, (two being conveniently situated at each extremity of the grounds), served for the goals. The signal was given, bounce went the ball, back it flew over the heads of the opposite party, now it was seen cleaving its way high in the air, and now surrounded by a party of fifty it became almost immovable, and once more, by a lucky kick it regained its liberty, and flew to an unoccupied space, pursued however by the crowd The united-provinces nearly doubled the number of the opposite party, so that the first game was decided against the Leinster boys. Not in the least disheartened by their loss, they once more renewed the contest with vigour and determination, and the second game was decided in their favour. The third was the critical period, to gain twice out of three games was to decide the match. Full of spirit, and resolved to do honour to their respective provinces, once more the combatants met. Furious indeed was this encounter. It lasted an hour, and fortune seemed equally to balance on both sides. At length the united provinces, infinitely superior in number and strength, seemed gradually to be gaining ground on

their adversaries, who, weary and fatigued, seemed doubtful of their success. By this time the prolongation of the contest had roused the angry passions of both parties, and a small circumstance changed the mimic combat to one of dreadful reality.

One of the Leinster boys had in the encounter received a severe contusion in the ancle, and seemed obstinate in declaring that the kick was intentional. It required little in the excited state of his comrades' feelings, to incite them to espouse his quarrel. One blow drew on another, and the fight soon became universal. I know not what would have been the result had not one of the professors perceived the fray from one of the college windows, and rushing with the president to the spot, prevented a further continuance of the fight. The result was that several were carried senseless to the college infirmary, and the rest were ordered into study. However the Leinster boys after all gained the day, for in the heat of the contest the ball was disregarded, and a little fellow that had been previously unnoticed on the Leinster side, kicked the ball through the goal of his antagonists, and thus gained the day for his party. This shows us that none should be despised, (the mouse insignificant as it was, once freed the lion;) and this little, unnoticed fellow, gave the superiority to his party, and saved the honour of his province.

Oh, ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.

At this period the extreme of severity was made use of against the students. And if it be true that he whom man "loveth, he chasteneth," their love certainly was of a very tender description. Not prepared, however, to give implicit credence to such an heretical doctrine, by degrees a feeling of discontent crept into the minds of all. To retaliate in some measure on our oppressors, we composed a song, a satire upon all who had any hand in the severity enacted against the students.

Each had his share of ridicule, and our worthy president did not escape uncensured. It happened that he had originally worn a long queue, this, however, he had had lately cut off. The song had twenty stanzas, and each terminated with the following line—"Since old Andrew lost his queue." All the students in the lower dormitory received a copy. This dormitory was of an immense size, and 50 scholars slept in it; conceive, therefore, the uproar, when in the middle of the night, the song was begun, and chorused by all. The noise was like the convulsion of an earthquake, the house shook with the tumult and roar of voices. Up sprang all the professors from their warm beds, they rushed to the door of the dormitory, and arrived there in time to hear themselves satirized and ridiculed. This was not all! the college being situated in the middle of the town, many of the inhabitants, therefore, thinking that some dreadful catastrophe had happened, (perhaps that part had fallen down), rushed to the gates and listened with wonder to the horrid shouting that proceeded from within. Four verses were just finished, when in sprang the president, followed by a multitude of professors, by many of the inhabitants of the town, and all the servants, male and female. Strange to say, in an instant, the whole of the songsters had fallen into a deep sleep. nothing was heard but heavy breathing, snoring, and other noises incidental to those oppressed with deep slumber. The uproar had been so great and so universal, that the professsors had not been able to distinguish the voice in particular of any individual. Vexed and disconcerted, they once more retired to their beds, and for the rest of the night all was quiet.

Next morning the professors assembled in the study, every endeavour was exerted to discover the ringleaders but in vain; all were firm and determined to disclose nothing. Every attempt being baffled, they at length bethought themselves of an expedient which they imagined would not fail in its effect. They solemnly declared that not one moment of recreation should be enjoyed by the students until the plotters of the night were discovered. Notwithstanding this, each, with that spirit so peculiar to youth, continued to keep the secret. Three days passed and not a scholar, (except at meals), had stirred from the study; neither party gave ground, every student seemed to exult in his punishment, when a circumstance happened which freed the boys from their bondage.

At this time General Sir John Milley Doyle was returned member for the county of C——. We knew, of course. he would come to pay his respects and return thanks to the professors of the college, for the warm support he had received from them. Acquainted with the day he was to arrive, we prepared a petition, representing our grievances, and requesting the assistance and intercession of Sir John. Lots were drawn to decide who was to have the perilous task of presenting it, and the lot fell upon myself. The General came to the college dressed in complete uniform, and accompanied by his son; on seeing him approach, I darted forward, presented the petition, and left him perusing it. He shortly after entered the study, accompanied by the president, and four or five of the professors. On his entrance, a roar of applause burst from the students. Sir John seemed evidently much pleased with our warmth of enthusiasm, bowed repeatedly, and at length spoke. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the students, "I am happy to inform you, my intercession with your worthy president has not been in vain, a general pardon has been the flattering result." At this, a second roar of applause ensued, the tumult became universal; slates, books, rulers, were dashed in tremendous succession against the desks. All the efforts of our president to be heard were unavailing, and he was forced (from the thunder-like riot) to rush out of the study, which the cannon-proof ears of Sir John were better able to resist. On finding ourselves alone with him, we desisted; he smiled most kindly and said "the scene he had witnessed recalled his younger and his happier days; all" he added, "was forgiven! but it should not rest there; he could not remain satisfied until he had succeeded in gaining us a period of recreation of the same duration as that of our confinement." This he accordingly succeeded in. In fine, he became idolized by the students of the college. For a time nothing was talked of but Sir John, and in the prize-poem, written some time afterwards, he was the hero. While the college stands, the memory of Sir John Milley Doyle will ever find a place in the minds of its inmates.

I remember a circumstance, ludicrous in the extreme, yet which ended unhappily for two of those concerned in it. There were two students who were constantly getting into scrapes, we will call them Maurice M'Carthy and Frank O'Nial. The first was sincerely beloved by every student in the college, he was generous, courageous, and possessed that kind of spirit so calculated to gain the hearts of his comrades. O'Nial was one of those dare-devils whom nothing could terrify and once engaged in any mischief, nothing could deter. The following anecdote may illustrate his character better than I could describe it. Expecting once to be expelled the college for some misdemeanour, it is a fact, that on seeing the president approaching him, dressed as he was, he rushed up to his neck into a deep pond, and nothing but a promise of entire pardon could induce him to stir from it. These were the two heroes of the following anecdote.

One night, when the prefect had taken his rounds, to see if all the candles were extinguished, when all the dormitory were asleep, and "the iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve," Maurice and O'Nial rose from their beds, with the intention of going into the town to purchase, (what the Czar Peter called Irish wine) in order to regale a chosen few at an intended feast. Gliding gently down stairs, and finding all quiet, they began to form plans as to the manner they were to proceed in their manœuvre. The idea of scaling the walls, (from their great height, and being covered at the top with broken glass) was no sooner suggested than laid aside. They then thought of clambering over the gates adjoining the porter's lodge; but upon consideration that the fellow was as watchful as Argus, that scheme also was laid aside as impracticable. There now remained but one means of attaining their object,

viz. that of climbing over an old thatched cottage at the extremity of the grounds. This belonged to Pat, the gardener of the college. The roof happened to be much decayed, on the attempt, therefore, of our adventurers to cross it, the thatch gave way, and Maurice and his companion were precipitated in the middle of the hut. Maurice fell upon a bed, in which the gardener and his wife had lain enveloped in the mantle of Morpheus. The scene that ensued was amusing in the extreme. Pat sprang from the bed, and seized Maurice with a giant's grasp—two hens, (that had roosted on a beam in the cottage), began to cackle with a horrid noise—a pig, an habitual inmate, enraged at being disturbed from his slumbers, set to squeaking in a dreadful manner—to add to the uproar, a couple of brats commenced squalling and yelling—and so great and universal was the riot that Maurice and O'Nial, though hurt by the fall, could not help bursting into laughter at the din that encompassed them. Pat was about to fell Maurice to the earth, when the moon that shone through the aperture in the roof, discovered to him that the intruders were students of the college. In such a situation, an Irishman is the easiest person in the world to conciliate, they are always so ready to sympathize in any wild trick, that Pat not only allowed them to pass, but even offered to assist them in their undertaking. Having obtained their intended object, they re-entered the college, stole quietly up stairs, and retired to their beds.

In the ensuing evening, the chosen carousers stole unperceived to an unfinished wing of the college, and one of the vaults was fixed on for a banqueting-hall. One of the president's favourite geese was unmercifully killed, picked, and made ready for the spit. Two fowls also, stolen from the farmyard, shared the same fate; the wood and shavings scattered about the vaults, afforded them plenty of fuel for roasting them. The feast began, the whiskey-punch passed merily round, song succeeded song, when in rushed the prefect, a man dreaded by all, and who had contrived to gain an undisputed ascendancy over the students. Happening to pass that way, he was nearly suffocated by a dense volume of smoke that was carried by the wind in his face, and immediately conjecturing that the building was on fire, he ran down into the vaults, and witnessed the scene just described. A crowd of the scholars had collected round the entrance of the building, and an immoderate fit of laughter burst from all, when the prefect led forth five of the revellers, together with the remains of the goose and the two fowls, attached to a string, and pendant in his right hand. Though the oddity of the scene had at first created a laugh, yet soon hisses and groans saluted the prefect. He carried the unfortunate offenders before the president; a council was held, and the result was that Maurice and O'Nial were to be formally expelled. Three days only was to be the term of their duration at the college, and the interim was to be employed in writing and acquainting their parents with what had happened.

When this was made known, sorrow pervaded the minds of all the students. There was not one but sincerely regretted the loss of Maurice. We determined to afford them the means of leaving the college and avoiding a public disgrace. A general subscription was set on foot, every scholar willingly contributed his mite, and a sum was collected doubly adequate to paying their expenses home.

On the day appointed for a formal expulsion when all was arranged for the ceremony, neither of the offenders were to be found. On the college walls was found this inscription, "Old Andrew shall not have the satisfaction of expelling us." With rage and embarrassment depicted on their countenances the professors in a body left the study, leaving the scholars exulting in the success of their scheme.

There are some dispositions to whom disgrace is but the inconvenience of a moment, but the high spirit cannot bear with degradation; thus unfortunately neither Maurice nor O'Nial returned home, but enlisted in the same regiment and went abroad. Maurice's father, not long after, bought him a lieutenant's commission, and he has since distinguished himself by his courage and heroism. It happened that the regiment in which he was quartered was besieging a town, and had succeeded in making a breach in the walls; the object was now to enter, and as cannon had been immediately planted before it, it was a task of no small difficulty and danger. None seemed willing to head the devoted troop, when Maurice stepped forward and offered to accept the perilous command. He was so earnest and enthusiastic in his request, that it was granted. He himself was the first to enter, and in spite of the volley of cannon, succeeded in passing the breach, followed by the whole of the regiment. The attempt was unfortunately unsuccessful, and Maurice was dangerously wounded. He recovered slowly from his wound, and has been exalted for his heroism in the army. O'Nial, I understand, becoming tired of warfare, has since been bought out of the army, and is now happy with his family.

——all happy scene
Of youth! when I forget you, may I fail
To —— say my prayers.

After a sojourn of three years, I left "the sacred groves of academus," in possession of two valuable acquisitions, a "power" of learning and a terrible brogue. I had skimmed over one thing, dipped into a second, dived into a third, and foundered in a fourth.

'Twas there I learnt—'tis not for me to boast
Though I acquired—but I pass over that,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost;
I say that there's the place—but *verbum sat*,
I think I picked up too as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but no matter what—
Ye parents! send your sons betimes to college,
For it was there I pick'd up all my knowledge.

And now my "gentle, kind, indulgent reader," my narrative is concluded, and if any one should doubt one iota of its truth,"

I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies.
Should captains the remark, or critics make,
They also lie, too, (under a mistake.)

THE SELECTOR.

A TALE OF ALRASCHID.

This tale is illustrative of the manners and customs of the Oriental world in the time of Aurungzebe the regal warrior. His daughter Noorun is enamoured with his protegée, Alraschid, whose prospects are blighted, and himself overwhelmed with misfortunes through the machinations of Omar, a dwarf magician. The different characters are admirably described, and the following extract is selected from that part where Alraschid and his beloved, just escaped from the clutches of Omar, are crossing the stream in company with Buccas, an emissary of Aurungzebe, when they are alarmed at perceiving the magician in pursuit of, and rapidly gaining on them.

The four rowers exerted themselves with a manliness which would have ensured success, had their bark been of a lighter and better construction; but besides being flat-bottomed, it was heavy and broad at the bows, whilst their pursuers had all the advantage arising from the very reverse of these circumstances. It is, therefore, not surprising that the united struggles of our party proved, to a certain extent, unavailable, for, although still a-head, the skiff gained rapidly upon them, and ere long it was within eighty yards. At its bow sat the magician, with a matchlock in his hand, and as they drew nearer and nearer, he seemed the more uncertain which individual to single out for first slacking his fury; meanwhile his sparkling crime-expressive eye glared with the fervor of certain revenge, as it gloated on the victims. "Old man," said Buccas, addressing the boatman, whom he was with might and main assisting, "if you have children whom you love, think on them now! for as some of you are old enough to have a score, if that skiff comes a few yards nearer, one of us must perish—pull then!" Scarcely had he pronounced these words, before the dwarfs piece was discharged, and the old man, dropping his oar with a convulsive start, fell. For a short time his shrieks were piercing, as the blood flowed profusely from his breast, through the left side of which the ball had passed. A few short groans succeeded, during which the muscles of his hands were tensely closed, as if dissolution were a manual

conflict with the grisly King of Terrors. He then suddenly raised himself on his stretched forth legs and arms, and fell lifeless on his face. Alraschid was too much interested in the effect of Omar's next discharge, to bestow much reflection on this commencement of the butchery, and he placed himself before Noorun, so as to shield her effectually, unless he was in the first place perforated; exerting at the same time all his powers to inspire her with hope and courage. When this wretched man was shot, they had actually passed the fort, and were directing their course for the ghaut near it, so that they were in the very centre of the city. The instant this occurred, the other boatman relinquished his oar, and threw himself into the stream with such precipitancy, as made it impossible for Alraschid to have prevented him, even if he had suspected his intentions. Meanwhile Noorun fainted, which appeared to Alraschid, at that trying juncture, a circumstance rather joyful than otherwise, since his death struggle would not be witnessed by her, whose feelings had been already too deeply, too excruciatingly harrowed. Left solely to the gloomy current which was neither regular nor impetuous, but formed such sluggish eddies, as are called back-water, their boat was whirling slowly round and round, bearing placidly its devoted burthen towards destruction. In its very motion there was something funeral, chilly, inflexibly death-like, which carried with it more terror than the unshrouded face of death.

Alraschid, after the first conviction—the agonising conviction of being in a few moments separated from Noorun, relapsed into a despondency natural to the hopelessness of their situation. Yet did he not despair; for his determination was, the instant Omar fired, if he escaped the shot, to plunge, dagger in hand, into the tide, and grapple with the murderer. Why he had not already fired, astonished him, though this might in cooler moments have been easily resolved, by reflecting that he shielded with his person one, whose life both had different reasons for preserving; and yet Buccas presented a fair and isolated mark. The parties were now within twenty years of each other, and already had the magician thrice raised, and as often again lowered his tube, without discharging it. "Hah!" said Omar, and his hoarse voice came with a dismaying distinctness along the waters. "So soon again across my path! remember my parting words to you! you shall not a second time escape me on this element; let go the lady,—the false traitress who has disposed thus sillily of your lamp of life. Believe me, it shall not burn so long as a silly Hindoo's offering on the Ganges. Let go the lady, I say! unless you wish a companion on your journey. Ha!" and with a grin of demoniac satisfaction, so satanic in its expression as to wither the very blood-oppressed brain of his victim, he deliberately pointed his matchlock, awaiting an opportunity, by the drifting of the boat, to fire without injuring Noorun. The youth uttered not a reply, but with his eye fixed on the dwarf, and his hand poniard, he awaited the worst. Instantly a flash of fire severed the murky ill-defined haze, which cinctured the lower walls and battlements of the fort, and as instantly Osman's boat, and all its crew were scattered in the river. So thought-like in quickness was this; so miraculously preservative the moment, that Alraschid was staggered in the belief of what he saw. But the providential deed was done, and the bloody tinge of the water,—the body of the magician, shattered, and rendered more hideous than ever by the shot, and the weak ineffectual struggles of his two drowning and mangled companions—one of whom was Runjeet—were still before his eyes. Throwing himself on his knees, our hero offered up to his Maker, in one short ejaculation, as heartfelt a prayer of gratitude as ever reached the throne of heaven. For a moment he hung over Noorun—over Noorun rescued—and clasping her to his heart, wept more bitterly than the weakest of her sex. But if tears be interpreters of the heart, it was no selfish nor unmanly burst.—*Aurungzebe.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEPARTED GENIUS.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING A MONUMENTAL TABLET TO A LATE FEMALE WRITER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Her lute it lies shatter'd, like odour that's shed
O'er its chords stilly silence her mantle hath cast;
The soft breath of song from those pale lips hath fled,
And the lay of the minstrel for ever is past!

Her harp stands neglected, its chords are unstrung,
The roses are withered that circled her brow;
And many a theme that she tunefully sung,
Like herself in Oblivion lies slumbering now!

No! not in OBLIVION!—the POET shall live,
When the earthly career of the mortal is o'er;
And memories that nothing but GENIUS can give,
Shall remain when the Woman delights us no more.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Is with proud dreams thy spirit stirr'd,
Of mighty benefits by thee
Upon thy fellow men conferr'd,
To gladden or to free?
Would'st thou with fervid eloquence
Do battle in fair Freedom's cause,
And fearless in thy land's defence,
Uphold her rights and laws?
Or would'st thou like great Howard roam
From clime to clime thro' lengthen'd years,
Wherever sorrow finds a home
To dry the mourner's tears!
To raise the orphan's drooping head—
To bid the lone one's sorrows cease,
And cheer the dying sinner's bed,
With God's own words of peace?
Or is it thy high aim, the light
Of intellect and truth to spread,
Bidding dark error fade from sight,
And Virtue reign instead?
And has thy maker's hand confin'd
Thy powers within a narrow sphere,
And therefore doth thy ardent mind
Feel itself useless here?
Say doth that saddening consciousness
Weigh down thy dancing pulse's play;
And is that spirit, born to bless,
Fretting itself away?
Oh! fainting heart! this should not be—
God—who in wisdom fixed thy state—
Hath not, though unperceiv'd by thee,
Left thee *all* desolate!
If thou art one whose many ties
Forbid thee from one spot to roam,
Well may'st thou use thy energies
Within the bounds of home!
By daily acts of gentleness
Chasing domestic storms away;
By constant watching to repress
Thine own wild temper's sway.
Art thou a Child?—Oh! be it thine
Thy parents' dearest stay to prove;
And cheer their failing years' decline
With anxious, watchful love!
Own'st thou a Brother's name? if e'er
This world's cold blasts thy dear ones chill,
Show by thy tender soothing care,
Theirs is *one* true heart still!
Art thou a Friend?—each word restrain,
Each idle jest or alter'd tone
That might the trusting bosom pain,
Whose love is all thine own!
Oh! thus may thy Benevolence
Find for its range extended scope;
And thy mind's visions gather thence
A better—loftier hope!
Each union of affection here,
To man by Mercy's hand was given,
From selfish taint the heart to clear,
And fit the soul for Heaven!

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

AT COBLENTZ.*

Though long the theme of martial story,
By bard, musician, war's despatches,
'Tis not thy military glory
The Briton's heart to thee attaches;
Oh! no, fair Coblentz! though thy fortress,
Famed Ehrenbreitstein first attract it,
As Prussia's key, 'tis thine, its portress,
To catch his eye, and to distract it.

The centre of the richest scene,
That snow-fed rapid Rhine enriches,
Whose confluence with Moselle is seen,
To crowd with barks its banks and niches;
The site of classic ruins grey,
Where barons in grim state resided;
Forts inaccessible as they
That force, or fraud, like them decided!

* The name is derived from *coblend*, the *bend*, i. e. of two rivers.

But more than all, the haunts where thought
Can fancy Byron's spirit lingers ;—
Hallowed to all with feeling fraught,
Whose lyre invites the minstrel's fingers !
When o'er the steamer's side he leans,
Whose strokes thine islets from him sever,
He sighs from all thy matchless scenes,
To part, perhaps to part for ever !

EDWARD WARD.

SONG.

BY HENRY DAVY.

Oh ! I have met thee in my dreams,
Bright, beautiful, and fair,
And thought thy heart and step more light
Than in this world of care.
And I have saunter'd by thy side
In fancied realms of bliss,
Unchided told my tale of love,
And seal'd it with a kiss.

And though debarr'd thy converse here,
In sleep my thoughts are free,
No jealous guardians vigils keep,
And thou canst smile on me.
Then come sweet Sleep and in thy shroud,
Let my rapt soul enjoy
Pleasures denied my waking thoughts,
Delights without alloy !

BALLAD.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

AFTER THE MANNER OF ROBERT HERRICK.

They bade me name the brightest star
That e'er was seen by mortal man ;
I did not search in Heaven afar,
But pointed to the eyes of Ann !

They bade me name the sweetest sound
That e'er on this dull earth was heard ;
I only glanc'd mine eye around,
SHE spoke, 'twas music in each word !

STANZAS TO TYPO,

FOR PLACING AN R INSTEAD OF A T IN MY NAME.

Thanks to Typo for thus transposing my name,
But if R could for T always stand,
Then Tories and Rads without censure or blame,
Might march through the world hand in hand.

If Rail stood for Tail, how the beasts would all squeak ;
Rack for Tack how the sailors would wail,
And Remembrance of years that have passed would remain,
While To-morrow would die on the gale.

HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

IMPROMPTU

ON SEEING THE ALTERATION IN THE LINES ADDRESSED TO THE EDITRESS, ON THE SIGHT OF HER PORTRAIT.

Oh ! Lady, why the praise disclaim,
That flowed from simple lyre like mine ?
Flattery was not the Poet's aim,
'Twas feeling penn'd the cancell'd line !
I gaze again—and as I view
Thy portrait—sight exclaims 'tis true !

ANNETTE.

CHARADE.

Ladies ! there is a word, you all possess it,
And shame alight on him who won't confess it.
If from this word the letter FIRST you take,
'Twill bring you where vast sums are oft at stake.
Efface the next, and then 'twill leave a name
That very often terminates a game.

A. N.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 224.

When the "*cat o'nine tails*"
With its knots eighty-one,
The brave soldier assails
Till it bears his back bone,*
Did his comrades but dare
Such a custom withstand,
Their joint valour could scare
Such a cat from our land.

HAYMAN BAKER.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

GENUINE APPLAUSE.—At a public meeting which took place at Liverpool, the Reverend Mr. Shepherd, known as the author of a work on Italian history, mentioned in the course of his speech the following anecdote :—"When I was at Paris, in the year 1802, I attended a meeting of the National Institute. On that occasion the celebrated Lalande read an essay on the position of the fixed stars. This paper was very long, and very dry—as long and as dry, gentlemen, as an American state paper. It was also so very recondite that it was unintelligible to all the audience, save some dozen *scavans*, who sat round the tribune. When the essay was concluded, these *scavans* commenced a plaudit, in which the whole audience immediately joined. Among the loudest was an officer of the guard, next to whom I had the honour to sit. Being morally certain, that this gallant soldier did not understand a sentence of what had been read, I took the liberty indulged to a stranger, and said to him, "Permit me, sir, to ask why you applaud ?" To which he answered with a significant smile, "*Because I am glad that the philosopher's essay is finished ?*"

UNISON IN MUSIC.—There is something in a family, even when the performers are only moderately skilled in music, which is peculiarly harmonious, owing to a kindred touch and feeling ; and also perhaps to the habit of studying and playing together. And if this be the case in merely instrumental pieces, how much more decidedly is it so in vocal music. Is there any thing more striking than the similar tones which harmonize so divinely together in the voices of near relations who sing in parts ! they are like shades of the same colours, all differing, yet all appearing, fading, mingling, constrasting, and blending in one perfectly harmonious whole.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.—I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a Viscountess Dowager ; as the old Duchess of Rutland does, when she is told of some strange casualty, "Lucy, child, step into the next room, and set that down." "Lord, Madam !" says Lady Lucy, "it can't be true !" "Oh, no matter, child ; it will do for news into the country next post."

MAIDS OF HONOUR AT A DISCOUNT.—There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester-house ; one of the Prince's coachmen who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a maid of honour !

Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, Mr. Chute saw the motto which the undertaker had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ*, he said, "It ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ*."—*Anecdotes from Walpole's Letters.*

* Many years since, when the West Devon regiment of militia was in existence, a soldier was sentenced to receive 999 lashes ; no commutation being allowed, he was tied to the halberts, at various times, and bore the whole punishment with heroic fortitude. One time the officer accused the drummers of lenity, and often applied his cane to their shoulders, urging them to their duty ; one left-handed drummer seeing his cross-strokes sever the flesh, really did relax, and instantly felt the cane salute his shoulders, accompanied with a voice bellowing "Do your duty !" the left-handed drummer as if intending to strike fiercer blows, threw his hand, holding the sanguinary cats, forcibly backwards, and struck the officer a blow full on the face, who, smarting and chagrined, retired amidst the hisses of the spectators ; still the inhuman work went on, and in the end the soldier received one thousand lashes (nine thousand stripes,) which was one lash more than the law allowed. The poor lacerated man was borne half-dead to his quarters, and there had the briny pickle profusely administered to his wounds ; at length he recovered, brought his action, and one thousand pounds damages were awarded ; all the officers were cashiered, the regiment disbanded, a new one was raised, which from that time to this day bears the name of the Fourth Devon, instead of the West Devon Militia.—*West Country Tradition.*

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART VII., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* MARCH, *will be ready with the Magazines.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

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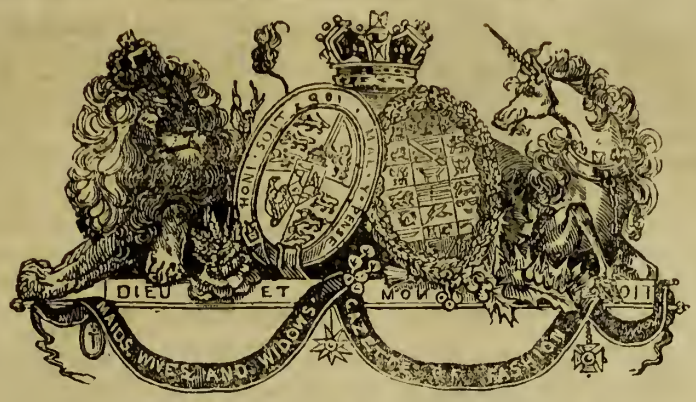

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 34—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 1, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Ball Dress.—White gauze robe, lined throughout with white *gros de Naples*. *Corsage à la Fontange*, cut low, sitting close to the shape, pointed at bottom, and profusely trimmed with blond lace, disposed in the stomacher style on the bosom, and forming a pelerine round the back and shoulders. *Bouffant* sleeves, trimmed with *nœuds*

de page of white satin ribbon, the *ceinture* disposed in bows, and floating ends, corresponds. The front of the skirt is trimmed with twisted bands of satin ribbon placed across; there are three, and each of them has a rose of a different colour attached at each extremity. The hair disposed in corkscrew ringlets at the sides, and bows on the crown of the head is adorned with flowers. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress, with a pelerine of fancy satin, bordered with sable fur.

Morning Canezous.—The first is of India muslin, made up to the throat, and with a small standing collar. This canezou is beautifully embroidered. The second also of India muslin, is likewise made up to the throat; the upper part let in full, is small plaited, the lower part forms a pelerine of three falls with ends, they are lightly worked.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Head-dresses of Hair.—There are so many fashions for these *coiffures*, that it would be difficult to say which is the prevailing one. We made this remark the other evening at a *soirée*, where the majority of the head-dresses were of hair. Some were arranged in the antique style, others in the modern, but both exhibited a considerable degree of variety. In some of the former the hair was combed up from the forehead, and turned back over a cushion; the hind hair was turned up in a club, the end of which descended a little in the neck, but a part of the ends of it, curled in loose ringlets, were brought forward, and fell over the ears to the throat. Some of these head-dresses were adorned only with an *esprit* placed very far back on the left side. Others had a gold comb, the gallery of which was of a heavy antique pattern, inserted near the crown of the head, and a sprig of roses placed in the ringlets on the left side.

Another head-dress was composed of platted braids of hair, arranged on the summit of the head very much in the form of a helmet. The ends of the braids fell in curls over the back of the head. A single long white curled ostrich feather, inserted in one of the braids near the right ear, surmounted the *coiffure*, and drooped to the left side. We must observe that a head-dress of this kind is far from being generally becoming, though its effect upon a fine woman is at once graceful and majestic, but it never ought to be adopted by ladies of the dumpy order. The prettiest among the modern head-dresses, were those that had the hair combed up tightly behind, and arranged in interlaced bows on the summit of the head, they are long and slender, and placed nearly, but not quite in a perpendicular direction. The front hair very much parted on the forehead, fell in loose curls at the sides of the face. Some of these head-dresses were adorned only with a sprig of flowers placed on one side of the bows; others had a wreath of flowers passing round the bows, and descending on the left side. Several ladies appeared with their hair curled all over in ringlets, and a tuft of small flowers placed in the ringlets over each temple. This we must observe is a *coiffure* suitable only to a pretty and very youthful face.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE.

We caution all persons whose sides will not bear the shaking of a hearty laugh, to absent themselves at present from this little Theatre, as Momus and Thalia have become the lessees. We know not when we have been more amused than by witnessing in one evening the three new pieces, entitled "*The Revolt of the Workhouse*," "*The Lion*," and "*The Son of the Sun*." The first is a most excellent and well-deserved burlesque on the celebrated "*Revolt of the Harem*," in which the acting of Messrs. Oxberry and Mitchell as female paupers, causing a revolt in the Parish Workhouse, because they were not allowed lump sugar in their bohea, *beggars* all description. The dancing is excellent, and the whole affair well got up. "*The Lion*" is an amusing trifle, ridiculing the too prevailing fashion in some circles, of inviting one person of genius to entertain or be stared at by the company assembled at a party of Ton; there are some good equivoques, and the *Lion* was well played by Mr. Perry, late of the *New Strand Theatre*. "*The Son of the Sun*" is a mythological burlesque burletta, introducing some excellent parodies on popular songs, which were sweetly sung by Miss Crisp as Apollo, and Miss Chaplin as Phæton; it is splendidly got up, and may prove no contemptible rival to Madame Vestris' Sea, but will, possibly, cause it to ebb ere long, deep and exhaustless as it may be supposed. We trust that now the Sun shines on the *Fitzroy*, the manager will keep to the old adage, and "make hay," and we are sure he deserves a plentiful harvest.

EXHIBITION OF MODELS,

King William Street, Strand.

We have at last found out this exhibition, and been highly gratified with a sight of the very clever models by Mr. Day. That of the Thames Tunnel, lighted by gas, is particularly calculated to gratify the curiosity of those ladies who have not nerve enough (and we confess we are of that number), to descend into the bowels of the earth to view the original; wishing to keep our heads above water as long as possible, we feel quite satisfied with this more agreeable mode of viewing the interior of this phenomenon of man's ingenuity. The present collection of models is but small, but there are many gems, alike interesting to the architect and the common spectator. In time Mr. Day intends to form a complete gallery that may display the architecture of all nations, from the earliest times up to the present, and by thus shewing the progress and gradations of this magnificent art, which even the wisdom of Solomon was not beneath studying, greatly facilitate the taste and improvements of the present day. The exhibitor is a very intelligent man, and attends in person to explain his views and the ideas which furnished these models. We close our brief account by saying that half an hour may be very pleasingly employed in viewing this little exhibition.

MICROCOSM,

Regent Street.

We paid a visit lately to Carpenter's Achromatic Microscope, exhibited by hydro-oxygen gas, and were much pleased. The sixteenth part of a drop of water, filled with innumerable living creatures, and occupying a space of ten feet in diameter, made us shudder; and though we have long entertained an idea of joining a *Temperance Society*, the sight of this "wee drop" of water, made us resolve in future to follow the advice of Saint Paul, "and take a little wine for the stomach's sake." The Phantascopia exhibited with the microscope, is a very amusing affair. A true emblem of the unsubstantialness of pleasure, it presents fruits and flowers to our view, which on attempting to touch, prove but "air, thin air." A poor little white mouse, however, in a cage, gave our olfactory nerves sensible evidence that he was something more than a shadow. But how the deception is produced puzzles us. On the whole it is an interesting exhibition, and will well repay a visit from the curious in natural philosophy.

Lord Chesterfield had a relation, a Mr. Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord C. was one day walking through an obscure street in London, where he saw a miserable daub of Adam and Eve in Paradise. He purchased this painting, and having written on the top of it, "Adam de Stanhope, of Eden, and Eve, his wife," he sent it to his relation, as a valuable old family picture.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

FRAGMENT OF AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

BY MISS AUGUSTA HENNINGSEN.

* * * * * *

It was almost midnight—not a sound was to be heard far or near—not even the breath of a zephyr stirred the delicate jasmin, which, though torn and drooping, twined round the casement of the Baron of Ravensberg's private apartment. The centinels moved noiselessly as they trod their measured rounds, and the pilgrim as he passed that evening beneath the frowning battlements, marvelled that he heard not the sounds of merriment, which, when the toils of day were at an end, usually echoed from the walls of Ravensberg. But there was one, whose temper was little suited to the calm stillness which reigned around, though verging upon the hour which tells of another day added to the past. Conrad, Baron of Ravensberg, armed from head to foot, sat at the open casement of his private chamber, listlessly gazing upon the fair landscape which extended as far as human eye could reach, or watching impatiently each passing cloud which veiled in succession the pale-faced queen of night; then would he rise, and pacing the apartment with a hurried step, he pressed his hands to his burning brows, muttering words of dark and vague import, while the rays which fell from the lighted cresset upon his handsome countenance, showed there were fierce passions contending for mastery within his heart, until overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, he rescated himself at the casement. A human sound would have been grateful to his ear, but all was still, even as death. Suddenly a soft and distant melody was so beautifully and sweetly borne on the light wings of air, one might have believed that the far music of the celestial choirs had reached our world, as it lingered on the gentle breath of echo; but swelling with solemn grandeur, many voices were distinctly heard singing in unison with the rich and deep tones of an organ. The Baron's agitation encreased as he listened, for notwithstanding the stoutness of his heart, it now misgave him. He knew the moment was fast approaching when his fate would be determined, either he should be triumphant or crushed for ever—the path he had chosen was a fearful one. Breathes there a man, for good or for evil disposed, about to make the cast which will decide his destiny, who does not tremble when his hand touches the die?

The convent bell tolled twelve, the music ceased, and Conrad, rising from his seat, touched a small hand-bell. The summons was speedily answered by a young and beautiful page, habited in the costly livery of the house of Ravensberg. "Maurice," said the Baron, "bid Alstein instantly attend me, and lead my horse to the eastern gate, and await me there with my attendants." The page bowed low in token of obeisance, he would have spoken, but his lips refused utterance to his words, and he was retiring, when his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate on the ground; quickly the Baron advanced towards his favourite page, but, unhurt, Maurice lightly sprang up, and with a gay laugh at his awkwardness, looked for the cause of his fall. Consternation and regret depicted themselves on his youthful countenance, when he discovered that his right foot had been caught in the jasmin plant, which, torn by some rude hand, trailed even from the casement upon the floor. "My lord, my lord! know you ought of the author of this?" exclaimed Maurice, pointing to the withering flowers, in a tone of voice unusual for one so gentle. "I tore down the plant, silly boy, some hours since, it impeded my view," replied the baron, rather harshly; but seeing the large tears ready to roll down the boy's cheeks, he added, in a kinder manner, "weep not, Maurice, there are many other jasmines about the castle, you may have them all to make up for the loss of this one, and I will give you, to-morrow, the Arab Sofi you have so long wished to possess; dry your eyes, and hasten to obey my orders, time is wasting." "I thank you, my Lord, for your kindness, but you cannot console me for the destruction of that jasmin, which I have taken such care to preserve, and you, my Lord, will, perhaps, regret." Maurice continued hastily, "it was planted by the Lady Adela of Rosenheim for me, when she visited the castle with her kinsfolk ere you quarreled with them, and lost all claims to her esteem and love." "Maurice," interrupted the Baron, passionately, "were it not for thy extreme youth and that I love thee so well, I would strike thee to atoms for thy rude words, as I shiver this," and he struck his mailed hand on a small oaken table, with such force that it fell to the ground in pieces. "My lord," returned the page, "your continued acts of kindness and indulgence, have proved you a more than father to the orphan Maurice, that my gratitude will be eternal doubt not; excuse the uncourteousness of my speech, and listen, oh! listen! one instant only to my prayer, my entreaty; execute not your evil purpose this night." The baron started as if a viper had stung him, exclaiming, "A traitor by St. Agathe! speak boy, be he who he may!" "No traitor, but yourself, my lord, when you slept during the sultry heat of mid-day, I watched by your couch, for it was my turn. Fever was on your brow, and you spoke words of so dark a meaning, that they made me shudder; I would have closed my ears but I could not, and yet I believed your words merely the wild ravings of delirium, for I could not think my loved lord guilty even in thought of intentions such as those he uttered. When you awoke I had a mind to speak, but feared were it only delirium, to acquaint you of it; your complaining of fever, and ready acquiescence in receiving the leach, whom you may perhaps remember I so earnestly recommended your sending for, dispelled my fears. This evening the silence which reigned in the castle, the noiseless and mysteriously arming of five hundred men, could not escape my attention; words which fell from those entrusted with your secret, to others unintelligible, aroused my suspicions afresh, and confirmed the belief, though unwillingly, that what escaped your lips was truth. I have anxiously awaited the moment when I could summon sufficient boldness to speak to you; hear I beseech you my feeble voice, I am but a boy, but heaven sometimes inspires the voices of women and children." Maurice bent on one knee before the baron, and taking one of his hands, affectionately raised it to his lips, but the gentle pressure was unreturned, though the knight did not withdraw it, and a slight shudder chilled the page's blood, as if he had received the assurance that his prayer was unavailing, for he well knew the heart within could be cold as the steel which covered it. "Defile not," he said, "the temple of the Most High! if victory is yours, the punishment which will await you in another world, if not in this, will far surpass the triumph; and the young Countess of Rosenheim, the beautiful, the virtuous Adela, think you she will thank you for tearing her from her chosen home? No, my lord, you may prepare the wreaths with which you intend to deck your victory, to strew over her untimely grave; there was a time when she loved you, and notwithstanding all, you might yet have won her—she still loves you, but as one who has ceased to exist—for you she resigns the world she graced so well." The baron had listened to the page, it is true impatience was marked on his lofty brow, but strange is it that one so proud, so unused to such language, did not attempt to interrupt the youthful monitor, but there was an eloquence in his speech, fascinating as the voice of the syren; there was an animation on his countenance, and his eyes beamed as bright as the first stars of evening. The baron listened as if spell-bound; certainly there was inspiration on the page's tongue; when he ceased speaking, the baron raised him from his kneeling posture, hastily enquiring, "Does Adela still love me? then by the saints!—" he moved rapidly towards the door, but Maurice intercepting him exclaimed, "My lord, stop yet but one moment, I know what you would say and do, but it is too late, you threw away with scorn the last choice she gave

you; the young countess has been over indulgent, but she will never compromise her dignity, nor suffer one stain to rest upon her unsullied name; you may, however, regain her esteem, though you will never see her more; change your life—commence by staying your evil purpose—the loss of my jasmin will be repaid a thousand fold—Adela—" "Away Maurice, or I shall kill thee, my patience is at an end. Alstein! Roland!" shouted the baron furiously. Maurice still attempted to stop him as he crossed the threshhold of the door-way, but fiercely disengaging himself from the frail barrier, he struck the page with a fury that sent him reeling far into the long corridor, and falling against a projecting buttress, he lay senseless and bathed in blood. Unheeding the fatal and cruel deed, the baron descended to the court-yard of the castle, it was filled with armed men, but no loud greetings announced the presence of the chief—it might not be, for silence and mystery were necessary for the succes of their dark undertaking. "Alstein," whispered the baron, "is all ready?" "Even so, my lord, as you desired," returned the squire. "'Tis well, Alstein, to you I commit the execution of my commands; the bell of St. Agathe tolled midnight sometime since, I have been madly detained, speed ye with all haste through the subterranean passage; you know the pass-word for the cloisters, wait in the southern aisle until I give the signal, then secure all the strangers kneeling at the foot of the altar, and the churchmen, spare none who offer resistance save the young lady of Rosenheim. I would myself lead ye, but must enter the church openly and with becoming state, to avoid suspicion." Thus spoke the baron in a low tone, and then addressing his followers aloud, he said, "Faithfully obey him I have appointed your leader until we meet again, when I myself will lead you to plant our banner on the walls of the detested St. Agathe.

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The Baron of Ravensberg was too much feared both for his high lineage and daring prowess to be refused admittance into the church of the convent, when he came in peace, and he came like many others, as he said, to witness the profession of the beautiful Countess Adela of Rosenheim, and who dared dispute his right of entering there, when others were admitted who came as spectators, from motives of mere idle curiosity?—he was one of her kindred. Proudly he traversed the centre aisle of the church; many a fair girl drawing her mantle closer round, as his eyes rested upon her's, whilst older ones crossed themselves as they muttered an ave, for many a wild tale was whispered of his deeds; and the nobles acknowledging his recognition, judged that his presence was the foreboder of evil; what could bring him there on so solemn an occasion was a mystery. The Baron of Ravensberg was never known to enter or respect a hallowed edifice. He passed on, and rapidly glancing towards the cloisters, notwithstanding their obscurity, was satisfied that his orders were obeyed, and smiling in exultation, he entered the choir where knelt the kinsfolk of the novice. A thousand tapers illuminated the costly maitre Autel; gorgeously dazzling were the vestments of the clergy, and there sat the Lady Abbess of St. Agathe, surrounded with all the state appertaining to the sixteen hereditary quarterings of unsullied nobility, even royalty of descent, which had given her the title. He slightly inclined his head to her, but Sancta Maria! what an insult to the altar, he has neither doffed his casque nor bent his knee. Suddenly he paused—had the solemnity of the scene touched his soul? Time and its occurrences may cast a thick veil over what once was, but can it ever entirely obliterate the first impressions of our early days? No—a life crowded with turbulent incidents may cause us to forget them; but one slight, one trifling event will perhaps recall them fresh and bright to our memory—so was it with Conrad of Ravensberg—many years had elapsed since he had witnessed such a scene—since he believed there existed a God! What buried recollections rushed to his mind! he remembered the prayers he used once to offer up in the oratory of the Baroness of Ravensberg, and then he thought of her, his own beautiful and sainted mother, and how she had first taught them to him, when sitting by her side, she related the goodness and greatness of the providence who watched over him; and he remembered how beautifully her spirit had fled to rejoin his heroic father in a better world, and that her last prayers were for her only son, that he might never forsake the faith of his illustrious ancestors. Hundreds had blessed the name of the young, virtuous, and promising Conrad, and had anxiously awaited the period when he would have the power of dispensing happiness or misery,—which had he done? His heart responded misery!!! Recalling his wandering thoughts, he remembered his mission, and hating the weakness which for a moment had touched him, he gazed amidst the train which surrounded the stately Lady Abbess for her he sought, but in vain, his foot was ready to give the signal to defile that holy place, perhaps with blood, when the same music he had heard, whilst sitting at the casement, rose upon his ear, it was then the sweet voices of the nuns, chanting the beautiful psalm Laudate Dominum quoniam bonus est psalmus, &c. High Mass commenced. The baron still stood irresolute, when a slight but graceful figure, almost concealed by the ample religious dress she wore, stood before him; with the rapidity of lightning she raised the black veil which covered her face, and breathed a sentence to him. The massive brass gates near the altar, shook the very building as they were closed with a noise like thunder, and the baron was recalled to himself. It was but too true! the nun had passed from his sight for ever! he had come too late, the young Countess of Rosenheim was the bride of heaven!!!

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Yes, it was reality, in his hands was the curiously worked rosary the nun had placed there. And what were the words she breathed to the baron? They were never told to mortal save his confessor—his confessor!

Yes, strange is it to tell that, be they what they might, he who came that night to the convent of St. Agathe for evil, knelt, ere the mass was concluded, at the feet of the bishop, and was received within the pale of the holy catholic church, and from the hour when he beheld for the last time her whom he had loved, destined by his lady mother for his bride, won and lost by his own follies, the Baron of Ravensberg became as renowned for his virtues as he had hitherto been for his errors. They had estranged Adela of Rosenheim from him for ever! but her prayers had gained him heaven!

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

Anna was the prettiest girl in her native village, her light graceful form, glowing cheek, and golden ringlets were the admiration of all the youth of the neighbourhood, and she was the queen at all the village fêtes; her hand had been sought by many, for, added to her own natural attractions, Anna's father was well to do in the world, and it was known that he would give her a pretty fortune, for she was an only child; but light hearted and gay, she had no preference for any, and no wish to leave her kind parents. When her morning task was finished, attending her poultry and helping her mother in the dairy, she flew into the garden to cultivate her flowers, or strolled into the village to visit some sick or aged villager, always bearing some delicacy in her hand, for she was as kind-hearted and amiable as she was handsome. Thus had passed eighteen years of Anna's life, when a company of soldiers came to be quartered in the village. Chance introduced Anna to their corporal; his partner at one of their rural dances, they were mutually pleased with each other. The fine athletic figure, handsome countenance, and amiable manners of the young man, soon captivated the heart of the village beauty, and after a short but happy courtship, the good farmer consented to bestow the hand of his daughter upon the young soldier. It was a bright, bright morning, a summer sun beamed in unclouded splendour on the happy couple. Clad in a simple white robe, and a wreath of wild roses twined in her clustering ringlets, Anna surpassed herself in beauty. The village bells rung out a merry peal, as the nuptial party left the church, and numberless were the blessings bestowed on the modest bride, when she came forth with

downcast eyes, leaning on the arm of her happy husband. But the sound of that peal had scarcely died away on the summer breeze, ere the cloud of sorrow was spread over the scene of happiness. England was at war, and a mandate had arrived for the soldiers to join their regiment, just ordered for the continent. Anguish tore the hearts of the lovers; the moment of parting arrived, Henry clasped his bride to his throbbing breast, then resigning her pale and cold into the arms of her mother, threw himself on his horse, and galloped after his troop, endeavouring to lose in speed the agony which swelled his heart almost to bursting. It was long before Anna recovered from her fainting fit, and when at length she gazed around her, she seemed almost unconscious of the reality of her sorrow. Many months passed away without any tidings of Henry, and the unfortunate girl used to sit for hours in the arbour where she had so often sat with her lover, gazing unconsciously on the ground, she would twine her bridal wreath in her hair. At length the sad news arrived that he had been killed in an engagement. The widowed bride has exchanged her white roses for a long black veil, she still lives, her heart is withered but will not break, the chord of sorrow has been strained too slowly to snap.

HELENE.

MASONI THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

As public curiosity is much excited respecting this great musical wonder, the following biographical sketch has been obtained from an authentic source, and will doubtless be highly interesting to most of our readers.

Masoni was born at Florence, in 1799, and having displayed most extraordinary taste for the violin, he was placed under the tuition of the celebrated Campanelli, who developed his pupil's talent so rapidly, that at *eight* years of age he performed at the theatre of Florence, which was crowded to excess in consequence of the reputation the youthful musician had already gained at private concerts. Among the audience was Lord Burghersh, who was particularly struck by the performance, and who now continues his admiration of the talent which he justly appreciated in infancy.

The beautiful sister of Napoleon, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, was so delighted by the wonderful performance of the child, that she presented him, in presence of the audience, with a superb repeater, and a gold medal, engaging him as first concerto-player at her court. He was next in the same capacity to Fernandez III. (brother to the Emperor of Austria), by whom he was recommended to his neice the Princess Leopoldina, sister to the Empress Marie Louise of France. The Austrian princess becoming the wife of Don Pedro, Masoni accompanied her to the Brazils in 1817, and was immediately installed musician to the Emperor, whose musical compositions are generally known to our readers. After passing five years at Rio, Masoni proceeded to Buenos Ayres and Monte Video; at the latter place he married a young lady named Ribot, the daughter of one of the first families at Marseilles, and seven children are the fruit of this union. Having successfully established Philharmonic Societies at Valparaiso, Chili, Peru, Lima, &c., he departed for Calcutta, where his arrival was hailed in the most enthusiastic manner. Nothing can exceed the estimation in which this great artist was held in the East, which he has been obliged to leave in consequence of bad health. Having visited Brighton, with letters from the Earl of Munster and Lord Burghersh, Masoni had the honour of performing at the Pavilion before their Majesties, the royal family, and the cabinet ministers, when he gave so much satisfaction, that his attendance was repeatedly ordered. Public expectation being now highly excited, will shortly be gratified, we understand, by a concert at the Concert Room, King's Theatre, patronized by the royal family. Among the pieces played at the Pavilion, Masoni introduced two of his own composition, both of which obtained the most marked encomiums of approbation from her Majesty, and the royal party. Sir G. Smart, who generally accompanies him, pronounces his performance to be unrivalled.

THE MOTHER'S DUTY.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

THOMPSON.

Of all the varied occupations of woman in her circle of domestic duties, none possesses so powerful a charm as that which is so exclusively the province of a mother, the forming the infant mind; who can appreciate so truly as a parent, the characters of her children, which vary as much as their outward form? Who can judge so well of the stength and depth of their intellect, as her who is, or ought to be, their companion and friend, the repository of their pains and pleasures? You, who have, or are about to take upon yourselves the awful responsibility of wife and mother, weigh well the duties of the task which awaits you! consider that you are not only responsible for the welfare of those committed to your charge in this world; but that their future happiness or misery, depends upon the precepts inculcated in their youth. It is astonishing how mothers can pass whole mornings in the senseless round of visits, which are productive neither of profit or amusement, when they might be so much more usefully employed in the instruction of their children, or in fixing those affections, (which given by instinct), are only rendered permanent by a reciprocation of taste and feelings. Can it be supposed that children left to the care of domestics, and whose mother's smile is as great a stranger to them as the sun's rays are in November's fogs, can feel the same affection for their parent, as if they knew her to be the source of all their comforts and pleasures. No! the neglect of parents of their offspring in infancy, is the ground-work of the child's disobedience and want of affection in youth.

ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

COMMEMORATION OF HANDEL, 1784.

Concluding that but few of our readers, particularly those of the softer sex, can make it convenient to recollect occurrences which happened half a century ago, we shall give a brief sketch of the commemoration of Handel, which took place in Westminster Abbey and at the Pantheon, under the immediate patronage of King George the Third, in the year 1784, being just one hundred years from the birth of the immortal composer. According to Dr. Burney's very interesting account, it appears that the directors were the Earl of Exeter, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Uxbridge, Sir Richard Jebb, bart., and Sir Watkin W. Wynne, bart., who acted as treasurer. Conductor, Joah Bates, esq., who presided at the organ. The band consisted of 250 instruments, led by Mr. Hay and Mr. Cramer; and the singers amounted to 245, with Madame Mara at their head.

The *first* performance took place in Westminster Abbey, on Wednesday morning, May, 26th, 1784, which commenced with the Coronation Anthem, on which occasion the King, Queen, Royal family, nobility, the great officers of state, archbishops, bishops, and other dignified clergy, also the heads of the law, were present, together with nearly 3,000 other persons.

The orchestra was at the west end of the aisle; and the King's box in front of the organ, over the entrance to the choir; it is impossible to give an adequate description of the splendour of the *coup d' œil*, and equally beyond the power of language to give an idea of the effect produced by a choir of 500 efficient vocal and instrumental performers.

The *second* performance was at the Pantheon, on Thursday evening, May 27th, which consisted of a selection from Handel's various operas, &c.

The *third* performance took place in the Abbey, on Saturday morning, May 29th, and consisted of "The Messiah."

The *fourth* performance, consisting of selections from various oratorios, took place in the Abbey, June 3rd, and on Saturday, June 5th. "The Messiah" was performed a second time, by the special command of her Majesty Queen Charlotte. Besides these there were three rehearsals, to which the public were admitted by tickets, price half a

guinea; the tickets to the performances were a guinea. The total receipts amounted to £12,736. 12*s.* 10*d.* The expenditure, £5,736. 12*s.* 10*d.*, leaving a surplus of £7,000, which was thus divided:—To the Royal Society of Musicians, for its very great support on the occasion, £6,000; to the Westminster Hospital, £1,000. Fifty summers have fled since this honourable tribute to musical genius took place. A similar festival is in contemplation, but to be held on a still more magnificent scale, for it is proposed that the orchestra shall consist of, at least, 600 performers; and when we recollect the great strides music has made in this country, as well as on the continent, within these fifty years, and what a variety of additional instruments, which are now in use, and the vast improvements in trombones, serpents, bass-horns, &c., we may form some idea of the powerful auxiliaries they must prove. It is to be hoped that no obstacles will be thrown in the way of the benevolent intentions of our gracious sovereign, who is anxious to promote the undertaking, being well assured that several excellent charitable institutions will be benefited by it, and the musical character of the country greatly enhanced.

MR. LOVE THE POLYPHONIST.

Love now asserts his magic power,
Not in a soft arcadian bower;
But, (for Romance, ah! what a pity),
At a large Tavern in the city!

We have been much amused by perusing "Memoirs and Anecdotes of Mr. Love the Polyphonist," lately published in a small pamphlet, by George Smith, and we present a few extracts for the entertainment of our readers, as they will be interesting at the present moment, when Mr. Love is exhibiting his extraordinary powers, and rendering it within the reach of every person who is at all inclined to be sceptical on the subject, of convincing themselves of the truth of what his biographer has stated.

"William Edward Love was born in London, on the 6th of February, 1806. His father was proprietor of a considerable Brewery at the east end of the etropolis, where he carried on, for many years, an extensive and lucrative trade with the East and West India shipping; and would, in all human probability, have been enabled to leave an independency to the subject of these memoirs, but for a series of domestic embarrassments, which occurred during the years 1810 and 1812. The first was a destructive conflagration which broke out in the dead of the night, and destroyed a great part of the brewery, and property, to the amount of several thousand pounds, no part of which was insured:—this was followed by losses at sea, and the insolvency of several of Mr. L.'s principal debtors. After struggling with adverse fortune for some time, the concern fell into other hands: Mr. L. found a retreat in the house of his uncle, a solicitor of considerable practice in Dublin, and our hero was sent to school at Harlow, in Essex:—

"After remaining at this place between two and three years, he was removed to Nelson House Academy, Wimbledon, Surrey, where the peculiar qualities of his voice were first observed, he being about ten years of age. The discovery occurred in the following manner.

"It happened that Mr. Hellier, the principal of the establishment, was in possession of an orchard, the fruit from which, after it had been gathered, was deposited for winter use in a loft, above a stable, adjoining the play-ground. This loft the pupils, for divers weighty and substantial reasons, were prohibited from entering, on pain of extra drilling and short allowance. However, Master Love and a couple of his school-fellows, having, by some means, discovered the nature of the tempting treasure which the place contained, resolved, maugre the interdiction, and at all hazards, to obtain admission into, and plunder the fortress. To carry this design into effect, they watched an opportunity when John the gardener was off guard, and having reconnoitered the premises, tremblingly scaled the forbidden ladder which led to the loft. Our future Polyphonist (as was generally the case in similar expeditions) led the van, and consequently got his pockets filled before his comrades, who were employed in keeping a look-out to prevent a surprise. It was now his turn to take the post of sentry. He accordingly stationed himself on the top of the ladder; but, instead of doing the duty of a faithful sentinel, he, finding his own end served, by a sudden and unpremeditated effort, imitated, in the most exact manner, the voice of the enraged preceptor below, which, completely succeeded in deceiving the terrified and conscience-stricken delinquents above. A retreat was sounded. Their well-filled hats were immediately emptied upon the heap from which the contents had been taken; and the window of the loft afforded the scamperers the means of egress, from which they leaped upon a friendly haystack into the yard; whilst our juvenile Polyphonist, exulting in the success of this his first experiment, descended by the less speedy, but safer way of the ladder.

"There is little doubt that this trifling incident gave his mind its first bias towards the study of the amusing accomplishment, in which he afterwards attained such a very considerable proficiency.

"A few days after this occurrence, he was amusing himself with several of his school-fellows near a well; and being in a frolicsome mood, (as he often was) he, on a sudden, caused them to believe that some unfortunate being had fallen in. The stifled cries and groans of one in jeopardy were heard. The children ran across the fields where a couple of peasants were at their labour, and informed them of the supposed accident. The men, with commendable alacrity, hastened to the rescue of the sufferer, with ropes and other means of assistance; and one of them having fastened a cord round his body, suffered himself to be lowered to the surface of the water, a depth of thirty or forty feet, where he was much astonished at not finding the object of his search. His perplexity was not a little increased, when he heard the voice in question tell him to go home and mind his business, and not trouble his head with what did not concern him. The poor man, who concluded that the speaker was neither more or less than his Satanic majesty, did as he was directed, accompanied by his companion, whose singular report caused a strange mixture of surprise and incredulity throughout the neighbourhood.

"In the afternoon, the writing-master chanced to mention the unaccountable circumstance of the well, to a friend who happened to call upon him. Young Love, who was present, glorying in the complete success of his attempt, could not refrain from bursting into a loud and most immoderate fit of laughter. The tutor, supposing the youngster's senses had forsaken him, smartly interrogated him as to the cause of his unseasonable, and apparently groundless merriment. This brought about an *eclaircissement*, and our hero, taken by surprise, was compelled to divulge the secret. The teacher did not at first believe the boy's assertion, but Master Love quickly dispelled his doubts, by giving a second edition of the sounds which had created so much astonishment, causing them to emanate from beneath the spot where his preceptor was standing. After his surprise had in some degree subsided, the careful tutor cautioned his pupil to be wary in repeating similar experiments, lest he might some time or other be the cause of actual mischief, and bring trouble upon himself. This advice, however good, had little effect upon our youthful Polyphonist, who sought every opportunity of bewildering the minds of those unlucky wights whom chance brought within hearing, and who happened to be unacquainted with his unique and singular powers of Vocal deception."

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"Our restless Polyphonist, being now nearly twelve years of age, began to imitate the noise occasioned by the action of machinery and inanimate objects generally; indeed, almost every sound which chanced to strike his ear, (no matter in what way it might be produced,) was immediately represented by his singular organs."

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"One day he chanced to visit a party at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the village, who possessed a favourite pug dog; and had the weakness to carry her partiality for the little beast to such a ridiculous height, as to feed it with her own hands, and could scarcely be said to enjoy a moment's tranquillity if it happened to absent

itself from the apartment an instant. However, on this particular occasion, the animal, contrary to custom, left the parlour without attracting the notice of its mistress. The keen optics of Master Love, observing this movement, he soon afterwards slipped out of the room, and, having stationed himself in the passage, commenced imitating the savage growling of an infuriated mastiff, interspersed with the shrill and piercing cries of a smaller animal of the canine tribe. The old lady, who concluded that Tiger, the yard-dog, had broken his chain, and was tearing her favourite in pieces, rang the bell with vehemence, and approached the door in a state of considerable trepidation, when, instead of meeting with the mangled remains of poor pug, she beheld the laughing countenance of our hero, who quickly dispelled her fears, by informing her that her pet was alive, and as frolicsome as usual."

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"One afternoon, with the folly so common to boyhood, he resolved, in conjunction with another youth, named Clarke, to imitate the example of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of Primer celebrity; or, in other words, to go and swim in the river instead of wading through the *Propria quæ maribus* of the Eton Grammar. Accordingly, at two o'clock, when the bell rang "all in," they slily opened the front door and walked out. Having strolled as far as Kingston-on-Thames, they entered the domicile of an old woman, a vender of hot mutton pies, for the purpose of dispelling certain symptoms of hunger which began to attack them. Having deposited the spoil of their journey (about a dozen birds' nests, and as many trout and perch) in a place of safety, they were ushered into a small apartment behind the shop, and were supplied, according to order, with knives, forks, plates, and 'pies for two.' Our truants had scarcely commenced the work of mastication, when they observed a sleeping infant, about six or eight months old, in a cradle, in a corner of the room. Notwithstanding the keenness of their appetites, the corporeal food was immediately neglected for the food for fun.

"A tremendous squalling was instantly heard, as if from the cradle. The old matron hobbled into the room, endeavouring to sooth the screaming infant; and, as a means of doing so, bore in her hand a bason of that celebrated commodity yeleped 'pap;' uttering, at the same time, a fair sample of that exquisite nonsense which is supposed by gossips to please us in our infancy.

"Here a small shrill voice appeared to emanate from the cradle:—

"'Lord, gradmamma, what's the use of that nasty pap? Eat it yourself, and bring me a jolly good mutton pie!'

"The old lady uttered yells of terror, and agitated by the palsy of fear, in addition to that of age, dropped the vessel with its contents upon the floor, and in a state of indescribable alarm, ran out of doors, vociferating that the baby was possessed of a devil. After the lapse of a few minutes, the neighbours mustered courage enough to enter, where they found the infant sleeping soundly, and the strangers flown:—they were half a-mile on their return to school."

We might select many other entertaining anecdotes of Mr. Love, did our space permit, but as we have already extended this article to the exclusion of other matter, we must make an end, cordially wishing the hero of the foregoing pages, the success his most ludicrous and astonishing talents so richly deserve from the public.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. "*She was a Soldier's Daughter.*" Written by J. L. Clennell; music by Miss Clennell. J. and J. Peck, Newgate-street.

No. 2. "*The Hunter's Rondo.*" Composed by Alfred Creighton. Hughes, Islington-green.

No. 3. "*The Gallop,*" from the Opera of "Gustavus." Arranged by C. W. Glover. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 4. "*When light declines.*" Adapted for two voices by W. Watson. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 5. "*Ring on ye merry Bells.*" Composed by Edwin Merriott. Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 6. "*The Melodion.*" Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 1. Without partaking the least of imitation, this song reminds us of "*She never blamed him.*" We must say it is one of the sweetest melodies, according to our judgment, that Miss Clennell has yet produced, and is strictly in accordance with the tone of the poetry, which we present to our readers. Nothing can be more delightful than thus to see a brother and sister blending their talents together in the different departments of genius with which the muse has gifted them, to form a wreath that shall do honour to both.

"She was a soldier's daughter,
Proud of her father's name,
And all she lov'd that brought her
Remembrance of his fame;
She wept his loss in silence,
Lest those who still were near,
Should feel a pang of sorrow
To know she shed a tear!

"Many they were who sought her,
Many they were who came,
And ev'ry homage brought her
The proudest heart could claim;
But he whose love she valued,
Told her no tales of pride,
He only joined her weeping,
And linger'd by her side!"

No. 2. A pretty Rondo, well arranged for the pianoforte, with some brilliant and effective passages.

No. 3. One of the most popular pieces in this celebrated Opera, arranged with the skill and good taste for which Mr. Glover has long been distinguished.

No. 4. A very sweet duet.

No. 5. A ballad possessing much merit and elegance of style.

No. 6. This is a very pretty work, consisting of popular airs, arranged for the guitar by celebrated professors of that instrument, each air forms a number, and its extreme cheapness would alone render it deserving patronage.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

FORGET AND FORGIVE! ah! how often that line
Is breath'd by the lip when the Heart's far away!
And the bosom continues of Passions' the shrine,
Uncontroul'd as the whirlwind, and fierce as its sway!
But, Sincerity's Lethe *should* hallow the lip,
Where the words of forgiveness are lingering yet;
And tho' mingled the goblet Fate gives us to sip,
Let's remember the sweets, and the bitters FORGET!

FORGET AND FORGIVE! on the Lover's lip sounds
So sweet, that we wish for it over and o'er;
And the echo of Heaven with gladness resounds,
When Hearts that *were* sever'd, are sever'd no more!
Who, in this vale of Tears, would unkindness prolong
Towards the Pilgrim, whose steps with like thorns are beset?
So to *practice* this precept—the faults of my Song
FORGIVE;—but its moral, ah! never FORGET!*

TO ANNETTE,

ON READING HER IMPROMPTU IN NO. 32.

What is the brightest gift that waits
Upon the youthful Poet's Lyre?
Is it th' applauding voice of crowds
Wreathing around its thrilling wire?
No!—far more joy his spirit takes,
If, haply, by its simple art,
That Lyre's trembling tone awakes
An echo in some gentle heart!

Thus, Lady, for the offering,
(Albeit, undeserv'd by me),
Here render'd by thy graceful Muse,
I pay my grateful thanks to thee;
And dearer than the proudest bays
That Fame around my brows could twine,
Than flatterers' voice, or critic's praise,
This tribute from a heart like *thine!*

MARY SKYNNER.

* This Ballad is arranged for Music, and will shortly be published.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

Life is a thing of ups and downs,
Of sorrows and of joys,
Of empty woods and crowded towns,
Of silence and of noise,
Of rattle-snakes and rattle-brains,
And discontented elves
Who never knew the power to please,
And cannot please themselves.

There's dancing bears and walking bears
Daily the streets infest,
And monkeys made to look like men,
And men like monkeys drest,
And all that once was good and great,
Is now kicked out of doors,
For honest people, now, alas!
Are only voted bores.

I could depict, a few years back,
A happy, happy time,
Yet I should then be called a Goth,
And laughed at for my rhyme;
Soon the poor birds will wander far
To seek a shady grove,
For now the world's turned upside down,
Farewell romantic love!

WE MET AS FRIENDS.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

We met as friends, why not then part
Friends, lady, even as we met?
Take him, he's thine!—down rebel heart,
And school thee to forget!

Thou know'st I did not ask his hand,
Much less, believe me, court his glance;
Yet still, in accents sweet and bland,
He whisper'd, "join the dance."

I knew not then that 'twas for *him*
Thy bosom swell'd with hopes and fears;
Why grows my vision dull and dim?
Ah, me! it is with tears!

But, see! those tears have pass'd away,
And Friendship's sun-rays light my brow;
The *lover's* heart of yesterday,
Is but a *brother's* now.

Then, lady, why as rivals part,
Unconscious rivals tho' we met?
Farewell, farewell!—down, rebel heart,
And school thee to forget!

TO A COQUETTE.

I have been your lover, I know it;
Pray tell me how I have been used,
Your actions, your letters will shew it,
My confidence has been abused.
Did I smile on others—oh! never;
Did I flirt with Kate and the rest?
I own you're decidedly clever,
A truth you have often confessed.

What use in your wisdom or learning,
If passion alone can controul?
The flame now so ardently burning,
Will cease to illumine thy soul;
Too soon thou'lt be lone and rejected,
The bloom of thy beauty *must* fade,
You'll blush for the friends you selected,
Who flattered, who, pleased, who BETRAYED.

T. C——Y.

IMPROMPTU TO A LITTLE BOY ON FIRST PUTTING ON HIS MALE ATTIRE.

Ah! happy age of Life's uncertain span,
When smiling INFANCY puts on the MAN!
How oft, alas! amid Life's tumults vain,
The Man sighs for the Infant's dress again!

W.

LINES ON ENGLAND.

Dear England, I love thee my own native land,
By virtuous men guided, a trust-worthy band;
Brave Albion, Great Britain, the home of the free!
The terror of Despots, and pride of the Sea!
Thou Gem of the Ocean, and Queen of the Wave;
Blest land to the helpless, and friend to the Slave,
Still succour the friendless, espouse each good cause,
Blest island of Beauty, Religion, and Laws!

G. W. BELL.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

No. II.

AT WOLF'S BRUN, NEAR HEIDELBERG.

Pellucid Wolf's Brun! to thy fount
A pensive guest I come!
Wherein my lost days I can count,
And think on all their sum!
Thine is, in *double* sense, the place
Reflection grave should seek!
Narcissus, here, had seen his face
With *blushes* on each cheek!

Flushes of terror and of shame,
That not the Fount's grim guard,
The Wolf of legendary fame,*
So sure self-love had marred!
As, on thy limpid reservoir,
Reflected things I trace,
True, as in Sèvre's best miroir,
That never flattered face;

And each expanded object view,
Its colour,† form and size,
As faithfully to nature true,
As offered to the eyes,
Fancy suggests, that here I see
A mirror of this life!
That web of cares and misery,
Anxiety and strife!

Oh! could I but, as Shakspeare sings
Our second Richard did;
Dashing this mirror—in thy springs,—
Of all those cares be rid;
How gladly would I quaff thy stream,
And with it future peace!
That, henceforth, in these eyes should beam
Reflected, ne'er to cease!

EDWARD WARD.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLISTENS.—A gentleman of the name of Gould, eighty years of age, announced his marriage with a girl nineteen, in the following couplet—

You perceive, my dear sir, tho' eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould.

It was answered thus—

A girl of nineteen may love GOLD it is true,
But believe me, old fool, it is Gold without U.

* There are many legends respecting this romantic mountain Spa.

† The guide waved, on the opposite side to me, a silk handkerchief, whose bright colours were reflected as clearly in the water, as when held close to the eye.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

PLAYING CARDS.—It is generally believed that cards were invented for the amusement of the early kings of the line of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that invented these instruments of amusement and *destruction* is not known; neither can we tell in what age they were first invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they came; viz. Egypt. The *colours* are two, red and black, which answer to the two equinoxes;—the *suites* are four, answering to the four seasons;—their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain, for the *heart*, a cup, the emblem of *winter*;—the *spade*, an acorn, the emblem of *autumn*;—the *club*, a trefoil, the emblem of *summer*;—the *diamond*, a rose, the emblem of *spring*. The *twelve court cards* answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the Zodiac; the *fifty-two cards* answer to the number of weeks in a year;—the *thirteen cards* in each suite to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips, calculated in the following manner, amount to the number of days in the year.

The number of each suite, ...	55
	4
The number in all the suites	220
The court cards multiplied by ten,	120
The number of court cards,.....	12
The number in each suit,.....	13
The number of days,.....	365

THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.—When Conan, with 11,000 British warriors, founded the kingdom of Armorica, or Brittany, in the fourth century, Dionotus, King of Cornwall, dispatched his daughter Ursula with 11,000 of the *elité* of British virginity to be their wives. The fair adventurers being cast ashore by a tempest among the Picts, and declining their addresses, were mercilessly sent to Heaven by the ruffians with the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. We do not mean to dispute the truth of the legend; but Cornwall is, no doubt, better peopled now than it was then, and if it possesses at this time eleven thousand handsome marriageable virgins, why—it is a great shame!

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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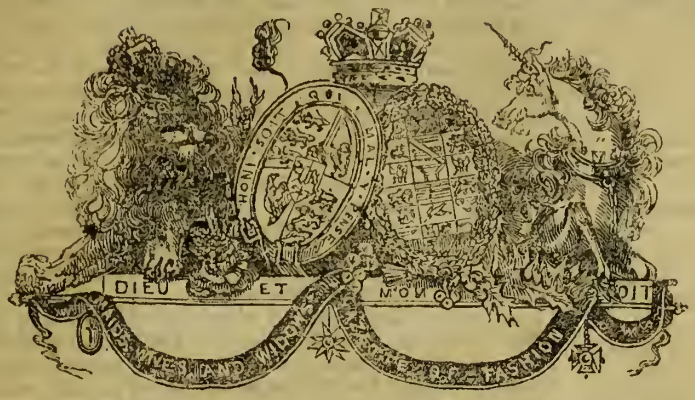

And Dedicated by Especial Permission,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 35—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 1, 1834.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

KATE ETHERINGTON.

"I tell the tale as it was told to me."

It was during my stay in Cumberland, that I first saw Kate Etherington. I was then visiting Lord M——, the heir apparent to the Earldom of C——; he was a gay and reckless being, full of the fire and animation of youth,—profusely hospitable,—liberal almost to a fault,—but prudence he had none, and yet a nobler or more generous heart never beat within the bosom of man. He was, also, one of the handsomest men I ever saw.

He had collected a large party of "capital fellows" at C—— House, and it was at dinner one day that the conversation turned upon female beauty; some were contending for "splendid black eyes," others for "languishing blue, swimming in liquid light;" the opinions were so various, that at length the generally expressed opinion (with the exception of Lord M——, who had not joined in this discussion) was, that a perfectly beautiful woman had never been created.

"I'll bet any one of you a hundred," said Lord M——, after his long silence, "that I can show you a *perfect beauty*, even amidst the rocks of Cumberland."

"Done," cried Hamilton; "and now for the proof; where is this angel,—this phœnix?"

"Name, name," was shouted.

"Stop, my good sirs," said Lord M——, "it is impossible I can produce her this evening, but if one of you, as umpire, will accompany Hamilton and myself to the Rectory tomorrow, I will then introduce you to one of the loveliest girls upon earth; the umpire shall decide the wager. Accordingly after due consideration, I (as being an acknowledged and professed judge of beauty) was unanimously elected "umpire," an office which, however pleasurable the subject, rather repugnant to me at this time, as I did not wish to offend my friend Lord M——, and Hamilton was of such a fierce and fiery disposition, that I should expect a challenge at the very least if I decided the wager against him. However, no excuse would be taken, as both Lord M—— and Hamilton preferred my judgment to that of any one of the others.

The next morning we started in high glee to decide the momentous question; his lordship and myself in his dashing phaeton and splendid greys, and Hamilton on horseback.

The sun shone with unusual splendour, and all nature was gay and beautiful. Captain Hamilton was a handsome man, and dressed, as he was this morning, in full uniform, and with the glow of expectation brightening his dark and nobly formed features, he looked even more captivating than usual. But I never liked Hamilton, there was a haughty and imperious curl on his lip, and even his mustachios seemed to curl with pride. I have known more of him since that morning, and I have seen that dark countenance wither, as it were, the soul of——but enough.

"A glorious morning for our enterprize," said Hamilton, riding up, and showing his white teeth. "I shall have a fair chance, for not a spot or blemish can escape unnoticed in this broad sunlight."

We had by this time arrived at the Rectory, a neat and respectable house, in much the same trim, and with the usual appendages of all Rectories. After inquiring if Mr. Etherington was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, we were shown into a neat and elegant drawing-room, and were speedily joined by Mr. Etherington, who, with the *well-bred* politeness of the old school, warmly welcomed us.

After some desultory conversation, Hamilton began to get fidgety, and gave hurried glances at Lord M——. *I* too began to imagine our journey fruitless, when Lord M—— said, "Is not Miss Etherington visible this morning, my dear Sir?"

"I dare say she is in the garden," said Mr. Etherington, ringing the bell.

The servant who answered it was desired to tell Miss Etherington that her presence was requested in the drawing-room.

Some indefinable emotion made my heart beat violently (afterwards I thought it ominous) as I heard a light footstep bounding down the hall, the door opened—and all unannounced, the loveliest creature I ever beheld stood before us; a bright blush suffused her cheek, as she advanced to meet Lord M——, who introduced Hamilton and myself; she bent with winning grace to us,—she had no *mauvaise honte* to check the natural gracefulness of her peerless form,—she was all nature, pure, and beautiful. She was dressed in a plain white morning dress, the purity of which vied with the dazzling and pearly fairness of her complexion: her dark hair was classi-

cally braided on her beautiful forehead, and clustered in a rich profusion of curls round her swan-like throat; her large eye, "dark as night," danced in fearless brilliancy;—but why attempt a description of this singularly beautiful girl? Suffice it to say, that never have I seen so rich and rare a combination of surpassing loveliness; and she, too, all unknowing of her beauty as she was, formed a picture which hearts less susceptible than mine could not gaze upon unmoved.

Lord M—— glanced at me as he observed Hamilton's fixed and earnest gaze.

"Do you play, Miss Etherington?" said Hamilton, carelessly striking a chord upon a fine toned piano forte.

"Oh yes," she said, "I am passionately fond of music;" and her dark eye flashed with enthusiasm.

"Will you oblige us this morning, Kate?" said Lord M——.

She readily complied, and played a brilliant and difficult overture by Mozart She also sang the touching and beautiful melody of "Allan Water," and never—never shall I forget it.

We at length took our leave, after a stay protracted to a very unfashionable hour.

"Now Hamilton for the hundred," said Lord M——, laughing as we drove off.

"It is fairly won, I confess, your lordship," said he, abstractedly, and I almost started as I observed the dark expression of his face.

In a few days I left Cumberland, and finding upon my return home, that my presence was required in France, I left England, and stayed on the Continent several years. Upon my arrival in London, after this long absence, I called at Lord M——'s town house; his lordship was then in Cumberland, but was expected in a few days. I felt disappointed in not seeing my old friend, and being an idle fellow, and not knowing how to dispose of myself, as it was quite the commencement of the season, very few of my acquaintances were in London, I called at Captain Hamilton's, in Portland-place. I found him just risen, and surrounded by luxurious elegance; he was always very foppish, but I thought him more so than ever, arrayed as he was in his stylish dressing-gown, and reclining upon a sofa with Sultanic ease, in the midst of the most splendid bijouterie that fancy and fashion could devise.

We talked over old times, and with the rest of my reminiscences, I touched upon Kate Etherington and the wager. His brow darkened. "I do not consider that Lord M—— won that wager fairly," said he.

"Why you thought so at the time," I said.

"Yes," said he, hurriedly;" "but afterwards I thought differently. By-the-bye, are you going to the Opera to night?" said he, very abruptly changing the conversation.

"I had not thought of it," I answered.

"Then suppose you do; you have not yet seen Taglioni, and you *must* go; if you call for me I will accompany you," he said.

I agreed, and left him.

I called at the usual hour, Hamilton was not quite ready, but would be with me in a few moments. I did not think it worth while to alight from my carriage, but waited for him. During my short stay I observed a female in deep mourning pacing with hurried step before the door; her face was covered by her hands, and I fancied I heard a suppressed sob several times. Hamilton at last made his appearance, dressed very gaily. The young girl rushed to the carriage door, and sobbed convulsively. Frederick! Frederick! my heart is breaking! Oh, in mercy hear me,—hear the wretched ——" Her voice was lost in sobs, and she convulsively grasped his arm with her thin white hand.

"Send the woman away," said he to his servant, and disengaging his arm roughly from her, he closed the carriage door with such violence that it struck the poor girl, who staggered and fell to the ground.

"Hamilton," I said, "you are an unmanly creature; whoever that unfortunate girl is, she deserves not such treatment."

"Drive on," he roared to the coachman. We were already half down Regent street. "I insist upon getting out immediately," I said, "and going to the aid of that girl."

"Get out then, if you like," said he, with great contempt; "I will not hinder your compassion."

I stopped the carriage, and telling the coachman to drive Captain Hamilton to the opera, ran as fast as I was able to Portland place: when I arrived there she was gone; not a vestige remained of the poor unfortunate.

In a few days I received a note from Lord M——, informing me of his arrival in town, and expressing a wish to see me as soon as possible.

I was much shocked when I saw his lordship; he was overpowered at the sight of me; that winning and joyous hilarity had all left him.

"I hate Cumberland *now*," said he, "that wretch, Hamilton, has made me *detest* it."

"What of him?" I breathlessly inquired, for strange fancies came crowded upon me.

"Did you not know then," said he, bitterly, "that he has ruined,—Oh! Stanly!—Kate Etherington has fallen by his seductive art, and the broken-hearted father is now at peace in the cold grave." Oh! God," I answered.

"And I was the cause of it all, too: I took the heartless wretch to gaze on her beauty and innocence, and, Stanly," he added, shudderingly, "the old man died raving mad."

I felt shocked to the soul! "And where is she now?" I asked.

"I have every reason to suppose in London," he said: "I have tried frequently, but fruitlessly, to find her."

"I think I saw her a few evenings since," I said, as the brutal scene I had witnessed flashed on my memory.

I related it to Lord M——, who was convinced it could be no other than poor Kate. He was in agonies, and scarcely could I restrain him from sending a challenge immediately to Hamilton; but after representing how unavailing it would be to her, I succeeded in calming him.

Months passed away: all our efforts to find poor Kate were fruitless.

One evening, at the end of the London season, Lord M——. and myself were walking slowly, arm in arm, down one of the now-deserted streets at the west end; Lord M——, from the gay and happy being I first knew him, had become nervous and melancholy; his self-reproaches, and as he disclosed to me this evening, for the first time, his devoted and undying attachment to Kate Etherington, now for ever lost to him, were destroying him; he was talking earnestly, when suddenly he stopped and listened. "Oh! Stanly, did you hear that strain? or was it an illusion of an over-heated brain?" he hurriedly exclaimed.

I listened, and could plainly distinguish the well-known air of "Allan Water;" and broken and tremulous as the voice of the singer was, there was a sweetness in the tone which could but belong to one.

"Can it be possible!" said Lord M——. to me.

I guessed his thought, and we hastened in silence to the end of the street, from whence the voice proceeded—it had ceased, but we perceived a form stretched lifelessly on the pavement. The gas-light glanced on the still-lovely, but emaciated, features of KATE ETHERINGTON; wretchedly changed as she was, no one could mistake her: both hands were pressed to her heart, but she laid still and motionless; the tumultuous throbbings of that heart had stopped for ever: nought had she *now* to fear from the cold and cruel scene of the world. Kate Etherington was DEAD.

ROSALIE.

SKETCH OF A CONVENT.

A DIALOGUE FRAGMENT.

BROTHER.—Oh! that I had taken the vows, that I had never returned to a world full of misery and wretchedness.

SISTER.—Full, did you say?—full of misery? oh! how glad am I that I *did* return, and did not take the vows; to me the world seems gaily deckt; every thing wears a smiling aspect. Dear brother, you are mopish; studying those horrid books have made you quite a misanthrope.

BROTHER.—No, my dear girl, I have more opportunities of seeing the spring

that actuates mankind, and I find few exceptions to the general principle on which they act—the principle of self.

SISTER.—Nay, dear Charles, it cannot be what your gloomy thoughts would make it; when I trip along the animated green, with the azure sky above, the gentle murmuring of the brook beside me, what can I wish for more?

BROTHER.—More, dear visionary; how illusive, how transitory! soon will the azure sky be o'ercast; soon will the enamel lose its lustre; soon, too soon, will you find your fancied bliss destroyed.

SISTER.—Still will you picture misery, when all around is smiling; why spoil the beauty of the scene, by throwing in too much dark shade; why, my dear Charles, why suffer the secret that preys upon your heart to remain to me unknown? Oh! could I see thee happy, I should be supremely so.

BROTHER.—Then, know, my sister, happiness is not to be found on this side the grave. You must remember, when first I was sent to the monastery of St. Bertin, and you also was placed in the convent at St. Omir,—but you know little else,—your days were passed in tranquillity, your nights in peaceful slumber, while mine was embittered by misery and woe;—one evening, after a hard day's study, I was sauntering round the end of the abbey; I fancied I heard voices,—the time, the place, was not such as tempted many to roam round its darksome precincts,—my first thoughts were to hurry back, but curiosity, the curse of mankind, prevented me; the evening was dark, and, unseen I overheard the following conversation:—

"It must not, nay shall not be," said the female. "No, father; I am as true a Catholic as yourself, and obey our holy mother church with as much sincerity as any one, but I never can sanction force." "Force," exclaimed the Monk; "force, Madam, whoever mentioned force? that is a word unknown within our cloisters. PERSUASION, Madam, persuasion; it is your duty, it is the interest of your youthful charge." "You know her not, Father, if you think she is to be *persuaded* against her own conviction; nor will I ever aid or assist the scheme." "Tell me, then," said the Monk, in an angry tone, "can I have converse with the maid?" "That you shall have, but in my presence. Remember, Father, I was entrusted with my charge under a sacred promise not to bias or influence her as to religion." From some unknown cause they conversed so low they were quite inaudible; I could not distinguish a word. I retired to my dormitory uneasy and ill, yet with a determination if possible to trace the apparent mystery.

Sleep had fled, no longer to be courted to my couch. I arose, fatigued and uneasy, ill at ease with myself and every thing around me; the hour was early, the morning misty and uncomfortable. I, however, took my accustomed stroll. I had not proceeded far, when the sound of voices reached my ear. Thinking I might gain further information on a subject which engrossed all my thoughts, I cautiously approached, and was not a little surprised to find the Monk, Madame, and a young female, who appeared to be starting "into life's young prime." She was fair and beautiful, though a tear seemed to have dimmed the lustre of a fine black eye. Having gained a place where I could see and hear, I listened with the greatest attention, and the first words which caught my attention were these:—"True, it may be so," said the young female, "I do not know either father or mother, but here is one," throwing her arms round the neck of Madame, "who has been both to me; at the same time, I think, the force of nature, did I know my parents, would make me feel a proper affection for them." "You know not what you say; in the first place your parents have deserted you." Here she quickly exclaimed, "Who then pays all the expenses incurred?" "That is a question of little import: what if Madame defrays them herself?" Astonishment appeared pictured on the lovely countenance, and a look of inexpressible affection was darted on her; "but Father," said the maid, "to what does all this tend?" "Tend," replied the Monk, "why that your father and mother, being heretics, it becomes the duty of the church to snatch *you* (placing a very particular emphasis on the word *you*) from eternal perdition." "But why is not Madame equally anxious, why does she not appear to think so? I am sure she loves me, and that dearly too." "Yes, my Emilia, I do love you, with the fond solicitude of a parent, but I will never bias your sentiments."

"It is a high duty incumbent on us," said the Monk, "to save you from perdition; and this our holy mother church would do, providing you obey her precepts and acknowledge her as your guide."

"Father, ere I became an inmate of my dear Madame's, my principles were fixed, nor will all your *persuasion* or *force* make me otherwise."

"Audacious, impious girl! and you, Madame, shall answer for this contumacious conduct. I shall myself take charge of this young girl, and force her to acknowledge we are right." He was just then going to seize Emilia, when I started from my hiding place, and by a slight effort caused him to fall; I at the same time uttered his own words,—"Force is a word not known within our cloisters." He quickly arose, and turning round seemed to wish to find his assailant, but I had regained my hiding-place. He vowed vengeance for the indignity thus conferred on him, and hastily left them.

Never from that moment, my sister, have I known peace. I had drank in large draughts of love, I had struck a priest of the church, a minister of the sacred duties of the altar; misery was a prey on my heart, my conscience smote me; could I then be happy? No. I sought every opportunity of secretly tracing the steps of Madame and Emilia. One day, when I had ventured to address them in my morning walk, Madame informed me, that she was most unhappy, that Emilia was confided to *honour relative to her sentiments*, and that the Monk Lacrans was determined to take her to convent. "Dear Madame," said Emilia, "rather than you should be unhappy I will go; it is not walls or confinement that can alter my sentiments. I fear, I dread him not." "Never," said Madame, "shall it be said I have betrayed my trust; to see you a true Catholic would be the joy of my heart; but the profession without conviction I abhor." I begged a few minutes private conversation with Madame, but that only served to augment my misery. "No," she said, "it must not be; this would also be a betrayal of the confidence placed in me. Love, young man, is but folly, the effects of a heated imagination, which soon cools, and leaves us nothing but a sad retrospection." "Ah! my dear Madame," said I, "I am truly miserable; the world presents but a dreary void. I had hoped to find in the solace of friends, life and affection, a soothing balm; but alas! hope is nipped in the bud." "Young man," said she impressively, "you will find yourself deceived; possession cloys, and the obtaining of one wish tends but to the longing after more. Farewell! be cautious."

I sought every opportunity of seeing Emilia alone, and at length gained her consent to a private marriage, which was solemnized some time since; but some how or other it came to the knowledge of the Monk, when one morning he came into my room, his face red with anger, and, desiring me to follow him, I was led into the presence of the brotherhood.

He then, advancing, addressed them as follows:—"I charge this young man with a violation of the rules of our order; and, though he had not professed or taken the oath, yet is it a violation, and in the worst sense; for one who was set apart as one of our order to marry——"Marry!" exclaimed the brothers, with indignation, "and who has he had the presumption to marry?"

"One," replied the Monk, "whom I have long been trying, by *persuasion* and every *gentle* method, to embrace our holy faith."

"A heretic!" all exclaimed. "Let us see: what does our statutes doom him to?—'Solitary confinement for himself, and severe penance—death to the heretic.'"

Here I could not forbear remonstrating against their decision, against those over whom they had no legal powers.

"Legal powers!" said one, "suppose we had none, think you that the friends of this heretic would allow you to live with her? No; we know they would not; immediate information shall be sent off to them, and she shall be far removed from hence."

Too fatally did they put their threat into execution; and I am just liberated from worse than slavery. Can you now wonder that I am unhappy!

"Nay, dear Charles; a time may come to re-unite you; until then, be it my task to render you every consolation in my power."

* * * * *

A BACHELOR'S TALE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Perhaps like the heroine of Miss Lacy's imagination, many a fair reader will be ready to exclaim "what a pity he should be a bachelor," though when I say I am no longer young, few (if indeed any) would care to relieve me from the situation that inspires them with so much pity. My youthful days have long disappeared, but still they were not so bright as to cause me to wish for their return; let me relate my history and though my life has been one of sorrow, and fair ladies will often weep with sympathy at a tale of woe, yet, probably, I may prove unequal to the task of raising an interest in their breast, or of drawing tears of sympathizing pity from their eyes: however, I will make the attempt. I was born in the environs of London, in the year 17—, my father was not rich but he possessed sufficient property to enable him to live without engaging in any employment, and as I (in addition to the income that descended to me at my father's decease) was to inherit the property of an uncle, my father conceived it unnecessary to educate me for any profession; but let us pass over the days of my childhood, merely observing that I was always called a good-looking boy, and as I seldom wept, and generally hummed or whistled some lively air, I was considered remarkably good tempered, and have frequently been told "that I should never fret myself to death," In my twenty-first year I was introduced to a young female nearly the same age as myself, fate threw us afterwards into each others company, she was beautiful and accomplished, and in a short time I felt an attachment more fervent and lasting than my friends had ever imagined it possible I could feel for any being however lovely; but to the surprise of my parent, and of my readers too (for no doubt because I am a bachelor they suppose I have ever been insensible to the charms of the softer sex) I say to the surprise of all I became entirely devoted to her. Though more than thirty years have rolled away since my introduction to Emma—it yet appears but an event of yesterday!—daily and hourly that well remembered scene presents itself before my imagination; there is the same parlour in which she passed many an hour; there her little library, there her stock of music, and beside her harp, from the strings of which she was accustomed to draw such ravishing sounds, stood the young, the lovely, the virtuous, and at that time, the gay and happy Emma. And can I forget the pleasing astonishment that came over me as I gazed for the first time on features superior in beauty to any I have ever beheld; for hours after that interview did I imagine myself in her presence, listening with breathless attention to her soft melodious voice, and the kind accents in which she had addressed me, thrilled through my heart, my soul in an extacy of delight!

I had formed at school an acquaintance with one whom I shall here name, Albert Montague, he was some months my junior,—very handsome, always in love but ever varying in the object of his passion; he was like the butterfly, now devoted to the blushing admired rose, now stooping to the humble but scarcely less fragrant violet; it was Albert that introduced me to Emma who was at that time the object of his inconstant affections; it was as might be expected, even the charms of Emma were not sufficiently strong to bind him, for in a few weeks, pretending to be jealous of my attentions he deserted her; had I imagined he would continue faithful to his vows, I might have crushed my love ere it grew too powerful to be eradicated from my breast, for I never would have been the rival of my friend, but I was convinced it would be different. The seeds of love were sown, and instead of plucking them from my bosom, I cultivated them, they vegetated, and have brought forth abundance of misery. I grew more intimate with the charming Emma. I frequently visited her house, we were often together, and in a moment of passion, of enthusiasm, she had been singing one of our native plaintive airs, and the delightful sensation that shot through my heart, deprived me of my prudence, I threw myself at her feet, and in the eloquent language of a "first love" revealed to her the state of my heart. What, I said, I remember not, my tongue gave rapid utterance to the language dictated by my heart; but well, well do I recollect her answer—she held forth her hand, her eyes filled with tears as she looking compassionately upon me replied,—"As a friend, as a brother I shall ever regard you; my *love* I have given to another, and though it has been refused by *him*, I cannot withdraw it." This was all I could stay to hear. the truth flashed into my mind; I knew immediately (fool! that I had not perceived it before!) that the deceitful Albert had gained the inestimable treasure I sought for in vain. I seized her hand, imprinted on her taper-like fingers one long continued kiss, then hurried from her presence for ever. My misery I will not attempt to pourtray. I received one letter from *her*. She there expressed her regret that she had ever known Montague, and entreated me to try to banish my love or to exchange that sacred feeling for friendship; to mix more in society, "and no doubt," said she, "you will meet with many more deserving your love, and though none can feel more grateful, yet they may have it in their power to make a more acceptable return than I have done. Farewell, for it is better for us both that we meet no more. Your presense would remind me of my ingratitude, and render more bitter the pangs that Albert has inflicted, and absence, I hope, will aid you to forget the unhappy Emma."

But was this all the wretchedness I was fated to indure? Alas, no! the health of my mother had been declining for months, and she was now confined to her room. One evening I was seated by her bed side, when my father (who had left the apartment for a short time) returned complaining of a violent pain in his head; scarcely had he closed the door, and before he could stagger to a chair, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy and fell to the ground. A surgeon was sent for, but it was too late, the vital spark had fled. This horrible scene took place in the presence of my mother, in her weak state it was more than she could bear, she never spoke again, and before the morning I was indeed alone in the world. Speechless I gazed upon their pale countenances, not a tear came to my relief. A domestic gently forced me from the chamber of death, and conducted me to my own room, still I wept not—spoke not—I prayed not;—the occurrences of the last few weeks swept hastily before my recollection, I felt severely the "pangs of despised love" and the desertion of all that were dear to me.

I saw my beloved parents deposited in the cold and silent tomb—returned to my *own* solitary dwelling, now almost as cheerless and comfortless as the dark and dreary vault that contained their honoured remains; then, and not till then, did a flood of burning tears relieve my feverish brain. I sank on my knees, and *prayed* for strength to bear the load of misery; no sound escaped my lips, but my silent prayer reached the ever open ear of God,—it was heard and answered. I rose greatly comforted, and since that prayer my misery has appeared less.

There being no person left to regret my absence, I bade adieu to the place that was no longer a home to me. I left the country of my birth, and for thirty years I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth; numerous are the places I have visited, and various the adventures with which I have come in contact, but I must not relate them now. I returned to England about twelve months ago—found the house that was once filled by the family of Emma, unoccupied. I engaged it for myself. I have heard that Emma has been dead for many years. No other female has ever made the slightest impression on my heart, and I hope to die as I have lived—a *Batchelor*.

THEODORE.

THE FARMER'S SON.

A SKETCH.

It squared not with his notions of things in general. Though he was the only child, he was for knowing a little more of life than his father's philosophy allowed, if philosophy it could be called, for he was of the world's prudential school, which, after all, is perhaps as rational as any—he looked after No. 1 first. However, George was of too generous a disposition to allow him (Nature seems only willing to allow, to certain limits, either good or ill) to mind his steps in the rugged road of life. He left his father's snug farm-house and simple plenty, to seek his fortune; and he found it—found that after all, perhaps, it had been better to have stayed at home;—yet, no, he did not continue in the same conviction—if he had not done as he had, he would not have known what he did. No, no, Nature had comfort for him still in this reflection.

* * * * * * *

He had now been away many, many years, and seen many climes, and suffered much; but after all did not return like some wanderers, destitute, maimed, or ought of that—he had 150*l.* in his pocket, the accumulated pay of a long service in his Majesty's Navy. "Ha!" thought he, "my good father, I can assist him with this money, if he should want my assistance; which, though, is not likely, as he was so careful, and doing well, in his way, when I left him. However, I shall be able to do something myself with my money, and enjoy my dear father's and mother's society now, and the laughing lass I left, whom I loved, and I know loved me,——Yes, yes, I'll be very happy. I'll surprise them all by my unexpected appearance, and we'll be so comfortable, for I'm tired of the life I've led." Thus he thought, thus in his mind talked— * *

There he is in the village ale-house, half tipsy, half mad, his 150*l.* fast disappearing, and he cares not. He found his home, but nor father, mother, nor sweetheart! They were no more! He looked upon the sod that covered their remains in dumb—in tearless agony. His father, after all his care, had sunk under misfortune from long-protracted illness; his affairs, for want of some one more interested in them than a servant to look after them, whose son ought to have been then present, went to wreck; loss followed loss, and his wife sunk into despondency on account of the absence (lost she was sure he was!) of her son; was obliged to be taken to an asylum, where she died very shortly after. The laughing lass laughed no more after George departed, but sighed and grieved herself into a consumption, and like a blighted flower in a garden, fell, and soon mingled "dust with dust.——" * * *

Is that him again?—It is.—His money gone—with his all of property in a handkerchief, he wends his way, groaning regret at his rash conduct in leaving his home at a time when he ought to have there remained (as he sees now, for nothing.) He seeks a ship—a service in his Majesty's Navy.

* * * * * * *

Ha! there he is on the gory deck, taking his last view of the fair sky—of the world! A ball has hit him sure, which he sought—wished for. He prays for forgiveness of his father, mother, Mary, and of Heaven. He sinks with comfort in his eye, in the arms of a gallant companion. So fell a gallant thoughtless heart. By such, amongst various others, actuated by various motives, but few by patriotic, are countries defended, and their rights maintained. J.

THE SELECTOR.

CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

(Extract of a Letter from Mr. Parry, Jun.)

The Carnival commenced on the 17th instant (January), but I shall pass over a thousand minor exhibitions, and come at once to the two principal features of the festival, namely, the *Corso* and the *Festa di Ballo.* The days set apart for these are Thursday and Sunday (!) in every week, when the whole place is in motion. About three o'clock in the afternoon vehicles of every description begin to move towards the Strada Toledo (the principal street of Naples), filled with the most grotesque figures, all in masquerade dresses; the drivers of the carriages (which are all open) and the footmen wearing the most comic masks imaginable, some having noses two feet long! With these are intermixed knights on horseback, champions, brigands, harlequins, pantaloons, devils, &c., until this superb street (which is a mile in length) becomes one dense mass of the most motley description that can possibly be conceived. All the balconies too of the houses (some of which have seven and eight besides a flat roof) are decorated with cloths of various colours, and filled with elegantly-dressed persons, principally ladies. The carriages are arranged in excellent order by the military, so that they move on gently, in rotation, on each side of the street, while the centre is crowded with pedestrians of all grades. Now, it may naturally be inquired what is the object of all this parade and show! Be it known then that it is not to settle the affairs of the nation, nor is it to proclaim a new Sovereign, nor to consult on the best means of opposing an invading army, nor to seek refuge from the destructive power of the mighty Vesuvius; but it is that the good-natured Monarch of the Neapolitans, and his loving subjects, may throw *sugar-plums* at one another! Would I possessed the pen of a Hood, or the pencil of a Cruikshank, to give you an idea of the "sayings and doings" from four till six o'clock; but I will give you the best sketch I can, and you must let imagination finish the picture. The occupants of the various carriages are all furnished with thousands of these bon-bons, or sugar-plums, which are made of a kind of almond rolled in sweet paste, and afterwards shaken in a vessel containing white sugar finely powdered; they are also provided with funnels made of stiff paper, and many of them have tubs of meal or flour. These sugar-plums they fling in all directions, and in order to reach those who occupy the balconies they fill their paper funnel with the bon-bons and shoot them out at the enemy, who, in return, repay them with interest, for they stand on the 'vantage ground; and when some antiquated old maids or bachelors pass, a quantity of flour is thrown over them, which notable attack is followed by loud shouts of approbation from the crowd. Another kind of ammunition is resorted to in order to annoy those whom the sugar-plums cannot reach, namely, egg-shells filled with flour, and slightly fastened. These are hurled with excellent aim at individuals dressed in black, particularly Priests, who bow submissively to their fate; in fact, to "give and take" seems to be the order of the day, and it appears to be the furthest thing from every one's thought to be offended.

From the balcony of a second floor in Malibran's house, where I was located, the view was truly magical. In the course of the movements a grand car drawn by four beautiful horses approached us, which was immediately recognized as the King's by the colours, &c., which were flying. His Majesty, and a number of Noblemen who accompanied him, wore silk gowns and square caps, similar to those worn at the Universities, but of various colours. On each side of the long car a trough was fixed filled with ammunition, *i. e.* sugar-plums, which were thrown about most dexterously in all directions by the Royal party, who wore masks; and when they came opposite Malibran's house a most vigorous attack was commenced on both sides, and carried on with great spirit until the foe below cried for quarter, which was answered by the contents of a large clothes-basket, consisting of sugar-plums and flour, being emptied over him! Presently the King's uncle, Prince Leopold, approached; he and a large party occupied a most superb car, drawn by six fine horses, each having a plume of ostrich feathers on its head, and the postillions wearing the most grotesque masks imaginable. Some of the outriders were all head and no body! The Prince and his friends were dressed in white jackets and trowsers, round hats, &c. as sailors, and, like their prototypes, they fought like so many d—ls. Wherever they stopped the scene of action appeared as if a shower of large hail were falling; for his Highness had, like the King, two troughs filled with ammunition. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire (who, I am happy to state, is much better), the Marquis of Hertford, and

a vast number of English, occupied various balconies, and appeared not only to enjoy the fun, but to join most heartily in it. I scarcely need add that the individuals who derive the most benefit from these extraordinary doings are tailors, hatters, and dressmakers, for the sugar-plums adhered to the clothes, and those who had been much engaged in the conflict appeared like millers, particularly such as had the good luck of receiving the contents of a tub of flour; they strongly reminded me of HARLEY, in *The Ferry and the Mill.*

I cannot help noticing the praiseworthy conduct of both the military and the multitude; the former were only anxious to save the latter from being trampled to death when they were scrambling for the bon-bons. Finding that the account of the *Corso* has become much longer than I had calculated, I shall write to you again in a few days, when I will give you an account of the launch of a fine frigate, also of a new opera by COCCIA, a superb ballet, and the grand *Festa di Ballo* in the stupendous San Carlo.

Naples, Jan. 29, 1834.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF CARDS.

About the year 1390, cards were invented to divert Charles the Sixth, then King of France, who was fallen into a melancholy disposition.

That they were not in use before, appears highly probable—1. Because no cards are to be seen in any painting, sculpture, tapestry, &c. more ancient than the preceding period, but are represented in many works of ingenuity, since that age.—2. Because no prohibitions relative to cards by the King's edicts are mentioned, though some few years before a most severe one was published, forbidding, by name, all manner of sports and pastimes, in order that the subjects might exercise themselves in shooting with bows and arrows, and be in a condition to oppose the English. Now it is not to be presumed, that so alluring a game as cards would have been omitted in the enumeration had they been in use.—3. Because in all the ecclesiastical canons, prior to the said times, there occurs no mention of cards, though twenty years after that date card-playing was forbid the clergy, by a Gallican Synod. About the same time is found in the account-book of the King's cofferer the following charge:—Paid for a pack of painted leaves, bought for the King's amusement, three livres, printing and stamping being then not discovered, the cards were painted, which made them so dear; thence in the above Synodical canons, they are called Pagellæ pictæ, painted little leaves.—4. Almost *thirty* years after this, came a severe edict against cards in France; and another by Emanuel, Duke of Savoy,—only permitting the ladies this pastime, *pro spinulis,* for pins and needles.

OF THE DESIGN OF CARDS.

The inventor proposed by the figures of the four suites, or colours, as the French call them, to represent the four states, or classes of men in the kingdom.

By the *cœurs* (hearts) are meant the gens de chœurs, quire-men, or *ecclesiastic;* and therefore the Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from the French, have *copas* or chalices, instead of hearts.

The *nobility*, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances or pikes, and our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance of the figure induced us to call them spades. The Spaniards have espadas (swords) in lieu of pikes, which is of the like import.

By diamonds, are designed the orders of citizens, merchants, *tradesmen*, carreaux (stones). The Spaniards have a coin, dineros, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word carreaux, Stienen, stones, and diamonds, from the form.

Trefly, the trefoil leaf, or clover-grass (corruptly called clubs) alludes to the *husbandmen* and peasants. How this suite came to be called clubs I cannot explain, unless borrowing the game from the Spaniards, who have bastos (staves or clubs) instead of trefoil, so gave the Spanish signification to the French figure.

The history of the four kings (which the French in drollery sometimes call the cards) is David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, (which names were then, and still are, on the French cards). These respectable names represent the four celebrated monarchies, of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and the Franks under Charlemagne.

By the queens are intended Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, (names retained on the French cards) typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the qualifications residing in each person. Argine is an anagram for Regina, queen by descent.

By the knaves were designed the servants to knights, (for knave originally meant only servant, and in old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ) but French pages and valets *now* indiscriminately used by various persons, were *formerly* only allowed to persons of quality, (esquire esceniers) shield or armour-bearers.

Others fancy that the knights themselves were designed by those cards, because Hogier and Lahire, two names on the French cards, were famous knights at the time cards were supposed to be invented.

W.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

There are few women who would not prefer being beautiful, if they had the power of choosing; and yet there are many who neglect the means of commanding admiration, which a proper attention to dress would place within the attainment of all. No woman is entirely destitute of personal charms, and the man who is attracted by her more valuable endowments, will dwell with delight upon all he can discover which is lovely, and overlook the rest. He endeavours to be pleased, and can often fancy a beauty, where one, who looks not with the eye of a lover, would discover only a defect.

The most important of the accomplishments which are addressed to the eye, is a graceful carriage of the person. It cannot be acquired without effort and continual attention; but when attained, it confers charms where Nature has denied them; whilst the most perfect form without it will have an air of vulgarity. Next to this, a judicious style of dressing is the most effectual means of rendering the person attractive; it cannot, however, be uniformly attained without studying the principles on which it depends.

Fortunately for my fair countrywomen, an attentive comparison of the modes of dress which I have observed during my travels in Persia and Circassia, with those of the various European Courts I have since visted, has enabled me to communicate to them, the secret of displaying the person to the greatest possible advantage. I have resisted the enquiries of the first beauties in Paris, and have brought the secret with me to England. I am sensible that there Nature has least need of the assistance of art, but I have always thought that the most valuable picture deserves the richest frame.

I have ascertained that it is an universal opinion among men of correct taste, all the world over, that no form is so beautiful as that of a well made woman. From this it follows, as a most logical deduction, that every attempt to improve the figure, by substituting an artificial for a natural shape, is a violation of the true principles of dressing. A waist too short, or unnaturally long, are both errors—cruel departures from that image of perfect beauty, which haunts the fancy of the man who has chastened and corrected his ideas by a judicious study of the Venus de Medicis, or of the graceful dignity of the Diana.

The first requisite for dressing well, is to know what real beauty consists in. This knowledge may be attained by observation of those living forms which are generally considered beautiful; or, in a more compendious method, by studying the choicest relics of ancient statuary, where ideal perfection is presented at once to the eye. After obtaining this general knowledge, every lady ought to make an impartial and vigorous examination of her own person, that she may be fully aware of all her perfections and defects. Once mistress of this important information, she may always dress on unerring and philosophical principles; accident or negligence will no longer have power to rob her of her just claim to adoration. The object which ought then to be aimed

at, is to display what is beautiful, and to conceal what is defective; not to display by exposing—far from it; chasteness is the first requisite—the most attractive of beauties. The object should be, not to expose, but to draw attention to what is perfect; and to contrive that the eye of the critic should pass rapidly and unheedingly over what may be less graceful. How frequently is this important rule violated! How often do we see a meagre and shapeless arm, courting attention in all its naked length; whilst the charms of a beautiful head of hair are entirely neglected! The general rule being once admitted, its application to particular cases, may be safely confided to the fertility of female genius. Consistent with it, a pretty foot may be thrown into relief, and its elegance displayed by the glitter of a well made shoe. The graces of a slender waist will captivate through the decorations of an appropriate girdle. Where there is a dearth of more important charms, beautiful hair may be considered as the forte, and be displayed in all the power of its loveliness; and I can assure the happy possessor of raven locks, that many a heart will be ensnared in the web which she may weave with them. The complexion is a difficult thing to manage with precision: perfect beauty may be considered, independent of the colour and shape of the bonnet, as the diamond will embellish and dignify the rudest casket; but, let the pale complexioned, beware of blue, and the florid of crimson. The former should adopt that colour, which will throw a warm blush of health over her features, and the latter may chasten her abundant bloom, by a judicious mixture of the lily with the rose.

In no part of dress do we see so many practical mistakes as in that ever-varying and important implement, the chapeau; I use this term because it is the most general in its meaning: it includes bonnets, hats, and others of the species of covering for that part of the person which lies above the ears. How frequently is the effect of that feminine delicacy, that winning softness, that gentleness and elegance, the distinctions of a lovely woman, destroyed, by the bold, and bluff, and confident air which is always produced by a riding hat, or other part of dress which diminishes the difference in appearance between the sexes. From the view of these Amazonian accoutrements, the graces retire with disgust, and cupid withdraws in their train. The confident look and vigorous demeanour of a man may be engaging in the eyes of his mistress, and with reason, for they are the properties of manhood; they denote him fit to defend, and qualified to sustain, the weakness of the woman, who relies on him for support, as the vine of Italy twines its luxurious arms around the stately elm. But it is a provision of nature, that man should seek in the woman of his choice, for qualities the reverse of his own. His ferocity is checked by her gentleness, his boldness sustains her timidity, his valour is never excited with so much energy and delight as in her defence, and his bosom never swells so high as when he feels entitled to the gratitude of her whose weakness calls for his efforts, and whose smile rewards his suffering.

If I may be allowed to descend from my more engaging theme, the loveliness of woman, and to add a precept for the improvement of my own sex, I would recommend to them also, an attention to external appearance, greater than what some very sensible persons among them seem to consider necessary. I would recommend these, that it is not that gaiety of dress and refinement of manner which distinguish a fashionable man; but the affectation of the servile herd of imitators that is the proper object of contempt. The intrinsic worth of the one is displayed and increased by his external polish; the other has the mere outside glitter and tinsel which frequently cover the baser metals.

Every thing considered fashionable, will be found to have some claim to the character of being useful or agreeable, if not to the man himself who adopts it, yet to those, whose happiness he frequently prefers to his own—to his friends and companions. By a compliance, therefore, with the laws of fashion, a gentleman will be better fitted for society; he will be obliged strictly to observe the decencies of social intercourse, and assiduously to cultivate those "*petites morales*" which the vulgar man is foolish enough to despise.

It will generally be found that a very fashionable man is a very agreeable; companion. There is much more good than evil in his attention to appearances. In whatever he undertakes he aims at perfection. The same temper which makes him study the folding of his cravat, or hold a consultation with his tailor on the best mode of avoiding a crease in the buttoning of his coat, will be conspicuous in the refinement of his manners; in his attention to the feelings and indulgence towards the foibles of his associates; in the correctness of his literary taste, the propriety and elegance of his conversation; and, when called to perform his duty as a soldier or a senator, in the hardihood of his achievements, and the benevolence of his policy.

M.

TASTE FOR READING.

"If I were to pray for a taste," says Sir John Herschell, "which would stand me instead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for *reading*. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding, or derogating from the higher offices and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasureable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations; a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves, in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible, coercion, in a habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet,—'*Emollit mores. nec sinit esse ferus,*' It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

M.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

PLEDGE WE THE MINSTREL.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Here's a health to the minstrel, wherever he wanders,
May his pathway through life be unclouded by care;
May the visions be bright upon which his soul ponders,
And the dreams of his fancy be soothing and fair.
For what in the bosom, not cold to all feeling,
Can waken remembrance like Music's sweet strain?
When like Zephyr's breath o'er the roses' leaf stealing,
It wafts round the fragrance of pleasure again!

How oft will a place or a scene bring before us
Lost objects of love, to which tenderness clings;
But Music! *thy* voice holds the master-spell o'er us,
To ope the "seal'd fountain" whence Memory springs.

* This Ballad is set to Music, by Mr. E. F. Allen (the composer of the "Emigrant's Return"), and will be published in a few days.

Then pledge we the minstrel wherever he wanders,
May his pathway through life be exempted from care;
May the visions be sweet upon which his soul ponders,
And the skies that shine o'er him unclouded and fair.

THE SIGHTS OF LENT.

The sights of Lent 'tis ours to sing,
Although we should be fasting
From every vain and foolish thing,
Our minds on sadness casting;
But 'stead of sackcloth, as of old,
Gay clothes our Belles are wearing,
And every day, despite the cold,
At sights and shows are staring.

First there's the FLEAS, the wond'rous FLEAS!
So well bred they wont bite us,
Their pranks and gambols always please,
Their antics still delight us.
One plays the dauntless hero's part,
Strutting about in armour,
And captivates each female's heart,
He is so great a charmer.

Next we have MADAME TUSSAUD, who
The King and Coronation,
With Burke and Hare display'd to view,
Causes a great sensation.
Her Blue Beard's chamber—but O la!
The Ladies all *will* view it,
Curious as was poor FATIMA,
And like her too they rue it.

Then BOOTHIA, the cold region found
By Captain Ross, is showing;
Where Bears and Whales mid rocks abound,
And waves scarce ever flowing.
Then there's the MODELS near the Strand,
(To find them we'd some trouble,)
The Tunnel of the Thames is grand,
The original's a bubble.

The SOLAR MISCROSCOPE, Oh dear!
If you are fond of water,
Only behold *its inmates* here,
And see what hosts you slaughter.
Then drinking Adam's Ale forsake,
And have compassion, pray do,
For if your stout *heart* does not ache,
Perhaps your *stomach* may do.

If in the evening you would range
For novelty and pleasure,
You'll meet with LOVE near the Exchange,
Sure Ladies *that's* a treasure!
Are you inclined to scale the Sky,
And from this Earth be straying,
See Mr. ADAMS' ORRERY,
Sun, Moon, and Stars displaying!

Then YATES and SPOUSE you'll find "At home,"
If you'll abroad to see them;
WE ne'er to the ADELPHI roam,
Because we will not fee them.
MOSES AND AARON may be found,
Alternate with the HAREM;—
When Lessees tread on sacred ground,
We hope no lash will spare 'em.

And thus we've numbered every sight
That in dull Lent is showing,
Of yore they fasted day and night,
But now folks are more knowing.
Well, here's a health to good old times,
Till we can see some better;
And thus I end my idle rhymes,
Long as a lady's letter.

EDITRESS.

TO MARIA EDGEWORTH.

ON READING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW WORK FROM HER PEN.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Enchantress! art thou come again
To wave thy magic wand,
And shall once more be heard that voice
Long silent in the land?
A blessing on those tidings glad!
Oh! 'tis a joy to think
That once again at that pure fount
Our hearts may bend and drink!

It is as if a Spirit bright
Returned to bless its race,
Or, as the wandering Pleiad come
Back to its radiant place!
So comest thou, resplendent one!
With clear and shining light,
To pierce the moral mists that dim
Our intellectual sight!

Guardian of Virtue! it is thine
To guide the steps of youth;
For over leading to the realms
Of Purity and Truth!
Yet o'er thy pages is the light
Of glowing Fancy pour'd,
And thine imaginations' wing
As bright as ever soar'd!

The beings of thy gifted mind
In *nature's* hues are drest;
Thy deep and genuine feelings find
An echo in each breast.
These are the potent spells which bow
Our souls to thy command,
Long be that proud dominion thine,
Empress of Fictition's Land!

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE TO NAPLES AND ROME.

NO. 3.—ON SUNRISE AT GENEVA.

Refresh'd by sleep the Giant 'wakes,
That guides the car of Day;
Aurora, rosy-finger'd, breaks
The spell of Night away.
The attendant clouds by turns put on
His changing liveries;
The lily * first, the rose anon,
Then gold bedecks the skies;

'Till in the burst of glory lost,
All weaker tints are gone;
The portals of his throne are cross'd,
The great, Immortal One!
As, at the Advent of his Son,
The East displayed his star;
So comes, his glorious, blessed Sun,
And spreads his light afar.

He comes—to clear the gloom away,
The mists and chill of Night;
Refreshing with the warmth of day,
Enlivening with its light;
He comes—the emblem of his power,
Intelligence, and love!
Who holds within his grasp each hour,
Vouchsafed us from above!

With him Eternity pervades,
Day,—Night,—and Time are one!
His is a light that never fades,
His glory's never gone!
And yon bright sun, whom clouds obstruct
At times conceal his ray;
Is but a herald, to conduct
Time to eternal day!

EDWARD WARD.

* The "alba," or dawn of day, the virgin emblem of purity, has been sung by the Italian Muse in every measure, time out of mind.

ANSWER TO CHARADE FIRST, Page 232.

When Cleopatra kill'd herself,
What weapon did she grasp?
A dagger? No.—A pistol? No.—
D'ye give it up? An ASP!

A. N.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Great Alexander's power I scorn.
'Ere I his triumph will adorn,
This ASP unto my breast shall cling,
Cleopatra fair thus spoke, and prest
The reptile to her beauteous breast,
And fell beneath its deadly sting.

JEAN.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Those who despair, meet Cleopatra's fate,
And with rash hand their lives oft terminate,
Though not with ASP, yet with some other thing
Perchance as deadly as the serpent's sting.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE, in Page 232.

CONSCIENCE will ever prove a faithful friend
To those who to its whisperings attend;
But those who will its admonitions slight,
Will find it through their lives a bitter blight.

A. N.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Can any attempt to be wise,
Or possess the least atom of sense,
Not to seize on the time as it flies,
Securing a full recompence.
CON well, and CON-sider, ye youth;
It is SCIENCE that heightens the mind
Ennobled by virtue and truth,
Nor can it be e'er left behind.
CONSCIENCE, the monitor of all,
Eternal'is,—obey its call!

J. S. M., Seething Lane.

ANSWER TO BOTH CHARADES.

The Egyptian queen, all other hopes being past,
Stung by an ASP, resigns her breath at last.
Asps have no CONSCIENCE, so despite her charms,
She fell a destin'd victim to Death's arms.

HENRY DAVY.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART VII., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* MARCH, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

No. 36—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 8, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Ball Dress.—A gold-coloured crape robe, the body is made low, plain behind, and draped *à la Sevigné* in front; it is trimmed with blond lace which passes behind the drapery where it is very narrow, and turning broad round the back and shoulders, forms a pelerine and *mancherons*. Bouffant sleeves, made very full. The bust of the dress, the

shoulders, and the sleeves, are trimmed with butterfly bows of gauze ribbon of the colour called *terre d'Espagne*. The front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with knots of the same form, but of a larger size. Head-dress of hair, parted before, curled at the sides, and disposed in a platted braid, which forms a crescent on the summit of the head. A bouquet formed of sprigs of wild berries with their foliage, and ears of oats in silver is placed on the bandeau on each side, and a bouquet of ears only adorns the back of the head. The necklace and ear-rings are gold. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Full Dress Toque of black velvet, the foundation is round and very low; the brim is deep, and descends in a point upon the forehead; it is trimmed on one side with puffs of rose coloured gauze ribbon, an ostrich feather issues from them, and turns back; a second ostrich feather and puffs of ribbon is placed in front on the foundation.

No. 2. Carriage Hat of green velvet, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, one of which is so placed as to fall over the brim, two others rise on one side of the crown.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Some new shawls of a very beautiful kind have just appeared, and are very likely to become fashionable in carriage dress. The ground is a thick twilled satin, in general black; we have seen some however of dark green, London smoke, and a peculiarly rich shade of brown. Some have a very rich and deep wreath of flowers of various hues round the border. Others have a large bouquet of flowers at each corner, and a third sort, the pattern of which is perhaps the most original, has the border of stripes interlaced in a kind of trellis work, which is intermixed at regular distances, with bouquets of roses. Some of the new carriage hats are of the old English shape, that is, with the crown forming a direct point; it is rather high, and has a ribbon twisted round the top of it, which descending obliquely forms the *brides*. A sprig of flowers or a single ostrich feather is attached in front by a short full knot of ribbon; the brim is long, rather deep, and trimmed on the inside with a blond net *ruche*, which descending under the chin forms *mentonnieres*. Some new materials have recently appeared for carriage hats and bonnets, but they do not seem to come much into favour though of a very rich kind. One of them is satin, spotted with velvet, another is *poux de soie* lightly figured with satin. This last is extremely pretty, but plain materials are still those most in request, particularly Terry velvet: we have seen lately several bonnets composed of azure blue Terry velvet, they were of a shape between the *libi* and the open cottage bonnet, neither so close as the former, nor so wide as the latter. The inside of the brim is trimmed with blond lace in the cap style, it descends in the form of *demi cornette brides*. A white ostrich feather placed very far back on the right side winds round the crown, and falling on the brim droops over it close to the left ear.

Half-dress robes are frequently made of a three-quarter height, indeed in some instances, the bodies are made quite high: in the latter case they are rendered dressy by black blond, or real lace pelerines, some of which are of a very novel description. One of these has the body formed of an intermixture of black letting in lace, with a net work of narrow rose-coloured gauze ribbon; it is rounded behind, pointed in front, and bound with rose-coloured ribbon. A full fall of black lace goes round the back and shoulders, the fronts and the neck are trimmed with a *ruche* formed of ends of rose-coloured ribbon, and black net intermingled.

Although the Amadis shape is still fashionable for long sleeves, it is no longer exclusively so, a good many are made with a deep tight cuff, which reaches from the wrist about half way to the elbow, the remaining part of the sleeve is extremely wide. We see also several that have the lower part of the sleeve arranged in *bouillons* by bands of the material of the dress.

Plain gauze turbans are very fashionable in dinner dress, that is to say, plain gauze of two colours, they are generally strongly contrasted, but we observe that the mixture of black and orange is less fashionable than black and green, black and rose, or black and *oiseau*. Many of these turbans are made without any ornament, but they have nevertheless a very dressy appearance from the manner in which the folds are arranged. Others are trimmed with an *esprit*, and we observe that black ones are preferred. Some of the new dinner dress caps are composed of black blond net, the trimming of the front is of rose-coloured false blond of an extremely light pattern; these caps are made with the cauls rather higher than they are in general, the trimming of the front short at the ears, rounded and moderately high, is disposed in one row only, it is turned back by bands of black and rose-coloured gauze ribbon which cross each other. One of these bands terminates in a knot at the left side, in which a full blown rose with buds and foliage is placed, the opposite side is finished with a few ends which droop upon the hair.

Open robes are decidedly the fashion in evening dress, some are entirely open, others have the front breadth arranged in the form of an apron, and attached to the skirt on each side by knots of ribbon or other ornaments placed at regular distances, and sufficiently apart to display the under dress. If the robe is of silk or satin, the under dress should be of white satin or *tulle*. In some instances the sides and the apron part of the robe are trimmed with blond lace, the effect of which interspersed with knots of ribbon is very elegant. Other robes have the sides trimmed with puffs of ribbon. Those that are of crape or gauze are very frequently adorned with embroidery.

Pointed bodies continue in favour for evening dress. A good many of them are trimmed with blond lace disposed *en cœur*. The lace is set on very narrow at the lower part of the *corsage*, and forms a point answering to it, it increases in breadth as it ascends, and falls very deep over the back and shoulders. Knots of ribbon are an indispensible ornament to these *corsages*. The most novel of these that adorn the shoulders have a cluster of ends falling over the sleeve. Fashionable colours are rose, beet red, saffron yellow, violet, red brown, and different shades of green and grey.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY ENGRAVING.

Evening Dress for a Social Party.—The robe is composed of violet satin, a low *corsage*, quite plain and pointed. Bouffant sleeves, over which are long ones of black real lace of an antique pattern. A rich Cordeliere descends from the waist. *Chemisette a la Pierre* also of black real lace. Head-dress a blond lace cap, the trimming long and narrow at the ears, but rather high; it is turned back and sustained in front by knots of green gauze ribbon, and flowers.

Dinner Dress.—Green velvet robe, a low body, crossed in full folds in front, displaying a little of a *tulle chemisetté*, bordered with blond lace. Long sleeves of the *demi imbecille* shape, scarf-pelerine of white blond lace, cut low round the bosom, with strings of pink gauze ribbon. Blond lace cap of a very open shape, and short at the ears; it is trimmed in a very light style with ends of pink gauze ribbon, and a sprig of exotics. Reticule of white Cashmere spotted with green.

Evening Dress.—Robe of *satin-blonde*, pale oiseau ground, figured in a black blond lace pattern. *Corsage* and sleeves *à la Mancini*, the former ornamented with a superb black and *oiseau* cord and tassels depending from the *ceinture*, the latter trimmed with blond lace ruffles, quite in the antique style. Head dress, a turban of *oiseau* crape lightly embroidered in black silk, it is disposed in high but not voluminous folds, they rise from a pointed band, and are surmounted by an *esprit* placed at the back of the foundation. Necklace and ear-rings diamonds.

Opera Dress.—Of Terry Velvet, a white ground striped with azure blue. A plain *corsage* with *imbecille* sleeves of white blond net. *Mantelet en écharpe* of Terry velvet, the pelerine part is disposed in double *dents*, the scarf ends are long and very narrow. The trimming consists of blond net disposed in *ruches*, blond lace set on full, and knots of gauze ribbon placed upon the breast. Head-dress an azure crape toque corresponding in colour with the mantelet, it is trimmed with white ostrich feathers, blond lace and ends of ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 1. A back view of number six.

No. 2. Evening dress of white Cashmere gauze, with a head-dress composed partly of hair and partly of rose-coloured and *oiseau* gauze ribbons; they are arranged round the summit of the head in puffs sustained by a twisted bandeau.

No. 3. Carriage bonnet of light green satin, the crown much smaller at bottom than top, rather high round brim, gauze ribbons to correspond, and a bouquet of roses form the trimming.

No. 4. Carriage hat of rose-coloured satin, a pointed crown and round brim. The trimming consists of figured gauze ribbons, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

No. 5. Evening dress for a very young lady, of rose-coloured gauze over satin to correspond. The dress is cut low, but it is trimmed very high round the bust with an intermixture of white *tulle* figured with black, and black velvet bands. Fancy collar to correspond, head-dress of hair ornamented with a sprig of flowers.

No. 6 A blond lace dress cap, the lace disposed rather voluminously in front, is sustained by bands of rose-coloured ribbon, and a single full blown rose.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The President and Secretary discovered.*

Away! away to the council room,
Where the lamp is lit and shining,
Away! away!
Pronounce each correspondent's doom,
Who in suspense is pining!
Raise smiles upon the brow of gloom,
To mercy still inclining!
Away! away!
Parody on,' The Mountain's Brow.'

Miss Scribblecumdash. Ere I proceed to lay the correspondence before you, Lady President, I must premise, that should any person not find their communications noticed, it must be attributed to the non-payment of their letters, seventeen having been refused at the office, and five at your private residence, for that omission.

Miss Bluemantle. Quite right, we never receive any letters at our residence, save those paid; the writing of our own immediate friends is instantly recognized by us, and all others are given back. The trouble of reading is quite enough, without paying for such favours. Come, let us proceed to business.

Miss S. A note from HARRIETTE, to correct the mistake our printer made in designating her HENRIETTA.

Miss B. When her article appears the proper signature shall be affixed.

Miss S. ALFRED WILFORD sends a long answer to a Charade.

Miss B. We believe it has already been answered, but the length of this would prevent its insertion if it had not.

Miss S. Lines on "Sleep," by PHILOS.

Miss B. We think they would produce that effect on our readers were we to publish them; a most drowsy affair indeed;—declined.

Miss S. A letter, dated Aldersgate-street; the writer complains of a dearth of comic matter in the late numbers of the Magazine, and wonders you do not request some correspondents whom he names to assist you, &c.

Miss B, We wish people would cease to give us advice, for we have already a stock on hand, enough to last till next year, or longer. Now we wonder if WE were to write to this correspondent, who, perhaps, is a tradesman (the hand-writing furnishes the conjecture), and say to him, "we are surprised you do not buy your goods (SNUFFS for instance if he be in that *taking* line), at Mr. Black's instead of Mr. Blue's, and keep your articles in china jars instead of tin cannisters," we wonder if he would act upon our advice, instead of the judgment which experience has taught him to be the best. Besides, with respect to the want of comic original articles, we confess ourselves to be somewhat in the predicament of the country manager, who, having to represent a snow storm, when informed by his property man all the white paper was exhausted, told him to *snow brown.* We are always happy to receive contributions, but we never *solicit* them. The gentleman he mentions in his letter, has become too great a writer, in his own eyes at least, to let his *name* appear in a penny Magazine, being, we presume, a courtier of the reign of FRANCIS LE GRAND!!! But we have now and then an article from his pen, to which a *feigned* signature is attached. As for the lady enquired after, we are not aware of any work of hers to which our pages have alluded, or would gladly give him the desired information.

Miss S. Lines on the "Magazine," by A. N.

Miss B. We wish people would choose other subjects (though well intended), than to eulogise ourselves, and a parody on the "Evening Bells" has before appeared. We have already a good stock of this correspondent's contributions in hand, and will select some for publication.

Miss S. Note from JEAN.

Miss B. JEAN is thanked for the kindly spirit in which all the communications under this signature are sent to us. Editors have hearts as open to kindness as other people, only they are obliged from their avocation to wear a shield over them sometimes, and seem that which they are not.

Miss S. SYLVANUS sends some answers to Riddles, &c.

Miss B. SYLVANUS is thanked, they will probably appear.

Miss S. A Tale by EMMA, I think, (for I have mislaid the envelope), it is called "Reminiscences," &c.

Miss B. We will give it a perusal, and if worthy it shall appear. We think. and hope it will be accepted.

Miss S. A. W. P.

Miss B. Not worth a rush.

Miss S. A letter of odds and ends by STEEL-PEN.

Miss B. Perhaps some may suit us, but the pen lacks point and power yet.

Miss S. A Tale without a title, by BLANCH H.

Miss B. From what we can judge by reading a few pages, we think we can promise it shall be on the Accepted List.

Miss S. Lines on the "Death of an Affectionate Brother." The writer seems to have no doubt of their acceptance, as he requests they may appear as soon as possible.

Miss B. We are sorry to disappoint, but the writer will not do the memory of the deceased any good by publishing this monody. We would not wound the feelings of any one, much less those of the mourner, but we cannot insert such verses.

Miss S. Two pieces of Poetry by SARAH, one on "Friendship," the other on "Walbrook Church."

Miss B. We hope we shall not offend the young lady, but we decline "Friendship," more from a want of faith in the theme, than for any inability displayed by the writer in eulogising it. "What is friendship but a name?" The other lines being on a more *substantial* subject, shall find a place in our pages.

Miss S. Letter signed C., calling your attention to the piracy in another Magazine, of an article on "Valentine's Day," which appeared in our Magazine last year, on the anniversary of that Saint.

Miss B. The work C. alludes to, is too contemptible in its principles for us to do any thing but pity its ignorance. However, since it did us the honour to think us worth copying, we think common honesty should have made the editor give the source from whence he derived the article. But as the work now consists *entirely* of compilation (even its Dramatic Reports), we shall say nothing more on the subject.

Miss S. Lines on "Love," not the celebrated Polyphonist, but the "God of the unerring bow," signed W. H. Cambridgeshire.

Miss B. They are pretty, very pretty, and shall appear.

Miss S. Lines on "Fancy," by GEORGE.

Miss B. "Tell us where is fancy bred? not in George's heart nor head." It should have been on "*The* Fancy," and might then have produced more *striking* effects. By the way, we have incurred much displeasure from divers of his Majesty's subjects, who locate in WEST Devon, for printing the note to the answer of our Charade on the cat o' nine tails, and are credibly informed that no such regiment as the WEST DEVON ever existed, indeed we have been ourselves threatened with a court martial, who doubtless, would have sentenced us like Boadicia of old, to the punishment of STRIPES. But jesting apart, we regret to have stated what is not correct, and only have to say in our defence, that we printed the article just as we had it sent, and certainly without any enquiry as to its *truth.* Perhaps our correspondent mistook the *West* for the *East*, but even they of the *East* deny the charge in toto.

Miss S. A letter from J. H., Chapel-court.

Miss B. We will give him a *private* answer at our leisure, but certainly we do *not* recommend the step he suggests as one likely to gain cash by. In this age any speculation is better than a literary one.

Miss S. A Song with Music, from Ipswich.

Miss B. Our correspondent there is thanked, but we have for the present discontinued all musical articles out of feeling to Messleurs the Music Publishers, who thereby considered themselves injured; what they will say to the cheap musical work about to be published by the "Society for the Diffusion of *Useful* Knowledge," we know not. *That* society seems resolved to monopolize all the knowledge to itself, and therefore of course may publish *music* as an *useful* branch of education to the common people, without incurring censure or complaint, though WE are constantly blamed for the injury we inflicted by so doing upon the trade. Oh! Humbug! when will *thy* reign end?

Miss S. A letter from JAMES REES, stating in answer to the enquiry in our last "Noctes," that he did instantly send his address, &c., to you on the subject named.

Miss B. On the honour of an Editress and a gentlewoman, (to which we *do* pretend), WE never received any such communication. The affair, however, shall be seen into, and a change made in our office, as regards the *receipt of letters.*

Miss S. Some verses dated Hill-street, Walworth.

Miss B. Quite too common place to suit our Magazine.

Miss S. Lines intended to illustrate the engraving of an "Only Son," &c., in No. 28 of our work. Also a copy of verses on a "Lily."

Miss B. The cut did not need illustration, as *that* was given with it. How absurd to "tell a twice told tale." The "Lily" *may*, perhaps, find a place in our pages when the season of flowers arrives. Come, as it is growing late, we do not contemplate a visit from our critical sisters this evening, as *their* visits are now like angels, "few and far between." What! the Budget not yet exhausted, Scribblecum?

Miss S. Letters from NERO MENTOR, JULIA, ANTI-PAUL PRY, and JOHN V., on the necessity of having a letter-box placed in the window of the office, or removing the office entirely from its present situation, at least as far as the letters of correspondents are concerned.

Miss B. Something shall be done in regard to this part of the arrangement of our Magazine ere it is a week older, or we will decline its management altogether. The Twankayanæ waits, let us adjourn.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

The Loyal Society of the Ancient Britons celebrated its 120th anniversary as usual by a dinner (in England charity and a public dinner are synonimous), at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 1st of March. The Earl of Lisburne, President of the day, in the chair. After many loyal toasts were duly honoured in "a bumper upstanding," and appropriate songs given by way of digestive, the interesting objects of the meeting were introduced, and having paraded round the room twice, preceded by the stewards and the band playing a Welsh march, formed in a circle near the President's table, and sang the following Ode to the plaintive air of Nos Galen, written expressly for them on this occasion, by Mrs. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Cambria's distant hills and valleys
Waft your names on ev'ry breeze!
Wallia's Mountain-spirit rallies
Round such noble scenes as these!

While our voices spread the story
Of your love—(though weak the strain),
May the AWEN'S* early glory,
Wake its native Lyre again!

While our wants and sorrows aiding
Here you meet, round Mercy's shrine!
Lured by Pity's soft persuading
To perform an act divine.
Fain would we in artless numbers
Ere our infant steps depart,
Pay that care, which never slumbers,
With the tribute of the Heart!

The sight was truly touching, and when the Ode was unanimously encored, and the voices of the infant pleaders, becoming more re-assured, blended together in plaintive harmony, cold indeed must have been the heart that could have listened unmoved to such an appeal. In the course of the evening Mr. Parry delighted the company with his performance on Wheatstone's patent Synphonion, and in the universal encore he received, introduced the national Welsh air of "Ar hyd y nos." The collection was most liberal, and the whole Festival went off with the greatest harmony. We cannot, however, compliment the stewards on *their* liberality to the LADIES in the gallery, who, having patiently looked on at their eating and drinking, and been regaled with the *smell* only of the good things below, from five o'clock till ten, *did* expect from their gallantry the compliment at least of a glass of negus and a biscuit. But no! Taffy only took care of himself, and thought the sight of his "doings" was enough for the petticoats. Certainly the writer of the Ode was *entitled* to some compliment of this kind, instead of paying a shilling for a glass of sugar and coloured water, miscalled negus, which, after much difficulty and many entreaties to sundry important waiters, was procured at the close of the evening. On three similar occasions, when the same writer furnished *gratuitous* Odes to other charities, whose dinners were held at the London Tavern, a handsome collation was provided by the stewards, and every attention paid. But the days of gallantry are like those of the "old English gentleman," passed away. In sorrow rather than in anger we say this.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It affords us great pleasure to learn that their Majesties have been graciously pleased to patronize a Grand Musical Festival which is to be given in Westminster Abbey next summer. The following noblemen and gentlemen have been appointed directors by the King—Lord Howe, Lord Cawdor, Lord Denbigh, Lord Belfast, Lord Burghersh, Lord Saltoun, (Hon. Treasurer), Sir A. Barnard, (Hon. Secretary), Sir B. Stephenson, to whom Mr. Parry, the Welsh Bard, has been appointed Secretary. It is intended to employ between six and seven hundred performers in the orchestra, which will be under the direction of Sir G. Smart.

* AWEN means the Poetic Genius, or inspiration—of Cambria.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

"THE HOLM."

BY ELIZA HAMILTON.

Scarcely three months had elapsed since death had deprived the young Edith Russell of a tender mother; and ere the tear which trembled on her fair cheek had vanished, the ruthless Sovereign of Mortality had with rapid strides again entered the house of mourning, and struck with his remorseless hand the remaining parent, and thus left a beauteous being who had been nursed in the bosom of affluence, to the mercy of that selfish crowd denominated the world.

Edith Russell was sitting alone in the library on the evening of her father's funeral, and if despair could be pourtrayed by a countenance so beautiful, one might have imagined it was there enthroned, although on a second glance, a sunbeam of hope would seem to light on her brow, as her soft dark eye turned mournfully away from the portraits of her lost parents to a miniature which she held. It was the resemblance of Audley Dormer, the resemblance of one who seemed to her wounded heart the only link which bound the shivered chain of her existence.

The sound of footsteps recalled her wandering mind, the door opened, and Mr. Wilmot the attorney entered the room. "Sit down, Miss Russell, sit down," commenced Mr. Wilmot, suiting the action to his word, while the pale trembling girl stood like a statue, as her eye rested on her father's will, which Mr. Wilmot laid on the table. The feelings of the man seemed too much absorbed in the lawyer, for Mr. Wilmot to notice the agitation of the fair orphan, or to excite a sympathy for the melancholy interest of her situation, and perhaps her case was merely a repetition of similar occurrences, and Mr. Wilmot might have become familiar to them. "Well, Miss Russell," he again began, while his eyes ran ran rapidly over the parchment. "You see I have lost no time in waiting on you," and, in the same breath he added, "I am sorry to inform you that there is a very scanty provision for you, if any. Indeed the firm of Graspall and Co. their demand alone, I anticipate, will swallow the whole of the property." He then began reading the will, if the quick mumbling noise he made could be so called. "Well, Miss Russell, this is the whole information I can give you; the residue of the property you hear the testator devotes to you, which will be very little if any, as before observed." Here Mr. Wilmot for the first time fixed his eyes on his auditor, and was certainly surprised, if not disappointed at the serene countenance which met his gaze, for he added, "On my word, Miss Russell, you bear the loss of fortune most magnanimously." "If there is sufficient property, Mr. Wilmot, to pay my dear father's debts," said Edith calmly, "the loss of fortune will be trifling indeed when compared to the bereavements I have sustained, which demand all the fortitude that heaven has bestowed upon me." "Well, Miss Russell, I'll not intrude further this evening. I shall be happy to hear from you whenever you can arrange a plan for your future maintenance, and feel honoured to render my advice should you require it." Edith bowed, and Mr. Wilmot added, "You can take your leisure in writing to me, as you can stay here until you can arrange suitably to your wishes." Left once again to herself, Edith ruminated o'er the last words of the lawyer. "Could it be possible" she thought, "that the home where she was born; the place which seemed interwoven with her existence, should be no longer her's!" The thought was agony, but the resignation of the young mourner was beautiful as the fortitude was glorious with which she seemed inspired.

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The force of anguish had somewhat abated in the mind of the orphan, the truant rose was wavering for ascendency o'er the lily, which had assumed its place, and the "soul-telling" eye though robbed of its native brilliancy, now looked a light perhaps less bright, but certainly more beautiful.

Edith had just finished a miniature which she had sketched from the portraits of her parents, a smile of pleasure irradiated her countenance as she beheld the triumph of her success. A rustling in the plantation prevented the reverie she was sinking into, and in another moment a young and handsome man clasped her to his bosom. "My poor Edith!" "My dear Audley!" were the words that alone found utterence; both seemed to appeal to the other for casual words to conceal the thoughts that struggled in the bosom of either. Audley Dormer, could have been eloquent in sympathy, but he withheld it that it might not augment the mourner's grief. Edith perceived the kind intent, and was grateful. "It is very kind and considerate, Audley," she said, "to leave your friends and all your pleasures to visit a solitary creature like myself." "Hush, dearest Edith; what pleasure can there possibly exist which dies not in the pleasure of this moment?" and at that instant Audley really thought so as his eyes rested on the fair being before him—the being upon whom he decided as the partner of his fate through life.

Audley Dormer lived in the higher ranks of society, where he had ever shone pre-eminently amid the fashionable luminaries. The young, the beautiful, the noble had all aspired at the achievement of the heart of the gay and handsome Dormer, but the citadel

though often threatened, had never been taken until he met with Edith Russell. Edith was an only child, and Mr. Russell was reputed wealthy, the lineage (especially on the maternal side), was ancient and nobly descended, all these circumstances combining with his wishes, Audley offered himself and was accepted. Edith loved Audley from the hour she beheld him; it was not the manly beauty nor the graceful form that had enchained her affection, and taught her young and guileless heart to beat with a fervour at once so strange and yet so dear; it was the voice, the words, the nobility of soul which seemed to emanate from the lips of the lover which had fascinated, and beguiled her senses. The arrival of Audley had been anticipated, for the time was rapidly approaching which had been resolved upon as the day of their union, which Audley entreated should not be protracted. "The solitude of your situation, dearest Edith," he continued, "would urge me to name an earlier day; difference of scene will bring brightness to your cheek again, and banish the melancholy which has so cruelly stolen around you, and which the loneliness of this place is sufficient in itself to create." "It is lonely, dear Audley, now all that endeared it is gone, and I am even careless to the time I stay here, though with all its gloom I love it, and were I permitted to select, 'The Holm,' would be my choice." "And mine," repeated Audley; "when time has lessened the sorrow that pervades here, we will again visit the place so hallowed in the memory of my Edith." "Alas! Audley, I fear that can never be; 'the Holm' is no longer mine, even now I am an intruder, and my dowry is scarcely a pittance for a beggar." The countenance of Edith underwent no apparent change, as she avowed this truth, and her eye not only unshrinkingly but confidingly looked up to the face of her lover, for Edith had never mingled with the sordid, and she judged of the human heart by the feelings of her own. The blood which had mounted into Audley's face as Edith spoke, now crimsoned his brow, and ere it regained its usual placidity, Audley had passed his hand across his forehead several times, and essayed a cough to hide the manifestations of his mind. Was it the flush of admiration that mantled o'er the cheek of Audley? Was it the glow of that indescribable sensation that thrills the heart when it witnesses an action of nobility springing from the pure bosom of innocence and virtue? No; it was neither; it was the flash of disappointed ambition that had alone betrayed itself on the brow of the lover. A short pause ensued, ere Audley spoke, but during the interval a thousand thoughts were created in his brain, and his disquiet more and more increased, when Edith replied in explanation to his eager enquiries. Assuming an ease which was foreign to his bosom, he led the unsuspecting girl to imagine she was more dear to him, and he rejoiced when evening came, which seemed to proclaim his departure from the being whom he still loved fondly as ever, but from whom fate seemed to have raised an impassable barrier; slowly he bent his steps towards the Sun, where his servant had secured lodgings for him, and he retired to his room to devise some remedy for his disappointment. To lose Edith was distraction, to marry without money impossible, his resources were scarcely sufficient to support his present mode of living, and it would but ill accord with his idea of things to reduce his stud, relinquish any of his clubs, or, in short, resign any of those trifling attributes of a fashionable or rather a selfish man. Then another thought presented itself, which even darkened the cloud of ambition that overwhelmed the brighter senses of Audley. Edith was but a simple girl, he was sure she loved him, she would not be the first that had resigned all to that love. The eye of Audley became vacant, and the image of more than one fair blooming girl glided through the shades of awakened memory. "Pshaw!" exclaimed Audley, rising from his chair, "these foolish circumstances are ever a truce to reflection."

Early the next morning Audley was with Edith, and ere they had left the breakfast table, a letter was placed before the latter. It was from Mr. Wilmot, signifying that a purchaser was in treaty for "The Holm," and he would ride over that morning to take a survey of it. Edith turned pale, and gave the letter to Audley. "Do not expose yourself to this trial," said Audley tenderly, let us leave this place immediately. My aunt, the Lady Catherine Selborne Audley will receive you, dear Edith, with affection and joy." "Lady Catherine Selborne Audley! is not her ladyship very gay?" "My aunt is a widow," answered Audley mildly, and Edith thought reprovingly, and why, she then argued, should she refuse the asylum that Audley offered her, and the wavering feeling was smothered that intruded itself. Edith sought Amy Alleyn, who had been waiting-maid to her mother, and who it was decided should be the companion of her journey. Unfortunately Amy was one who could not direct Edith, as her youth required. The thought of visiting London banished every idea from Amy's mind, and in less than two hours a post-chaise was rapidly conveying the two from "The Holm."

It was evening of the following day when the chaise stopped at the residence of the Lady Catherine. Audley assisted Edith from the carriage, and drawing her arm under his own, he entered the house. "Shall I inform my lady of your arrival, sir?" said a servant who had followed them into a room where Audley had conducted Edith himself. No I will see her myself, her ladyship is in the drawing-room, I suppose?" The servant bowed assent, and followed Audley, who left the room, and Edith had just time to fancy the sorrowful widow and her sable garb, when a laughing voice was heard, and in another moment the Lady Catherine was led into the room by Audley. No sadder hue did her ladyship's robes display than the bright azure of a cloudless sky, which gave back brilliancy to a beauty which now though imperceptibly, was verging from its meridian; a fascination played round every feature of her fine formed face, and with a corresponding grace, she welcomed Edith, who expressed her acknowledgements, and judging from her ladyship's splendid appearance, that she was engaged, she entreated that her intrusion might not be allowed to interfere with her ladyship's arrangements. "I have but a very small party to night, my dear, returned Lady Catherine, and not of sufficient interest to ask you to join us, your pale cheek hath need of rest, and I shall leave you in Audley's care, with the anticipation that to-morrow I may boast of so pleasing an addition in the lists of friendship; and removing the glove from her gem-encircled fingers she gently pressed the passive hand of Edith, then inclining her high plumed head towards Audley with a gesture that seemed to signify that she should see him again that evening, she left the room.

Edith's increasing languor suggested an early separation, and Audley, at Edith's desire, rang for Amy to attend her to her chamber. The smart little Abigail speedily obeyed the summons, bearing a small silver lamp, the mild rays of which cast a soft but somewhat indefinite light on the luxurious apartment she stopped at. "This is your sleeping room, Miss Edith," said the girl, and her eyes glanced round the room in rapturous amazement, "I should never sleep with looking at the beautiful things round me," and with a dexterity that rather concealed than betrayed a novice, she lighted from her lamp the tapers that stood in massive stands on either side of the highly wrought and burnished mirror. "Amy, Amy!" exclaimed the youthful mistress, as her eye in vain sought relief from the many glowing reflections it caught all round of her faultless self. "You forget that I, like yourself, am an entire stranger here; pray extinguish these unnecessary lights and let me not have to blame you again for the freedom." "Freedom, Miss Edith," said the girl in a supplicating but yet vindicating tone; "I've only done as Madame Tripon, her ladyship's maid desired when I asked if this little lamp was all the light you were to have." "Quite sufficient for me," returned Edith, "this glare would be but mockery to me, and I'm sure," she added with a mournful smile, "my pale cheek hath little need of such brilliancy to contest with." The lights were extinguished, the maid dismissed, and Edith's head reclined on the soft yielding pillow, weariness languidly triumphed o'er the

novelty of her situation, the luxurious apartment, and, lastly, o'er the oppressive load that weighed so heavily and yet so mysteriously on her heart.

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Edith had been in London two months, and yet remained in seclusion, Audley had at length forbore to entreat, and the Lady Catherine had ceased to rally her upon what she termed her self-devotedness, and the warm pleasantry of her ladyship's, gradually sunk into a frigid politeness. A heart like Edith's, wounded and drooping as it was, could but ill brook this difference; she appealed to Audley, to him she so fervently confided in. He listened to the artless, the friendless girl; the guileless manner she reverted to his vow, and the painful idea she was an incumbrance to the Lady Catherine; he gazed on the fair speaker, he beheld the purity of her heart graven on her spotless brow, and yet, shameless, heartless libertine as he was, he answered thus. "My own Edith hear me, and let not a false and mistaken feeling, which can but exist in the minds of the vulgar and cold hearted, be a prejudice in your bosom, a series of unforseen events deter me from presenting you to the world as my wife, but if a heart entirely devoted to you—" Audley paused, for the fearful glow that dyed the bloodless cheek of insulted virtue caused even him, ruthless as he stood confessed, to crouch beneath its aspect. Edith for a moment believed she dreamed, and then the terrible truth seemed to madden every feeling; with trembling steps she endeavoured to reach the door, she must have fallen had not Audley caught her. "Dear Edith, whence this agitation, you know how dearly I love you." "Too well I thought," returned the trembling girl, proudly disengaging herself from his hold, "too well I thought of you than to have consigned me to infamy, but know, humbled and degraded as I must appear to you, my heart is still superior, and scorns to listen even to Audley Dormer!" "Forgive me, Edith—" "Nay, Audley," she interrupted him, "you must ask forgiveness from a higher power than mine, and I leave you, I must for ever, with this regret that you have mistaken the character of the woman with whom you have so wantonly, so cruelly trifled." She paused, and summoning an effort which seemed desperate to attempt, she unclasped the chain which secured the miniature, and with a silence at once beautifully eloquent, she left the splendid bauble with its too similar original. The poor and friendless Edith in another instant was in the solitude of her chamber, she sunk on her knees and breathed a prayer to heaven for protection. She rose, her bursting heart was relieved by convulsive sobs. "It is sinful to grieve," she sighed, as she dashed the tears from her eyes, which continued to flow despite her wounded pride. To remain another day in the house was impossible, but whither could she go? Amy might have friends in London?" The girl at the moment came into the room, and at the sight of her fair mistress' grief without knowledge of the cause, began to weep likewise. To Edith's satisfaction Amy informed her she had an aunt who lived but a short distance. This was favourable to the orphan's wishes, and having arranged her wardrobe, &c., &c., she wrote a few lines to Lady Catherine, who requested an interview in her dressing-room. Edith obeyed the summons, and her ladyship, in a cold distant manner asked whether she might be allowed to know the abode Miss Russell had chosen? Edith replied. Lady Catherine suffered her haughty features to wear a smile; it were hard to say whether of pity or contempt. "Miss Russell," she resumed "I would be your friend, and promote your advancement in life, but if you so rashly interrupt my project by degrading yourself—" "Degrading myself, Lady Catherine," interrupted Edith, "if avoiding infamy in seeking an honest though humble shelter be degrading, I must indeed plead guilty." "Gently, Miss Russell," said Lady Catherine, in the same cold manner, and listen to this proposition; you have a voice which I am sure is rarely equalled, and never surpassed, and you are likewise a wonderful musician; my interest is valuable if you would try your abilities in public." The soft eye of Edith flashed, her heart swelled as she rose from her seat. "Your ladyship," she said, "perhaps is jesting, otherwise I never was educated to make a public exhibition of myself." "You have no alternative." "Many, Lady Catherine," said Edith, proudly. Her ladyship bowed, and therely signified their conference was ended.

A new and dreadful doubt (could it be truth?) now burst on the mind of Edith.—Could it be the loss of fortune which had exposed her to the insults which she felt degraded her to dwell upon? and now, and not till now, did her friendless and forlorn state to her appear. But yet she did not sink under her misfortunes, and even did this young inheritor of worldly grief strive to overlook the desolation which was but too manifestly graven in the prospect; for like the fragile flower, though bent by the storm, yet does it not look up to heaven for protection, without whose glorious light the brightest flower must perish?

In Amy's aunt Edith found a kind-hearted, sympathizing woman, whose motherly care and delicate attention was more than rewarded in beholding its influence in the health of her fair charge, who forbore to indulge a sorrow which must have inevitably proved fatal, had she not possessed the enviable blessing of self-denial. The sensitive mind of Edith recoiled from burthening the kind Mrs. Alleyn with the expense of her maintenance, and she determined to turn the talents of which she was mistress, to account.

Hope is ever sanguine in the youthful heart, and Edith scarcely dreamed of the many difficulties which a novice, and a dependant one, must necessarily encounter. The elderly thought her too young for a governess, the jealous too pretty—one preferred a foreigner, another disliked any to commence their novitiate in their family, and a third always required an introduction from the highest circles. Edith's heart died within her as she turned from the mansion of each high-born child of prosperity: her eye despondingly glanced upon the nearly exhausted names on the card which a fashionable librarian had forwarded her. One solitary address remained; this had been passed, as it was the one alone of all directed to the other sex. She pondered whether she should return without calling in Portman-square, and then her forlorn and cheerless state urged her to make an effort against inclination. Conscious of her own resolves, she regained confidence, and desired the coachman to drive to Sir Harvey Elvaston's, Portman-square. An escutcheon, newly erected, proclaimed a house of mourning. The servants' dress, the steady countenance of each, and noiseless step, confirmed the truth of the herald of sorrow. A servant took Edith's card, and presently returned, and conducted her to Sir Harvey Elvaston. One glance at the sorrowful countenance told for whom he mourned, but could the fairy-like little creature that he now so fondly selected, could she claim the youthful baronet for a parent? The manly beauty of the one was softened into loveliness in the countenance of the child, whose infantine confidence more than the most striking resemblance, confirmed the tender affinity. The formality of a first interview was briefly observed by Sir Harvey, whose mild, elegant demeanour towards the young applicant assured her the blush which is too often summoned on the cheek of the child of dependence by the more fortunate, was, in this instance, suffered to remain dormant. Commisseration for the lovely and sorrowful one before him induced Sir Harvey to pass over the only obstacle which presented itself; this was the extreme youth of Edith. He could have wished one more advanced, to whom he could have entrusted his precious, his only child; but then his mother, the excellent Lady Elvaston, would constantly reside with them, and thus surmount the difficulty.

An engagement terminated the interview, and Edith placed Mr. Wilmot's card before Sir Harvey, to whom she wished him to refer. A smile of recognition lighted the sorrowful features of the widowed Baronet, as he glanced from the card enquiringly to Edith. "I am not mistaken in my supposition," said Sir Harvey, as he held out his hand to the astonished Edith, "are you not the daughter of the late Mr. Russell?" The orphan bowed; painful recollections forbad her reply. "Pardon me for incautiously awakening so sacred a sorrow, the coincidence must apologize

for me, but I little imagined when I purchased 'The Holm,' its fairest, its brightest grace would so soon again become its proudest ornament.

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Evening had thrown its soft and beautiful shade on a sky, which the sun, in his last glory, had made resplendent. The day had been sultry, but now a gentle breeze awoke, in pity to the feverod air, the languid traveller, and the wearied labourer. One of this class was returning to his humble roof, his heart expanding in silent adoration, for Nature herself appeared so holy, and seemed to inspire her children with the same devotion. The pious reveries of the labourer were interrupted by the approach of a travelling carriage, which was advancing up the hill. The carriage was open, and two individuals extended their apparently fatigued persons in the luxury of the lengthy vehicle, The elder of the travellers partly arose, and inclined his head forward, while he looked earnestly towards an ancient building which fronted the eminence. This action, simple in itself, excited the curiosity of the other: his countenance betrayed surprise, and seemed to ask an explanation; an inward commotion had already assured him that some very unusual circumstance had aroused the attention of his fashionable, but very indolent, companion. A smile, somewhat peculiar to define, passed o'er his countenance, but which seemed to be perfectly understood, as it was immediately answered by a corresponding expression. "So, so," said the younger of the two, and he levelled his glass at the old building, and, desiring the drivers to stop, he enquired of the labourer (who stood unmoved) to whom the house belonged? "Sir Harvey Elvaston, long life to him, please your honor," answered the peasant. "Harvey Elvaston!" repeated the enquirer, turning to his companion, "my most intimate friend. You remember Lady Elvaston's death just as we left England. What say you, shall we surprise him? An assent was given. The friends alighted: the servants had orders to return to the Inn where they had been furnished with relays, and they then proceeded on the path so well remembered by one of them. Here flourished the same plantation; there stood the same verandah; and ah! the voice, the same thrilling voice. Could it be possible?—and yet it must be, for where's the other that ever did, or ever could sound like that voice upon his ear?—It was the impulse of feeling, the action of the moment! the verandah was cleared by the breathless listener, who, in another moment, knelt at the feet of the orphan. "Forgive, forgive me, Edith," exclaimed the impassioned intruder. "Of that be assured, Mr. Dormer," said Sir Harvey Elvaston, who that moment entered the room. "Lady Elvaston," he added, tenderly taking the trembling hand of Edith, "has too liberal a heart not only to forget, but to forgive, the errors of ambition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

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Daughter! thy abstracted air,
Flashing eye, dishevell'd hair,
And the hectic on thy cheek,
Sad contending passions speak!
Passions that alike molest,
And rob of peace thy tortured breast!

Daughter! on thy haughty brow,
Read I the sad story now,
Of a heart, deceived—betray'd—
All the wreck that Love has made;
(Like sullen clouds that veil the morn),
Is written on that brow of scorn!

Daughter! none have seen thee weep—
Are thy woes too dark and deep
For the soothing balm of tears?
Untold grief the bosom sears!
Feeding on the heart's repose,
Like the canker on the rose!

Father! *only* in the skies
Seek I what the world denies
To the heart-bruis'd wand'rer here;
Mercy's of a purer sphere!
For the broken spirit's wound,
Balm on Earth was *never* found!

FARE THEE WELL, LOVED ONE!

Fare thee well, loved one! my spirit shall hover
O'er thee, and pray for thy peace and thy rest;
And hereafter perchance thou may'st feel and discover
Who loved thee, the truest, the warmest, the best.
In my moments of sadness, I've thought of thee, dearest!
Thou wert still in my mind in the circle of mirth—
In my day-dreams I gaze on that form to me fairest,
Far brighter than aught I could see on this earth.
Fare thee well, loved one! I fain would forget thee!
And blot from my memory's tablet the past—
For each thought only makes me still further regret thee,
Each throb is more bitter, more keen than the last!
Yet as soon shall the Arab, with thirst parched and weary,
Forget the sweet spring in the desert he found,
Or the eagle forsake his fond mate in the eyrie—
As remembrance can cease where affection is bound.
Fare thee well, loved one! I never knew sorrow
Like that which I felt when I bade thee adieu,
How drear to my eyes was the light of the morrow,
Which shewed me how far I was distant from you!
In pleasure we met, and in sorrow we parted—
To weep o'er thy memory this was my doom,
It may cost me a pang, yet tho' lorn, broken hearted,
I'll think on thee, dearest, in sadness and gloom.

E. P. T.

BALLAD.

Oh! come to me, oh! come to me,
When the Spring is fresh and fair;
And the blushing bloom of the apple tree
Is wreath'd in thy golden hair.
Come when the dew is on the rose,
And the wild flowers blossom free;
When the sunlight on the streamlet glows;
Oh! then, Love, come to me!

Oh! come to me, oh! come to me,
When the lark is in the sky,
And to his joyous minstrelsy
Thine own sweet lips reply;
When, couched beneath its jealous leaves,
The violet-bloom we see,
And on the breeze its odour breathes;
Oh! then, Love, come to me!

I would not have thee come to me
In a season dark and drear;
Thou art too bright, too fair, too fond,
For an hour less calm and dear.
Let others see thee in thy pride,
Then let them worship thee;
But at early morn, by the streamlet side,
I pray thee come to me!

P.

LINES.

He came, and I thought it was love I beheld,
And my answering heart bounded lightsome and gay,
But the morrow scarce dawned ere the charm was dispell'd,
And my young dream of happiness fleeted away.

He came, and I gave him my hand for the dance,
And I felt the soft pressure with which 'twas received,
I thought that his piercing and rapturous glance
Was love; and I yielded to what I believed.

He came, like a meteor my youth's path across,
As a vision embodied of many a fond dream;
He came, and I knew him to feel but his loss,
Ere he fled from my sight like the sun's fading beam.

He came but to sport o'er the heart he had won,
To illumine love's torch, but to mock at its flame,
To leave it forsaken, deserted, alone,
Consuming and dying;—'twas for this he came.

A. N.

BALLAD.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

Bring, bring me no more of those bright summer roses,
Unless 'tis a lonely bud torn from its stem,
The traces of sorrow my pale cheek discloses;
Sure, sure it were childish to mingle with them.
That one drooping flow'ret, methinks it would please me,
To give it a resting place near to my heart;
Perchance I might weep as the young blossom withers,
And all its sweet odour and beauty depart.

Oh! could I excite but the warm tears to trickle,
To moisten the fever that preys on my cheek,
'Twould ease my poor heart of its bitterest anguish,
And teach my young lips of their sorrow to speak.
Bring, bring me no more of those bright summer roses,
Unless 'tis a lonely bud torn from its stem,
The traces of sorrow my pale cheek discloses;
Sure, sure it were childish to mingle with them.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

No. IV.

IN THE LAZZERETTO, AT PAUSILIPO, NEAR NAPLES.

And can'st thou slumber, oh! my soul!
Where Virgil's ashes lie?
Forgetting, in this base controul,
The classic relics nigh?

And can'st thou waste thine energies
In noisy, low dispute,
Compelled to bandy words like his
With every human brute?*

Awake, arouse thee from thy sloth,
Let Hope and Memory in!
Thus may'st thou, aided by them both,
Forget, forgive, and win.

Forget this petty, present ill,
Forgive its authors† vile,
And win Philosophy, that will
Treat evils with a smile.

As all is for the best, that is,
And out of ill comes good,
So all may reap some good from this
When rightly understood.

EDWARD WARD.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—A farmer in the neighbourhood of Blackmore, some few years back, whose hospitality and friendship were admitted by all, was favoured with the company of a friend from town on the last day of August, for several years, armed at all points for the field next day. After partaking of the sports of the field, and the hospitality of his friend's table, as long as he pleased, he left, by saying how happy he should be to *see* him in London. After many years chance called the farmer to town, who immediately repaired to the house of his friend. He found the *sportsman* busy at his desk, and immediately accosted him in his wonted style of friendship; when his friend, peeping through the bars of his desk, declared that he had not the pleasure of knowing him, that he had the advantage of him, &c. The sportsman, however, soon recovered his recollection, and was very glad to see him; he was then extremely busy; if his friend would step to Dolly's and order a steak, he would join him in half an hour. The farmer did not quite understand *London hospitality*, but did as he was ordered. His friend was punctual; they feasted, *they* paid, they parted. The ensuing 31st of August brought the sportsman with his dogs, &c., to the door of his country friend; the farmer was on the look-out, and made his appearance at the door with the gridiron held before his face, declaring that he had not the pleasure of knowing him, and that he had the advantage of him; soon, however, affecting to recollect him, he told him he was then very busy, but if he would go to the King's Arms, and order a steak, he would join him in half an hour. The sportsman took the hint and was never seen or heard of more.

SINGULAR SYMPATHY.—A gentleman having incautiously become security for one of his friends, who failed and fled the country, had all his property seized, and was himself deprived of his liberty. His creditors, however, offered to release him on the payment of a comparatively small sum of money, because his presence might tend greatly to the re-establishment of his affairs. His wife, who was on terms of particular intimacy with Mrs. S., who was indeed indebted to her for a very advantageous establishment, and possessed a great fortune, went to the house of her friend, and related her husband's misfortunes, hoping that Mrs. S. would assist him. She entered into all the details of the calamity, and it was not without surprise that she observed her friend was frequently absent during the recital. When she had finished the tale of her sorrows, Mrs. S., with a deep sigh, replied, "All have their troubles, my dear friend! since yesterday evening I have been almost distracted. I do not know to whom to confide the affliction which threatens me, and I thank heaven for having sent you to give me some consolation. Judge of my grief, when I tell you that the finest horse in my stable is stretched upon his litter, and that little or no hopes are entertained of his life!"

INDEPENDENCE.—It is an old maxim enough amongst us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence—we value ourselves on it, yet the sense of independence, is often but the want of sympathy with others. There was a certain merchant sojourning, at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. "Sir," quoth boots, "the day is breaking." The merchant turned round with a grim look, and growled, "Let it break, it owes me nothing."

GALLANTRY OF ANTIQUARIANS.

Antiquarians are by no means remarkable for their courtesy to the fair sex. "Their Venus must be old, and want a nose." Among those who have expatiated most warmly against the female part of the creation, must be reckoned Anthony Wood, whose dairy affords some instances of dislike so grotesque, that they deserve attention.

Page 167.—"He, Sir Thomas Clayton and his family, most of them womankind, which before were looked upon, (if resident in the college), a scandal and abomination thereunto, being no sooner settled, &c., than the gardens must be altered, and new trees planted, all which, though unnecessary, yet the poor college must pay for them, and all this to please a woman."

Page 168.—"Frivolous expenses to please his proud lady."

Page 173.—"Yet the warden, by the motion of his lady, did put the college to unnecessary charges and very frivolous expenses; among which were a very large looking-glass for her to see her ugly face and body to the middle, perhaps lower."

The learned Selden has left a pernicious example of gallantry to the enemies of the sex. "It is reason," says he, "a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."

FATALITY ATTENDING THE STUARTS.

King James of Scotland, first eighteen years imprisoned in England, and, with his Queen, assassinated.

James the Second, his son, 29 years of age, killed in fighting against England.

James the Third, was imprisoned, and killed in battle by the rebels.

James the Fourth perished in the battle which he lost.

Mary Stuart, his grand-daughter, Queen of Scotland, after 18 years imprisonment, was beheaded.

James the Sixth, supposed murdered.

Charles the First, beheaded.

James, his son, driven from his three kingdoms.

His son attempted to remount the throne, and his friends executed for the attempt.

ON A FISHMONGER WITH BAD BOOTS.

At Billingsgate the other morn,
Two fishmongers met together;
To tell you plain, says Tom to Jack,
I'm queerly off for leather;
To say the truth, why trade's so bad,
I barely get a crust,
I've walk'd so far in those old boots,
They've now began to burst.
Jack eyed his old friend's boots, and said,
Why faith they're full of holes,
And how can you, a fishmonger, thrive,
Who keeps such shocking soles.

W. H. BARRETT.

* Jew-brokers, contrattanti, boatmen, guards, "et hoc genus omne," who plead from morning to night, at the bar of the lazzeretto.

† It was a political scheme of the ministers to deter their king from going to Spain with his daughter by a report of the black small pox being at Genoa, (from whence our steamer had come), and other seaports.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 37—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 15, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Evening Dress.—The under dress is white satin, it is trimmed round the border with a row of white satin cockscombs. The robe is composed of French grey satin, the *corsage* is cut very low, and draped before and behind round the top; it is also slightly pointed both before and behind, and trimmed down the front with knots of gauze rib-

bon striped with silver. A row of blond lace stands up round the bust. The sleeves are of the triple *bouffant* shape, very short, and adorned with *nœuds de page*. The skirt open *en tablier*, is trimmed on each side with knots of gauze ribbon. Head-dress composed of French grey gauze figured with silver, it is arranged something in the form of a turban, and trimmed with a bouquet of white ostrich feathers placed very far back. The ear-rings are of enamelled gold. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1, A back view of number two.

No. 2. A full dress turban composed of white crape, the foundation is of the *bonnet enfant* form, and very low; the front is rather large, it is disposed in folds which rise from a plain crape band, in the centre of which is a fancy jewellery ornament. A bouquet of white ostrich feathers is placed on one side.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

We are somewhat in arrear with such of our pretty young readers as are desirous to combine economy with taste and fashion in their dancing dresses. A late ball at which we were present, has given us an opportunity of noticing some *toilettes* of this sort which may be acceptable to them. One of these was a round dress of clear white muslin, over a white sarsnet slip. The robe had a very low *corsage* arranged in front in crossed drapery, and trimmed round the back and shoulders with a mantilla of English thread lace in imitation of blond; it is now very much the fashion in France, where it is called *blond de fil*. Short sleeves consisting of two bouffants, with *sabots* and *manchettes* to correspond with the mantilla. The front of the robe was worked on each side, and round the border in the tunic form, in a wreath of red rose buds intermingled with oak leaves. The hair was parted on the forehead, dressed in interlaced bows on the summit of the head, and ornamented with a wreath of intermingled oak leaves and rose buds. We have seldom seen a prettier *ensemble* than this *toilette* presented.

Another dress of rose-coloured *crêpe lisse* over sarsnet to correspond, had a low body draped round the upper part of the back and front, and trimmed with a row of narrow blond lace standing up round the bosom. The front of the skirt was trimmed in the apron style, with knots of white satin ribbon, very small towards the breast, but enlarging progressively as they approached the bottom. The sleeves without being actually novel, had a very original appearance; they were formed into bouillons by a number of knots of ribbon irregularly placed. We should observe that the ends both of these, and those on the skirt, were cut in sharp *dents*. The hind hair was disposed in platted braids, arranged something in the form of a coronet at the back of the head. The front hair disposed on each side in a full but light tuft of curls, was ornamented with a knot of white satin ribbon placed immediately behind each tuft, and with the ends mingling with the curls.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXIII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and Secretary discovered.*

Come! write for me,*
And your place shall be,
If your Poem's brief,
An early leaf—
If Prose, I'll give you columns three;
I will not let you once regret
Those high-priced works, where great ones get!
Since ev'ry Bard that walks along,
In my placard shall see his song,
Then write for me! write for me!
Write—write for me!

Come! write for me!
And you soon will see
If 'tis Fame you seek,
Your name each week,
'Mid other scribblers fair and free!
The tendrils of the wreath of Fame,
Shall curl and twine around your name,
Till Envy's self when passing by
News venders' shops, shall heave a sigh!
Then write for me! write for me,
Write—write for me!

Parody on 'Come dwell will me.'

Miss Bluemantle. To do away with the many complaints *of delay* respecting our answers to correspondents, and put an end to their suspense as early as possible, we have met you this evening, fair Secretary, a week sooner than has of late been our custom, though we cannot anways promise to give answers every week. Come, let us see if the Muse has been busy with her votaries.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Oh! scribbling is as much in fashion as ever, as to the Muse—

Miss B. We know what you *would* say, but remember the lofty oak was but a tiny acorn once, and never despise the efforts, however humble, of *modest* merit. It is only the ARROGANCE OF IGNORANCE that deserves the critic's lash! Now proceed.

Miss S. Letter of enquiry from BLANCH HUBERT, respecting a tale.

Miss B. BLANCH should have had *patience*, her communication *was* noticed in the first "Noctes" published after its receipt. We cannot call an extra Council to answer one individual. But we will give correspondents this general rule by which they may guage the time in which they ought to receive a reply. Our paper, though it bears date SATURDAY, is published on the WEDNESDAY evening; the whole of the matter is put to press on the preceding MONDAY night, and if the number contains a "Noctes," all correspondents are answered up to *that* date. Should this *not* be the case, they may fairly infer their letters have *not* reached our hands.

Miss S. Letter from E. L.

Miss B. We do not see any sequel is needed to the fragment E. L. alludes to; it leaves the parties in a most delightful state of unhappiness, and we don't see how E. L. can get them out of it.

Miss S. Some lines, called "A Letter," signed (I think), CHARLOTTE.

Miss B. We don't much admire them, but they may perhaps fill a vacant corner.

Miss S. "Sonnet to Eliza on her 21st birth day," by HUGH of Dudley.

Miss B. HUGH wont do.

Miss S. Short and sweet, Lady President.

Miss B. Let HUGH see himself in print, and then judge if our fiat be not correct. Listen—

"Another year hath ceased its groundless fears,
The joys, the sighs, the hopes, the doubts, the smiles, the tears,
That often agitate the hearts of tender years,
Have wing'd their way—for lo! more womanly appears
My lov'd Eliza!"

Are we unjust, Secretary?

Miss S. I stand corrected. Lines by A. N.

Miss B. The Impromptu shall appear, the other declined. If A. N. would study more, and write less, he may attain the object that he seeks; it is not quantity, but quality that wins the wreath of FAME.

Miss S. Letter from CLARISSA, with enclosures of answers to Charades.

Miss B. If their solutions have not already been given, they shall be used.

Miss S. Enclosure from G. W. BELL.

Miss B. Some of the articles shall appear, but all personal praise and acrostics on our name we decline.

Miss S. Enclosures from GUISEPPA, Haymarket.

Miss B. They shall be used.

Miss S. Verses to Calantha, by X. Y. Z.

Miss B. If X. Y. Z. will give his name to us in confidence, and assure us the lines are genuine, we will gladly publish them. They breathe so much of the style of a better school of Poetry than we are accustomed to receive in a school-boy's hand, that we doubt their originality.

Miss S. A letter from Leamington.

Miss B. We must inform OPHIUS (as he wished so be styled), that we do not remunerate contributors, but if he will state his views more fully, and send us a specimen of the translations, we will write him a private answer on the subject of his communication. He had, however, better look at the address of our office, and not direct again to a wrong publisher, which causes delay.

Miss S. Agnes, a sketch, by EDWARD ROSS.

Miss B. Not him of the North Pole we presume? It shall have a place—our eyes deceive us, if the hand-writing is not that of our former correspondent THEODORE.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Miss B. He is thanked, "The Emigrant's Farewell" is accepted.

Miss S. Letter from HAYMAN BAKER, respecting the note appended to the Charade, &c. as mentioned in last "Noctes." I will read it aloud—

"Madam,—I extremely regret that I have in any wise given you or your readers the least displeasure by writing the note to the answer of the Charade. I see now it was wrong to assert a thing in so vague a way; time and place should have been ascertained; as I wrote the note entirely from memory, it is possible I may have erred in some respects, but I really believe the circumstance to be substantially true. I was born in the south of Devon, and I well remember hearing the tale reiterated from boyhood to manhood; and again since I left the county. I cannot persuade myself that such a tale originated from nothing; however, I will make strict enquiries among my most ancient friends, and hope I shall elicit something to set the matter in a better point of view.

"I am, Madam, your humble Servant.
"HAYMAN BAKER."

Miss B. It is a matter of no great importance, only we do not like to insert anecdotes as correct, of which we have ourselves no knowledge, as there are plenty of good-natured people in the world, who like to cavil at every trifle. We have been severely indisposed for some days, and must beg to adjourn from our labours for the present. Good night.

* For the sake of the rhyme the President here speaks in the singular person.—ED.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE CARDIFF EISTEDDVOD.

We hear the following eminent vocal and instrumental performers have already been engaged for the Musical Festival at Cardiff:—Miss Stephens, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and Mrs. W. Knyvett; Mr. Braham, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Parry, jun., and Mr. W. Knyvett; Messrs. Bishop, F. Cramer, Lindley, Nicholson, Harper, and Dragonetti; also Mr. Weippert and his band. Conductor, Mr. Parry. The visit to the southern part of Wales of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria is anticipated with delight; and the reception of the future Queen of England and her amiable mother, will not be less enthusiastic than that which their Royal Highnesses experienced in North Wales when they visited that romantic country in 1832.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

REMINISCENCES OF A SCEPTIC.

BY MISS ANNE MARIA SARGEANT.

"Gaze on a mortal form in fond delight,
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight,
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,
Lean on the willow—idolize the dust.
* * * * * *
Think on the dead *for ever* and despair."
MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh! Leslie, as you value your own happiness, by all that is sacred, and by the affection we have felt for each other, I beseech, I implore, I conjure you, think seriously on this matter. It is not one of slight importance, or even one which concerns an earthly state, but your eternal interests hang upon it; yes, Leslie, the eternal interests of your soul."

These words were addressed to me by the young, the gentle, and the beautiful one who had never known unhappiness until I had caused it; one whose character brilliantly illustrated the faith she professed; one who was far too lovely, too amiable for him to whom her heart was yielded. Her white hands were clasped beseechingly, her mild eyes raised, full of tenderness and pity, her form bent, and her whole attitude was one to penetrate the soul. It was a brilliant evening, and the setting sun shot its glories through the apertures of the bower in which we were seated, its effulgence fell upon the soft features of the maiden, and gave them a heaven-like expression. She paused for my reply. I sunk on one knee before her, seized her clasped hands, and pressed them to my lips with fervour.

"Lelia," I cried, and in my voice there was an almost frantic tone, "Lelia, you rive my heart!"

She looked at me earnestly as if to read my meaning, "Do you believe me, Leslie," she tremulously said.

"I believe you, dearest, to be all that is beautiful, all that is lovely in person and character, far, far too good, too beautiful for me."

"You equivocate, Leslie, I asked you not for compliments, I wish to secure your happiness—"

"You will secure it, Lelia, by becoming mine," I interrupted.

"Never, Leslie, it is not the riches of the Indies, or the power of a throne that can give happiness."

"No, dearest, but Lelia's hand."

"Leslie, you trifle with my feelings."

"Not for kingdoms, dearest girl, oh! say on, say on!"

"It, perhaps, little becomes one of my years and inexperience to reason with you on theological subjects," she resumed, "but—but my interest for your welfare supersedes all other considerations," and again she stopped.

"Proceed, dearest Lelia!"

"Heaven give me aid," she ejaculated, then turning again to me, she added, "Look, Leslie, at yon brilliant sun, how beneficent are its beams, how regular are its movements, and how immense its magnitude to me; do not calculate upon beholding its welcome form again on the morrow, of again being delighted in viewing it set; then ask yourself, dear Leslie, if matter could place itself in the azure firmament, sustain itself without support or pursue its functions with such exactness without guidance? Turn to these flowers which adorn this bower, examine them minutely, and will reason tell you their varied hues, their exquisite formation, their odorous perfume, and their useful properties are the effects of chance? Oh! Leslie, Leslie, you rob yourself of half the pleasure of existence in disbelieving; you have not the exalted felicity of beholding the hand of your Maker in his works, nor can you enter into the sublime enjoyments of devotion."

"Make me your pupil, Lelia," I cried, again throwing myself at her feet, "make me your pupil, become my sweet companion and my instructress, and all may yet be well."

She mournfully shook her head, "You have heard my determination, Leslie," she said firmly.

"And is it fixed?"

"Unalterably."

The steadiness with which she uttered the word alarmed me, I had hitherto trusted to the power of love over the heart of woman, and Lelia was one in whose bosom it was of no transient endurance; her gentle yielding nature I thought would suffer passion to triumph, but I was mistaken, and that one word, and the expression which accompanied it, assured me I was so.

"Could I be happy," she resumed, "when I had acted in a manner my conscience and my duty to my Maker assures me to be wrong, and could happiness be expected to result from a union of persons unconnected with a union of souls? no, Leslie, never."

"Cruel girl," I cried, stung to the quick, "you do not love, or you could not reason thus; go, cruel girl, you are happy, and leave me to wretchedness." I spoke with asperity, and mine eye, with a glance of fire fell upon her soft features as they turned with an expression of surprise and anguish towards me.

"*Am* I happy," she cried, while the tear upon her cheek contradicted my assertion, "and *do* I wish to leave you to wretchedness? Oh! Leslie—but I *will* go," she added, summoning an air of dignity, "you have bid me depart, and I obey; to-morrow evening's sun will view me distant, far distant from this bower—adieu!"

"Stay, stay, dearest, dearest Lelia," I wildly exclaimed, at the same time forcibly detaining her. "In mercy leave me not in anger, unless you would drive me to madness—stay, oh! stay, and say that you forgive me." My incoherent words and wild gestures alarmed her, and penetrated by my distress, she proffered me her hand, I pressed it eagerly to my lips, and she sunk weeping upon my shoulder.

Resolving to avail myself of this moment of tenderness, I folded her to my heart as I referred to what she had said respecting her departure on the morrow, "and is this then to be our last interview, Lelia?" I asked.

"It is—my parents, with praiseworthy caution, would bear me to some distant and unknown place, lest—lest my youth and weakness should yield—"

"I will follow you, Lelia, to the end of the world," I passionately exclaimed.

"Leslie, if you value my happiness, my peace of mind, do not attempt it."

"If it is *your* request."

"It *is* my request, nay, my most earnest entreaty!"

"You shall be obeyed."

I spoke with the calm determined air of one who has no hope reserved, Lelia perceived it, and her gentle nature was melted, yet was she still firm in her resolution. A pause of some minutes ensued, Lelia was the first to break it.

"The shadows of twilight warn me to return," she said, with emotion, "Heaven bless thee, Leslie, and make thee its own—farewell!"

"One moment more, dear Lelia," I pleaded. I wavered, half resolved to recant my creed, though still unconvinced in heart, but to deceive the gentle, lovely creature, because she loved me, was more than I could be guilty of—"No," I mentally exclaimed, "I will suffer alone."

"Oh! no, oh! no;" she answered, "I dare not stay, heaven bless you! heaven bless you!" again she murmured and she was gone.

* * * * * *

It was a serene autumnal evening, just such an evening as when I parted

with Lelia, and I was drawing near the very spot where two years ago I had last beheld her. I had been on a continental tour, hoping to drown the recollection of my misery, and the frequent warnings of my conscience in the pursuits of science and of pleasure. On my return to my native land, my heart yearned to behold at least the spot which Lelia had inhabited, though her loved form might be far distant. As the village met mine eye, although I had not yet entered it, the recollection of hours and days that were passed almost unmanned me; it brought to mind the many happy moments I had spent with Lelia ere she became acquainted with my sentiments. The mansion in which I had experienced those happy moments rose to my view, I turned aside unable to proceed. A gate leading to the church-yard, presented itself before me, and wishing to avail myself of the sequestered silence it afforded, I entered it. The evening sun was gilding the fane and the chancel window of painted glass; I drew nearer, when the sound of music within caught my ear, it was "the pealing organ swelling the note of praise." I stopped, for spite of my sceptical opinions, I could not but feel a degree of awe, for the notes were those calculated to inspire that feeling, they were deep and solemn. The music ceased, and at the same time a solemn procession moved from the open door of the church, it was a fellow-creature being carried to their last home. There is something in death which creates a sensation somewhat resembling fear, even in the breast of the pious, wonder not then that it had that influence on an infidel. I turned away from the spectacle with a shudder. The body was borne in slow and solemn pomp to the mouth of a vault, then it was carried amid the mouldering dust, "there to await the last awful audit;" a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, it was the voice of conscience, and I was ever deaf to it. "I will leave this gloomy place," I said, as I hurried away. But my steps were arrested ere I reached the gate by the voices of some peasants who had followed the procession, they spoke of the departed.

"Oh! she was beautiful, beautiful as an angel, beautiful even in death."

"She was one while on earth, and is now one in heaven."

"I used to love to see her at the church on the sabbath, she looked so pious and so heavenly, and she was so condescending to the poor, oh! she was all goodness."

"Mysterious are the ways of Providence, that one so lovely and so amiable should be taken, while the wicked are still left to live."

"She was *too* good for this world."

"Her death was very sudden at last, though many persons said she had been wasting for some time I did not myself perceive any alteration in her form and features, but her spirits were certainly less buoyant since she dismissed Mr. Leslie."

I heard no more, a gleam of the truth shone upon me, I sunk to the earth insensible.

* * * * * *

Mysterious, indeed, are the ways of Providence, since Lelia's death was in the hand of omnipotence, the means of my embracing the faith she so firmly and piously followed. Her loss effected what neither her example, bright as it was, her precepts, forcible as they were, could do. I am a man in whose bosom earthly hope is blasted, but I look forward, through the mercy of my Redeemer, to the time when I shall quit a world of suffering for one of unalloyed felicity, and where Lelia will find her last parting prayer was heard—Heaven *had* blest the Sceptic.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A RING.*

"Knock and Ring."—*Street door.*

'Twas on Ludgate-hill that I first came to light (not a pipe—but to see light). A fine dashing young spark came (according to order), and placed me on his finger, by the side of a rival of almost equal splendour; he paid a great *sum* for me, and, having *cast* an anxious glance at my features, (which were pleasing), seemed satisfied with his bargain. I soon discovered my superiority over my adversary, by the partiality which our purchaser had for me, and by my being his constant and *handy* companion; while my poor competitor, whose case (which was red Morocco) I heartily recommend to the pity of all those who know what it is to be the inferior party to any thing, was left at home in "durance vile." He introduced me to many gay scenes, concerts, operas, balls, masquerades, and clubs, and I was at his right hand for nearly two years; I am certain, therefore, that he never could say with truth that I was so strange a being that he could not *see through me*, or that he could not easily "twist me round his finger."

He never went fishing but I was as necessary to his comfort as his rod. At hunting I was always close at *hand*, and being once well *chased* myself, could not help sympathizing with the poor beast who was the victim to their brutal pleasure. My ears *ring* now with the exulting shout (which made the very *hare* assume a death-like silence), on the capture of their sport.

At the club and the gambling-house, I assisted him to finger the notes, and *ring* the sovereign, (not his nose, he *knows* better than that). Many of his old acquaintance he met there, and often have I been squeezed almost into "airy nothingness" by their rude and giant-like pressure, therefore on that account cannot complain of never receiving a cordial squeeze.

I endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as I possibly could under such *pressing* circumstances, and, having had the misfortune to see my poor companion depart, whose heart was often *wrung* by sorrow at the preference which our master shewed to me, and who, at last, had to seek a refuge in its native place. As for myself, I staid with my possessor for a short space of time, after my rival made his exit. He took very great pains to keep me in safe custody; but I knew that I was not doomed to be his companion for ever, notwithstanding the *high* value he put upon me. Having one evening paid a visit to Almacks', the company were so gay that I, as usual, was *mounted* on the wings of delight at beholding so many of my glittering companions; but I have often when in this pleasant state of mind had a desperate shock, by seeing a fellow creature, a *mourning* ring, it really gives me quite a *turn*. However, to proceed, my wearer was *smitten* with the charms of a young lady, and well enough he might, for I was quite *struck* by her engaging manners myself.

A few months passed away; he visited his lady frequently, and I knew she was destined to be my future possessor, but I did not repine at my fate, for I expected to enter quite a new life, and as "variety is charming" to me, I knew a change of this sort would be pleasing to her, and, as I like to see my friends with a smile playing (not playing a tune), on their countenance, I anticipated a rich harvest of them on the day that I was to "change hands" and genders, *i. e.* from masculine to feminine.

At length came the moment, at the thoughts of which I really felt almost transported (not for life). Mr. —— called at the house where the goddess of his idolatry resided, and after many compliments, *artlessly* placed me on her beautiful fore-finger, which was well *nailed*. I now felt quite in another element, and as I pressed her beautiful "knuckle down," looked so enchanting that I did not envy the fairest jewel in Hamlet's shop. To proceed, I just fitted this "lady's finger," and her finger just fitted me, and I felt I was doomed to be a "lady's ring." She received me with some little apathy (regardless of the winning looks I had assumed for the occasion); but notwithstanding I knew she was well pleased with me, and felt flattered by the gift; but, of course, could not be so rude as to be openly pleased. She then took from her jewel-case another, but a mere *commoner* compared with so uncommon and *lordly* a personage as myself, though its jealousy made it look all the blacker, and gave it to her lover, which made him so highly pleased that he declared it the loveliest thing he ever saw, so that it quite hurt my tender feelings, and I resolved, if possible, never again to adorn the hand of mortal man.

The lady, as soon as he was gone, examined me more minutely, and admired

* We have printed the words in italic as marked by our correspondent in his MSS., but beg to observe where not meant to be *so pointed* out, it is no hit at all.—Ed.

my head beyond all description. She never went out but I escorted her fore-finger; went to no party but I graced her fair hand; at the opera I always *figured* the most conspicuous, for the finger which I encircled was sure to be the most elevated; until one unlucky night, my greatness was doomed to have a fall—stepping into her carriage, and, at the same time, drawing off her glove, I fell prostrate to the earth, or, rather, to the road, and laid there the whole of that night, without receiving any great degree of injury, although every now and then a clumsy horse's hoof would come within an inch of my life. At length the morning came, and a day of mourning it was to me, for a twopenny postman passing by, observed me, and picking me up, I was thrust with all his halfpence in the greasy receptacle of copper, which so discoloured my fair countenance, that I entertained doubts of ever again resuming my original complexion. This postman, however, not having occasion for me, dealing always in knocks, and on good terms with the knocked, could not think of making use of a *ring*, which he thought so derogatory to his profession of knock down blows.

The postman having "a lady in his eye," made me a *present* to her; but while in her occupation, I was most roughly *fingered*, for she would wash and make fires without ever thinking of "taking me off;" so that frequently my beautiful head (although *diamond*), was literally converted to *paste;* but I felt resigned to my fate, and with the true courage of a "philosophical ring," looked forward in the hopes of seeing better times. Meanwhile things assumed a more cheering aspect; for she took me to a jeweller, and knowing that "ringing the changes was a common occurrence, she discovered no harm in changing the ring for a pair, with which to "ring her ears." The jeweller soon exposed me for sale in his window, and I had not been in that situation *long*, before a *short* gentleman, viewing me in my proper *light*, came in and purchased me at a *heavy* price. He took great care of me, and I was now in a much better condition than I had latterly been.

Being fond of the drama, and knowing (with Hamlet), that "the play's the thing," this old gentleman frequently visited the theatres. On one occasion he went to see a new comedy performed; and, being comfortably seated in the boxes, (here I deem it nothing but justice to mention that he always kept a "private box" for me at home), he had the misfortune to let me fall from his finger ("what a falling off was there," as Shakspeare says), and with all his efforts could not discover where I was. After the second *act* he again *acted* "the spy," but without success; and just as he thought he saw me, the *drop*-scene drew up, and he was obliged to *drop* the search.

The fact, however was, I had rolled from one of the back seats down to the front, nor was I *raised* till the curtain *fell;* when an elderly married lady picked me up, and wrested me from the probability of being crushed 'neath some *unhandy* foot, and with great glee, put me on the same finger with her wedding ring, to which, of course, I acted as "keeper." She used me very well, and was highly pleased with her good fortune. At length, however, she gave me to her daughter, and I, finding myself once more in the hands of a young lady, felt secure from the grasp of any rude offender.

This young lady was a charming creature, grace was in her every motion, and her finger "set me off" to the greatest advantage. Every one who saw me acknowledged my splendid properties, and I felt as happy in possessing so accomplished a mistress, as she did in owning so good a ring, but, nevertheless, my fears were great lest she might be induced to part with me to some "favoured swain;" though, I hardly expected that the gift of a mother would be so easily forgotten. I had a strong inducement, therefore, to hope that she would make me her "golden friend" *toujours;* for I was often, when in the midst of a quadrille, admired for the manner in which "I shewed off" (not myself,) but my wearer's finger, which was constantly "my partner." In Payne's "first *set*" it never gave her *pain* to *stand* up; in "ladies' chain," she formed an important *link;* in *half* right and left, I was generally *all* right; in the Spanish dance my fair possessor *turned* so much that very often she *turned* pale. But to proceed with *my story* (or rather history), I was often displayed to the greatest advantage on the *keys* of the pianoforte, while her beautiful *locks* hung in long and graceful ringlets on her snow white neck, and harmonized with her delicate touch. Besides I was so well *versed* in poetry and music, that it always made me look *sharp* when she played flat, or when she sang the words incorrectly, and I *noted* the position in which she held her hands (for sometimes ladies raise their hands as well as their voices *too high*), and in my opinion (which is a good round one, and as every one who knew me acknowledged there was some value attached to my *head*), this is a principal *part* in a lady's *performance*. In singing, too, her voice was very *rich*, being full of harmonious *notes*, and her auditors positively *trembled* when she *shook*, her style being of so very flourishing a description.

In drawing (not a truck nor the long bow), she perfectly excelled—in landscapes, not the leaf of a tree 'scaped her notice—in figures she always contrived to cut a good one; but likenesses (though very much engaged at the *piano* and other studies) were her *forte*, and did justice to all. She was a girl of some vivacity, and joined in all the innocent sports and Christmas gambols; "kiss in the ring," (not the prize-ring, nor the gold ring), was a favourite diversion, as were many others of less kissing propensities, for ladies can kiss without rings, and with them to. But at length I made another evolution, too long to detail here, and got into the possession of an M.P., who was remarkable for his skill in making a speech, although, as usual, to no very great purpose. I had now an opportunity of hearing and seeing the affairs of this, my native country, conducted; but such a mixture of persons I never before beheld, radicals, whigs, tories, and a new species of orators, called "either sides," were scattered about in vast profusion. But my favourite was the young Secretary of Ireland, he was so apt, so ready, and frequently his *irony* made a celebrated member for the "sister country," quite rusty. I always liked to hear the Speaker, because, once every session he spoke to some effect; for his language was so powerful that with his voice he could *open the house*.

I now became very *fashionable, i. e. very much worn*, so I was exchanged with many other articles for some new jewellery; and I found the day on which my "sun was to set for ever," fast approaching; so that after being beheaded (for my head was not in the slightest degree impaired), my body is now patiently waiting to be consigned with many other victims to the melting-pot; what will become of my head in these melting moments of my body, I am not prepared to say, but this I know, that it ought to be handed down to future jewellers, as the very *beau* (not *belle*) *ideal* of ring's (not king's) heads.

C. C. J. E.

YOUTH IGNORANT OF ITS FEELINGS.

The summer breeze that sighs along,
Could never wake its gentle strain;
The gale of autumn, chill and strong,
Bids it in softest tones complain;
Thus like Eolian harps the heart,
No music sheds in Joy's bright hour;
But when its pleasures all depart,
It owns the spell of Feeling's power!

None in the full enjoyment of early youth, and that radiant sunshine of the heart, which springs from the happy unconsciousness of the varied ills which await it, can be aware of the deep, passionate feelings buried in the hidden recesses of their bosoms, there slumbering as calmly as a sleeping infant, pillowed on its mother's breast, 'till the stings of this world's sorrows shall arouse them, like the sleeping waters of a tranquil lake, which anon reflected on its grassy surface even the shadow of a passing cloud; but the torrent has come down from the mountain, and ruffled its peaceful bosom; its waves tossed to and fro, and as they rise and fall, discover to the passing eye, the various weeds, which 'till then had been buried in its depths. Thus youth catches its emotions, and colours its feelings from the complexion of the passing hour, and the characters of its associates; as

the lake shines clear and blue, when reposing beneath a cloudless firmament, or images the varied clouds that pass athwart its polished mirror; so does the countenance of youth beam with sunny smiles, or is darkened with a shade, accordingly as it traces correspondent feelings in those around it; but when we have been too rudely awakened to the cold realities of life—and who has not, in a greater or less degree, felt their withering influence?—we shrink into ourselves; dive into the recesses of our own hearts, define its feelings, and are awakened (as if from a dream) to a knowledge of the good and evil entwined with our being; no longer dependent on external circumstances, our characters are our own; and the feelings which were an eternal sunshine, 'till crushed by the hand of unkindness, vibrate like the chords of an Eolian harp, and breathe tones of gladness or of sorrow, as our hearts are attuned to mirth or woe.

ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

THE SOUL IN PURGATORY;

OR,

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Jeralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of heaven, they see one unsleeping eye watching for ever over creation), was heard saying—

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Jeralim answered—

"There are in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered—

"Thy prayer is heard, oh! gentlest of the angels; and it seems good to Him who chastises but from love. Go! thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praise of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls, that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the fountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star; one only voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

"Oh! Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, still his most skilful melodies were exhausted, but still the solitary voice, unheeding — unconscious even of the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out—

"Oh! Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Jeralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by, and Jeralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy!

"Wherefore, oh! daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh! radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have suffered for *him*," replied the spirit, simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried—

"Give me—oh! give me to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others. "I could indeed grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to Earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in Heaven, or thou would'st know, oh! celestial visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand, thousand, ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding eye; and heard the VOICE of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory; and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sate at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round; and the laugh and the jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all. And by his right side sate a beautiful lady; and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And, oh!" said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what lady can believe; did'st thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida! nay, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy of thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the Lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "did'st thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment, the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

* * * * * *

"And thou did'st not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Jeralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this then that thou

hast added a thousand years to thy doom!"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"—*Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine.*

DOINGS AT NAPLES.

(Extract of a Letter from Mr. Parry, Jun.)

Having in my last letter given an account of the *Corso*, I shall proceed to describe other doings at Naples during the Carnival. A very fine frigate was launched the other day, which caused a great stir in the place, and thousands rushed towards the waterside to witness the noble sight. Two jetties, or platforms, had been constructed on each side of the slip, which were occupied by about 160 daring persons, despite of the repeated warnings which were given to them. When the vessel was launched the swell in the slip was tremendous, so that all the persons stationed on the jetties were dashed into the sea, several of whom were dreadfully bruised and mangled by being forced against other vessels, and, I regret to add, four individuals were drowned; indeed it was marvellous how so few lost their lives when we consider the dangerous situation they had placed themselves in. We have had another new opera at San Carlo, called *La Figlia del Arciere (The Archer's Daughter)*, the music by Coccia, and, although not a *William Tell*, it is a work of great merit, by no means deserving of the unfavourable reception it met with. Malibran outdid herself almost; but it was most painful to witness her exertions, for she was labouring under a violent cold. Her dying scene was a most surprising effort. Lablache had not much to do, but that was well done. Yet nothing could save the opera: it struggled for three nights, and then died! A new ballet, called *Dest'ruzione d' Ercolano (The Destruction of Herculaneum)*, has been eminently successful; it is a most interesting thing, and the scenery magnificent, much of which has been painted after the fresco statues, &c., which were found in that devoted city. There was a dance of wrestlers which was particularly good. Brugnoli is the principal dancer, and a great favourite she is with the Neapolitans. As might be naturally anticipated, the ballet, concluded with a terrific eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed all within its reach just as a marriage celebration was taking place; but I cannot compliment those who had the management of the *blow-up* on their success; they do these things much better in England, notwithstanding they have the advantage of beholding the awful original here, by stepping outside the Theatre door, for the mountain has continued to emit vast volumes of smoke and lava. One morning the whole was covered with snow for several hours, and streams of liquid fire poured down its sides, which had a most extraordinary effect. Another eruption is expected, for all the wells in the neighbourhood are dried up, which is always a certain sign. How providential that a warning is given to those who reside on the spot, so that they may escape from destruction.

On the evenings of the days in which the *Corso* takes place a grand "*Festa di Ballo*"—a masked ball—is given in the great Opera House, which is fitted up on the occasion in the most splendid manner. The immense pit is boarded over even with the gigantic stage, and the latter is painted and lit up to correspond with with the rest of the house, so that the *ensemble* is the most imposing sight that can be imagined. But how shall I describe to you the fun and frolic that are carried on? In short, it is quite out of the power of language to do so; as the old saying is, "It must be seen to be believed." Whatever I have seen in England in the masquerading way sinks into nothing when compared with those at Naples. I am going on Thursday evening with a large party of English, each in some character peculiar to our dear country. One intends to appear as the bewitching Vestris; another as *Ben Block*, who will sing Neukomm's popular song, *The Sea;* another as a ballad-singer, &c. Most spendid *roirées* are given by the Marquis of Hertford, also by Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Bell; but the leader of the fashion here is Lady Drummond, who has resided at Naples many years. The Duke of Devonshire lives very retired.

We had a splendid *fête* in honour of the King's birthday on the 12th of January. Naples was all in a blaze. I am happy to state that the Queen is recovering from an indisposition which prevented her from appearing in public for some time; she is a most interesting creature, about two-and-twenty years of age. The jargon (I will not call it language) that is spoken here is abominable beyond measure, of which you may form some idea when I tell you that the fishermen on one side of the city cannot understand those on the other; and it is with the greatest difficulty that those who learn Italian grammatically can make themselves understood by the population in general.

I. O. P.

Naples, Feb. 1, 1834.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

I MUST FORGET THEE!

(IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

I must forget thee! for they tell me now,
'Tis crime to think upon Love's early day!
I must forget thee! on this cheek and brow,
The light of mem'ry must no longer play,
While the cold glance that scans thy features o'er,
Must ne'er betray that we have met before!

I must forget thee! in the path of Fame
That Fate has doom'd my wearied feet to tread;
I must forget thee! when I hear thy name,
'Twill pass like breath of some sweet odour shed
From Summer flowers; or childhood's fairy dream,
Swept to Oblivion by Time's rushing stream!

I must forget thee! in the noontide walk,
The evening ramble, and the twilight hour!
I must forget when lovers' accents talk
In silvery whispers, in the moonlit bower,
That e'er such days of young Romance were mine,
That e'er such vows of whisper'd Truth were thine!

I must forget thee, when soft Music's breath
Recalls from Feeling's deep and hidden cell,
Thoughts that have slept the dreamless sleep of Death,
Yet start to Life when touch'd by Music's spell!
I must forget thee, when the voice of song
With thrilling tones plays the Heart's chords among!

I must forget thee, by the social hearth,
And when soft memories throng around the Heart;—
I must forget thee when the laugh of mirth
Forbids the sigh to heave—the tear to start!
I must forget though ev'ry place I see,
But waken's Mem'ry's fond regrets for thee!

THE GRAVE FOR ME.

BY MRS. R. J. HARTWELL.

Give me a grave in some valley lone,
Which silence and shadow have made their own,
Where the murmuring winds breathe solemnly through
The trembling boughs of the sacred yew;
Where mountains in awful grandeur rise
Their foot upon earth, their crest in the skies,
Where stillness is felt, where the depth of shade
Has all in its holiest garb arrayed,
Where none but the pure and the guiltless dare be,
That is the grave ye must choose for me.

Give me a grave where flowerets bloom,
And cast to the living their rich perfume,
Where the grassy mound is ever green,
And 'neath it alone decay is seen,
Where the active bee in its precincts bred,
May bask amid flowers that shadow the dead;

Where the moon may pour her beams of light,
Watching tenderly o'er it from Heaven's height;
Where the *moody* owl alone must be,
That is the grave ye must choose for me.

Give me a grave where an upright stone
Tells of my name and my name *alone*;
Where affection's *self* with heaven-raised eye,
Glistening in tears and her gentle sigh,
Her prayerful hopes and her solaced woe,
Tells all 'tis befitting the world should know;
Where the grass impressed by the frequent tread,
Betokens the path that leads to the dead,
Where fancy may picture e'en angels to be,
That is the grave ye must choose for me.

TO MISS SKYNNER.

ON READING HER LINES IN NO. 34.

The sorrowing heart whose throbbing woe
Despite me, saddens all my lays,
Still feels a thrill of pleasure's glow,
Awaken, lady, at thy praise:
A minstrel wild, unknown to fame,
My trembling fingers struck the lyre;
Nor deemed its simple tones could claim
A place amid Apollo's choir;
But if a heart by Feeling taught
To tremble at each passing touch;
(Be it with joy or sorrow fraught),
Deserve thy thanks, then mine is such!

ANNETTE.

A REVERIE.*

Where are those dark and deep blue eyes?
Watch they or do they sleep?
Are they rais'd to the depths of the star-lit skies,
Or curtain'd behind the sweep
Of their raven lashes, hid from sight
Like diamond stars 'neath a cloud of night?

Where are those smiling, fatal eyes?
Fix'd on some gentle face,
Seeking 'neath timid fear's disguise,
The tokens of love to trace?
Then flashing forth in triumphant glee,
Like the sparkling glance of a sun bright sea?

Where are those soul-lit pensive eyes?
Drooping in sadden'd thought,
While the heart flies back to its earlier ties,
'Ere Falsehood her work had wrought?
'Till the jetty fringes are hung with tears,
As memory dwells on those happier years!

Whether in smiles—in tears—in sleep—
On the sea, or the verdant earth,
In the places where nature her court doth keep,
Or the halls of man's festal mirth;
Still wheresoever those eyes may be,
With them abideth a spirit free!
A soul ne'er bow'd to the touch of fear,
A hand to do, and a heart to dare!

Generous feeling and purpose high,
And the "still small voice" of humanity!
Oh! by every gift to that spirit lent,
Dower'd so rich, unto earth 'twas sent,
For a nobler work, and a worthier aim,
And a loftier fate than it *now* may claim!

MINNA.

* The idea of the following trifle was taken from some lines by Barry Cornwall, in "Friendship's Offering for 1834."

ON LOVE.

Love is a feeling deep, sublime,
A Paradise creating here,
That blooms thro' chance, and change of time,
Like visions of some higher sphere.

It is not lighted by the eye,
It is not fashion'd by the tongue,
It seeks not pomp nor brilliancy,
Nor dwells the busy crowd among.

'Tis founded on the charm of mind,
A charm that knows not of decay,
A charm that powerful still doth bind,
Though every other fade away.

Should fortune smile, love's brilliant glow
Can give new colourings to the day;
Should fortune frown o'er hours of woe,
That star *will* shed a cheering ray.

W. H.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE TO NAPLES AND ROME.

NO V.

ON PARTHENOPE (IN THE LAZZERETTO OF PAUSILIPO.)

Parthenope! thou Parthian stern
To us who linger here,
Where is thy reason I would learn,
So silly, so severe?

In vain may nature deck thy bay
With many a vista fair;
Clothing its coasts with verdure gay,
Luxuriant and rare.

In vain may genius hover nigh
Thy famed Elysian fields;
And point where Roman ashes lie,
What stores each stratum yields.

How, at each turn, fond memory holds
Her tablets to the sage,
Industry shews Pompeii's moulds,
The Muse her classic page.

In vain may every charm unite,
Where tyranny's supreme;
Disgusted with her puny spite,
We shun the hateful theme.

And roam where peace and freedom strew
Their roses in our way;
Where pleasure hails us ever new,
There only do *we* stay!

EDWARD WARD.

CHARADES.

I.

In most ladies' wardrobes my FIRST you will find,
My SECOND again in my FIRST is combined,
Through my THIRD you've oft wandered, and I need not tell
In my WHOLE one another we wish to excel.

H. W. T.

II.

My FIRST is my SECOND, and both may be found
Upon Neptune's domain, and upon the dry ground,
To search for my whole you must go very far,
A savage in peace and a savage in war.

B.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 240.

ROBIN is surely the name of a man,
And likewise the name of a bird;
When winter is near, it then does appear,
And its voice is melodiously heard.
The reverse of all evil is GOOD, I suppose,
And thus many a collegian of fame,
Who tho' he gets mellow, may be a GOOD FELLOW,
Fair Jessy has honoured his name.

A. N.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 248.

PAR is the first thing always thought of in genteel society,
And gives to folks in country towns, a very great satiety;
The ROT destroys the sheep and feathers fly in great variety,
But Polly PARROT is the bird of talking notoriety.

HENRIETTA ——.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

HOW TO GET AIR IN A MAIL COACH.—If any person in the mail should insist on keeping all the windows closed during the hot weather, you should not enter into discussion with him, but immediately thrust your elbow through the window, as if by accident, beg his pardon, and then you may quietly enjoy the cool air.

At the late national balls at the Tuilleries in Paris, the wife of a rich baker was there, and had a most brilliant ring on her finger. An officer was rude enough to say in her hearing, "I should prefer the ring to the hand." "And I" said the baker's wife, looking steadfastly at the glittering order suspended from his neck, "should prefer the collar to the beast."

A GOOD RECIPE.—A celebrated doctor being sent for by a rich widow, at Plymouth, who he found nothing the matter with, and thought he would avail himself of a good opportunity of leaving the following prescription—*Recipe me.*

IMPROMPTU TO MISS B——S.

WHO WAS CHRISTENED CORINNA AT THE REQUEST OF HER GRANDFATHER.

Thy grandsire in a curious whim,
Bade thee fair Corinna's name assume;
Nature more gracious far than him,
Has bless'd thee with her wit and bloom.

ANNETTE.

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 38—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 22, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Full Dress.—The under dress is composed of white satin, it is painted down the front in the form of a broken cone, in a rich pattern of coloured flowers. The robe of plain white gauze, is looped back from the front by bows of white and gold gauze ribbon. *Corsage* draped in *Sevigné* style, pointed, and trimmed at bottom and top with knot

of ribbon. Sleeves *à la maintenon* terminating in ruffles, and ornamented with knots. The hair is dressed in a profusion of curls at the sides of the face, and in interlaced bows on the summit of the head; it is ornamented with a bandeau of diamonds, and two bouquets of ostrich feathers placed in the bows in different directions. Diamond necklace and ear-rings. Carved cedar fan. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ball Dresses.—It is now the height of the ball season, and our dress-makers having no opportunity to employ their invention in out-door costume, seem to have exerted it to the utmost for the embellishment of dancing dress. There is also great variety in the materials employed for balls. A rich but heavy silk, made quite in the antique style, is adopted by one fair fashionable; a robe of gauze or *tulle* by another; and a white satin robe, profusely trimmed with blond lace, by a third. We have remarked among dresses of the latter description, one that our fair readers will find worthy of their notice. The *corsage* cut very low and pointed at bottom, is trimmed with a row of blond round the waist, very narrow at the point, but broad and full round the hips and behind. The upper part was trimmed across the front with a satin lappel forming slightly the shape of a heart. The lappel is bordered with blond lace set on very narrow, and almost plain in front, but very wide and full round the back and shoulders. A second row on the shoulders only, formed *sabots*. The sleeves are of the double *bouillon* form, the upper one excessively large and full, the lower small. A knot of white and silver gauze ribbon was affixed at the breast, and another at the point. The entire front of the dress is trimmed in the apron style, with rows of blond lace dispersed in the form of *demi* lozenges, they are very small at the top, but increase gradually as they approach the bottom. They are terminated at each end by a knot corresponding with that on the body. This dress is equally splendid and tasteful.

Although head-dresses of hair are most in favour for balls, they are not universally adopted, turbans and small hats being also greatly in request, particularly those of the *demi* toque kind. They have a crown like that of a hat, but the brim resembles that of a *beret*. Some are composed of velvet, others of crape, and a few, but very few, of satin. Feathers are the only ornaments employed for *demi* toques. Several are ornamented with two ostrich feathers, one placed upon the crown, the other under the brim. Others are trimmed with a bouquet of ostrich feathers, and an *esprit* placed together, and we have seen several decorated rather profusely with marabouts. These light and beautiful feathers seem now to be coming much into fashion. An *esprit* or a single ostrich feather is generally the only ornament employed for ball turbans. These head-dresses are now principally composed of gauze.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXIV.

Scene.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and Secretary discovered.*

Not a tongue was heard, not a female note,
As the proofs for the printer we hurried;
Not a sister dared to clear her throat,
For the President seemed quite flurried!

We scribled out copy till near midnight,
The sheets with our cold hands turning;
And scarce did we pause to snuff the light
In the candlestick dimly burning.

Few and cold were our cups of tea,
And the muffins no relish did borrow;
We were tired of our task and long'd to get free,
Yet the number *must* out on the morrow!

Such hours make the check of the Poet white,
And the Author's hair grow hoary;
And while they are giving the public delight,
They are killing themselves "con amore!"

Miss Bluemantle. We are contending with severe indisposition, fair Secretary, yet willing to do our duty as long as we occupy this chair. The fatigues we have undergone for some months past, are now acting like a slow poison on our frame, never very robust. Pray be as brief as you may in what you have to communicate, and "dismiss us" like the shadows in Macbeth.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Lines on "Spring," by Caroline Sarah.

Miss B. We don't think they are original, or they should appear.

Miss S. C. C. J. E. making enquiry respecting a Tale, &c.

Miss B. Our last Number would answer his question. We regret that our compositor made a wretched blunder in the note we appended to the "Auto-biography of a Ring," and have to apologise to the author.

Miss S. Yes, Lady President, and that was not the worst blunder he made, for I now hold in my hand no less than eighteen letters from "Well Wishers," "Old Subscribers," and "Constant Readers," pointing out the omission of our Patroness, the Duchess of Kent's name in the heading of the Number.

Miss B. It was evidently a mistake, though a most shameful one, and discloses great carelessness on the part of both compositor and reader, and we must admit the truth of a "Constant Reader's" observation, that "our work is one of the most carelessly got up Magazines, as far as the printing goes, that comes out." We say we do admit and mourn the fact, but have ourselves, as Editress, no controul over the printing-office. Our department extends only to the matter it contains, not the manner in which the little work is "got up," to use the technical phrase.

Miss S. "My Birth Day," by Sarah.

Miss B. The "Poet is born, not made," and the planet of Poesy did *not* certainly preside at Sarah's birth. Declined—though we "wish her many happy returns of the day," and assure her, from experience, her life is not likely to be the less happy to herself or useful to others because she inherits not the Poet's fatal dower.

Miss S. Some lines playing upon the word Swift, by S. R.

Miss B. We do not think they would have much interest for the generality of our readers; nor can we undertake to return rejected articles, if we did, we should be obliged to keep six Secretaries instead of one.

Miss S. A Battle Song, by R. G. Pike.

Miss B. We presume he belongs to the "Lancers." He seems a promising *blade*, and has some good points, and therefore we will promise his song insertion.

Miss S. "Hope," a poem, by F. C.

Miss B. As we never wish to damp the hope of a youthful Poet, if there is but a spark of genius in his effusions, it shall with a little amendment appear.

Miss S. Stanzas to C. A. L., by W. H.

Miss B. It will not suit, it is so very common place. This correspondent talks of it being the third time he has addressed us, we never have received any other communication from him save that inserted in our last.

Miss S. "A Dirge," signed H. Flower.

Miss B. A regular cheat, it being an old though clever composition.

Miss S. A Packet from Jessy.

Miss B. Jessy is sincerely thanked, her wishes shall be attended to.

Miss S. A Tale by our talented correspondent C. M. Southsea.

Miss B. We are gratified once more to see her hand-writing. Her communications drop upon us like manna in the Wilderness, and are always hailed with delight. We feel too much fatigued to answer any more letters this evening—so let us separate. Good night.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. N. Weippert and Mr. Ribas's Concert—Hanover-square Rooms.

This is the first concert we have attended this season (for 'tis yet early in the musical world), and we beg to observe that we intend to give regular notices of all the fashionable concerts, both morning and evening, during the season, if cards of admission are sent to us for that purpose.

On Thursday evening, 13th inst., the above concert took place, and we never witnessed a fuller room or more brilliant audience. It was full literally to suffocation, every bench and seat being occupied at an early hour. The performance of the evening began with Romberg's overture in D, which was beautifully executed by the Band. Then came the duetto "Amor possente nome," by Miss Bruce and Signor Begrez. We never heard the lady in finer voice, though it was we believe her first appearance since her late severe indisposition. A concerto on the flute by Mr. Ribas followed, which was most rapturously (and justly), applauded. We pass over Madame Feron's "Alla gioja," where we cannot praise, we are unwilling to condemn. The duet on the guitar by Miss Pelzer and Neuland, disappointed us, the room was much too large for the instruments, and we regretted that this talented little girl, who is not more than eight years old, should have been so deserted, as it were at her debût. The original intention was, as the programme of the evening informs us, for herself and Giulio Regondi to have appeared together in a duett, and having heard Miss Pelzer in a private room, we are enabled to say this would have been a most effective mode of introducing her, and giving her talents proper play. The father of Master Regondi (query should it not more properly be Mademoiselle Regondi, since if truth is not a libel, the petticoat would be a more appropriate costume

for the youthful guitarist than the masculine dress now usurped), objected it seems, and with some wisdom, to the largeness of the room, as requiring more power to produce effect, than the tiny fingers of a child were likely to draw forth from so weak an instrument as the guitar, but he should have known his own mind at an earlier period, and not have thrown this interesting girl into a situation likely to display her talents to so little advantage. She did all she could, and was fully entitled to the applause awarded her. Miss Clara Novello pleased us much in a Swiss air, entitled "The Pastor of the Alps." And the aria "Il braccio" was brilliantly executed by Mrs. E. Seguin. Mr. Mori was, as he ever is, masterly on the violin, and Miss Bruce delighted us ere the close of the evening, by a sweet English ballad, "Say but the word." We cannot close this brief notice, without suggesting the propriety of the directors of the concerts held at these rooms, adopting a more elegant mode of entrée and exit for the fair vocalists, than that of popping up, like the ghost in Hamlet, from a trap-door, and sinking down again mid the plaudits of the audience! Surely a side-door might easily be contrived, by which the performers may appear without the risque, as it seems to the spectator stationed in the room, of breaking their necks in their ascent and descent to the orchestra.

The Liverpool Beefsteak Club has awarded the prize offered for the best Bacchanalian Song to Mr. Parry, the Cambrian Bard; also the premium for the second best Glee, which lost the prize, but by one vote only, in favour of a composition by Dr. Smith of Dublin.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

BY BLANCH HUBERT.

In the village church-yard of ———, in ———shire, there is a little green mound of earth surmounted by a plain head-stone of white marble, with the following inscription:—"Mary Stanly, aged nineteen." Few who behold this simple memorial, (around which the modest lily, planted by the hand of affection, rears its unassuming head), but pause to gaze on the lovely spot; few who knew the perished flower that now rests in peaceful security far from the frowns of a pitiless world, but shed a tear to the memory of her they once had known innocent and happy, the loved benefactress of the neighbouring poor, and the idol of her doting parents. The mother of Mary was the widow of an officer in the army; at the age of seventeen she had eloped from the paternal roof, with the gay and handsome Captain Stanly, who, young and thoughtless as herself, and not despairing of obtaining the forgiveness of their mutual friends, had prevailed on Emily Story to become his companion to Gretna; on the return of the fugitives, Mrs. Stanly addressed a letter to her father entreating his forgiveness, and imploring again to be restored to his affection; weeks elapsed and no answer arrived; at length a packet was delivered to her, the writing was her father's, with a tremulous hand she broke the seal, a letter fell from the envelope, it was her own returned unopened—for a time the afflicted Emily sunk beneath the shock she had sustained, and long it was before the unremitting attention of her now sole earthly protector was rewarded by any indications of reviving health in the object of his anxiety; at length the tender assiduities of her Edward restored her to some degree of composure. At her repeated request he had again written to her parent, and she trusted this second appeal to his fatherly love would not be unregarded; though sincerely attached to her husband, still her heart yearned for the home of her childhood again to be restored to that place she once had occupied in the affections of her father; yet months passed, and no answer arrived; at length despairing of obtaining one, the unhappy Emily accompanied her husband to Spain, where his regiment was now about to become stationary. On her arrival she received every polite attention from the Colonel and his amiable lady, joined to the unremitting attention of her affectionate partner. The heart of Captain Stanly sincerely sympathized in the grief of his loved Emily; bitterly did he reproach himself for the misery his unfortunate attachment had drawn upon her. For him she had left the abode of her youth, the land of her nativity; for him had she bid a long adieu to all she prized most dear, and become an alien in a foreign country. Could he do else than cherish in the inmost recesses of his heart the gentle being who had sacrificed her all for him? Oh, no! and well should the devotion of his future life repay her for that sacrifice. Some months after their arrival, Emily gave promise of becoming a mother, and her fond husband had determined on the birth of his child to resign his commission and retire with his beloved wife far from the scenes of the busy world. But, alas! heaven had ordained far otherwise. One week only had Emily given birth to a little girl, when Stanly received orders to join his regiment; what was to be done, the mandate was peremptory, and must be obeyed; on the other hand to inform his adored wife in her then state of health was not to be thought of; at length he determined on feigning an absence of a few days, and trust to the kind offices of Mrs. Monteith, the wife of his Colonel, to break the afflicting intelligence to her on her return to convalescence; bitter were the pangs which assailed him as he pressed the lovely Emily and her blooming cherub to his beating heart. The possibility that he might, alas! never return to those dear and tender ties, but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen, sufficed to overcast his mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions, and banish the smile he would fain have assumed in her presence. Emily observed the dejection he appeared labouring under, and anxiously inquired the cause; but he avoided the question, and cautiously informed her that business required his absence for a few days.

"You have received orders to join your regiment," she uttered (and her cheek assumed the hue of the palest lily.) "Nay, Stanly, it is vain to deceive me (perceiving him about to speak), I have long expected this, and have endeavoured to fortify my mind against our approaching separation; I have in part succeeded, go then, my Edward, and may that power which seeth in secret, and in whom alone are the issues of battle, restore you again in safety to your wife and child."

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Three months had elapsed since the departure of Captain Stanly, unmarked by any occurrence save the recovery of Emily; twice had she received intelligence of her husband, his last was forwarded on the eve of an engagement, it was short, and written in a strain of melancholy unlike his former letters; he spoke of the danger he was about to encounter, of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed, and concluded by conjuring her, should he fall, to return to her native country to the protection of that father she had forfeited for him. On the receipt of this epistle, the sorrowing Emily was again lain on the bed of sickness; her whole frame had received a shock which had altogether paralyzed her; the confirmation of his death could not have affected her in a greater degree. Mrs. Monteith, though enduring pangs as acute for the fate of one equally dear, yet endeavoured to impart consolation to her suffering charge; with maternal solicitude she shared the solitude of a sick chamber, cheering the fainting mourner with hopes, alas! never to be realized. A week after as Mrs. Monteith was sitting by the couch of her friend, a letter was delivered to her, apologizing to Mrs. Stanly for her absence, she quitted the apartment, but not before the watchful eye of Emily had observed the black seal. With tremulous haste she opened it, it was from Colonel Monteith, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the unfortunate Stanly had fallen towards the close of the memorable battle of ——, for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a shot from the hand of an officer stretched him a corpse on that field so late the scene of his glory. Sad was now the task that devolved on Mrs. Monteith; how should she break the

afflicting intelligence to the widowed Emily? how inform her that he so loved, so prayed for, was now an inhabitant of that better place, where sooner or later, whatever is reserved for us here, we hope to meet again, and be as the angels in heaven. Two hours elapsed unmarked by Mrs. Monteith, when a summons from the invalid recalled her wandering thoughts; hastily concealing the letter, she prepared to obey it. On her entrance the eye of Emily glanced on her agitated countenance, her lips moved, but the sound that issued from them was faint, powerless and wholly unintelligible; at length the word letter was plainly distinguished. "It was from my husband," answered Mrs. Monteith, "to inform me—" "That my Edward is dead," shrieked Emily, "I knew it—did I not tell you so—and yet you said he would return to love and me—but thou art gone, my Edward, gone and in glory; oh! wretched, wretched Emily, why have I lived till now; he called me to join him, and you would not let me; you kept me here, and he perished far from his home, his wife, his child!"

Four months was the miserable Emily bereft of reason, during which time she continued under the care of Colonel and Mrs. Monteith, experiencing every kindness her unhappy malady would admit of while her infant was confided to the care of a worthy woman, the wife of a private in the regiment the Colonel commanded. At length when even hope had failed in the minds of her protectors, reason again resumed her empire; every remedy had been resorted to that affection could suggest, but without effect. One evening as she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on Mrs. Monteith, who was seated at work a short distance from her; she appeared endeavouring to recal to memory the features of her friend. Mrs. Monteith arose, and without uttering a word, left the apartment; in a few moments she returned, bearing in her arms the child of Emily, advancing towards her, she placed it on her lap, and retired again to her seat. The pale face of Emily suddenly became flushed with a deep crimson, a ray of light appeared to burst on her bewildered brain, with speechless love, she continued gazing on her sleeping cherub, a tear fell on its blooming face, another and a third followed in quick succession; at length she pressed her pale lips to its soft cheek, and placing it gently on the sofa, raised her tear-dimmed eyes to heaven, and sank senseless into the arms of Mrs. Monteith. From that day the health of Mrs, Stanly gradually mended, and the fifth month from the time of her recovery, witnessed her departure from that land wherein reposed the ashes of her husband.

The limits of our tale will not allow of us entering minutely on every occurrence, suffice it to say that propitious gales speedily wafted Emily once more to the shores of England, and the third week of her arrival beheld her an inhabitant of a pleasant little cottage, situated in the village of ——, tending with that fondness a mother only knows, the dear pledge of her lost husband. Mrs. Stanly had been an inmate of her humble home four months, when she received a letter announcing the death of her father, he had died refusing his forgiveness to his sorrowing child, and bequeathing his property to a distant branch of the family. Though grieving for the loss of a parent who until her marriage had ever been a kind one, yet had Emily drank too deeply of the cup of sorrow to feel it acutely, and this last act of injustice, severed for ever that affection which till then had lingered. Time passed on, the pension of Mrs. Stanly continued to supply the frugal wants of herself and child. Superintending the education of her daughter, and forming her infant mind, had now become the sole enjoyment of Mrs. Stanly, yet would a thought of her Mary's desolate situation, banish the smile her playful endearments would sometimes call forth; "Who will protect, who will guard thee when I am taken hence!" she would exclaim, as gazing on her blooming treasure, who, unconscious of the pang that wrung the heart of her mother, was sporting in all the gaiety of childhood; the dimpled face of Mary would suddenly become clouded, tears would start in her lovely blue eyes, as clasping her arms around the neck of her idolized mother, and pressing her rosy lips to hers, she would entreat her not to die and leave her Mary. Poor victim of man's perfidious arts, could'st thou have glanced into the pages of futurity, could'st thou have known that thy parent would have escaped the misery of seeing her lovely cherished flower deceived, betrayed; how would'st thou have blessed the hand that dealt the blow! As Mary advanced in years, she gave promise of much personal beauty, and her fond mother, while viewing the fair and smiling countenance of her child, would cherish the wish, a parent's fondest, that she should live to see her darling a happy wife and mother. Years had elapsed since the death of her husband, Mary had advanced to womanhood, and become the companion of a lady who had been the early friend of her mother. Deprived of her child the days passed heavily with Mrs. Stanly, save only when lightened by the presence of Mary. Still another friend would occasionally cheer her lonely hours. Some time after Mrs. Stanly's residence in the village, chance introduced her to a friend of her husband's, in the person of her landlord; he had been the school-fellow of Edward Stanly, and up to the time of his marriage and departure for Spain, had corresponded with him. From that time it had ceased, and only through the medium of a public paper had he learned his death. Mr. Montague, the name of the gentleman above alluded to, had been a widower for some years, his wife had expired in giving birth to a son, now a fine young man, of twenty. Henry Montague had been designed for the law, and for that purpose had been placed with an eminent barrister in London. To share sorrow is to soothe it: in Mr. Montague Mrs. Stanly had found a kind and affectionate friend, the cheerer of many a lonely hour (though past the age of romance), his benevolent heart had become warmly interested for Mrs. Stanly; he knew her slender means of support, he felt for her desolate situation, he thought of her young and lovely daughter, should it please heaven to snatch from her her only surviving parent, and he determined to make her an offer of his hand. Years of suffering had not obliterated from the mind of Mrs. Stanly the remembrance of her lost husband; she still dwelt with fond regret on days long passed, and in her child, her Mary, now centred all the affections of her warm heart; but still the offer was worthy consideration, would it not procure a home for the child of him she mourned? long she reasoned, long she wavered; the form of Mary, poor, friendless, and forsaken, arose to her mental sight. "Heaven preserve my Mary from such a fate," she sighed, as taking up her pen she determined to accept the generous offer of her friend.

Three months from that time Mrs. Stanly became the wife of Mr. Montague, and her lovely daughter was received beneath the protecting roof of her father-in-law. At this time the family of Mr. Montague received an increase in the person of his son. He had continued three years under the care of Mr. ——, when an illness, the effect of too close an application to his studies, determined his anxious parent to withdraw him from them. Henry had frequently visited Mrs. Stanly and her daughter, in company with his father, and always returned from those visits delighted with the winning graces of the lovely girl, it was, therefore, with unbounded joy he welcomed them to their future home; his sweet sister, as he would call her, became the dear companion of his leisure hours, the soother of his sorrows, the partner of his joys. Mary had now completed her eighteenth year, rather short in stature, though prettily formed, her eyes of the violet's own hue, complexion fair and glowing with health, while every feature was brightened by good nature. Few could behold Mary Stanly with indifference, one there was who sighed in secret for that love she could not bestow. Edward Milner had been introduced to Mary by Henry ——, he saw, he loved, and was refused; her mother in vain remonstrated with her, Mary was obdurate. The reason assigned was that she could not love him. "If you love me, my mother, do not, I entreat, solicit me again on this subject, I esteem him as a brother, but as a husband never." Mrs. Montague kissed off the tear from the fair face of Mary, as she promised never again to mention the subject to her, though the suppressed sigh too plainly bespoke her disappoint-

ment; but what were the reflections of Mary on the departure of her mother? alas! her heart whispered another had gained that love Edward sighed for. Unfortunate girl, little knewest thou that the warm affections of thy young heart were bestowed on one that had never known the sweets of virtuous love, that even then thy heartless seducer was planning to rob thee of woman's dearest boast—innocence; that when the arms of him thou loved were clasped around thee, and thy sweet eyes turned on him in all the confidence of mutual love, then, even then, he sought to strew thy path with thorns, and plant a sting in the heart of thy doating mother. Such a villain was Henry Montague. The beauty of Mary had long bound captive his wavering heart; passion, base, fleeting, and corruptible, swayed his every action; he thought not of the years of misery he should draw on the devoted Mary, thought not of rending the heart of her mother by leading her child from happy innocence into the path of guilt, secure of her love he sought only to blight the flower his father's hand had been stretched forth to save.

In a few words we shroud a tale of woe—Mary loved, believed—he triumphed, she fell—angels might have fallen as she did, and lost no purity.

Possession had not banished the love of Henry; with artful blandishments he still endeavoured to delude his victim. Mary loved, loved with all the fervour of first excited attachment, and still believed, still trusted to his honour—his vows of love were renewed, and registered on those lovely lips, which had breathed prayers innumbered for her seducer. Love had for a time blinded the pure mind of Mary to the horrors of her situation. Hope, delusive hope, whispered she should yet be happy, but the mist was gradually dispersing, that had so long obscured her mental vision, and the time was fast approaching when he for whom she had sacrificed her happiness, would stand confessed a villain. Time passed on; Henry had for some time absented himself from home during those hours he once had passed with Mary; he no longer appeared anxious to engage her attention; no longer sought to gain the smile of her he had injured. For some time Mary strove to banish from her aching heart, the sad conviction that he had ceased to love her, ceased to remember his sacred vows—madness was in the thought, for with agonized feelings she found she should soon become a mother. Mrs. Montague had for some time observed with all a parent's fond alarm the drooping health of her child; in vain she questioned; Mary's answer was invariably the same, she was well, she was happy, though the quivering lip and tearful eye, proclaimed that all was not at peace within. Yet he who had dimmed the lustre of those lovely eyes, and stolen the roses from those cheeks where innocence once had dwelt; he for whom she had sacrificed parent, honour, all, still unmoved beheld the ruin he had effected, still sought with artful blandishments to calm the grief of the wretched Mary. And thus it is with man, he alone designed to be the guide, protector, friend of lovely woman, through the rugged path of life; he to whom she clings with fond confiding tenderness, without one pang of remorse, deliberately plants the thorn of wretchedness in her defenceless bosom, and, regardless of all ties, human and divine, ruthlessly consigns her to the frowns of a pitiless world. Oh! would but the seducer pause on the guilt he meditates, on the hideous crime of seduction, on the anguish he prepares for the being, who, relying firmly on his vows—vows false and fleeting as the wind—finds herself betrayed by him she fondly trusted; could he but witness the misery of her parents as they gaze on the form of their drooping child, could he but witness this, and conscience whisper all this is thy work of desolation—then surely, then would he stay his career of vice, then let us hope his heart would be open to repentance!

Seven months had elapsed since Mary Stanly, innocent and happy, had become an inmate in the house of Mr. Montague. How many changes had taken place in that time? Not in the heart of Mary, for that still beat true to its first attachment, but in him upon whom her all of earthly happiness was placed; him that she still trusted would repair her wounded fame. Poor child of sorrow, such was not the thought of the betrayer of thy innocence; he who had sapped the spring of thy young life, and blighted thy opening prospects, for, whilst thou fondly reposed in fancied security on oaths base as him who breathed them, he, regardless of the sacred ties that bound him to thee, heedless of the storm he hurled on thy devoted head, was plighted to another that hand which should have been thine alone. Time, which brings all things to an end, was rapidly advancing, when Mary felt she should become a mother: it was then, while tears of agony chased each other down her pallid cheeks, as reclining on his bosom, she conjured him by every hope of happiness to fulfil his promise, so oft, so fondly made, to make her his bride. 'Twas then he with cool, deliberate villany, confessed to the horror-struck girl, that he was now the husband of another. "Husband of another," she shrieked, as she released herself from his encircling arm, "married?—then—what, am I deceived—betrayed—my child disowned! wretched, undone Mary, where are now thy cherished hopes!—but no, you cannot be so cruel—you—cannot—will not desert me?" she exclaimed as she fixed her dim and sunken eye upon his averted face; "you only jest, you could not break the heart that beats only for you!" "Mary, beloved Mary," he faltered, "calm this agitation; though you cannot legally be mine, yet may we enjoy the sweets of love, unshackled by the tie of marriage; still will I protect thee, still cherish our child." "Henry," she sighed, and a bitter smile passed o'er her wan features, "you have cruelly deceived me, treacherously lured me from the path of virtue; yet I forbear reproach, your own conscience will be sufficient—the heart once all your own, I feel is breaking; yet for my mother's sake I would fain linger on. Alas! thou art ignorant of the guilt of thy unworthy child; thou know'st not of the misery in store for thee or the pangs that rend the heart of thy Mary! Henry," she continued, as she chased the rising tear that stole slowly down her faded cheek, "I forgive thy perjured vows—made and broken in the sight of heaven!—but think not, wretched as thou hast made me, that I could live a life of infamy with the husband of another; may she whom thou hast chosen love thee as I would have done; the past is beyond recall—had I but adhered to the path of rectitude, I had yet been virtuous and happy!" The arrow had struck home, the words of Henry, "I am the husband of another," still rung in her ears, and fell like on ice-bolt on her aching heart; pride had supported her during her interview with him, but on his departure, sobs that could no longer be suppressed, burst from her lacerated heart, as leaning her head on her hand, she wept the apostacy of her lover. But not long did she allow this momentary weakness to overcome her. Mary felt there was a necessity for exertion, a task however painful to be performed. Henry was unworthy of a tear—for her mother, the guide of her infancy, the friend of her maturer years, her heart now bled—how could she meet the mild eye of her injured parent, that eye which had never beamed on her but with affection's glance. 'Twas then the heart of Mary faltered, as clasping her wasted hands, she implored the protecting aid of heaven to guide her through the labyrinth that encompassed her. Grief was making fast inroads on the health of Mary; the sunk and hollow cheek, the dim and faded eye, the form once light and graceful, now bent with sorrow, told too plainly that she was fast hastening to that bourn from whence no traveller returns. The alarming change in her child at length determined the anxious mother to apply to medical assistance. 'Twas then the heart of Mary faltered, then she felt the decisive moment was come; and with a mind stung to agony, kneeling at the feet of her mother, and hiding her burning face in her hands, she faltered out her shame, her misery. Long might Mary have continued speaking, her words fell unheeded by her mother; with folded arms, her whole person like the statue of despair, she sat gazing on her child—that child who had so cruelly wrung her heart with the knowledge of her shame, yet she spoke not, her heart seemed labouring even to bursting—still her calm fixed gaze rested on her suffering child. "Oh! my mother," sobbed the alarmed girl, as she pressed the icy

hand of her parent to her throbing heart, "in pity speak but one word of pardon to the guilty supplicant now before you. Oh! in mercy look not thus calm, your silence breaks this wretched heart—say—only say that you will not cast me from you, that you will not curse your child!" "Curse thee, my Mary, cast thee from me," exclaimed the miserable mother, "when I should heal the wounds a villain has caused thee to feel; poor innocent thou should'st have known thy mother better. But for thy base, thy cowardly seducer, may his crimes meet with the punishment they deserve, and the wrongs he has heaped on thy innocent head, descend with greater vengeance on his own!" The unlooked for tenderness of her mother, joined to the agitation she had undergone, had produced the most alarming symptoms in the weak frame of Mary, and the ensuing morning found her too ill to rise; that and the succeeding day did the fond mother watch over the couch of her darling, but Mary knew not the hand that ministered to her comfort; pale, calm as though in the last sleep of death, she reclined on the bosom that so oft had pillowed her infant head, unconscious of the tears that bathed her pale face, the sighs that rent the heart of her mother. Yet this was not the only pang in store for the mourner. Medical assistance had been resorted to, and she learned with feelings not to be described, that ere evening her child might become a mother. But Mary uttered no complaint save when a shrieak of agony escaped her, still her cold damp hand firmly grasped her mother's, as bending over her she breathed a prayer to heaven to support her child in the hour that was fast approaching. The physician's predictions were verified, for ere the close of another evening, the hapless girl had given birth to a still-born male infant.

It was towards the close of the sultry month of July, exactly twelve months from the time of Mary's becoming an inmate in the house of Mr. Montague, when she expressed a wish to be removed to a window that commanded a view of that humble home wherein she had passed the happy years of childhood. It was one of those evenings the eye delights to gaze on, calm, serene, not a breath to disturb the solemn stillness; a heavy rain had fallen in the morning, which had now ceased, the blue sky appeared once more, and the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from a thousand sparkling gems that bent the heavy branches to the ground. A tear stole slowly down her faded cheek, as her eye rested on the village church. "Farewell, beloved scenes," she sighed, "scenes endeared by tender recollections; for the last time I behold you; no more shall I gaze on your countless beauties; I leave ye for the land of the blest; for that land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." She drew from her bosom the miniature of Henry, hitherto she had shrunk from the sight of it; for a moment she gazed passionately on the loved resemblance, a tear fell on its fair surface. "Farewell," she sighed, and pressing it close to her beating heart, sunk back exhausted. For a time Mrs. Montague supported her fragile form, at length she parted the long fair tresses that fell in redundant masses over her pale forehead, "My Mary," she softly murmured, "it is thy mother who calls thee, and her quivering lips pressed the icy forehead of her child. But Mary answered not, the pulsations of life had ceased, and her pure spirit had hastened to join its kindred angels in the realms of the blest.

THE FANCY BALL.

"Henrietta, can you guess who that is in the gypsey-dress?" enquired Emily Manvers of her younger sister. "I was just about to ask you the same question, for though I find he is acquainted with me, I cannot find out from any one who he is. It is very strange we cannot discover him, for he must be intimately acquainted with us, from what he has said to me." At this moment the ladies were joined by the gentleman in question, who, from his proximity to them, must, in all probability, have heard their conversation. "You have need of my assistance," said the gipsey, (for so we will call him at present,) "allow me to join in your consultation," he added, addressing the elder sister. "If you are aware of our want of assistance, you ought also to be aware of our difficulty." "Doubt it not, fair lady; for though I can discern no stars but your eyes, they are the stars with which I am best acquainted." Emily Manvers turned away her head from him. "Nay, though a cloud may pass over the stars, it matters not now, for I have read them, and can inform Miss Emily Manvers that I am the cause of her perplexity." "If you are thus far wise, most sage Albuzza, perhaps thy knowledge may be the means of dispelling that perplexity." "Certainly, if I may again consult the stars," he added, laughing. Her eyes, which had been turned towards him in expectation of his reply, were immediately directed from him. "You will not allow me, then?" She shook her head negatively. "Allow me to tell you your fortune?" Anxious to see how much he really knew of her, Emily held out her gloved-hand to him. "This glove must be removed," said the gipsey, who, while Emily was deliberating whether it should be or not, drew it off. "It is a fair index to the heart, which will be given with it," he said, looking intently upon the gentle hand which he held, and will be shortly pressed by one who will soon claim it, the initial of the surname of that one person, I am informed by the juncture of these two small lines, commences with an M." The young lady here attempted to withdraw her hand. "Nay, I have not done yet," said the gipsey, "forcibly detaining it, "my art tells me that this finger has, till lately, been encircled with a golden ornament, may I consult the stars, and learn in whose possession it now is?" "No you may not," replied Emily, somewhat angrily, as he looked earnestly through his mask in her face, which was deeply covered with blushes at this last allusion, and, withdrawing her hand hastily, she proceeded to another part of the room. Supper was shortly after announced, when the gipsey approaching his hostess, Mrs. Manvers, excused himself from staying longer, and begged for an invitation to breakfast the following morning. "I am half inclined not to grant your request," replied the lady, "since you offend against my laws in leaving us masked; but, for once, I will be charitable, and therefore request the pleasure of your company at 12 o'clock to-morrow." We cannot inform the reader if the gipsey mingled in Miss Manvers's dreams that night, but we will give a short outline of the facts which led to his assumption of the character he had taken. Miss Manvers and her sister Henrietta were the only children of W. Manvers, esq. of W—— House, between the former of which ladies and a cousin of the same name a mutual attachment had long subsisted. Her father, however, had looked coldly upon it, and William Manvers finding himself not so welcome a guest as formerly at W—— House, had, after taking several eternal and last farewells of Miss Manvers, and exchanging various tokens of which the ring alluded to was one, quitted W—— House somewhat out of humour with his uncle, and pondering upon the most gentlemanly means of leaving the world. Matters were in this state when he received a letter from his uncle, stating his consent and approbation which he had been induced to give, partly out of a wish to retain his estates in the family name, and partly from affection for his nephew, and love for his daughter. The letter concluded with an invitation to the ball in question, and with the information that no one was aware of his change of sentiments, or the invitation given. Need we explain who the gipsey was. Twelve o'clock arrived, and shortly after William Manvers. His uncle greeted him warmly, laughed and looked knowing. Mrs. Manvers looked not a little surprised, while Emily changed colour with a good deal of rapidity, and, after the first salutations, busied herself very diligently in making breakfast. "Emily," said her father, returning his unemptied cup, "I thought you were aware that I do not take cream?" Emily tried to laugh. "My dear," said her mother, "what are you thinking of? you have given me sugar,"—"and me" said Manvers, handing her his cup and saucer, "neither cream or sugar." "Never mind them, Emily," observed her father, when she had rectified these and other similar mistakes, and the breakfast was over, "go and show William the improve-

ments, and the new plantations, and, my dear," added he, drawing her towards him, and kissing her, "remember we dine at six o'clock." We will not add the explanations which ensued, but we ought to add, that he who became the possessor of the fair hand he had held on the preceding evening, found it as he had anticipated, the index of a mind and heart equally pure.

J. F. B.

THE SELECTOR.

POVERTY OF THE LEARNED.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius: others find a hundred by-roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Were we to erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and helpless part of our citizens, it might be inscribed, "An Hospital for Incurables!" When even Fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a just tribute we pay in his person to genius itself. Even in these enlightened times, many have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers. Of the heroes of modern literature the accounts are as copious as they are sorrowful. Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted food. Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in a hospital at Lisbon. This fact has been accidentally preserved in an entry in a copy of the first edition of the Lusiad, in the possession of Lord Holland. It is a note, written by a friar, who must have been a witness of the dying scene of the poet, and probably received the volume which now preserves the sad memorial, and which recalled it to his mind, from the hands of the great poet. "What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital in Lisbon, without having a sheet or shroud, una sanana, to cover him, after having triumphed in the East Indies, and sailed 5,500 leagues! What good advice for those who weary themselves night and day in study without profit!" Camoens, when some fidalgo complained that he had not performed his promise in writing some verses for him, replied, "When I wrote verses I was young, had sufficient food, was a lover, and beloved by many friends and by the ladies; then I felt poetical ardour: now I have no spirits, no peace of mind. See there my favanese, who asks me for two pieces to purchase firing, and I have them not to give him." The Portuguese, after his death, bestowed on the man they had starved, the appellation of Great! Voudel, the Dutch Shakspeare, after composing a number of tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; then he had his coffin carried by fourteen poets, who without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness. The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence. He alludes to his distress when entreating his cat to assist him, during the night, with the lustre of her eyes—"Bon avendo candele per iscriveri i snoi versi!" having no candle to see to write his verses! De Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his heroic verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols. What an interesting picture has a contemporary given of a visit to this poor and ingenious author. "On a fine summer day we went to him, at some distance from town. He received us with joy, talked to us of his numerous projects, and showed us several of his works. But what interested us was, that though dreading to expose to us his poverty, he contrived to offer us some refreshments. We seated ourselves under a wide oak, the tablecloth was spread on the grass, his wife brought us some milk, with fresh water and brown bread, and he picked a basket of cherries. He welcomed us with gaiety, but we could not take leave of this amiable man, now grown old, without tears, to see him so ill treated by fortune, and to have nothing left but literary honour!" —D'israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS TO ——.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Ah! why did I know thee, and love thee, since only
Thou cam'st like a sunbeam, to gladden my way
One brief, passing moment, yet leav'st me more lonely
Than if I had ne'er felt the warmth of thy ray!

My heart, like the Dove, o'er the wide waste of waters
Went forth, but could find no green isle for its rest;
No feeling of kindred, with Earth's heartless daughters,
And the altar of Friendship was void in my breast!

Long years circled on, and again to discover
If haply some haven of peace it might find
Affection went forth, and round thee did it hover,
And with thee what fond wishes and hopes were enshrin'd!

I deem'd that Life's storms and rude tempests were flying,
And hush'd ev'ry billow that caused me to mourn,
That the haven *was* found, for whose calm I was sighing,
And the Dove safely sheltered no more to return!

But Fate look'd with envy on hearts so united,
And broke in its weaving our young friendship's chain,
And I see the fond hopes I had nurtured all blighted
By the parting that dooms me alone to remain!

Fare thee well!—tho' we sever, one solace is left me,
One spot still looks bright upon Life's dreary void,
And tho' Fate of thy presence untimely hath reft me,
The light of thy mem'ry can ne'er be destroy'd!

THE THAMES AT NOON-DAY.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

River! full and sparkling river,
Thou art dancing on thy way,
While the sunbeams on thee quiver
Like a happy child at play!

Busy river! thou art drinking
Thousand diamond drops like rain,
In thy rippling surface sinking,
Never thence to rise again!

Thro' the em'rald meads thou'rt flowing,
Like a stream of silver light,
Where the small wild flowers are blowing
On thy margin green and bright.

And thou'rt hastening, rapid river,
To thy mighty ocean urn,
Giving all thy streams, yet ever
Unexhausted thou'lt return!

Onward in thy beauty, River!
Glitt'ring, gladsome, fast and free,
Bound in cold stagnation never—
River, would I were like THEE!

TO MY GOD-DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

Yes, smile my child, thy rosy cheek,
The sunshine greeteth well,
And brightest sunbeams sure will seek
On such a cheek to dwell;
The joyous thoughts of infancy
Are painted on that brow,
And have no shades of memory
To dim their splendour now.

My child, my child, I gaze on thee,
I linger at thy side,
Some happy sprite of faerie
Bedecks thee for his bride;
Else why that more than earthly love
Reflected in thine eye,
If it were not to realms above
Belonged thy destiny?

Ah! could I join thy joyous play,
As happy and as free,
And carol all the live long day
With fairy birds like thee;
I'd gather cowslips from the green,
And daisies from their bed,
Then bind their stems with silver sheen,
And twine them round thy head.

Farewell, my child, may happy dreams
Still rest upon thy mind,
Joy be unfeigned as it seems,
And fortune ever kind;
May tears ne'er soil thy tender cheek,
Nor sorrow wound thy heart;
My child, I may not longer speak,
Farewell, for we must part.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

No. VI.

ON VISITING POMPEII.

All hail, Pompeii! and is this
A mart of Greece and Rome?
And yet so fresh and fair it is,
'Twould serve for present home!

There is not—with the eye of taste,
Or antiquarian lore,—
A site of earth, whereon if placed,
Man may delight him more!

Here classic reminiscences
Not only *must* arise,
The *very things of old* he sees,
Dug up before his eyes!!

Here Fancy is not even taxed
The buildings to restore;
The grasp of ages is relaxed,
And yields up all their store!

The *frescoed* temple,—walls *inscribed*,—
The *mark of chariot wheel*,*
The *Drama of the day described*,—
Greeks—Romans—Elds—we feel!!

And doubly—if Vesuvius roar—
Enchanted is our gaze!
Anxious we seek the lost† sea-shore,
And live in other days!

EDWARD WARD.

IMPROMPTU

ON A SLEEPING CAT.

Her glossy coat with jet may vie,
Emblem of calm content she lies;
While paw curled round, and half-closed eye,
Bespeak a peace that man might prize.
Each sportive child has sunk to rest,
And puss may slumber hours away;
With empty head, and vacant breast,
Where no contending passions stray;
But yet, poor cat! I envy not
Thy wayless calm, as there you lie;
Earth bounds thy being! but my lot
Is happier,—soul can never die!

ANNETTE.

LAYS OF THE SEA.

NO. II.

BY HENRIETTA SHEARGOLD.

Since leaving my dear native country I've roamed,
To Africa's burning shore,
I have gazed on the ocean as wildly it foamed,
And heard the loud tempest roar.
I have searched every corner and turn of the east,
Where the sun first illumines the sky,
And have heard in chains of bondage fast,
The lovers of liberty sigh.

I have climbed the mountains that o'er-reach towers,
In chase of the light gazelle,
And reclined in the grandeur of eastern bowers,
Where dark eyed beauties dwell.
I have seen the swift eagle ascend its flight
O'er Italy's mountains far,
And have listened in raptures of wild delight,
To the sound of the Spanish guitar.

I have mused o'er the tombs bedecked with flowers
In thoughtless sunny France,
And at evening have sought the rustic bowers
To join in the village dance.
But the smiles and the wealth that those countries afford,
Shall never more tempt me to roam,
And the toils that I've met with shall meet a reward
In the smiles that will welcome me home.

* On the inside of one of the gates of the city.

† The Mediterranean, now miles distant, washed the garden walls in the suburbs.

CHARADE.

BY MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

Inscribed on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my FIRST has stood:
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last
Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My SECOND is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper;
But 'tis a sight—which should they meet
All improviso in the street,
Ye gods! how they would scamper!

My WHOLE's a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The salique law reversing;
But while th' imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene
Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper—man,
And she jogs after as she can.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 256.

A Spanish DON of high degree,
Went out to take the air;
But ere he went he turn'd the KEY
Upon his daughter fair.

But Spanish ladies boldly say,
That he who'd bind the heart,
Where love, sweet passion! holds its sway,
Would play a DON-KEY's part!

A. N.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

Your Charade, lady fair, I'll attempt to explain,
A DON is a person oft met with in Spain,
And in constant request is a KEY, we all know,
For without it our treasures would frequently flow;
A DON-KEY these will make if right applied,
On which our meek Redeemer once did ride.

SYLVANUS.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO SAME.

With light guitar the DON goes forth
His fair to serenade;
But the Duenna's turned the KEY
Upon the blushing maid.
To Salem's courts, on DONKEY without pride,
The Saviour of mankind did humbly ride.

CLARISSA.

QUERIES.

Why is a common soldier who has been long in the service, like an article forbidden by the Excise?—Because he's a *private still*.

Why is my servant, after having received my commands, like a clergyman?—Because he has *taken orders*.

Why is the North East wind like a new recruit?—Because it goeth where it *listeth*.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

TIME AND SPACE.—It appears by Sir John Herschell's volumes on natural philosophy and astronomy, that it would take a cannon ball, travelling at its usual velocity, upwards of twenty years to pass from the earth to the sun; and that the bright star Sirius is 200,000 times more distant from the earth than the sun is, consequently it would take a cannon ball, travelling at its usual velocity, more than four millions of years to pass from the earth to Sirius!!!

ADVICE.—When you go to the Theatre, never leave an umbrella or great coat with the person who generally takes care of those things, for if you do, he'll expect sixpence; whereas, if you pawn it before you go in, the interest will not exceed an half-penny when you come out, thereby saving five pence half-penny.

CURIOUS FACT.—Cut a couple of cards, each into a circle of about two inches in diameter. Perforate one of them at the centre, and fix it on the top of a tube, say a common quill. Make the other card ever so little concave, and place it over the first, the orifice of the tube being then directly under, and almost in contact with the upper card. Try to blow off the upper card. You will find it impossible. We understand that the cause that counteracts the effect at first expected at this singular phenomenon has lately puzzled all the members of the Royal Society. A medal and one hundred guineas are said to be the reward of the successful discoverer. We recommend the ingenious reader to find it out.

FORGERY.—In the history of Forgers, it is a remarkable fact, that one of the jury who tried the late Dr. Dodd, was himself, within two years afterwards, guilty of the same offence, tried in the same court of justice, the Old Bailey, and executed on the same gallows at Tyburn.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 39—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 29, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

The robe is composed of *tulle* over white satin, the *corsage* plain behind, is disposed in front in a drapery which crosses very low upon the bosom. The *corsage* is cut low and square, and trimmed with a blond lace mantilla, gathered in full upon the shoulders under knots of green gauze ribbon. Long sleeves forming two *bouffants* at the

upper part. The lower part sits close to the arm, but has the fulness gaged longitudinally in four places. A knot of ribbon, similar to that on the shoulder, ornaments the second *bouffant*. Grecian *ceinture* of green satin. The robe is trimmed down the front *en tablier*, with a wreath of intermingled ribbons and flowers. Head-dress of hair, disposed in louped braids on each side of the face, and in two soft bows which are interlaced on the crown of the head. A half-wreath of flowers is attached on each braid, and a sprig inserted in the bows. A golden *agraffe*, and a bandeau of pearls completes the *coiffure*. Ear-rings *à l' antique* of gold, and pearl necklace. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Accessories to Evening Toilettes. —One of the most important to an elegant woman, at least if we are to credit Lady Morgan, is a *joli mouchoir de poche*, the most novel are small, of extremely fine and clear cambric, worked in feather stitch round the border, and ornamented at each corner with the cyphers of the fair wearer, embroidered in colours. We have seen also some very elegantly embroidered round the border in a kind of open work that bears a close resemblance to Brussels lace. Those bordered with *Valenciennes* edging, although they have been so long in favour, are still adopted by many elegant women.

Ceinture buckles are now completely superseded by clasps, there are some of a new kind which let out to a certain degree, at the pleasure of the wearer; thus preventing the bad effects which the tightness of the waist ribbon often produces upon the health. We have not heard that they have any peculiar designation, but they certainly ought to be called Hygeian clasps.

Black satin slippers and black lace gloves will, it is expected, be continued in evening dress, that is for social parties during a great part of the summer, if not for the whole of it. It is said that white satin *brodequins*, that is short boots, which for some time past have not been worn in full dress, are again coming into favour. We have seen some recently brought from Paris by an *élégante* of high rank, they were laced at the sides, and embroidered up the front in coloured silks. We have seen also silk stockings of different colours, with white embroidered, and open clocks. We know that several unsuccessful attempts have been recently made to bring them into fashion, and we believe they are by no means likely to come into favour.

The most novel scarfs for evening dress, are of India muslin, either rose colour or dark blue; they are embroidered in silk of a different colour. One of the prettiest that we have seen, was of the darkest shade of blue, embroidered in *arabesques*, with gold coloured silk of different shades. These scarfs bear a high price because they are brought over embroidered, but it would be very easy to imitate them.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.

The anniversary dinner of this excellent institution took place at the Freemason's Hall, on the 19th inst., and, to the lovers of harmony, afforded a great musical treat. At the early hour of 5 o'clock, not a seat was to be obtained in the ladies' gallery, which was thronged by a crowd of elegant females to witness the festival.

As we merely notice it in the light of a *Concert*, we pass over the many excellent speeches made on the occasion, and come at once to the musical part of the proceedings. After the King's health, the National Anthem was sung, and the solo parts beautifully sustained by Misses Sheriff and Inverarity, from the centre gallery. Then followed a magnificent performance, by Bochsa, on the harp,—"Recollections of Ireland," introducing variations on the most popular Irish Melodies, with an effect which must be heard to be conceived. Miss Sheriff, having descended to the hall, sang, accompanying herself on the piano—"Away, away to the Mountain's Brow,"—but not, we think, in the style the composer intended, as she made it a sort of Echo song, by which it lost all the elegance and powerful effect its original singer imparted to this beautiful ballad. But there is no accounting for taste. Miss Inverarity followed in a very sweet air, of which we could not catch the words, or learn the title. Mr. H. Phillips delighted us with the "Old English Gentleman," in which he was encored. We never heard this fine old chaunt more exquisitely sung; his falsetto, in the second part of the air was above all praise. Then followed Mr. Kellner, the young Russian, in his sweet song of "Fair Haidee." To his efforts succeeded Masoni, on the violin—a masterly performance, embracing all the skill, but not the trickery, of his predecessor, Paganini. Then came Miss Betts, who enchanted her hearers with the "Deep, deep sea." which she sang with exquisite taste and effect—simple, not over-embellished—just as an English ballad should be sung. And here we must record the good taste which all the vocalists displayed, contrary to the arbitrary rules of Fashion; we mean that of only giving English songs, on an occasion entirely national;—it did credit to their judgment as Professors, and to their feelings as natives of the British soil. We cannot close our remarks without noticing a very extraordinary performance by a young foreigner, (we presume,) but whose name, save that of "the Phenomenon," was not set down in the printed list. By mere gutteral sounds, as it appeared, he produced a tone resembling in clearness and softness, the notes played by a musical snuff box, with a kind of running bass accompaniment it in perfect harmony with the air. Though Mr. T. Cooke solicited "perfect stillness," in order to hear this performance with advantage, or indeed at all, John Bull could not forbear the occasional knocking down a wine glass, or jingling his knife against the desert plate; but, on the whole, he behaved as well as his nature will allow. Some excellent comic songs closed the amusements of the evening, at least so far as the ladies were concerned, who retired, on the noble Chairman, Lord Clanricarde having proposed their healths, but not before he had premised that £20 had been collected from the "fair spectators" in the galleries, (exclusive of five guineas contributed by Mrs. Waylett, who was herself present, though she could not, from certain questions pending, contribute her talents on the occasion). The announcement of the donation from this public favourite, was received with long and repeated cheering. The whole subscriptions of the evening amounted to upwards of £1,100.

Signor Masoni's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

The first concert given by this celebrated professor of the violin, took place at the above rooms on Friday, 21st inst. It was not so fully attended as we could have wished; nor, though announced as being "under the immediate patronage of majesty," did majesty shew itself! and the royal boxes were unattended Beethoven's celebrated Overture to Egmont was chosen for the opening piece, and was brilliantly executed by an inimitable band, in which we recognized some of the most esteemed instrumentalists of the country. The duett, "Ah, Maiden Fair," followed, very sweetly sang by Miss Woodyatt and Horncastle. To this succeeded a Fantasia on the Oboe, by Mr. Grattan Cooke—a performer too well known for his masterly skill on this instrument, to need a passing eulogium from us. After a Duetto Buffo by De Begnis and Giubilei came the great attraction of the evening, Masoni himself, who performed a most brilliant Concerto on the violin. We have spoken of him in the account before given of the dinner at the Freemason's Hall; but here we had a far more advantageous opportunity to judge of his powers of execution. The facility with which he executes the most rapid passages is surprising. and his runs up and down the scale, particularly the chromatic, are wonderful. Madam Caradori Allan sang, per Italian, "Come for me," with great sweetness. After which Sig. Masoni again appeared in a Concertante, accompanied on the Piano by Moscheles. This was indeed a treat for the lovers of fine music, to hear two such performers blending their powers together, and joining in amiable rivalry to display the effects of the different instru-

ments, over which each seemed to be the presiding genius. A Quintetto from Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia," concluded the first act. In the second, Massoni again performed an air, with variations, in which he was loudly encored, and repeated it, if possible, with still greater effect than at first. We noticed among the audience several of the first musical performers of the day, who all seemed unanimous in their approbation of Sig. Masoni's powers of execution, and the perfect mastery he possesses over his instrument.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE FATAL ENGAGEMENT.

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed.

And art thou gone bright one! murmured Ella (her beautiful eyes suffused with tears), as she gazed with painful emotion, on the harp of her beloved Alicia, whose chords had so often responded to the fairy touch of its lovely mistress. Art thou too gone! shall these walls resound no more to the seraphic tones of thy voice, as they blended with the soft music of thy harp; or echo with the "light laugh" of gladness that "rang from thy soul?" That voice is mute! how often have I listened to its floating melody, 'till every feeling was entranced! A deep sigh recalled her attention from the contemplation of past scenes of happiness. So completely had she been absorbed by her sorrow, that she had not heeded the entrance of a strikingly handsome man, whose pensive air, heightened in no small degree the uncommon beauty of his countenance. "And is it thus we meet, my Ella!" he passionately exclaimed, "must the rapture I feel at the restoration of one treasure, be checked by the recollection that another (and not less dear one), has been snatched away from me?" "It is indeed a bitter cup, Albert," replied the weeping Ella, "but we have at least the consolation of tasting it together; it appears to me that the stings of sorrow, aggravated as they may be by the varied causes which produce them, lose a portion of their bitterness when we feel that another shares in our grief; the blow was as unexpected as it was severe; the instant I heard of your return I flew on the wings of friendship to meet Alicia, fondly hoping that the soft gales of Italy had restored my friend to her accustomed health and spirits, which she had lost so suddenly and mysteriously. Judge what was my horror on arriving in London to hear that she was no more. Assured that you were here; I hastened to mingle my tears with the sole surviver of the beloved family to whose society I owed my happiest hours." "Dear Ella," said Albert (his voice trembling with emotion), "to have lost Alicia at any time would have been a stunning blow, but when I reflect upon the cause (which she only revealed in her dying moments), I am stung to madness; you remember Mortimer? gay, handsome, and talented; he had won the heart of my unfortunate sister; but having heard my father say that old Mortimer had frequently declared that he would disinherit Louis if he ventured to give his hand without his consent, well knowing what would be the fate of her lover should he presume to marry her in the lifetime of his father, poor Alicia had listened to his passionate entreaties, and consented to a clandestine engagement. So much did she dread the consequences of the betrayal of their secret, that not even to her beloved Albert did she confide it, and so guarded were they in their conduct, that not the slightest suspicion of the truth ever crossed my mind, and I saw suitor after suitor discarded by your friend, totally unconscious that the pre-engagement of her affections rendered her thus apparently difficult. Whenever I rallied her on what I imagined her fastidiousness, she would answer with a smile, 'methinks, Albert, you are in great haste to part with your sister; never fear, capricious as I am, I must be pleased at last.' At length the father of Mortimer breathed his last. Louis was in Germany, Alicia looked forward with anxious expectation to a re-union with her absent lover, when she heard the withering news of his marriage; this was a shock her gentle nature sank under; when I returned from a visit (where I had been for several months), I found my poor Alicia drooping like a delicate rose that had been exposed to the pelting of the pityless storm. Pale and dispirited, it seemed as if every fit of coughing must dislodge her spirit from its fragile tenement; a violent cold was the only apparent cause for this sudden and rapid change from health to malady. Trembling with apprehension, I sought the soft breezes of Italy, in the hope that the change of climate might restore her, but disease baffled every effort, and as all her medical attendants coincided in Alicia's opinion, that she had not long to live, she implored me to let her breathe her last sigh in the land which gave her birth; I consented, and the same day on which we bid adieu to Italy, I announced our intended return to you. Alicia's presentiment of her approaching death was but too well founded. We were scarcely settled in our once happy mansion, ere her gentle spirit sought its native skies. A few hours previous to her dissolution, she bade me approach her. 'Albert,' she whispered, in a faint voice, 'I have a dying request to make—promise me not to divulge the secret which I am going to entrust to you, to any but Ella (who I hope will console you for my loss), and above all—not to revenge my death on the perfidious cause.' I made a solemn promise to respect her dying wishes; she then repeated what I have just related. Mortimer is in the enjoyment of all that fortune can bestow. Alicia sleeps beneath a marble slab, (whose snowy whiteness is an emblem of her once spotless purity), the mute record of man's inconstancy, and a forcible example of the fatal consequences of admitting clandestine addresses. Had not the coward who first won my sister's affections, and then left her the victim of his capricious fancies, been aware that the secret of their engagement was buried in her bosom, he would have conceded to the fear of retribution what he refused to the call of honour and humanity; and Alicia would have been still the delight of an adoring brother, instead of the thorn that rankles in his bosom.

ANNETTE.

AN INCIDENT AT A COURT BALL.

From an unpublished MS.

BY MISS AUGUSTA HENNINGSEN.

* * * * * To one acquainted with the secrets of the chief actors in that splendid pageant, it must have been the palace of enchantment. The presence chamber, like the rest of the apartments, was furnished according to the gorgeous taste of its possessor. The walls were hung with draperies of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, at certain distances looped up with cords and tassels of the same, to display the Venetian mirrors, which reached from the carved ceiling to the polished and curiously inlaid floor. From the former were suspended massive chandeliers of the rarest wrought gold, and cut crystal, which reflecting the varied colours of the rainbow, rivalled the brilliant gems of the cast. At the further end of the room was an elevated platform, covered with the same material as the hangings and the magnificent canopy which overhung it, surmounted by the royal arms, and the favorite device of the sun illuminating a globe, with the motto, "*Nec pluribus impar.*" Beneath, on a chair of state, sat the Queen Mother of France, the once beautiful Anne of Austria. Years and cares had banished all trace of youth from her cheeks, but the exquisite outline of her features, and the extreme delicacy of her complexion remained unimpaired, and told what she once had been—the perfection of woman; and the same determination flashed in her proud and penetrating eyes as when she annulled a husband's will, and threatened a proud cardinal that she would change the succession of France. To her left sat a young lady, whose unpretending appearance and modest demeanour contrasted widely with that of the lofty Queen Mother,

Yet was the same devotion and obedience rendered her, for she was the Queen Consort of Louis XIV. Ungifted with beauty or accomplishments, Maria Théresa pretended not to those advantages which she knew were not her's, and leaving to her more favoured relatives the right of commanding admiration, sought in the practice of the virtues dictated by her own pious and gentle heart, for the approbation she found, and the well-merited esteem and respect of all, from her royal consort to the humblest of his subjects. The expression of her countenance was goodness, while the sweet tones of her voice when she spoke her broken French, and the retiring gentleness of her manners seemed to suc for that indulgence she allowed to all, and which she felt she needed, won the confidence and love of every one who approached her.

The most beautiful ladies, the most gallant cavaliers, surrounded the throne. All that was lovely, great, or noble, were assembled that night in the royal residence. But, notwithstanding the courteous words and smiles of the courtly group of ladies, it needed but little penetration to discover that they who had met with such sunny hopes and expectations were bitterly disappointed. Nor did it require much greater discernment to be assured of the cause. Between the two Queens was a seat, raised rather higher than theirs. That seat was unoccupied, and many a furtive glance from the brightest eyes was cast at the vacant place, then rapidly reverting to the doors of the private gallery, seemed to enquire wherefore did the idol tarry?

Though another night she might little have cared, or even noticed it, Anne of Austria was vexed almost to impatience at the prolonged absence of her son, for she had a petition to prefer which must be granted that night, and she knew that it would require her utmost skill to obtain its success. The young Queen was unhappy that the King came not, and accused herself of having, perchance, unwillingly offended him, while a sigh of regret escaped her heart for the want of those charms which she thought might most attract him.

Little dreamed she that he was detained in the fulfilment of her last-expressed wish. The proud and petted beauty of England, Madame Henriette d'Orleans, incensed at what she considered the neglect of her royal lover, accused his majesty, in no very measured terms, to her favourites; even the humble Violet, had misery written on her face. the only one she loved was away. On went the dancing, but these ladies joined not in it; or, if court etiquette imperiously required condescension, it was with a visible unwillingness they in vain tried to screen behind an assumed courtesy; and though slow and tedious, yet the moments did pass; but he whose presence would instantly have removed the cloud which overshadowed those he loved best, came not. Twice had the Queen dispatched gentlemen to learn the cause of his Majesty's detention from the fête. The answer returned was unsatisfactory and decisive; he was occupied with an important affair, and would not be disturbed. The same was the message Monsieur de Guiche had brought Madame Henriette; and as she remained conversing with him, her quick ear caught the last words whispered by a young lady who stood near her to a page. Madame, who began to suspect the growing attachment of the King and her attendant, turned hastily round, with anger in her look, and harshly said, "in my presence, at least, Mademoiselle, you might learn to respect yourself. What was the silly message you would fain send to our Royal Brother?" and she smiled contemptuously. The humble Violet, confounded and abashed, almost sunk to the ground; the slight tinge which coloured her smooth cheek passed quickly away, and she stood motionless; her large blue eyes dimmed with the tears which lingered on their long silken lashes. Mademoiselle de Pous, another of the maids of honour who stood by, foresaw the gathering storm, and determined to avert it. Well aware that her companion's confusion would only serve to increase the irritation of her Royal Mistress, and occasion perhaps a scene, answered promptly, "Madame, I pray you excuse Mademoiselle de la Valliere's emotion, caused by your displeasure, to which she is so little accustomed; but she is a silly girl to be confused because you misunderstood her words. She bade St. Cyr fetch her fan, which she left in your apartment, and inquire at the same time for Mademoiselle de Caumartin, who was taken ill during the last quadrille." Madame turned haughtily away. Louise whispered Mademoiselle de Pous, kindly taking her hand—"You are too simple for our Court. You will meet with much unhappiness if you cannot better conceal your feelings." The unhappy girl returned the friendly pressure, sighed, and retired behind her more gay and thoughtless companions.

Anne of Austria at length, unable to longer restrain her impatience at the continued absence of her son, was about to seek him herself, when there was a movement amongst the company, and the murmur of applause which announced his Majesty's approach. The folding-doors of the private gallery were thrown open, and Louis XIV., in all the pride of youth, beauty, and power, advanced, followed by Messieurs de Montmorency and Revers. But wherefore was there such surprise and wonderment expressed in the looks of the royal ladies and goodly company assembled? Not because his Majesty was booted and spurred, and that his appearance gave evident proofs of his having ridden far and fast; nor because young Montmorency's arm was in a sling; nor that the gallant Monarch led a young lady by the hand; but because she was a stranger, her face radiant with youth and surpassing beauty. In vain one person asked of another who she was? None could answer the enquiry, and it was some minutes e'er their curiosity was destined to be satisfied. The Queens forgot their vexation and anxiety, while admiring the lovely unknown, and even the proud Henriette, who at times exhibited a harshness and jealousy unworthy of so much beauty and excellence, was one of the first to express her unbounded encomiums on the young lady, Louis approached the throne, and gracefully dropping his plumed bonnet, apologized for his absence—"Before many seconds elapsed," he continued, smiling at the English princess, "all accusations will be silenced, and from your gracious mother I shall receive thanks, in the name of your sex, for having rendered justice and happiness to one of its fairest members, ere I thought of my own gratification and pleasure. Excellent Marie Therese, your wishes are fulfilled; need I claim your protection for our adopted daughter, Louise de Valençay.

In the deep recess of a window stood a young man of lofty and prepossessing appearance; but so settled was the dejection depicted on his countenance, that it was evident obligation and courtesy had alone brought him to witness a scene so little in accordance with his feelings.

None ventured to interrupt his solitary musings, for even Friendship knew the task would be fruitless—royal commands and entreaties had failed of eliciting any explanation of the cause of the mysterious sadness which for months had clouded the promising destiny of the once gay and light-hearted de Villars.

"Comte de Villars!" said some one, tapping him on the shoulder, but the young man noticed it not until it was repeated; when he turned his head, and beheld, to his surprise, the King—"Follow me," he said, and unfastening the window which opened into the garden of the palace, led the way to a small alcove; "Close the door, Edme; I wish for a few moments conversation with you; here we shall be unheard." The young Comte obeyed.

"De Villars," said the King, fixing his eyes on the young man's face, as if he would have read every thought, "Are you acquainted with Mademoiselle de Valençay.

The Comte trembled for an instant from head to foot, and the colour rose to his pallid cheek, but he replied firmly—"I am, Sire; she is a distant relative of mine," "'Tis no fault of yours Edme; in a word you have long loved her." "I glory inavowing that I adore her."

"Her father at first objected not to your attachment, and you were happy. He conspired with some others against our person. You refused to join with him, though his daughter's hand was

to have been the reward, and as your loyalty remained unshaken, he forbad all communication between you, and sent his child no one knew whither. It was yourself disguised who warned me of a danger which I took means to arrest. The mystery of your silent sorrow is now explained. Your Sovereign honors and respects the motives which have actuated your conduct through the whole of this affair." The Comte was all amazement how the King should have learnt that which he had kept so carefully locked up in his own bosom, known only to another individual besides himself—and he requested the King to gratify his curiosity by telling him how he had obtained his information. "Most willingly," was the reply. Mademoiselle de Valençay was herself my informant." The Comte started, and hastily inquired where he had seen her? but the King declined answering the question, and simply added, "She has consented to give her hand to the only man whose loyalty and fidelity can save her father from ignominy and disgrace." Edme moved not a muscle, though the last hope which had faintly risen in his mind, was annihilated, and calmly answered—"I needed but this to determine my future fate; it is at least better than suspense; tell me, was the consent compulsory or voluntary?" "I leave that for your decision," said the King—"but to another subject. I am here to inform you of how I intend requiting your loyalty,—you are appointed to a high post about our person, this night you will receive the congratulations of our Court. We have likewise provided, in lieu of her you have lost, a suitable match for the newly-created Duc de Villars; the young lady is beautiful, well portioned and willing." "Methinks," replied the listener hastily, "the younng lady is over forward; she might have waited at least till I had proposed." "I doubt," said Louis, smiling, "whether you would think Louise de Valençay over forward were she to do as much. But a truce to words—Do you accept my proposition? I thank your Majesty most humbly for the many favors you would confer on so miserable and unworthy an object. Pardon me, Sire, for refusing gifts whose worth I could not duly appreciate. Accept my resignation of the place I now occupy; suffer me to retire immediately from Court." "Well," said the King, "I will comply with your request upon one condition; that is, that you accompany me to the throne-room; and if, when there, you do not change your sentiments," and he smiled most provokingly—"I pledge my royal word that your wish shall be granted. Duc de Villars, your arm." Bright as the morning sun was the smile which sat on the Monarch's countenance when he entered the ball-room, and advanced with the newly-created Duc towards the impatient group who were awaiting him. Marie Therese came forward to meet the Majesty of France, leading her protegée, now closely veiled. The King took her hand, and placing it in that of the young Duc, said—"Reject, and Louis is your enemy for ever." The Queen threw back the veil from the young lady's face; Edme de Villars and his long lost love, the beautiful Louise de Valençay, knelt at the royal feet.

"Arise," said his Majesty, in his most gracious voice, "The happiness of our friends and subjects ensures our own."

THE OMNIBUS.

A SKETCH.

It was a bright but somewhat cold morning in December 183—, that, animated with the laudable zeal of saving a shilling, in evil hour I ascended the wooden steps of the Rickwood Omnibus "Union." This most amicable sounding appellation, was derived from a coalition between two furious Belligerents, who, each being proprietor of one of these unwieldy machines, and consequently in "*h*opposition," had, for the last six months appeared to be only waiting a favourable opportunity, and a *dark lane*, to put a *summary* termination to their dispute. The means by which the contest was carried on, were as various as they were edifying. The proprietor of the "Sun" held in his employ an army of little boys, and many were the valuable services performed by these useful auxiliaries. When, in the morning the "Sun," "gleaming in crimson and gold" was seen speeding its fiery course towards the office, its approach was heralded by a loud and simultaneous cry of "Sun for ever"! from the aforesaid enemy of invincibles; a chosen party of whom always formed an escort during its progress through he town, and attended it to the stones' end." Then, all the walls in the neighbourhood were scrawled over with "Sun for ever!" and "*No* Pilot!!" (the nautical cognomen of the rival concern.) Then, the "*h*opposition" "*en*weegled" a passenger from the "Sun" by a dextrous *ruse de guerre*, and next day the irate proprietor of "Sun" had some hundreds of placards printed and disbursed, headed "*Fraud*," in letters an inch long, exposing and denouncing the "imposition," and cautioning the public against the same, in the most magnificently grandiloquent phraseology! The main reliance of the "Pilot," in addition to a squadron of zealous *cads*, highly gifted in the use of their fists, and admirably versed in the powers of their mother tongue, appeared to be an invisible Stentor. I say *invisible*, because I never saw him myself, and never could meet with any one who had. This worthy used to take his station at the "Pilot" office to await the the last coming-in of that vehicle, which event usually took place at about eleven at night, in order to announce its presence by emitting the most extraordinary noise that ever proceeded from a human throat. It was a shouting out of the name of the omnibus, but the manner in which the creature pronounced it, dwelling upon, and lengthening the last syllable, is quite indescribable, "Pi-lau—at!" It was an unearthly yell! and used to ring through the (by that time) silent and deserted street of the little village of Rickwood, with an effect perfectly startling. The office being nearly opposite my window, I had the full benefit of it, and verily believe the recollection of that most "horrid sound" will haunt my memory through life. So dreadful was its effect, that it actually caused a serious fit of illness to a most respectable maiden lady "of a certain age," who resided exactly facing the scene of his nightly enormities. Matters were in this state when suddenly burst upon the public the astounding intelligence that the "*h*opposition" was changed into coalition!! There was no prefatory pleading—No explanations, or apologies, or correspondence between the parties that was ever known, but one morning, in lieu of the "Pilot" and "Sun," appeared the aforesaid "Union" glorying in a resplendent new coat of varnish, and the names of "*Stokes*" and "*Thompson*," the former rivals placed in most amicable proximity, side by side, in a conspicuous situation! I scarcely think the famed coalition of Fox and North could have produced a greater sensation! But marvels are, now-a-days of frequent occurrence; and, by degrees, the astonishment of "a discerning public" settled down into tranquil acquiescence. People stared, and shrugged their shoulders; some laughed, and one or two muttered between their teeth "rascals!" "humbug!" &c. But, nevertheless, the "Union" *took*, and flourished; seldom leaving or returning without its full compliment of fourteen "ins" and one "out." It was, as I have said, into this vehicle; that, after scalding my throat with a cup of hot tea, swallowed in my vehement haste not to be too late, one bright winter morn, I deposited my unfortunate person. Myself and travelling companion, happened to be the first passengers taken up, and by his advice I made my way to the upper end of the omnibus, to avoid sundry *digital* afflictions of which I had heard. At the end of the village we stopped, and in got an East India Captain with whom I have a slight acquaintance, accompanied by a little auctioneer, upholsterer, and house agent; who, having contrived to amass a considerable sum of money in his threefold vocation, is considerably pompous, and superlatively ridiculous. He is a man of small stature, with a little wizen face, full of *puckers*; small keen grey eyes, and a turn-up nose. A far different looking person is my friend, the old East India captain;—tall, well-formed, with a handsome open countenance, fine full blue eyes, and a frank cheery manner. "Good mornings" had scarcely been exchanged, and seats taken, the captain by me,

auctioneer's by my companion, when, stop again, and in came—Oh! for the pencil of a Cruikshanks, or pen of a Hook, to do justice to my subject!—in came, or rather *rolled*, a colossal figure, bulky in proportion, encased in a large greatcoat; the throat of this man-monster was guarded by handkerchiefs, comforters &c., and in a profusion that sufficiently evinced his sense of his own inestimable value *upon earth*. The huge *head* wore a large silk pocket handkerchief of the sort vulgarly denominated "Belcher," arranged in the classic form adopted by the fair nymphs who frequent the regions of Billingsgate. This becoming head-gear was drawn so completely over the face on each side, as to leave no part visible, save an enormous nose, of that peculiar form usually called *Bottle*, and a pair of eyes swimming in their own moisture, and so deeply sunk amid the folds of flesh above and beneath, as to be scarcely perceptible. Between this worthy and my fellow passengers, there appeared to be some acquaintance. "And what is the matter with *you?*" asked the captain, pointing to the man-monster's head tire. "Oh! I've had,"—a horrible grimace concluded the sentence.—"Aye, I see, *tooth-ache*." A mumbling assent. I had conceived hopes of a pleasant journey to town, but from the moment of the man-monster's entrance, I gave myself up for lost. I was doomed to be excruciated. He stuck himself down next to the captain, and there I was done for. Passengers poured in rapidly. An old woman, upright and stiff as a poker, in a snuff-coloured cloth pelisse, made in the fashion of seventeen hundred and blank; an old black velvet bonnet, very large, and very *rusty*, and armed with an immense green cotton umbrella. Oh! that umbrella was a jewel of a thing—one of the old fashioned kind, now so seldom seen; with a great brass ring at the top, whereby it was meant to be carried, and a large patch also on the said top. The personage in whose grasp this useful appendage was held, made small use of her tongue, but a vast deal of her eyes. Never had *she* been in an omnibus before; and great appeared to be her wonderment, both at her conveyance and her company. I cannot stop to particularize all the entrées, but, in a few moments, the omnibus was full; yea, reader, there was the *whole fourteen;* and there was *I*, crammed up in a little corner, with the old captain, himself a large man, jammed close aside me, and the enormous Hercules on his left, pressing down upon us both like a 74 Man-of-war on two small craft lying in his way. Oh, gentle reader, pity me! A fashionably dressed young lady, in a silk cloak, with large full mantilla, cape, and gigot sleeves beneath. Something was said about *wanting air*, when the man-monster, who had been fast asleep, and snoring away, like a whole society of porkers, suddenly starting to consciousness, grunted something about ventilators, and, extending his arm,—gracious heaven!—what was my dismay, to behold him turning round a sort of trap over the window, immediately behind me, by which means a cold stratum of air must inevitably have been let in exactly to the nape of my neck; and a bitter morning in December; and my feet, despite the full state of the vehicle, aching with cold. Visions of stiff necks, sore throats, &c. rose up in horrible array before me: desperation gave me courage; in a trembling voice I suggested, "it might *give cold*," and, raising my arm—I am astonished *now* at my boldness,—closed the trap, in defiance of all the terrors of the awful personage beside me; but I was not without a seconder. "To be sure," responded the old captain, and, turning to Man-monster, added, "remember every one is not *packed up* for the journey as you are." A tremendous explosion, meant for a laugh, proceeded from the throat of the person addressed; but I bore with it, for, after all, it showed that the monster was a *good-natured* one. After this, we proceeded quietly on for some time. and as comfortably as the circumstances of the case would permit, when suddenly—but what am I about?—the Editress is shaking her head, the compositor grumbling at the length of my *tale*,* and the printer's imp—I must stop. Gentle reader, have patience, and some time you shall have the conclusion of my adventures in "*The Omnibus.*"

MINNA.

LYME REGIS.

A SKETCH.

There are spots of earth that live in our memory, like the remembrance of a beloved friend, hallowed as they are by the recollection of the happy hours we have passed there. Foremost among those which haunt my fancy, like the traces of a half-remembered dream, stands Lyme Regis, sketched in vivid colours by memory's fairy pencil. How often do my thoughts recur to it! with its picturesque Cob, its lovely bay, and fertile hills, cultivated almost to the water's edge. I was there in Autumn; and its orchards bowed beneath the weight of their golden and blushing treasures. Turn which way you might, the eye rested with delight on smiling valleys, richly wooded hills, and the blue blue sea, studded here and there with snow-white sails, while the gulls rose and fell, on its heaving bosom, like fairy barks. Oh! how my spirits rise, when floating on its dancing waves! Treacherous element! what a pity that thy changeful breast should prove the grave of thousands! But art thou not like the friendships of this world? youth sails down the stream of life, sees a friend in every smiling face, a haven in every heart, till the storm of adversity rises; where then are the bosoms on which we thought to repose in security? fled! like the ocean's calm, or only remaining to display to our astonished gaze, rocks and shoals, where we expected to meet havens of rest! Like them, sweet Lyme! thou must be banished from my thoughts. I never may view thy lovely shores again; but I shall never forget the happy hours I passed there, or cease to remember, that to thy balmy gales I owe my restoration to health and strength.

ANNETTE.

* Query Tail?—COMPOSITOR.

THE SELECTOR.

A PUZZLE.

I shall not commence like most autobiographers, with an account of my birth parentage and education. The first and second I have important reasons for concealing; and the third, education, was to me unnecessary. I was a natural genius, my powers were all innate. In my earliest infancy I enlightened and improved more human beings than the wisest sages and profoundest philosophers ever hoped to do, in their fondest schemes for the benefit of the human race. Do not suppose that I conceal my origin from false shame, on the contrary, I can outvie in antiquity the proudest prince on earth; and if the Chinese can prove that their first King, Ponnaku, reigned ninety six millions of years before the Christian era, I can bring undeniable proof that I reigned before him. I am a great and rapid traveller. It is recorded, that Euchides, a citizen of Platma, walked to Delphi, and returned with the sacred fire, before sun set, having walked 125 miles in one day. I performed the journey in less than half the time. I have excelled them all! I visited America long before Columbus was born. I have long ago anticipated Captain Ross, in making the north west passage to China; if he had followed my path he would have found no interruption from ice. My constitution can endure extremes—heat and cold are alike indifferent to me; I have therefore gone farther into the interior of Africa, than Park or Bowditch ever attempted. I have also crossed the Andes, with more ease and expedition than Captain Head. Some Irishman said, that no man could be in two places at once, barring he was a bird. I can, I have been in more than 200 places at the same time! Do not think I assume to myself an attribute of deity. There are more than 200 places were I am not! I have been an eye witness of many of the most remarkable events in history, sacred and profane. I was present at those most awful and sublime periods, the resurection and the ascension. I was present with Saint Paul at his conversion; and also when he made Felix tremble. I accompanied Titus "the delight of mankind" in all his deeds of mercy, and was present when he gave up his property for the relief of the sufferers from an eruption of Mount

Vesuvius. I was inseparable from King Alfred. I witnessed the devoted affection of Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound at the risk of her own life, I was also at Calais when Queen Philippa used her benevolent influence to preserve the lives of six citizens who had offered themselves to save their City. You have already guessed that I am the Wandering Jew. You are mistaken. He was present at the Crucifixion. I was not. It is my greatest glory that I have seldom been present at the outrageous deeds of sin and wickedness; indeed, my very presence is often sufficient to deter men from deeds of evil. Plots contrived with the greatest secrecy, are sooner or later brought to me, and I am generally enabled to subvert them. As candour and sincerity are my distinguishing characteristics, I may affirm that I have no dark side in my own disposition or conduct. I may also declare without conceit, that I excel in painting; and that Raphael and Rubens were as much indebted to my instruction, as Reynolds and Lawrence have been in later times. I have no ear for music, nor can I produce a note, though I am well versed in the science of harmony. It is to the science of optics that I chiefly devote myself, and have done more to its elucidation than most practical men. I owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Isaac Newton; his discoveries and writings have developed my faculties, and enlarged my capacity. Poets of renown have celebrated my praise, but to the best of poets, Homer and Milton, I was almost a stranger. I am not known as an author, and I never preached a sermon; yet my reflections on mankind have been of incalculable benefit to the human race. Critics will tell you that those reflections are not solid—in fact, have no weight, though they confess they bear some colour of truth. I will confess my want of gravity; but I have other properties or qualities which supply that of solidity. I have an invaried rectitude of principle, and pursue that line of conduct, which leads me directly to my object. My power surpasses that of the greatest potentates on earth; yet so far from exciting fear or terror by my presence, fear flies at my approach. I am the harbinger of joy; and it is only in my absence that men turn pale and affright. My form is slender and agile. I can pass through the narrowest passages; yet I am at times so large that the most spacious chamber will not contain me. I cannot describe to you the garb by which to recognize me, as I vary it continually, both in form and colour; and without vanity or extravagance I conform to every variety of fashion. My constitution is such, that I cannot exist in a dungeon, nor even in a room if the shutters be closed and have no aperture. But I must now conclude with a most humiliating confession: you have heard of the German story of a man who had no shadow. I am in the like predicament.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

This excellent prince lived in the greatest familiarity with his nobles, and one of his principal pleasures was in visiting his subjects of every rank and denomination. In one of his excursions accompanied by Ethelbert, he repaired to the Castle of Albanai whose Lord received his Royal Master with every attestation of joy; he presented to the Prince his wife and three daughters who were uncommonly beautiful. Ethelwitha eclipsed her sisters by the dignity of her deportment and the grace and elegance of her person. At supper, Ethelwitha had the honour of attending Alfred who was smitten with the blaze of her beauty, and lavish in his panegyric of her charms. The emotion was too lively to escape the penetrating eyes of Albanai who communicated to his wife his inquietudes upon the King's feelings; he was not deceived in his conjectures, for Alfred had confided his passion to Ethelbert who was too much a courtier not to give into the views and wishes of his sovereign. Early in the morning, Albanai knocked at the door of the King's apartment and desired an immediate audience. Alfred recollecting that it was the voice of his host, ordered him to enter, when he was struck with the appearance of Albanai holding a drawn sword in one hand, and in the other his three beautiful daughters, in deep mourning in the attitude of the most poignant distress. "What is this I see?" exclaimed the King, "A father" answered Albanai whose honour is more dear to him than life itself. My motive for this proceeding is explained in few words. You are a King and I am your subject, but not your slave. You are well acquainted with my illustrious ancestors and it is now proper that you should know my sentiments. I may possibly be deceived; I thought last night that I discovered a particular attention to my daughters. If you have conceived the idea of dishonouring my house you see these unhappy willing victims. If a true flame is kindled in your breast, my alliance will not be deemed unworthy loyalty; choose and name her who is born to such distinguished honour." The King struck with the noble, though daring courage of Albanai, gave his hand to Ethelwitha who was afterwards publicly proclaimed Queen. Alfred was the glory, the happiness, the delight of a great people; he left a shining example to posterity, who will strive to imitate what is almost inimitable?—when shall Britons see his like again?

NOT THE LAST MAN.—London has seldom been so deserted as during the last autumn. A leader of the *haut ton* passing through at the time, was invited to dine by a friend similarly circumstanced. His characteristic reply was—"My dear T——, I can't dine with you to-day, having promised to dine with *the other man in town*. Yours, &c."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS

TO MY BOY, ON HIS FIFTH BIRTH-DAY, MARCH 18, 1834.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Bright as the visions of that sunny land
Where Poesy had birth;—
Fair, as the tracings of the Painter's hand,
Unlike a thing of Earth;
With thy laughing eyes, and waving hair,
And clear and cloudless brow,
Thou seemest more than mortal fair
As I gaze upon thee now!

There's a form that has floated thro' my dreams
On many a Summer's night,
To which thy cherub-beauty seems
Approaching in its light!
With thy bounding step, and thine heart of glee,
And thy joy-awaking smile,
Holding sorrow and care in mockery,
And chasing their gloom awhile!

Thy laughter! there's music in its sound,
Making the Heart rejoice,
As the deep, dark waters, flash and bound
At the gale's upstirring voice!
And thy tones of mirth ring gracefully
As they reach the bosom's core,
Bidding the Fiend of Sadness flee
Like the Minstrel's harp of yore!

Thou com'st like the Dove of Promise to me
With the olive branch of peace,
O'er the waves of Life's dark and troubled sea,
To tell me the storm shall cease;
Then, rest in my bosom's-ark, sweet child,
Till the waters have pass'd away,
And the rainbow of Hope hath risen and smil'd
To illumine Life's dreary way!

Thy presence to me has a magic spell,
Charming the sense of care;
Round thee, fond thoughts—sweet memories dwell,
And visions bright and fair!
Here's a blessing and kiss to thy fairy brow,
Dew'd by a Mother's tears;
May the seed of promise that's springing now,
Prove a harvest in future years!

THE BEREAVED.*

BY MISS SKYNNER.

The cold night winds were sighing
O'er the mansions of the dead,
Where the "early lost" was lying
In her dark and narrow bed.

To mark that grave all lonely
Nor wreath nor stone was placed,
And Love's victim slumber'd, only
By the dewy sod embrac'd.

There came a grief-bow'd stranger
Thro' the solemn midnight gloom,
O'er the fields of death a ranger,
To that lone unhonour'd tomb.

He found it! and reclining
There his wasted form he laid,
His feeble arms entwining
The turf that wrapt the dead.

Like a torrent, headlong rushing,
His mighty grief broke free,
So deep and spirit-crushing—
'Twas a fearful sight to see!

* The above stanzas are founded on a recent tragedy of real life.

He spoke—"While thou art sleeping
With the cold and dreamless dead
Thy homicide is keeping
A vigil o'er thy bed!

Send from yon star-gem'd heaven
A sign, oh! Spirit blest!
To whisper 'THOU'RT FORGIVEN,'
Ere he shares thy lowly rest!"

* * * * * *

Bright and sparkling rose the morrow,
When the sun came forth in light,
But that lonely man of sorrow
Lay in death's unbroken night.

There were tears for the departed,
Even stranger hearts were moved, ;—
And they laid the broken-hearted
By the side of her he loved!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A LADY SOLICITING CHARITY FOR THE POOR.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL, ESQ.

Lady, it glads my heart to know
That some there are by fortune blest,
Who, when they see a child of woe,
Will strive to give his bosom rest.
But much I marvel at the sight
Of one, so young and fair as thou,
Seeking to make the burden light
To him who bends beneath it now.

Think not such gentle deeds shall be
Forgotten by that God who brings
Content and joy to all that flee
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
When others have been long forgot,
Thy name shall be remember'd still,
Thine is the rare and happy lot,
A heart the world can never chill.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

No. VII.

ON VISITING THE COLISEUM AT ROME BY MOONLIGHT.

Stupendous pile! thy giant wreck
I trace with silent awe!
While Phœbe's rays a scene bedeck
No poet's pen can draw!

Thy vast imperishable walls
The painter may define,
But, oh! how far his proud art falls
Below a theme like thine!

And sure 'tis needless to protect
From *our* weak hands each stone
'Gainst injuries which supine neglect
And barbarous foes have done!

That fabric, which two thousand years
Have seen despoiled, in vain,
Which, all disjointed,* still uprears
Its arches in disdain;—

May bid defiance to all hands,
But the slow hand of Time,
And stand, whilst He himself still stands,
The wonder of each clime!!

EDWARD WARD.

Advice, like physic, should be so sweetened and prepared as to be made palatable, or nature may be apt to revolt against it.

* When Rome was sacked by the barbarians, though they even *prized* the *iron clamps* out of the *walls*, they were unable to raze the Coliseum to the ground.

THE MAID OF MARKET JEW.

BY A. KYNE.

Our sails are swelling with the wind,
The land recedeth as we fly;
A ling'ring look I east behind,
And vent Regret's expressive sigh,
For let me rove to either pole,
Affection, as the needle true,
Turns to the magnet of her soul,
Turns to the maid of Market Jew.

Should sportive dolphins guide our prow,
Or greedy sharks keep in our wake,
No fancied weal, nor boding woe
Her image form my mind shall shake,
For I have vow'd by Beauty's charms
To love and honour to be true,
Vow'd while life's fire my bosom warms,
To prize the maid of Market Jew.

Should Calentura paint the dell
Where pines the maid beneath the wave
Some guardian sprite will break the spell
That lures but to a watery grave;
Or should our bark the breakers rive,
While on the wreck, with death in view,
Up-buoy'd by hope I shall survive
To meet the maid of Market Jew.

Immured in night's obscurest gloom,
Or drifted by the tides afar,
Her home shall be my signal boom,
Mine anchor, and my leading star;
Then speed, my bark, thy destined course,
That I to toil may bid adieu,
To taste true joy, whose pleasing source
Springs from the maid of Market Jew.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Oh, fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
We two may meet no more;
I now must leave my native land
For some far distant shore.
Yet in whatever clime I roam,
Whate'er my lot may be,
My heart will ever cling to home—
To home, dear love, and thee!

Oh, fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
'Tis hard indeed to part;
No tongue, my gentle one, can tell,
The pang that rends my heart,
Yet never deem (though I may roam
Beyond the restless sea),
That I forget my native home—
My home, dear love, and thee.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

AMERICAN WIT.—An Eastern tin pedlar having fixed his waggon in a shed—no matter where it was—in Jersey city or Hobokin—that is nobody's business—the stable, however, was noted for the reception of horses as lean as Pharoah's cows. As he walked from stem to stern, and discovered the bones on the horses rumps, projecting like so many small pyramids, says he, "Mr. Landlord! do you *make* horses here?" "Make horses here," said the surly Dutchman, "what do you mean, Sir?" "Why I thought as how you had just been setting up the frames."—*New York Paper.*

INFANTILE NAIVETE.—A Foreign Lady, a Madam Blanca Melesi, a very short time since, while on a visit to this country, took her son, a child of four or five years of age to see the Thames Tunnel. The lady, who is well known among the literary and scientific men of her own country as a woman of very superior and well cultivated mind, explained to her son the difficulties that had been encountered in the progress of the work and the danger that had more than once threatened the workmen. The child on hearing this appeared to be lost in consideration for a few moments, at the end of which he exclaimed, "mamma, why did they not then *make the Tunnel before they made the River*, and then these accidents could not have happened?"

ANCIENT WEALTH.—David and Solomon extracted eight hundred millions of gold from Africa, in order to enrich the temples of Jerusalem; a sum sufficient to discharge the national debt. Tiberius left at his death £21,796,875 sterling, which Caligula lavished in twelve months. Apicius, who wasted a sum equal to £484,575 sterling in luxurious living, was obliged at last to examine the state of his affairs, and finding that he had only £80,729 remaining, he ended his days by poison, being fearful of starvation!

ANGER.—To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is a-kin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent or suppress resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

There is this wide difference between love and friendship—the one is blind to a fault, the other points at an error and corrects it.

There is always an indefinite charm attached to an object, the attainment of which we consider indispensable to complete our felicity. Obtain it, and the illusion vanishes.

IMPROMPTU

TO MISS SHEARGOLD ON READING THE SECOND VERSE OF "WHAT IS LIFE."

Such very *sharp* terms in your lines we behold;
You can't think what the gentlemen feel,
They know that your heart (like your name) is Sheer-gold,
But your lines *cuts them up* like *sheer steel.*

A. N.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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Supplement

TO THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY ESPECIAL PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 40—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, March. 29, 1834.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE ROBBER'S GRAVE.

In the course of my travels through a part of Germany, in the beautiful autumn of the year 18—, I stopped in the neighbourhood of the small town of B——, in order to pay a visit to an old intendant, with whom I was glad to renew my acquaintance. This worthy man had at his disposition the numerous apartments of a vast, but half ruined castle, which had long since been abandoned by the proprietors to his care. I made arrangements with him for a chamber, which I myself selected, less from its internal comfort than for the delightful prospect which the windows afforded over the surrounding country. From thence the eye, after wandering over a vast extent of varied scenery, might rest enchanted on the lovely and picturesque spots immediately surrounding the castle; and day after day did I seat myself, when weary with a long ramble among the mountains, for hours delighted by watching the effects of light and shadow, as they alternately brightened and darkened that magnificent river, the theme of the traveller and the poet.

One day, as I was gazing thus enraptured from my lofty casement, I observed a female, whose elegant figure and style of dress bespoke her of far superior class to the peasantry of the neighbourhood. She slowly descended the ruined steps which conducted to the village burial-ground, and glided among the tombs and crosses which distinguish a catholic place of interment, until she reached an obscure spot, apparently set apart (from the deserted appearance it wore,) as the resting-place of strangers and persons of despised condition.

I retired a little within my apartment, in order the better to watch the movements of this person, who had excited my curiosity, without being myself seen, and saw her take a seat on the ruined corner of the wall, where, laying her straw hat by her side, she clasped her hands together, and, raising her eyes towards heaven, leant over a miserable grave, without stone or enclosure to protect it from insult.

After praying apparently for some time with fervour, this interesting young person (such her movements led me to judge her), knelt down by the side of the grave, and, plucking a few blades of grass, placed them in her bosom, and rising, retraced her slow and hesitating steps up the broken staircase which led from the burial-ground. The distance prevented me from discerning her countenance, but the whole scene made a strong impression upon my feelings.

Upon making enquiries of my host respecting this interesting female who had so much attracted my attention, "She is the widow," said he, "of a young robber from the mountains, who was taken during an attack made last year upon some travellers, not far from this place; he was executed, and is buried in the spot reserved for people of that description."

A cold shuddering seized me on hearing this account, and I almost reproached myself for the interest with which this person had inspired me. Nevertheless, a movement of curiosity induced me to place myself at my window at the same hour the following day, and watch whether she again visited the cemetery. She did so, and I witnessed a renewal of the scene of the preceding morning.

Being unable to reconcile so much piety and touching sorrow with the account which had been given me, I resolved to obtain an interview with the unhappy widow; and learning that she lodged with a villager, who had compassionately received her, I went to the cottage, and had an opportunity of beholding this unfortunate young creature, who possessed considerable beauty, but appeared so weak and suffering, that I felt the interest with which she had inspired me redoubled. I did not conceal from her the motive of my visit, and the wish I felt of hearing the truth from herself.

Extending her clasped hands towards me, she exclaimed, "Ah! Sir, you shall know everything. *You* do not fly the presence of a miserable creature, and perhaps you will assist me in my endeavours to re-establish the honour of my dear Victor. Every one shuns me, and had it not been for the compassion of this kind-hearted peasant, the miserable Ernestine must have sought a refuge in her husband's grave. Listen, and judge whether we were guilty of any crime.

"Being left an orphan at a very early age, I was entrusted to the care of an aged relative, who bestowed an excellent education upon me, it being the only dowry she had to offer any one who might seek my hand. When I was about sixteen, two young gentlemen, brothers, of noble family, came to re-

side for a period in the same house with ourselves. We soon became acquainted: Carl, the eldest, was haughty, dissolute, and a gamester; Victor, the younger, mild, amiable, and studious, frequently became the victim of his brother, who contracted debts in his name, and took advantage of his youth and the weak indulgence of his parents to tyrannize over him.

"Victor and myself soon became lovers, my aunt approving our mutual partiality; and upon Carl's taking his departure, after the commission of numerous faults, to enter the army, as we were informed, we were privately married, not without hopes of ultimately gaining the consent of Victor's parents to our union.

"A short period after these events had taken place, my aunt died, and Victor being recalled home, owing to family affairs, we commenced our journey to this village, where it was proposed for me to remain until our marriage could be declared. About a league from hence we were attacked by robbers, and plundered. Alas! Victor recognized his brother among the robbers, and, descending from the carriage, he addressed Carl apart, intreating him to fly, and renounce such an infamous mode of life; but instead of profiting by his brother's friendly counsel, the wretch pretended to thank him for his advice, and then gave orders to his band to treat the passengers (for we were in the public vehicle) with increased brutality. The travellers, seeing Victor in conversation with the leader, imagined him to be an accomplice of the robbers. They caused him to be arrested on assistance arriving, and, generously refusing to denounce his brother, he was condemned to death. Ah, Sir! how could they condemn him as a vile assassin!

"Believe me, I am most grateful for your sympathy; it assures me that my exceeding grief is justifiable. I have but one wish remaining—I can beg of your kindness but one favour: grant me your assistance in my attempts to obtain an honourable grave for my murdered Victor!"

The ill-fated young lady concluded her story with a violent gush of tears. Her's was a case in which, unhappily, little consolation could be offered. My sympathy and friendly attention at last soothed her into a state of comparative tranquillity, and I retired with the assurance that I would exert the trifling interest I possessed with the authorities, who, I doubted not, would recognize the cruelty and injustice of the affair, and cause a search to be made for the true offender.

My exertions, aided by my worthy host, were happily crowned with success; and I had the pleasure to see the decree reversed. Carl was taken and condemned. Victor's reputation was honourably re-established; and the grateful Ernestine had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his remains transferred to a suitable place of sepulture. From that time she passed whole days near the tomb of him whose humble resting-place had, until the period of my sojourn at the chateau de B——, been shunned and designated as "The Robber's Grave."

MELISSA.

THE BROTHERS.

It was a night of undisturbed stillness; not a sound was heard—not a breath moved the white curtains of Emmeline's casement, and even the birds seemed hushed in repose. The silence well suited the lovely girl, as she sat gazing on the wide expanse. Her mandoline lay at her feet; the broken strings told that its fair owner sought not to allay her sorrows by its sweet melody. As she lay thus, the pale image of incurable grief, the marble clock beside her struck two. Emmeline started; 'twas the signal; too well did she remember her appointment, and without giving time for reflection, she hastily threw her cloak around her, and, seizing her lamp, stood for some moments hesitating; then suddenly opening the door, she cautiously descended the staircase, and gained the garden gate, where a man, muffled in a large cloak, awaited her. "'Tis well you are come," said he, addressing her in a low and sullen tone, "I had almost despaired of your arrival." Emmeline shuddered, and passively allowing herself to be lifted into a carriage at no great distance, she appeared insensible to the passing scene. Suddenly recovering herself, she exclaimed, "Let me return; I will brave everything—only conduct me to my happy home again." "Mademoiselle," interrupted her companion, "My orders are peremptory; I dare not disobey them." "No, no," said the distracted Emmeline, "I ought not to have left him." The villany of the wretch Phillippe suddenly flashed on her mind. "I grieve not for myself," said she. "No: my griefs will soon be over, but I grieve for my poor kind guardian," and she burst into tears. The carriage rolled rapidly on; night set in, still they did not stop. The queen of night rose in majestic beauty, and discovered a chaumière among the woods of Picardy; here the carriage stopped and Emmeline was received by the hated Philippe.

It is now time to give my readers a full detail of the fair Emmeline, and her sorrows. Her parents were English, and of noble blood, but being banished their native country, on account of their political opinions, the fugitives took refuge in Picardy, where they hoped to end their days in peace. Three years after their banishment, a fever carried off the noble exile, who was soon followed to the grave by his affectionate wife, leaving their youthful daughter under the care of a well tried friend. Emmeline had then completed her fourteenth year. Four years had rolled on and she remained in peaceful seclusion where she had been brought up. Her guardian's sons, who had been educated in Germany, were now about to return home, and Emmeline felt anxious to see the children of her kind friend and protector. The time came, and the amazed Emmeline, instead of finding two brusque unpolished lads, saw them elegant and accomplished young men. Bertrand, the eldest, was tall, dark, and affable; he talked to Emmeline with undisguised pleasure, unmindful of the dark scowl which discomposed his borther's features on observing his listener so gratified by his presence. His brother, named Philippe, was of a short stature and unpleasant aspect, he was ambitious, gloomy, revengeful, and dark in his actions. To see his more fortunate brother preferred by Emmeline, hurt his pride, and he vowed eternal vengeance to Bertrand, should the latter succeed in obtaining her. Months passed, and the happy lovers were to be married six weeks from thence. It was now that the dark Philippe resolved on their ruin. Bertrand met his affianced bride every evening on his return from the chase, in a grove of acacias. His rival discovered the spot, and one evening, when the indisposition of the old man prevented Emmeline from being at their usual place of rendezvous, he hastened to the grove, and secreting himself amongst the underwood, awaited the unsuspecting Bertrand's arrival. As he passed, this dark and revengeful foe started upon him, and ere he had time to see who his antagonist was, plunged his poinard into his side, and left him a corpse. Then digging a deep hole, he buried the body, and returned home, exulting in his cruel deed. The old man was better when he arrived, and on Emmeline's enquiring where Bertrand was, he said he had set out for Amiens on business, and would not return for some days. Emmeline was surprised, but fearing Philippe's decided and disagreeable manner, she said no more. As she was retiring Philippe recalled her. "Stay, Emmeline," said he, "conceal the cause of his absence from my father, say he intends spending the evening with Jaques Mertol." "Is that probable," said his astonished auditress, "would he have done so knowing his father was ill?" "Nonsense," resumed the harsh Philippe, "do as I say, and no more words." "Philippe," said Emmeline with firmness, "I will say no falsehood, your father shall know the truth; is there any thing to be ashamed of in it?" "Do as you will, obstinate girl, but you may tell him, he will but too well know what the business is." "Well," said she, "you are right, in his weak state, the least alarm may prove fatal. Adieu, I go to attend him," and she departed, entirely deceived by Philippe's specious manner, who knew her affection for her guardian would prevent her acquainting him with the feigned reason of Bertrand's absence, could he alarm her about his health. Morning dawned, and when Emmeline took a turn in the garden to refresh herself, she met Phillipe, who

begged her to stay, as he wished to speak with her. "Bertrand may be detained still longer," said he, after having seated himself on the grass beside her. Emmeline wished to know all about it, but dared not ask. "Will you hear the reason," continued Philippe. Emmeline nodded assent. "He is gone then," said Philippe, "to cancel a debt of my father's, long since incurred; he has not the money, therefore his person will be in bond; you have jewels if you will part with them; I will let him know that you will meet him to-night at your accustomed place at two; I know where he passed the night; do you consent?" "I do, I do," exclaimed the horror struck Emmeline. "My dependant, Jules, shall be here on this spot to conduct you. I shall be engaged with my father," continued the deceitful Philippe. Emmeline scarcely heard his last words as she receded from his sight. Night came and she was punctual to her appointment, the consequence of which I must now unravel. When Emmeline entered the cottage, Philippe exclaimed with wildness, "Now is my revenge satiated, you are my prisoner, consent to be my wife, or this dagger, which was bathed in Bertrand's blood, shall again plunge into thy breast. Emmeline shrieked as the treachery of the murderer was recalled to her. "Villain," she cried, do your worst—I will never be your wife—I lothe you and will shun you as I would a viper—kill me, ah! kill me, and add another victim to satiate your fury." "I do then," said the monster, and plunging his poinard in his victim, he held it up wreaking to her view, as she exclaimed, "Oh! my poor guardian; oh! my beloved Bertrand!" and with a groan of the deepest anguish, her spirit quitted its earthly tenement. Philippe lived many years after this fatal deed, but he never returned to his home. His poor old father, heart-broken at the desertion of his children, survived but a few days, and ended his life without having the satisfaction of seeing the long-wished-for union accomplished.

THE FISHERMAN'S FATE.

The evening was sultry hot, not a breath of wind rustled the trees, not a sound was heard except the moaning billows of the dying ocean. All, all, was still; a deathly silence seemed brooding o'er the earth; all nature seemed hushed as in sleep:—the silence ceased, a clap of thunder burst in twain the heavens; flash followed flash; the billows rose, the ocean roared, the earth quaked, and the elements, which before slept in profound silence, now conspired against this terrestrial ball. A cottage, which stood some small distance from the cliff, displayed, between the rapid flashes of the electric element, a glimmering light through the latticed casement; a glowing fire cheered the hearth, before which sat an aged female; she seemed melancholy; raising her eyes to the latticed window; the thunder pealed, the lightning repeated flash to flash. A scream was now heard which started the aged woman, she ran to the door, her daughter fainted in her arms; she recovered, looked wildly for some time, then burst in tears. "Ah, me! Ah, me!" she exclaimed, "he was tossing on those billows! my eyes have watched the little bark, but, alas! it has sunk, sunk to rise no more! All, all, has perished! the boy, too! all, all is lost!" A stream of tears gushed from the mother's eyes as she supported her fainting daughter, "let us haste to the beach," cried the aged parent, "let us haste to the beach, perhaps we may yet save them."—

* * * * * *

"Yeo ho!" shouted the fisherman as he climbed the rigging, "clear away, my good fellow, clear away there, while I lower the mast!" She rights once more. Now, as if some fury hovered over the vessel, a crash was heard, her creaking timbers gave way; she sank, and with the boy, never to rise again. The fisherman, with his sinewy arms, battled with the foaming waves, to prolong his lingering existence, when a towering billow dashed upon him and drove him dead upon the shore. The aged parent with her daughter now viewed his corpse. One mourned her son, the other her husband—she could not sustain it—she tried, but nature would have her sway—she threw herself upon the lifeless corpse, heaved a sigh, and groaned—expired.

THOMAS FOUNTAIN.

THE MINSTREL.

I returned at the age of twenty-five to England from my travels with Mr. G., my patron, and took possession of an ample fortune.

I soon broke from his bonds, and launched into every gaiety of the metropolis. My connections were good, so that I was introduced to the most fashionable families.

I had visited France, Italy, and Spain, and had sighed at the feet of many a dark-eyed beauty, but none had chained my fickle heart. My life was a round of dissipation and extravagance. My house was beset with visitors, it was open to all—in fact I was what the world called a dashing good-hearted fellow; the women flattered and courted me for their daughters, and the men envied me.

On my first arrival I had been introduced to the only daughter of my banker, Mr. S.

Matilda S. was young and beautiful, she reminded me of an Italian I once loved, but she was gone to another and a better world. Matilda and I met frequently, until my engagements became so numerous I could not visit her so often, but still I thought her the prettiest Englishwoman I had seen, and sometimes thought how happy I should be if she were mine; but then I was too young to marry, I had but just begun life—I could not become a benedict so soon, the world would laugh at me!

The gaming-table was become my favourite resort, at first fortunate, but fortune is a fickle dame. I one night lost some thousands; thinking to retrieve my losses, I doubled the stakes and lost again, but even this would not deter me. I passed night after night in the same way; sometimes fortune seemed to smile, but it was only to sink me lower at the next throw. I continued this life for some months; I was grown thin, pale, and emaciated.

I called on Mr. S. one morning for a large sum; judge my dismay when he told me it was more than he had of mine in his hands. "My God!" I exclaimed, "is it possible, that I have reduced my self to poverty?" Bitterly did I curse cards, dice, and those who had initiated me into their mysteries. Was it possible that I, who, a few months before, possessed almost a princely fortune, was now comparatively a beggar?

The good old man stopped me, telling me regret was unavailing, tears were useless. He had known my father and loved me for his sake: he advised me as that father would have done had he been living. I was young, had received a liberal education; he told me to choose a profession, and, by perseverance, I might do well. This I knew was impossible; I had been roving from my boyhood, was it likely I could now sit quietly to study! Oh no! He next proposed the army: this might have done, but then I had not sufficient to purchase a commission.

What was I to do? my mind was a chaos; it was, I believe, the first minute in my life I had ever had a serious thought. At this moment I heard Matilda's guitar; she entered the room, playing a soft Italian air that I had given her. She looked more lovely and interesting than I had ever seen her; her dark eyes brightened as she chid me for being so long absent.

I had, on my first arrival, given her some instructions on the guitar. I had learned it in its native land, and was considered a proficient; in fact, I had given my whole soul to it. She struck a few wild chords, then taking the ribbon from her neck, and with a smile asked me to play her favourite Italian air. "Not now, not now, Matilda," exclaimed her father, as he took the guitar from me; retire, my child, we are settling a little business." She was about to comply, when I prevented her. "Stay, Matilda, and hear that I am a ruined man; it must be known; why should I shrink from telling it myself." Matilda stood pale as a statue; her dark eyes fixed on me; her lips quivered for a few moments, and then she sunk on the sofa, lifeless; this was almost too much to bear: I knew that Matilda loved me, at least I once had vanity enough to fancy she did; and, now, to think I had, by my own folly, for ever put it beyond my power to call her mine; the thought was maddening; and, on recovering, she uncon-

sciously called me her dear, her loved George. I was almost frantic. Mr. S. led me from the room. He had long seen his child's partiality with pain, and he talked with me on the subject. What would I not have given to have recalled the last months. I had never, until that day, known how inexpressively dear Matilda was to me.

At last I was driven home, at least what had been my home; that night, I walked my room until almost delirious; morning dawned, I then threw the window open; the wind blew on my burning brow, it was refreshing. I leaned forward; a thought struck me: again I paced the room, paused one moment, and all would be over; one plunge from my window must inevitably dash me to atoms, and then troubles, at least of this world, could not assail me more! I turned round, fearing some one might be near, and defeat my purpose, forgetting I was securely locked in. The grey light of morning, fell on my mother's picture; those features, once so dear to me, recalled me to my senses. I stood and contemplated the serenity of her countenance, until tears relieved my burning brain. I threw myself on my bed, nature was exhausted: I slept. Ah, how sweet is that state of forgetfulness, when we sink as it were into the arms of death. But I awoke to a full conviction of all my misery.

I shall now pass over a fortnight. In that time I had disposed of my house, horses and carriages: I now found I had only two hundred pounds left, after paying my debts. I had not seen Matilda since that fatal day. Mr. S. had been with me every day: I had promised to make his house my home until I had made up my mind what to do; but this promise I never meant to perform. I had my clothes conveyed to an inn for a few days; this, with my dog and guitar, was all I possessed in moveables. The second night, as I pondered over my misfortunes, I heard a woman singing in the street; the thought struck me, could I not gain my living by my guitar? I felt elevated beyond myself for a moment: but then, could I leave Matilda! though she never could be mine, still I might look on her interesting countenance. I reasoned all night; the next day found me purchasing a Spanish dress, to be in character. I went to Mr. S. to thank him for all his past kindness; I wrote to Matilda; I would have given worlds to have spoken to her, but that was impossible. I passed two nights beneath her window, but could not catch one glimpse.

I began my wandering life on a most beautiful Spring morning; nature looked lovely. I long had wished to visit Wales; and climb the Welsh mountains; I had seen other countries, and now I was about to see my own. As I passed through the different villages I struck my guitar, and amused the rustics; in this way I spent some mouths, I then ventured to the watering places; often I encountered some of my numerous friends, but was passed now unheeded by; none knew the once rich, once courted, George Marteanea, now a WANDERING minstrel.

I had often heard the Isle of Wight spoken of as a second Italy; I landed on Ryde Pier on a sultry summer evening, a crowd stood at the end, waiting the arrival of the steam boat; hands were extended as the passengers, one by one, ascended the steps. I stood and contemplated the scene. Alas! I thought, no friendly voice will welcome me. I turned away; my guitar came in contact with a lady's parasol; I bent forward to apologize for my awkwardness, when, to my amazement, I beheld my loved Matilda. She gave a faint scream, and, uttering the name of George, fell almost lifeless in my arms. I bore my lovely burden to an Alcove. Her father now came up; his surprise was almost as great to find me there; Matilda began to recover; a servant was dispatched for a conveyance; and we all moved to Mr. S.'s lodgings.

I was now to be surprised,—I learned from Mr. S. that inquiries had been made for me every where; that I was again the favourite of fortune: an uncle had died in the West Indies, and left me all his wealth. I could scarce believe it possible; however, on perusing some letters, I found it was the case. "And now," I exclaimed, "Matilda can be mine, aye mine; I can claim her hand with honour."

Suffice it, then, to say, at the expiration of a month, Matilda gave me her hand. We spent a few months in travelling, and then returned to a home that had been provided for us by Mr. S. in the vicinity of London. Fifteen years have now elapsed, and still I look back with joy on the day when I became a wandering minstrel,—it taught me a few of the miseries of life, and also to enjoy what I now possess—a quiet domestic home. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot." Thus we live; and I hope to pass through life the same; for early was I taught how cold and heartless is the world. This, then, is my life; perhaps some may recognize in George Marteanea, an old friend, at least one who has played his part on the stage of life.

G. M.

HAPPINESS.

A phantom all are seeking,
Few can find.—ANNETTE.

What is happiness? it is a word that varies with the character of those who use it. The warrior's happiness consists in victories gained, and countries subjugated; the philosopher is happy amidst his books; the ambitious man is only contented when directing the affairs of a nation, or in the possession of a throne; a cottage, and the most simple fare bounds the wishes of the peasant; the lover is at the summit of bliss when seated near his mistress; compliments and admiration make the felicity of the coquette; the comedian is blest in the plaudits of his audience; the tumult of the world is necessary to the comfort of the man of fashion; but the feeling heart finds true happiness only in the bosom of its family and friends.

ANNETTE.

SUGGESTIONS

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERARY TALENT.

In this age of wealth and improvement, when knowledge is making such rapid strides, and institution after institution rises, for the promotion of education, or a provision for the widows and daughters of almost every profession, who, from various circumstances may require their aid, literary genius alone is left to struggle unnoticed with the difficulties which in many instances it is doomed to contend with; where the man who is rich in talent, is bankrupt in the gifts of fortune, without whose smile he is either compelled to leave his works unpublished, or content himself with extracting from the rapacious bookseller, a scanty pittance, as the miserable reward of the study which has consumed his midnight hours, and perhaps robbed him of health and strength. We need seek no further than the spirited pages of Mr. Bulwer's "England," for an example of the disappointments which attend literary talent, when unconnected with fortune, as exemplified in a friend of his; who constrained to dispose of his work to a bookseller, was obliged to consign its most valuable pages to oblivion, because the quick sale—not the merit of the publication was what the latter looked to; thus obtaining a few hundreds for what might perhaps have produced him thousands. It has occurred to the writer of this article, that an institution for the purpose of publishing the works of authors whose incomes are inadequate to their themselves incurring the risk and expense attending such an undertaking, would be beneficial to the public in general, as it might be the means of giving to the world many clever works, and at all events afford talent the means of benefitting by the gifts of nature. But at the same time she wishes it to be understood that she does not mean an institution for gratuitous publication, but an establishment which, taking upon itself in the first instance, all the expenses of publication (advancing a small sum to those who actually live by their pen), should be repaid by each author (from the profits of his work), the sum expended by them in its publication. Such an institution once founded, must in time support itself, and open to unportioned talent a path to fame and fortune.

ANNETTE.

THE SELECTOR.

SINGULAR MANNERS OF LONDON IN THE XVTH. AND XVITH. CENTURIES.

The custom of taking sanctuary by robbers and all descriptions of villains, was common, although confined within the bounds of the metropolis. The abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, were the only places allowed that privilege, which seems to have been coeval with the foundation of the former. Amongst the victims who fled there for refuge, was the widow of Edward the IVth. with her son the Duke of York. This step greatly embarrassed the Duke of Gloucester and his friends, who were at a loss how to capture them without violating the rights of the church, a measure then too dangerous even for a vindictive, artful and cruel usurper. In relating the particulars of this event, Sir Thomas More, in his life of Edward Vth., gives several circumstances which occurred in the council, explanatary of the sanctuary. The Archbishop of Canterbury mentioned the antiquity of the custom; and the fact, that not one king who had borne the sceptre of England had ever attempted to interfere with it; so well convinced they were of its importance in preserving the lives of the innocent. He, therefore, recommended persuasives only to accomplish their wishes. The Duke of Buckingham insinuated that the sanctuary would be considered as a a very trifling obstacle by the people, were they disposed to demand the Queen; which he hypocritically deprecated, though he could not help thinking good men might less value its privileges without committing a serious offence against religion; not that he would by any means interfere with so valuable an institution; yet he would, without scruple, oppose a similar, were it now first introduced. He admitted it was a deed of piety, that men deprived of their property by shipwreck, and other means, should have a place of refuge from the malice of their creditors. Besides, he acknowledged there were advantages attending it, when civil contention forced the partisans on either side to take asylum from the terrors of the axe. But, instead of this commendable use of the sanctuary, it was known to abound with thieves and murderers. "Now look," said the Duke, "how few sanctuary-men there be whom necessity or misfortune compelled to go thither; and then, see on the other side, what a sort there be commonly therein of such whom wilful unthriftiness hath brought to nought; what a rabble of thieves, murderers, and malicious heinous traitors be, and that in two places, especially, the one at the elbow of the city, and the other in the very bowels. I dare well avow it, if you weigh the good they do, with the hurt that cometh of them, ye shall find it much better to lose both than to have both."

The preaching of the ecclesiastics was singular enough shortly after his age. An illustration of part of the Scripture, led Latimer to mention that he had crossed the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster, in a wherry. His words are:—"The watermen come about (as the manner is) and *he* would have me, and *he* would have me." From which it will appear that their customs on that element have not materially changed since she days of Edward the VIth. The same eagerness and intemperance was observable in the higher ranks of life. "Alas! where is this discipline now in England? The people regard no discipline; they be without order; when they should give place, they will not stir one inch; yea, when magistrates should determine matters, they will break into the place before they come; and at their coming, not move a whit for them."

The term *Cockney* applied to the natives of the city of London, or that part of it in ancient times inclosed by a wall, and supposed to live within the reach of the sound of Bow Bell, is of greater antiquity than the custom is commendable. Shakspeare makes use of it in a ludicrous sense, but M. Douce, in his comments on certain passages of the plays of that excellent dramatist, seems to think, "that it originates in a Utopian region of indolence and luxury, formerly denominated the County of Cocaigne." However that may be the fact, we know our English writers, anterior to Shakspeare, used it in the same sense. As the inhabitants of all great cities live in habits of comparative ease and luxury with those in the country, (and particularly so when the word was introduced) M. Douce's solution appears extremely probable. At present, we seldom hear it applied except in a playful way. Indeed, the writers for newspapers annually indulge in witticisms upon the efforts of the Londoners in sporting, when the first of September arrives; and describe, with no small degree of whimsicality, the supposed mistakes of the Cockneys in shooting cats for hares, tame ducks for wild, pigs, dogs, and poultry, for game; and to complete the whole, one is made to kill an owl, which he imagines to be a non-descript; but is afterwards convinced, to the dread of his eternal punishment, it was nothing less than a cherubim.

We find by various ancient English authors, that the reproachful term, *Cuckold*, was very frequently bestowed in anger at this time; in short, it became as decidedly a custom in altercation, as the use of compliments on meeting of friends. It would be useless to attempt a discovery of the real origin of the word, or to cite dissertations on it. I shall therefore give a paragraph on the subject from Haywood's "Nine Books of Various History, 1621." This gentleman says, "I wonder how the name of Cuckold came to be so frequent amongst us? I speak not of the woman that, when her husband came home to her in haste, and brought news that there was a new ediet come out, that all cuckolds should be cast into the river, presently asked him, 'Why he did not learn to swim?' nor of her, that, when her good man came to her in like manner, with acclamation, and said, 'Wot you what, wife, such a woman (naming one of his neighbours) is found to be false, and branded for a notorious cuckold,' answered, 'Lord, husband, you are such another man.'"

Master Heywood then begins a long story of a dispute in the infernal regions, between Lucifer and his courtiers, as to the express nature of the cuckold which, none existing in his dominions, was decided to be examined into on earth by a messenger. "With this commission, away goes the Devil, shews himself upon the earth, and taking the shape of a gallant, thrusts himself into the society of all kinds of people. He comes to the countryman, asks if he be a cuckold, who answers, he knows not what it means. The citizen denies himself to be the man. The soldier, with oaths, outfaceth the name. The lawyer will arrest any man upon an action of slander, that shall call him by that name. The courtier, indeed, confesseth himself to be a cuckold-maker, but to be a cuckold he can endure by no means." The remainder of the black gentleman's operations on terra firma are not suited to our purpose, and are therefore omitted. But enough has been furnished to form an opinion, that though all agreed that cuckold's existed, they were invisible,

It is astonishing what prejudices existed in the minds of many respecting tobacco. King James I. wrote a pamphlet against it, called the Counterblast to Tobacco; which he concludes by pronouncing the use of this plant to be "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

In the year 1643, the inhabitants of the metropolis were accused by the censors and satirists of the age as being eminently immoral. The charges we extract from a clergyman's pamphlet, will explain several curious customs. "Thomas Threll, of St. Mary Mounthan," he says, "was a common haunter of taverns and alehouses, who not only read the Book of Sports from the pulpit, but incited his hearers to practise them, himself setting the example by playing at cudgels." Philip Leigh. Vicar of Redham, is accused, among other enormities, of drinking healths. Edward Jenkinson of Panfield, Essex, added to his other offences, the crime of calling the godly reverend ministers, "roasted dogs, which draw other men's pigeons." Richard Hart practised a curious custom in drinking, according to M. White, by "drawing his parishioners with him to his house, forcing them there to drink until they be be drunk, causing every one to cast a die in their course, and to drink up so

many cups as fell to their chance." Cuthbert Dale, seeing a stranger in the church put on his hat in sermon time, he openly called him, "Sancy unmannerly clown;" and bid the churchwardens take notice of him; and the next Lord's-day, took occasion in his sermon again to speak to him; and to call him, "Lobb, saucy goose, ideot, wigeon, a cuckoo, saying he was a scabbed sheep, a straggler, &c." Thomas Geary indulged in the practice of calling his auditors, "sowded pigs, bursten rams, and speckled frogs." Thomas Staple, annexed to his misdeeds of a grosser nature, the drinking of healths round a joint-stool.

A HISTORY OF THE GAME OF CHESS, COMBINED FROM ANCIENT AND MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Early in the sixth century, the game of Chess appears to have been invented in India: the Chinese say they had it from that country in 537, and call it the game of the Elephant. The Persians say they received it from the same people in the time of the great Cosroes, A. D. 576; and the Arabians say that the Persians taught it to them. The Princess Anna Commena, who wrote in 1118, says that the Arabians introduced it into Greece; she calls it Zatrikion, the game of the king, and it had an appellation of the same import in the East, where it was called Scatrongi, or Schatrak. Schah or Schek, in the Persian tongue, is king, and the Persian words, Schah-Mat, which we have corrupted into Check-mate, means "the king is dead." With the Arabians, chess came into Spain; from Spain, it passed into France; and by the French, in the eleventh century, it was brought into England.

In the Persian book, called Shah-nama, a folio, containing 60,000 couplets of verses, written by Phindausi, there is this passage—"About the time of Cosroes, there was a king in India, called Mày, who had two sons, called Gay and Talachand. Upon the death of Mày, their mother, Paritchera, whose name signifies "endued with angelic beauty," succeeded to the throne; when the two princes were grown up, they desired to know of their mother, which of them was to be her successor. She made no declaration, but gave them both hopes separately. In the mean time, they quarrelled, and raised armies, and, notwithstanding the mother's entreaties, broke out into open war; after many battles, it happened that Talachand was slain. The mother complained to her surviving son, and the wise men of the kingdom set about to compose the game, Stratrangi, representing the battle of Gay and Talachand. The mother contemplates the game, and, by daily playing at it, brings into her mind the battle and death of her son, Talachand. She could not forbear to lament herself for the death of one so dear, but gave herself up every day to meditate upon it." The same story, with little variation, is to be found in the book, called Phesteugh, Sururi, which that learned divine, Dr. Thomas Hyde, received from India, and in many other Arabic books. The Arabic names of the pieces used in chess, are these—1st, Shah, the king; 2nd, Pheru, or Phernau, the general; 3d, Phil., the elephant; 4th, Pharas, the horseman; 5th, Ruck, the dromedary; 6th, Bedak, the soldier.

The old English names are, 1st, the king; 2nd, Fers; 3d, Alphyn; 4th, Knight, or horseman; 5th, Roke, or Rochus; 6th, Paune. The name of the second piece, Fers, Feirge, or Fiercia, is a corruption of the Latin word, Fercia, derived from the Persian Ferz, a visier; but this was easily changed into Vierge, Virgo, the virgin, and afterwards lady, the queen. Alphyn. the name of the third piece, is from Alphillus, used by the old Latin poets, from which the French poets have made the word, Auphin and Dauphin. As the queen was introduced instead of Fers, so the bishop, still more injudiciously, was introduced instead of Alphyn; it should have been considered, that among the Indians, there is no bishop, and if there had, he could not be properly ranked amongst the officers of an army. Our Rook is from Ruck, the dromedery; and Paune is from Bedak the soldier; Bedak is from Piyade, Persian; whence the French have Pieton, Pion and from Pion we have Paune. Daniel Sheldon, an East India merchant, gave that learned orientalist, Dr. Hyde a fine chess board of great price and antiquity, with a set of chessmen, made according to the first institution of the game; and they are thus described,—they are of solid ivory, varnished and inlaid with gold; the pieces for one side are white, the other green. 1. The Shah, or king, he sits unarmed in a square castle, placed upon the back of an elephant; the castle is painted within and without, and adorned with gold, and above it is a large canopy supported by pillars; the elephant is in armour; before the king; without the castle, stands the governor of the elephant, with the guiding rod, terminated by a hook in his hand; behind the king stands the bearer of an umbrella, which he supports over the king's head. The foot soldier, or paune of the king, is an archer armed with bow and arrows. 2. Phern, the general, sits on a horse in armour; he has a feather in his cap, and a short sword drawn in his hand; at his right side hangs a bow, and a quiver of arrows at his left. His footman is a trumpeter, in the act of sounding. 3. Next to these, on each side is an elephant in armour, which carries the colours of the horse; his governor sits upon his back, and behind him is a little square table, on which lie two bundles of javelins for defence of the colours. The paune belonging to these pieces carries the colours of the foot, and is armed with a short spear. 4. Next to these, on each side, is a horse in armour, bearing a drawn sword, and having a bow at his right side, and a quiver at his left. His footman carries a scymitar and target, he holds the target out before him, and has raised the scymitar to strike. 5. Ruc, the dromedary, with a rider, bearing two brazen drums, one of which is fixed on each side. The drum is an oriental invention, and was first brought into Spain by the Arabians, and from Spain it went all over Europe. The footman of the ruc is a musqueteer, armed with a gun, called in Italian moschetto, whence the English word musquet. Next to him is another paune, or footman, bearing a target and club.

The chessmen of Charlemagne, who died in the year 814, were preserved in the treasury of the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris.

1. The king is sitting upon a throne, crowned, with a sceptre in his hand, and is about four inches high.

2. The queen sits crowned on a smaller throne.

3. Two archers stand, one each side of the king, holding a drawn bow as going to shoot.

4. Next are two centaurs, figures half man and half horse.

5. Two elephants with castles.

6. Sixteen footmen or paunes armed with swords, and carrying *musquets on their shoulders.*

It may be questioned, whether these chessmen were Charlemagne's, which represent foot-soldiers with a firelock upon their shoulders. A musquetteer is mentioned as a footman to the ruc in the set of chessmen, as specimens of great antiquity, by M. Sheldon to Dr. Hyde, and he says the Indians had cannon and gunpowder upwards of 2000 years ago, and produces many respectable authorities for it. If they had small arms at that time, they might make a musqueteer of a chessman, and the figure might be copied in Europe, without knowing its nature or use; this, however, is highly problematical.

It is said that Don John of Austria had a large apartment, the floor of which was chequered pavement of black and white marble, upon which living men moved, under his direction, according to the laws of chess. A Duke of Weimar is also reported to have played at chess in a similar manner, with living soldiers.

Chess was formerly in so high esteem, that many families in England borrowed the insignia of their arms from it; and the Exchequer, erected in London in the time of William the Conqueror, who was very fond of chess, and introduced it into England, takes its name from the chessboard, called in French *Exchecquiere*, to which the table there was said to bear some resemblance.

M.

SEVERE LAWS.—In the time of William the Conqueror, a widow who married within the year forfeited her lands to the Crown. The law was Saxon.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

1. "*The Guilianiad*," Nos. 1 to 8; sold for the proprietor by Duff and Co., and all Music shops.

2. "*Forget him! oh! forget him!*" Written and composed by Miss Caroline Messum. Willis, St. James's-street.

3. Three favourite Waltzes by A. Cheffins.

4. "*'Tis better to laugh than cry.*" Words by H. Brandreth, Esq.; Music by W. J. Read.

5. "*Bonny Mary.*" Words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Music by Alexander Lee. Cramer, Addison, and Co., Regent-street.

1. Having frequently heard the guitar to perfection, and thus know what dominion this beautiful little instrument will obtain over the feelings of the lovers of harmony, we congratulate the guitarist on the publication entitled "The Guilianiad." The work is indeed well suited to enable performers to attain perfection on the guitar. We know from private and good authority that the Guilianiad is edited by a professor who has no wish to make its publication a metier, and that it is real enthusiasm for the instrument, and anxiety for its reaching the height he has proved it capable of attaining, that has endued its being presented to the public. It is at once the cheapest and most perfect work ever published for the guitar. The first eight numbers contain thirty-one songs in English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish, and forty-two pieces. These combined are easy, progressive, and many which may be truly deemed classical. There are also three grand Fantasias by Guiliani, which are perfect, and either suit a professor in public concert, or the performance of a first-rate player in private.

2. A very beautiful litle ballad, by our fair correspondent Miss Messum. There is great sweetness in the melody, and a strain of flowing gentleness in the accompaniment, harmonizing delightfully with the air and words. The latter we subjoin for the gratification of our readers.

Forget him! oh! forget him,
He never thinks of thee;
But wanders with another
Thro' the bowers of Italy!
And hast thou never heard
Of the dark and sunny eyes
In this land of Love and flowers,
Where facination lies?

A syren's spell hath bound him,
He cares not for his vow;
A chain is woven round him,
He loves not Jessy now!
He heeds not thy sad heart,
Then dry that tearful eye;
Forget, forget the faithless youth,
And all Love's witchery!

3. Three very pretty Waltzes, well adapted to enliven the mazy round.

4. A light comic ballad, written by another of our correspondents. The music pretty, and well suited to the subject of the words.

5. A very sweet ballad, as far as the music goes; of the words, which appeared some months since in our Poetical Department, it becomes not us to speak, we need merely tell to our fair readers that it was written and composed expressly for Mrs. Waylett, and that the melody and accompaniment is worthy of her singing, to recommend it strongly to their favour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON SEEING THE HANDWRITING OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Tho' fate has spared me many friends
To fill the void where *thou* hast been;
And kindred ties that make amends
For all the cold neglect I've seen!
Tho' many an eye, as bright and clear,
Still o'er my path doth smiling shine,
And many a lip, as warm and dear,
As once I deem'd *alone* was thine!

Yet can I not forget thee! no!
In the Heart's calender that word
FORGET—no place can ever know!—
And tho' thy name is never heard,
Rememb'rance lingers round it still,
And 'mid the sunny path of Fame,
A tear uncheck'd mine eye will fill,
Whene'er it glances on thy name!

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE TO NAPLES AND ROME.

NO VIII.

ON WITNESSING THE POPE'S HIGH MASS, IN THE SISTINE-CHAPEL, AT ROME.

Insensate, servile, doating crew!
Ye prostitute your zeal,
Render that homage where 'tis due,
And at that altar kneel!

"See that ye do it not!" should be
The Father's stern rebuke;
As was his Lord's, when, from his knee,
The crouching slave he shook.

Had the most favoured courtier brought
To Ammon's temple fair,
While Macedon's proud tyrant sought
Divinest honours there;—

And, whilst to Jove the altar burned,
Such incense dared convey;
Ev'n Alexander would have spurned
The parasite away!

And shall corruption's emblem sage
Take God's own rights away,
And free-born tongues—in this our age—
Not call it blasphemy?

For me, while suffered still to praise,
And kneel where worship's due,
'Gainst sin like this my voice I'll raise,
Whoe'er 'tis offered to!

EDWARD WARD.

FAREWELL LINES.

Yes, the hour has arrived, I must hasten away
From my home, from thy artless affectionate smile,
Which has brightened my path with its mild cheering ray,
And each moment of sadness so well could beguile;

Fare thee well! fare thee well! I must leave thee, sweet maid,
For my country calls, and I fly to its aid.

Alas! love, I knew but too well we must part,
And vainly regret that the truth I concealed;
I would spare thee the pang that must strike thy young heart,
But fatal and glaring, it now stands revealed,
For my dear country's bugle sounds loud and afar,
I must go! dearest girl, to the glories of war!

May those powers who watch over innocent love,
Preserve and protect thee uninjured for me,
And the shield of some heavenly Seraph above,
In the heat of the battle shall spare me for thee.
Hark! the signal is fired! adieu sweetest maid,
'Tis my country's call, and I fly to its aid.

A. N.

CHARLIE'S RETURN.*

Fair fa' your honest sonsy strain!
It gars my spirit crow again
To hear ye sing wi' might an' main,
"*Pa-ast eleven*" clear an' plain.

I thought that I should never mair
Hear that glad song—and greeted sair
To think that ye your flight had ta'en,
"Ye're welcome Charlie back again."

Now shall ye nae mair silent steal
Like ony thievish ne'er-do-weel,
Instead o' him whase title proud,
Is "Guardian o' the night" allow'd.

But bauld an' fearless will ye stalk
Through ilka street an' public walk;
An' aye uplift your carol clear,
That tim'rous folk may ken ye'er there.

And ance mair as in days lang syne,
Your gladsome note auld friend o' mine,
Shall cheer me whiles I watch alane,
"Ye'er welcome Charlie back again."

MINNA.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

BY JESSE HAMMOND.

Ye seasons, ye seasons, oh! fly not so fast,
Nor hasten me down to the tomb;
But again let me hear the sweet voice of the past,
Ere I'm hurried to what is to come;
Let the morning of youth all its brightness renew,
Ere the night of the grave shades the scene from my view.

* Ye maun ken gentle reader that the above poetics are written to commemorate the return o' anc honest chiel, wha they ca' "Charlie," to his vocation an' *calling* in the clachan whare I dwell, which desired event took place on the 4th day o' this present month, after an awfu' interregnum o' twa years or mair; during whilk he has been aye doom'd to perambulate in a dark coat, an' wi' a silent tongue, looking mair like a robber himsel, jist escapit frae the Tolbooth, than a douce honest mon, appointed for the apprehension o' sic evil-doers.

Let years now roll back, and my Ellen appear,
Array'd in the charms of her youth,
Her eyes beam with love, and her voice strikes my ear
With the tender-toned accents of truth;
Again let those orbs in their blue splendour roll,
And the melody waken that melted the soul.

Then, Granta, we'd stand by thy brooks and thy bow'rs,
And view thy green hills with delight,
We'd traverse thy meadows, and gather thy flow'rs,
Till veil'd by the cloud of the night;
And then in thy shades, as we wander'd along,
We'd warble the music of love's sweetest song.

Oh! give me the pleasure that memory yields,
And from thee then no more would I sever;
Oh! give me again but to sport in thy fields,
And I'd live in thy breezes for ever;
Oh! let me again, then, before I grow old,
The vale of the Osier's sweet vision behold!

But the morn will ne'er break on those scenes that are fled,
And Ellen no more shall I see,
For deep in the valley she sleeps with the dead,
And the mountain hides Granta from me;
The vale of the Osier no more shall I view,
So the voice of the past and its vision *adieu!*

ADDRESSED TO THE SCRIBBLERS OF LOVE SONNETS.

Oh! ye who waste life's precious hours
In stringing many an idle rhyme,
And misapply the noble powers
Of thought—man's attribute sublime.

Think not, while framing artful lays,
And forcing sentiments to light,
Which Feeling veils from public gaze,
Ye prove the passion which ye write!

MELISSA.

IMPROMPTU
TO MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK,
ON READING "THE CHOICE."*

Lady, thy taste is like thyself—divine,
Most exquisite and rare;
'Tis meet that ROSA should with *roses* twine
Her dark and glossy hair.

Q. IN THE CORNER.

RIDDLE.

In pleased retirement I dwell,
Within a tangled forest cell,
Unsought by pain or sorrow;
Companion to sweet echo lone,
Her lyre I wait on, and its tone
From me does somewhat borrow.

To know me ye can never fail,
I ride upon the western gale,
With the sweet labouring bee;
Upon the rose's velvet vest,
Impearl'd with dew, I love to rest
In blest security.

But not alone in forest cave
My dwelling do I keep;
Though chief on earth, yet in the wave
I with the green haired mermaid lave
In ocean cavern sleep.

MELISSA.

* See No. XXIX., page 232.

CHARADE.

My FIRST is a falsehood, my SECOND's a soul,
That figures away by the light of my WHOLE.

HENRY V—LLE.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 264,

I'm sure that the blockhead must ne'er show his face,
In *Belle Assemblée* who denies woman GRACE,
Pray where do the blackleg and spendthrift find place,
And cheat and be cheated so oft?—at a'RACE;
In playing at cards all must own 'tis the case,
That he oft wins the game who possesses an ACE;
Now A. N. must confess that these verses embrace
The very *three words* that a *wizard* may trace
In his witty charade, which will surely keep pace
With what puzzled the world in famed Œdipus' days;
Oh! had he but lived in Greece, Egypt, or Thrace,
This charade had procured him at least a gold vase;
As 'tis plain his vast merit no time can efface,
For extracting from GRACE, a RACE, and an ACE.

A. W.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

ADVANTAGE OF A SMALL DIVIDEND.—A diamond merchant in Holland, on proposing a bill at a certain date of credit, usual in such transactions, was interrupted by the vender of the jewels and told, that as he had been a bankrupt, he could not take his acceptance. "No!" said the mortified man, "why I paid every body three days after the docket was struck against me, twenty shillings in the pound." "You did so," replied the other, "and for *that very reason* I will *not* give you credit; had you paid them *but ten shillings*, you might have had money remaining."

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.—An editor in the western part of New York, thus announced the entrance of Lafayette into his village—"The Gallic hero, seated in a chariot led the van. The rosy morn besprinkled the oriented clouds with effulgent glory—and the gorgeous sun, at last issuing like a warrior from his repose, walked up into the sky, gilding the vast expanse of ether, and throwing his broad and splendid rays upon *a line of one horse waggons and carts, filled with individuals principally from our village!!*"

A passionate man, whatever may be the advantages of his position, and the strength and justice of his cause, is almost sure to have the worst of the argument. In proportion as he grows angry, he gets weak; and has to defend himself, not only against his adversary, but against himself.

COMPOUNDING WITH CONSCIENCE.—An Arab, having lost his camel, swore that if it was ever found, he would sell it for a single *dirhem*. The camel was found, but the owner was very unwilling to fulfil his rash oath. At length he adopted the following expedient; taking his cat, he entered the market proclaiming, "who will buy a camel for a *dirhem*, and a cat for a hundred *dirhems?* but take notice, that one animal will not be sold without the other!"

SIMPLICITY.—"May I be married, ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, and I think *it may please 'em.*"

PROPER REVENGE.—We once heard a gentleman speaking to a friend of a man who had injured him. "But," said he, "I won't get angry, for if I should—" "I suppose," said his friend, "you would chastise him severely." "No, I would not flog him," said he, "but I would *let him alone most severely.*"

AN HONEST MAN.—A journeyman watchmaker at Besancon, having several watches to mend for his employer, put them all into pawn, taking care to quit Besancon the same night. On leaving he had the extreme delicacy to send the duplicates to his employer, with the following note—"Sir,—Having pawned your watches in order to have some money, I should think myself wanting in my *duty* as an *honest man*, if I did not send you these duplicates."

SENSIBILITY.—It is rumoured that a certain lady has lately become so excessively sensitive as to shudder at the thought of cruelty, even to inanimate objects. One afternoon, she rushed into a confectioner's shop in a high fever, and shrieked out, "For goodness sake! send away the man from your door with that unfortunate *wheelbarrow* which has only got *one leg!*"

A THOUGHT.

Riches make wings and fly away,
And perishable beauty's form;
The gifts of mind alone will stay,
And triumph 'mid affliction's storm!

ANNETTE.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART VIII., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* APRIL, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand.

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

No. 41—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON. [Saturday, April 5, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Evening Dress.—A blue *gros de Naples* robe, a low *corsage*, pointed and trimmed with a square lappel of the same material; it is bordered with a trimming of cut gauze ribbons, and ornamented with knots of satin ribbon. *Imbecille* sleeves of white *gaze de soie*. The front of the skirt is trimmed with *ruches*, cut gauze ribbon horizontally

and longitudinally; it is intermixed with knots of satin ribbon. The head-dress is a cap of plain blond net, trimmed with blue gauze ribbons, and a bouquet of white marabout.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

This is a month in which a gradual change will begin to take place in dress, it is therefore rather of what will be worn, than of what is actually in fashion that we must speak, and first for that most important part of female dress the *chapeau*. We learn with pleasure that English straw hats and bonnets are likely to be very generally adopted. We have already seen some morning bonnets ordered by ladies of distinction, they were of very fine Dunstable straw; the crowns low, but higher before than behind, and rounded in front; the brims were round, close, and certainly larger than those of last year; they were trimmed with green *gros de Naples* ribbons, plaided in two shades of the same colour; the trimming consisted of a simple rosette placed high upon the crown in front, the ends of which traversed the crown in an oblique direction, and passing over the brim at the corners, tied under the chin; a small knot of ribbon placed behind, completed the trimming.

We have seen also some split staw hats, with long brims and oval crowns. Some were trimmed with bouquets of lilac, others with violets. Silk bonnets have not yet been ordered, but there is no doubt that they will be fashionable, particularly those of *poux de soie* and *gros des Indes*. Flowers, particularly lilacs and roses, will be most in favour for trimming carriage hats and bonnets, except for morning dress, for which ribbons only will be employed, and they will be generally of *gros de Naples*.

Some summer shawls of a new kind, and very proper for walking dress, have just appeared; they are of twilled silk, strongly resembling levantine, but softer; they are square, very large, and of light but sober colours, as grey, pale shades of brown, &c. They are bordered only with a rich fringe.

There is a great variety of new materials, both for out-door and in-door dress, but there is every reason to suppose that most of the patterns will be of the antique kind. We have seen several of the new silks with flowers as large as a fruit-plate. There are also others of dark grounds, spotted in a shower of hail in light colours. There are some new chintzes of foulard patterns, and some that struck us as much prettier; they are striped in alternate white stripes, which are very broad, and narrow marbled ones; the former are thickly covered with wreaths of very small flowers in vivid but not glowing colours, intermingled with a foliage of bright green. Some new muslins have also appeared; they are, for the most part, of antique patterns, and very large net; there are also some printed in small bouquets, and others in running patterns of flowers in very delicate colours. Both muslins and chintzes are expected to be fashionable in morning dress. As yet there is no alteration in the form of robes, and it is generally supposed that those for the morning will be made with plain high bodies. *Canezous* and pelerines of worked muslin, are likely to be more in favour than ever in morning dress, and caps which are at present highly fashionable, will, it is thought, remain so during the summer. Some of the new ones are of English lace, a round and close caul, and two rows of narrow trimming; a ribbon is placed close to the trimming; it forms a rosette in front, and descends on each side for the *brides*.

Muslins and silks are the materials expected to be adopted in half-dress. Some robes of the latter have already been made that appear to us in some degree novel. The bodies of a three-quarter height are square at the top, and are ornamented on the bust with silk braiding disposed in zig-zag on each side of the bust; the trimming terminates at each point by olives. It is continued in a reversed and much larger direction down the front of the skirt.

Clear muslin embroidered in coloured silks will be a favourite material in evening dress. We have already seen some robes of it, one of which struck us as remarkably beautiful. It was worn over an under dress of rose-coloured satin, and was embroidered down each side of the front in detached bouquets of rose-buds and their foliage. The *corsage*, plain and pointed, was trimmed with a deep row of English imitation of Brussels lace, and knots of rose coloured taffeta ribbon upon the shoulders. Short sleeves composed of three bouillons which descended to the elbow, and terminated in ruffles to correspond with the trimming of the *corsage*. Some scarfs of rich grenadine gauze, printed partly in gold and partly in colours, have just appeared for evening dress.

Head-dresses of hair ornamented with flowers, are expected to be most in favour. The last novelty for these *coiffures*, are the *guirlandes à ceres*; they are an intermixture of ears of ripe wheat and wild flowers.

The colours that will be in request are bright and pale rose-colour, emerald, and pea-green, lilac, straw-colour, blue, and dust-colour.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—A violet *gros de Naples* robe, high body, trimmed in front of the bust with oblong puffs of the same material, let in in the stomacher style. *Gigot* sleeves, with cuffs of India muslin, worked in a light pattern. Bonnet of straw coloured *pou de soie*, a new shape, it is trimmed with gauze ribbon to correspond, and a white ostrich feather. A Cashmere shawl or scarf should be thrown over the shoulders.

Evening Dress.—The robe is composed of white grenadine gauze over white satin. The *corsage* is low, draped in front, and trimmed round the top with blond lace. Double *bouffant* sleeves, embroidered in compartments with gold coloured silk. The skirt is embroidered in a wreath of flowers in silk to correspond, round the border; the trimming ascends in three different places as high as the knee in front. A cord and tassels of gold coloured silk supplies the place of a *ceinture*. The turban is composed of a white gauze scarf, in the folds of which are intermingled a gold end and tassels.

Ball Dress.—A white crape robe over satin. A low body, profusely trimmed with Roman pearls. *Bouffant* sleeves, with blond lace *mancherons* and ruffles. The skirt is slashed down the front; the sleeves are bordered with green satin, and ornamented with a tassel of Roman pearls in the centre of each; the sides and the border are embroidered in Roman pearls and sprigs of oak leaves, the latter in green silk. Head-dress of hair, disposed in bows on the summit of the head, and braids which terminate in curls at the sides; it is ornamented with tufts of different coloured flowers.

Dinner Dress.—An Indian green satin robe. *Corsage* pointed and draped *en demi cœur*. *Béret* sleeve, with blond lace *sabots* and ruffles. The skirt is trimmed with a deep blond lace flounce, and knots of ribbon. Head-dress a rose coloured crape *chapeau toque*, the inside of the brim is trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and the crown adorned with ostrich feathers and an *esprit*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

Ball Dress.—A low *corsage*, trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond, and an embroidery of bunches of green grapes upon the *béret* sleeves. The embroidery is continued down the front of the skirt in the apron style. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with round rosettes of pink crape, and bunches of grapes.

Evening Dress of pink satin, *corsage à la Sevigne*, trimmed with blond lace. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a sprig of white roses and their foliage.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. A back view of number four.

No. 2. Fancy straw bonnet, trimmed with rose coloured gauze ribbon.

No. 3. A bonnet composed of a new fancy material called *pague*; the colour is Egyptian earth, it is trimmed with *gros de Naples* ribbons to correspond.

No. 4. Morning cap of white *tulle*, a child's caul, and deep trimming to the front, terminating in lappets; the front and lappets are bordered with narrow blond lace. The trimming is Swedish blue gauze ribbon.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXV.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and Secretary discovered.*

We will come to thee
When the watchman's voice is screaming,
When the council lamp is gleaming,
And the hot twankay is steaming,
We will come to thee! we will come to thee!

We will come to thee
When the letters are read over,
When o'er many a post-mark'd cover,
Does thy pending-judgment hover,
We will come to thee! we will come to thee!
Parody on '*I will come to thee.*'

Miss Bluemantle. We expect to be favoured with the attendance of our fair sisterhood to-night. So let us be quick in looking over the letters, as the correspondence does not belong to their department—proceed.

Miss Scribblecumdash. "The Village Stream," and "Love's Fetters," &c. in an enclosure from G. W. B.

Miss B. They shall both appear. The other song is of a character not suited to our work.

Miss S. "The Sally," a tale by E. L.

Miss B. In answer to the remark of E. L., respecting "the trouble it must give us to read every MSS. sent," we beg to assure him that such constitutes an Editor's *duty*, and that strictly and impartially do WE fulfil ours in this respect. We never accept or reject the most trifling article without having read and given it our best consideration. The tale by E. L. is accepted.

Miss S. A story by EUGENIE.

Miss B. We will give it an English title and publish it. We detest the affectation of French names and French sentences, so much in vogue at present.

Miss S. "The Sisters," by BLANCH HUBERT.

Miss B. We think it will be accepted from the glance we have taken of the MSS., but not having time to read the whole to-night, will not give a *positive* assurance.

Miss S. A little prose piece by J.

Miss B. Accepted. We seem fortunate this week in receiving excellent articles, and can assure our correspondents we have far more pleasure in saying YES than NO to their kind communications.

Miss S. A comic poem by L' INCONNUE.

Miss B. Nine verses, "there's the rub," with a few cut down it shall appear.

Miss S. A letter bearing date Richmond, signed CASTIGATOR.

Miss B. The writer we presume is some lad fresh from school, or the London University—he advises US to study Murray's Grammar, in return *we* recommend *Chesterfield on Politeness* to *him.* If the only fault he can find with us is the grammatical errors occurring in an article of Patchwork, in No. XXXVII., headed "A good recipe," we may sit down very easy under his remarks, as they do not apply to OURSELVES, but to the compositor alone. The Patchwork, as every reader must be aware, is not *original*, but consists entirely of little scraps or anecdotes taken from newspapers or the light literature of the day, merely to fill our last column, a department we seldom if ever see till the magazine is published. As is also the "Selector," in which we regret frequently to observe mistakes of the press (as in the article taken from D'Israeli's curiosities of Literature, printed in No. XXXVIII., where the Italian quotation is made perfect nonsense by the compositor turning the N's into U's). Our correspondent begs we will acknowledge our errors, we are always the first to do so when they are OURS, but we need not bear those of the printer. There is an insolence in the whole tone of "CASTIGATOR'S" letter, betraying far greater *ignorance* than any want of grammar in our pages. The ignorance of *ill breeding*, and cowardly triumph, as he supposes, over a WOMAN—the he! he! he!!! with which CASTIGATOR concludes his epistle, is, indeed the very climax of elegant diction. He hopes we shall "have the courtesy to acknowledge his letter." We *have* done so, we trust to his edification—

"Let the gall'd FOOL wince."

Miss S. "A Sketch from Scottish Life," by HARRIETTE.

Miss B. It shall have early insertion; will this writer favour us with a longer tale, we think she can can do better if she pleases? And if our female contributors would not all harp upon the same string (blighted love), their efforts would be far more acceptable and successful. Out of twenty stories we receive, nineteen are on the subject of "deceived damsels." "The Bereaved," the "Heart Broken," "The Deserted," and so on through every gradation of Love's faithlessless! Let us see sometimes the brighter side of the picture.

Miss S. Enigmatical list of Rivers, by SELINA B.

Miss B. It shall appear.

Miss S. Poetical Conundrum, by GUISEPPE.

Miss B. His former one on the same subject is already in type, if not used.

Miss S. CAROLINE SARAH.

Miss B. We have no wish for the address, her word is enough for us. The lines shall appear with the season.

Miss S. Lines by R. S., "The Self-exiled."

Miss B. We are sorry to refuse what is asked in a polite manner, but the lines are below the Poetical Standard we have set up for appearance in our pages.

Miss S. X. Y. Z., "The Bird to his Mistress."

Miss B. A style of Poetry that is almost past, yet the verses have some pretty ideas, and shall be inserted.

Enter Mrs Bloomer, Modish, and Miss Harmonica.

Welcome, sisters, ye have been sad truants from your posts, though we must not blame ye, as our new regulations give ye less to do than formerly, and if we have bestowed sinecures, we must not complain of those holding them.

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Lady President, you would not talk of sinecures if you had to run about to all the gaieties I do, in order to furnish your "Notices of Public Amusements."

Mrs. Bloomer. No, nor if you had to wade through all the trash that is published, in order to select a few of the gems that shine through the roughness of the ore.

Miss Harmonica. No; nor if you had to play over all the stupid songs with which the music sellers deluge the town, to pick out half a dozen melodies worth recommending to our friends.

Miss B. Mercy, mercy, Ladies, we cry quarter, three against one (though we do speak in the plural number), is rather too much, as our nerves and feelings are only singular in strength so we wont attempt to cope with ye. Well! and what's stirring in the World of Fashion? But first let us inform ye, which was the chief reason we invoked your especial presence this evening in council, that in compliance with the desires expressed by the great majority of our correspondents, the proprietors of "THE WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLEE," have determined to increase its size, and, consequently, in a slight degree its price. Very many literary friends have been urging us to make it a TWO-PENNY Magazine, a few have contended for its remaining a PENNY one. To meet the wishes of both parties, it has been resolved to adopt a middle course, one which we hope will prove the "happy medium," viz., to increase the matter half a sheet, and add another halfpenny to the price. Many improvements are in agitation, and will, we trust, be carried into effect. A NEW OFFICE will shortly be opened, where a letter-box will obviate many unpleasant complaints lately made to us respecting the delivery of communications. Our COMPOSITORS promise to follow their copy more correctly than they have hitherto done. Our READER assures us he will get a higher pair of magnifiers, at the same time hinting (with all due gallantry to our fair contributors), that if *they* would shorten the tails of their g's and y's, and make their small d's look less like cl's he should feel infinitely obliged, and it would greatly facilitate his labours. Our ENGRAVER promises to give a greater finish to the cuts, and to make the back view of the dresses equal in workmanship to the front, and not leave them in the sketchy style they have till of late appeared in. For OURSELVES, as EDITRESS, what can WE promise? Not greater attention to our correspondents, not greater anxiety to make this little Work more worthy of the distinguished patronage it has received—not greater care to select all that is valuable and appropriate for the pages of a Magazine exclusively intended for FEMALE READERS. No! we will not promise *this*, for we feel that increase of vigor on OUR part is impossible. Since we took upon ourselves the task of EDITRESS, at the fifth number of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows," up to this present moment, when the forty-first of the new series of "The Weekly Belle Assemblee" issues from the Press, our whole time, thoughts, talents, and literary influence have been unceasingly exerted to make the Magazine what it is. As a child, we have nourished and cherished it from its infancy, and we confidently look forward to its maturing age, to reward all our anxieties by a gradual improvement, and a still wider extended circulation. While labouring in this literary vineyard, we have had much difficulty and many dangers to contend with; the prejudices of the many, the narrow-mindedness of the few, the constant outpourings from the press of what is termed "cheap literature," the failure of some of which speculations threw a slur on all; "Envy, hatred, and malice" in every shape, and under every guise, conspired to turn us from our task, and often, in weariness of soul, have we lamented the hour when we took up the Editress' pen. But patience and perseverance have gained the day. We have surmounted the prejudices of the many, and enlarged the narrow-mindedness of the few. Of correspondents we have made friends, with some of whom we trust we shall "take sweet council" to the close of life, when the labours of the Editress shall be as a forgotten dream. Sickness, too, and sorrow, have not unfrequently conspired to damp our zeal, the ardour of the writer has been chilled, but not, we trust, diminished by those foes to humanity; and it has more than once been our lot to arrange the matter for the current number on a bed of suffering, or what is far more painful, beside the couch of those whose sufferings inflicted a deeper pang on the heart than any we could feel in our own person. We just touch on these subjects to shew the claim we sometimes have to the indulgence of our readers for the many little errors which under such circumstances, must of necessity be observable in our Work. Such, Sister Councillors, is the projected change which will take place in the number in which our consultations of this evening will appear. And after having given OURSELVES so good a character, we cannot wind up our speech better than by stating that it is our full intention to RETAIN it, and that the old motto, "NOT WORDS BUT DEEDS," shall ever be the LEADING ARTICLE in our thoughts as EDITRESS of "THE WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLEE."

All the Council—Bravo! bravo!

Mrs. B. Charge your *tea-cups* with bumpers, ladies, upstanding and *without your bonnets*, to the health of the Lady President! *nine times nine.* (The *toast drank*, and the *muffins eaten* with great enthusiasm.)

Miss B. (Rising.) Ladies of the Council we thank ye. Now, Bloomer, what news in the Literary World.

Mrs. B. Why I must confess I have been somewhat idle lately, and not read very deeply. But I have here brought you the first number of a beautiful work, "SWITZERLAND," by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., illustrated by a series of views taken expressly for the work by W. H. Bartlette, Esq.

Miss B. Dr. Beattie's name is familiar to us, from his journal of a residence in Germany, a work as elegant in its language, as it is faithful in description, and we know of few travellers more fitted in mind and habits to write the history of so romantic and poetic a country as

Switzerland, than the author whose name is before us, since to the erudition of the Scholar, and the skill of the Physician, are united the Poet's gift, the spell of song.

Mrs. B. The illustrations of the work are worthy of the scenes they represent; there is a glowing faithfulness about them that at once tells us they are genuine copies from nature. It is a delightful work, and I shall take occasion to bring before you the numbers as they appear. Here is also another volume with which I have been much gratified, "*La Peste*," by Guido Sorelli, of Florence, with an English translation by Miss Pardoe, a lady whose name is familiar to the readers of our pages, and whose "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," have earned such well-deserved laurels for her youthful brow.

Miss B. From a cursory glance we see there are some very fine passages in the poem. Of the English translation we will give a more detailed notice at some future meeting. At present we must deny ourselves that pleasure, nor can we even hear the progress of Music or Fashion, which we see their fair representatives, Modish and Harmonica, were about to give us. The report of our meeting will already far exceed the usual limits allotted to the NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ. So, let us take another cup of tea and adjourn.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE EXETER CLOCK.

WE visited this ingenious piece of mechanism lately, and can report, that it is well worth half an hour's inspection for the curious. Nothing can afford a more melancholy and striking lesson to the lovers of Fame, than the history of the inventor of this piece of human ingenuity. The poor man who constructed this clock in 1656, *Jacob Lovelace*, was a native of the city of Exeter, and spent the best part of his life and fortune in realizing this vision of his fancy. Having completed it, which cost him the labour of thirty-four years, he ended his days, probably broken-hearted, in the workhouse of that city, unpitied, unhonoured, unknown; and the fame for which he had toiled, after 168 years, sheds its cold halo round his almost forgotten grave! Such is the fate of Genius! It too often lives unacknowledged, and dies unlamented; leaving to posterity, (as in this instance) the honour of finding out its deserts, and blowing the bubble of Fame over its unconscious ashes. There are thirteen different movements in this beautiful cabinet, which is ten feet high, and five wide, ornamented with oriental figures, and finely executed paintings, and a moving panorama, descriptive of day and night, proving that many scenic representations of later days, for which our modern artists claim the invention, were known and in use in the 17th century, even by a country mechanic. Were we to look more closely into the wonders of our own day, we should find, that poets, painters, and musicians, as well as mechanics, are more indebted to the genius of the age that has gone before us, than they would willingly have it believed.

The celebrated clock of Strasburgh had only nine movements, and is now out of repair, The present exhibition, therefore, is the only thing of the kind extant, that we are aware of. Till the last month, we are informed, it was never removed fifteen miles from the place where it was made, but has lately been purchased by some discerning individual for the purpose of exhibiting in London.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF BOOTHIA.

WE have again visited this beautiful picture, and were even more delighted than on a first view, with its appalling representation of the region of almost eternal snows.

DAY'S EXHIBITION OF MODELS, KING WILLIAM-STREET, STRAND.

The Model of the Cemetery at Morlands, has been added to this interesting collection of designs for modern architecture, which in time promises to became a second Pére la Chaise. We have seen some very beautiful lines, written by Mrs. Hofland on visiting this solemn spot, which we subjoin, as not forming an unappropriate conclusion to our remarks:—

MEDITATION IN THE GROUNDS OF NORLANDS.

NOW DESIGNED FOR A CEMETERY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

'Tis Winter and the rust'ling leaves around
Bespeak his influence—yet the sun is bright,
And the blue light of heaven looks cheerily,
Seen through the branching groves—methinks the day
Is like thy fate, O! Norlands, long the scene
Of joyous greatness, elegant repose,
Till the dread night when thy fair mansion fell
The prey of bickering flames, that fiercely swept
What'er wealth, art, and splendour could bestow,
Into one smouldering mass. Thy paths are now
O'er-run with vagrant weeds, thy plants unpruned,
Thy "pleasant places are made desolate."
This is the winter of thy being—this
Thy day of faded loveliness—ere long
To be renewed, though by the cold chaste hand
That consecrates thee to the honoured dead;
Thy spring again shall flash, thy summer glow,
And future days outshine the glories past.

Here may the best affections of the heart,
And all the sweetest charities of life,
Flow freely—and tho' waked by Sorrow's hand,
The touch shall purify the breast it pains,
And call the virtues it laments to life.

Here, too, the faith that wakes undying hope
Shall plume her drooping wings, and gazing round
On plant and flower, which germ beneath the soil,
Shall hail their resurrection, and proclaim
Like promise to man's soul—that peerless thing
Which Nature typifies, but equals not
Thro' all her range of empire—fair, sublime,
Degraded oft—yet deathless as its source,
And purchased by a price beyond all name.

Ah! who may people this sequestered spot?
Who lay their weary bones below this grass?
It hath a place for all—a lovely spot
For each lone wanderer: the young, methinks,
Beneath some flowery knoll may find a grave
Meet for their early fate, where spring-time flowers
Exhale their soft perfume, and dew-drops fall,
Bright as those eyes whose beams so lately wrang
Tears such as parent, lover, sister, sheds
Upon the death-doomed by consumption's power.

Where the tall elm spreads its broad canopy
Of clustering foliage, let the warrior sleep;
And words that tell his glory—sculptured forms
That shew his deeds of daring, rise around;
And where the cypress waves its lofty bough,
In ever-living verdure, place the sons
Of learning and of science, by whose hours
Of studious toil, and intellectual power,
Whate'er can bless and dignify mankind
Flows thro' successive ages—leading forth
Man from his savage wants, his helpless cares,
His ignorance, and his misery—up to *man*
Informed, refined, ennobled, blest at once
With freedom, wealth, and love—nay more than these,
The power to worship and adore that God
Who gave such gifts to man.

Where shall the poet, where the painter rest,
Fair Norlands, in thy shades? Lo! here the spot,
Rich with green laurels and o'erhanging bays—
A mound that in its gentle rising seems
The hallowed spot where genius should repose
After long sojourn with a troublous world,
But rarely meet to estimate its worth
Till life is past, and consolation's cup
Arrives too late. Here may the marble give
Names dear to fame, and weeping muses point
To features known not in the halls of state,
Though noblest of the noble. Sooth to say,
Thou, Norlands, wilt be just; thy mother earth
Takes all unto her bosom, but yields each
The meed that he has earned.

Fare well! but not for long; I will return
And mediate full oft in this calm spot
On all things dear and awful. Soon must I
"Throw off this mortal coil;" yet not to thee,
Fair Norlands, yield my clay. Less tranquil grave,
Less lovely, must suffice; for such is *his*
Who was, who *is*, my son; and with whose dust
My own should be commingled, since our hearts,
Our spirits, and our minds, were only one.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The Challenge was produced at this Theatre on Easter Tuesday. It is the same opera performed by the English Opera Company at the Adelphi last season, under the title of *The Court Masque*, but with the exception of Mr. H. Phillips, has gained nothing by its new cast. The scenery at Covent Garden is very moderate, the costume incorrect, and the whole piece most ineffective. The beautiful ballad, "Home of my Childhood," was gone through by Miss Shiriff in a full trot, when it should only have been a graceful walk. The choruses were the best part of the opera.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE ORPHAN.

MISS EMMA LOUISA SARGEANT.

Oh! there lie such depths of woe
In a young blighted spirit, mournful sight
In one so fair! for she indeed was fair;
Not with her mother's darling eyes of light;
Her's were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
And with long lashes o'er a white rose cheek,
Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and weak,
Still that fond child's; and oh! the brow above,
So pale and pure, so formed for holy love,
To gaze upon, in silence; but she felt
That love was not for her.

Mrs. Hemans.

The slight and shadowy girl was kneeling beside the grave of her lamented parents; the white drapery which encircled her person, rendered still more snow-like by the moon-beams which dwelt upon it, flowed far around her feet, and her cheek appeared of no deeper colouring. Her fair but attenuated arms embraced the marble upon which was graven the names of the departed, and her lips, cold and bloodless, pressed upon it. Her eyes, only outrivalled by the azure heavens, yet totally devoid of the radiance of youth, were fixed upon the moon with an intensity which denoted her thoughts were on a far different object; and she more resembled the likeness of a statue than the animation of an existing being.

"Genevieve" murmured a voice, as if fearful of disturbing the quietude of that Sacred spot, and the next moment the figure of Mowbray stood before her. A faint exclamation denoted her surprise. "Genevieve," he repeated, "is it indeed Genevieve, or but a vision of her enfranchised spirit." She smiled pensively, nay almost supernaturally, so sad was its expression.

"Alas, no!" she said, "it is too truly the unhappy Genevieve."

"What a change," he continued, gazing intently upon her pallid features and wasted form! "Thou wert always a delicate and tender creature; but now"—

"I am the nearer heaven," she interrupted, with solemnity.

"Say not so," eagerly returned the distressed Mowbray, "unless you would break the heart of one who, during three long years of absence, has unceasingly thought of, and loved, you."

Genevieve started as though a serpent were beneath her tread: her hands met involuntarily upon her bosom, and her eyes wore the expression of one who doubts the evidence of her senses; but she spoke not.

"Genevieve," he continued, as he sunk at her feet, "Say, may I dare hope for a return of my affection."

"I could love a savage if he loved but me," was her wild reply, "much more one,"—she stopped, and her pale cheek was tinted by a blush." "One who has been devotedly yours from the first time he beheld you," he concluded, "wouldst thou not say so, dear Genevieve?"

"No, Mowbray," she replied, with effort; a struggle seemed to agitate her bosom; it heaved convulsively; her utterance was almost impeded; then raising her clasped hands, and bending over him, she added in a subdued tone, but full of melody, "why should I deceive thee, Mowbray; one whom I have loved for years;" and her face crimsoned with differing emotions.

Mowbray folded her to his heart; he was too much excited for utterance; and the orphan wept upon his shoulder.

In that sacred secluded spot, so exclusively devoted to the dead, they were little liable to interruption; and these delicious moments are not so often the lot of man, that he should be indifferent to their protraction. To Mowbray it was a moment of rapture, for he had arrived at the consummation of all his hopes, the destruction of all his fears. Long had his heart been, though unknowingly, in the possession of the isolated orphan; but a parent's command had deterred him from seeking a return of his attachment, and obliged him to quit its object. To Genevieve, no words could express its extatic delight; rendered an orphan but a few moments after her existence began, she had been reared by strangers, strangers to her not only by birth, but to every feeling of her heart; for they could neither understand nor appreciate the dawnings of virtue and loveliness which her mind evinced with the increase of her years, and her's cast among beings so incongenial! we wonner not that she should find herself friendless and unloved; though possessing those qualities which, in kinder bosoms, would have attracted the heart irresistibly to her own. Kept intentionally from the world, where could she turn for comfort? Not to those of her domestic circle, for there the jealous or the envious eye was continually upon her, and avarice alone procured her an asylum beneath their roof; accustomed to unkindness and neglect, she expected no other treatment; and the caresses of an animal, or the affection of a dependant, would quite overcome her with feelings which would have rendered a more fortunate being happy. She was denied those common sympathies which are human nature's greatest solace, chief enjoyment, and purest pleasure. To such a being, so lovely in a populous world, so sad in the midst of the gay. so unloved, though a creature of loveliness, what pleasure must the acknowledged devotion of a sincere heart excite, especially from one who had long been in the possession of her own.

It was not many interviews they had been allowed to enjoy, but those few and seldom as they had been, were sufficient to fix the affections of the neglected orphan. Almost the only words of kindness which had ever met her ear from an equal were from the deep-toned voice of Mowbray, and these had penetrated to her heart; yet the passion she cherished was as hopeless as it was ardent; and the realization of that happy moment as unexpected as delightful.

Thus, friendless, deserted, and unhappy, her frame sank beneath the weight of unkindness and sorrow, and she was but the wreck of female loveliness; she had ever been like the offspring of the winter sky, and that drooping flower rivalled not the paleness of her cheek, nor the unflinching resignation with which she bore the snow-like coldness of her unfeeling guardians. To visit the grave of her parents had long been her greatest pleasure, and it was with rapture that she anticipated the hour when she should lie beside them, in quiet unregretted repose; then would she be united to them for ever, and eventually to the object of her heart's devoted love.

Such were her ruminations when the object of them presented himself so unexpectedly before her.

Genevieve wept, and when she arose from the shoulder of Mowbray, her eyes beamed with an unwonted lustre, like a withered flower invigorated by rain, after a long and weary drought; kindness and affection had opened the fountain which neglect and silent suffering had dried up, and she was deluged in tears.

"Do not weep, my Genevieve," murmured the happy Mowbray, "we will hope that these are the last tears you will ever shed."

"Oh no! oh no!" cried the agitated girl, with an almost frantic gesticulation at the dreadful idea. "Let me weep on, for they are tears of extacy. Ah," she added, "if you knew what it was to carry about with you a tearless eye and an overcharged heart, you would welcome them as I do, with delight."

Mowbray was overcome by the violence of her emotion. "You have been a suffering angel," he passionately exclaimed.

The words seemed to recall his companion to herself; she started, as though something of importance had crossed her mind; her countenance underwent an obvious alteration, and her cheek assumed its former paleness. She raised her hand to her brow, and pressed it earnestly, then surveyed her faded form, and spoke.

"To what extravagant joy have I been indulging," she said in a low and shuddering tone. "It is sufficient for me," she added, "that I have found a friend; but, alas! dear Mowbray, these are not emblematical of a bride," and

she extended her slight and wasted arms towards him.

He involuntarily retreated. "Do you shun me, Mowbray," she cried, with a pathos that went to his very soul; "Alas! I have been shunned too long;" and her taper fingers embraced each other with the action of despair.

"Shun you, dearest," he returned, straining her again to his bosom, "nought but a monster could do otherwise than adore you."

The orphan burst once more into a passion of tears.

She sobbed with a violence that alarmed her companion, who besought her to compose herself, but in vain; it seemed as though her heart possessed a never-failing spring, which had been pent up until it had been near to bursting, as the impetuous current dashes in more wildly when for a time its progress has been delayed. At length, struggling to assume some degree of calmness, she said, with a faultering rapidity, "Forgive, dear Mowbray, forgive this impetuous emotion; remember I am unused to kindness, much more the assurance of being beloved. Oh!" she continued, whilst a smile irradiated her features to an expression of felicity, "it has been the summit of my ambition, the subject of my prayers, and now, though it is answered, almost too late," and her countenance assumed a more mournful aspect; it has made me unutterably happy."

"Genevieve, Genevieve, would you break my heart?"

"I would not pain you for the world," was her energetic reply, "for I know too well what sorrow is willingly to inflict it upon another. Oh!" she continued, after a momentary silence, "none can know the anguish of a neglected orphan girl but those who have experienced it;" and she hung upon the arm of her companion with a dependent confidence which seemed to add, "nor the happiness of unburdening those sorrows in a sympathizing bosom."

"You must not yield to melancholy forebodings," Mowbray began in an agitated tone; "you are altered, alas! greatly of late, but a change of scene, and companions may yet effect a cure. You think so, my Genevieve?" and he looked anxiously in her face, as he awaited her answer.

She shook her head in silence.

"It will, it must be so," he vehemently continued, "your eye is already brightened, your cheek will yet resume its bloom, and your frame its delicate proportions. Oh, yes! I feel assured of your recovery. Are not these very spotless robes in which I find you attired symbolical of a bridal day?"

"And of the grave too," she solemnly added;" as she spoke she pointed to a sprig of Rosemary which hung upon her bosom.

He covered his face with his hands.

A pause succeeded, which was broken by the distracted Mowbray, who perceiving that his companion had seated herself upon the erection which covered the dead, entreated her to arise and return to her home, as the night was advancing, and he feared the result upon her delicate frame.

"This is my home," she mournfully replied, "and I love to hover near it."

"But your health, dear Genevieve," let not that be endangered."

She arose. "I have been but careless of it of late," was her reply, "for I thought;" she hesitated.

Mowbray dreaded a renewal of the last subject of conversation; and as he drew her arm tenderly within his own, called her attention to the brightness of the moon at that moment.

"You love to look upon that orb, Mowbray," she said, as she wrapped her drapery around her slender form; and there was something in the tone of her voice which made the observation require an answer. "I do," he returned, as they quitted the receptacle of the dead, "and I remember an observation you made upon it in our last meeting, three years ago: you have forgotten it perhaps,"

"Oh no," she answered with animation; "Nor your reply."

"What was it, dearest?"

"Genevieve, whene'er I look upon that brilliant orb, I shall think of you."

"Well do I remember it, nor have I forgotten to perform."

"Genevieve pressed her hand upon his arm as a silent expression of thankfulness.

"And I," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "have ever thought on you. Those words have been to me a source of pleasure which I cannot account for, but I thought—forgive me for my presumption—I know not whether it was the tone of your voice or the expression of your countenance, but at that moment, though it was but for a moment; for if my supposition were true, I knew not why you should leave me for that moment; I thought that you loved me."

"Nor was you mistaken, dear Genevieve, although I strove to conceal it from you; that was to me the most bitter moment of my existence.

"And to me the most happy," rejoined his trembling companion, whose faltering steps betokened the debility of her frame; "for I thought there was one being in this wide and cruel world who at least could pity me."

Mowbray was touched, and drew the gentle Genevieve closer to his side, that he might afford her still further support.

* * * * * *

Bright was the rising of the orb of day, and glorious were the beams it shot upon the unadorned, but sacred building. The only bell it boasted struck out merrily as the bridegroom led from the porch his still lovely bride; but she looked more like the subject of a funeral procession, than the character she sustained. Her cheek was pale, her eye inanimate, her step tremulous, and she hung upon the arm of her husband, as though she depended solely upon him for support; but an heavenly expression dwelt upon her features, and her pallid lips were parted by a smile.

As he reached the grave of her departed parents, she stopped, a tear dropped upon it, and she hastened on. The next instant she was in the carriage, and it drove rapidly away.

The journey was soon completed, and the remainder of that bridal day was spent by Genevieve upon a couch of sickness, and Mowbray at its side.

Days glided on, and still the young bride continued an invalid. "They have almost broken my heart," she said, one evening as Mowbray was alluding to the neglect she had experienced. "Alas! I fear too nearly, for even your affection to heal it."

"I trust not, Oh! I trust not," cried the distressed husband; "you will yet recover."

"If it is the will of heaven I shall, dear Mowbray," she murmured; "but if otherwise, we must submit with quiet resignation."

"I cannot bear to think, of losing thee, my dear Genevieve," he wildly answered, "at the very time moment we have been united to each other; the idea is madness." He paced the apartment with rapidity. "It is more than I can bear."

"I hope, I trust," fervently ejaculated the excited Genevieve, "you will not be called to bear it.',

"Say you *so*, dearest; do you *indeed* hope," cried the agonized Mowbray, with as much eagerness as though she was the arbitress of her own destiny, and upon her hopes and fears it rested, "then we shall yet be happy," and he strained her to his heart with wild delight.

"Stay, Mowbray, dear Mowbray, hear me," she cried; "I would not distress you, but"—

"What?" he demanded in fearful anxiety.

"But if it is to be so, remember that a despairing spirit beneath one affliction brings on a greater, until"—

"It *can* bring on no greater than *thy* loss, my Genevieve," he interrupted; "but you shall become my instructress, my"—

"Calm yourself, then," exclaimed his bride, with quickness, "for I have learned by too dearly bought experience how useless, how unavailing, are these paroxysms of despair. Oh! Mowbray," she continued, sinking upon his shoulders, and gazing upon him with unutterable affection, "the God of the orphan will support you; yes," she added in a subdued tone, "I think through what he has supported thy Genevieve, with no kind father to protect, no affectionate mother to instruct, no brother to defend, no sister to console, no friend to sympathize; with her, to whom could she look, but to him? Yes, Mowbray, he was father, mother, brother, sister, and friend, and all to her." Again she paused; she was drawn closer to the bosom of her husband. "It was that great power," she resumed, "that en-

abled me to support the cruelties of my situation—the taunts of the jealous, the sarcasms of the envious, the jeers of the dissipated, the insinuations of the selfish, the neglect of all. Oh! there was no heart in that dreadful abode that loved me, no sympathizing bosom but that of my faithful dog. Often, in hours of solitude, has he been my companion, endeavouring by his playful gambols to draw me from my sorrows! and when he would sometimes find all his efforts unavailing, he would crouch at my feet, and, looking piteously at me, ask, in his own mute but eloquent language, why I was so sad? Oh!" she continued, with increased emotion, "I have wept tears of gratitude on the neck of that faithful creature; It was then I felt I was indeed an orphan."

Day succeeded day, and brought with it scarcely the slightest variation; Genevieve was still the gentle, the patient, and the suffering; Mowbray the attentive, the affectionate, and the devoted. Continually in a state of excitement, he could not be said to be happy; continually in the presence of Genevieve, he could not be said to be wretched; and he existed in an alternate fever of hope and fear. At length the anxious husband began to discover some symptoms of of amendment, and hope preponderated; but still she did not recover, and the fearful Mowbray trembled at each trifling hazard which might bring on a relapse.

Years passed on, and still was Genevieve an invalid, although at times so far recovered as to give hopes of her eventual convalescence; but no, her constitution was impaired, her health destroyed, and the orphan was still the patient sufferer from unkindness and neglect; but she was beloved, and she was happy.

EDWARD EUSTACE.

A Tale for Little Boys.

BY CAROLINE MESSUM.

Once upon a time there lived in a place not a hundred miles from Southsea, an army officer who had an only son, named Edward Eustace. I would fain hide all his faults, and tell you that he was as good as he was handsome, but candour obliges me to confess that he had one or two which cast all his good qualities into the shade. Now Edward was a very clever boy, he went into *Cornelius Nepos* when he had reached his tenth year, and at twelve began Greek. He could also behave very gentlemanly, and handed the ladies to their carriages with an air that would not have disgraced a Chesterfield's son, though he was only thirteen years of age, (the period of which I write) but all these good qualities and fascinations were thrown away, for he had (I am ashamed to say it) but he had a habit of telling falsehoods!

Edward was a great favourite with the ladies who visited at the house, but you must remember, he made it a point to put on his best behaviour with his best jacket, and little did they imagine that the fair-haired boy who sang so sweetly, and played the guitar so well in the evening to them, might be seen the next day saying to some vulgar boy in corderoy trousers, "Come on then; let's have it out!" and putting himself in the *graceful* attitude of a pugilist. Off goes the cap, never mind where, in the gutter perhaps, then the nice braided jacket, and the school-books, all thrown on the ground together, while a dozen shabby boys are shouting, clapping their hands, and saying, "That's right, Ned Eustace! you can fight *he*—go it, go it!" I am sorry to make use of such coarse language, but I give it you just as it occurred, and you can only imagine how Edward would have looked if the Miss Clements, the Miss Landons, or any of his Papa's corps had passed him, and seen him in *such* a situation; or heard boys with caps all hanging down behind, and the points torn off, call him "Ned Eustace!"

His mamma had always a downright horror of pugilistic combats,(as well she might) and would certainly have fainted away if her sweet Edward had come into her presence with a swollen nose, or a blackened eye, while the boy who caused it (however fair in fight) deserved, in her opinion, to be flogged at the cart's tail, or sent to the Bridewell for disfiguring her darling in such a manner. Now, Edward's father had given him very good advice, which was "to avoid a quarrel, but when he did fight never to give in *first*." To tell you the truth, little boys, Edward Eustace was never that most contemptible of all things —*a coward*.

On the day that Edward completed his thirteenth year, his grandpapa made him a present of——Now, what *do* you think? I see, by the glistening eyes, and white rows of teeth all shining before me, that you guess something very delightful. Well, then, it was—it was a beautiful chesnut pony! Here was a chance! Now he could ride to the water's edge and bathe before breakfast. Now he could go into town to buy books, and colours, and toys, in the evening! Now he could give Tom Hewitt and Jem Dewick a ride. Now, if Wink Read pelted him with stones, he could soon gallop out of his reach. Now he could ride out with his papa to pay visits, and the ladies would think—I fear Edward often made use of his dressing-room looking-glass.

"Oh, papa, papa! let me go out and show my pony to the boys, they are all on the green?" said he, capering about, and forgetting that he had not dined.

Mr. Eustace told Edward he could not think of trusting him out alone; the groom was not at home, therefore he must wait until to-morrow. He likewise spoke of a riding-master, but Edward interrupted him with "My *dear* papa, do you think I don't know how to sit a horse?—look here!" and up he sprang on the white rocking-horse that stood in the hall, and commenced rocking so furiously, that he presently came down on his head, with his heels touching his papa's nose. Here was a pretty display of horsemanship! Edward rose up quite abashed, however very kindly enquired after his papa's nose.

"The pony must be put into the stable until to-morrow," said Mr. Eustace, "and then we will see about it." Edward did not reply. He eat his dinner, and while Mr. Eustace was taking his wine, he went into the stable just to *look* at the pony. "I wish," thought he, "Tom Hewitt and Jem Dewick could see him." (The new saddle caught his eye just then.) "What if I were to take him out for half an hour, or so, before papa wakes from his nap?" he said, speaking to himself. "Poor fellow! Presto, Presto!" (patting him) "his name shall be Presto. I'll go and tell Ned Appleton that I have named him Presto. I'll take my pony with me, shall I? it will certainly he no harm; and surely I may as well put on the saddle? Papa thinks I can't ride—poo!" No sooner said than done. On went the saddle, and off went Edward to the green. There was Tom Hewitt and Jem Dewick, Charles Stuart, Andrew Baxter, and a whole host of boys. Edward Eustace was received with anthusiasm, as the M. P.'s say. The boys clapped their hands, and hurrahed in such a manner, that the pony set off at full speed down the hill, over the common, far out of sight, with Edward tottering on his back, screaming, and looking extremely like Johnny Gilpin, except that *he* lost both hat and wig, and Edward was only *minus* the former. Presently down came the unfortunate, disobedient young rider, however, without being much hurt, for his resting place happened to be a soft bed of mud. A pretty condition Edward was in! his pale face covered with mud! his white trousers any thing but *white*! and his delicate sky-blue jacket entirely spoiled! Oh! if Edward had had his dressing-glass then before him! To mend the matter, he met a whole troop of boys, who, after enquiring into his accident, began to laugh at and joke him on his appearance, whereupon Edward grew cross.

"Come, now, you vulgar fellow, Snivel Bussey, lean off, or I'll make you." "Make me! what do you think you can thrash me, then?"

"Aye, and twenty such; but it does not become a gentleman like me to fight with such common fellows." "A gentleman, faith!" they said, "A coward, you mean!" "Yes, a coward!" shouted the whole troop. "A *coward!* a coward!" "Give him a coward's blow, Bussey."

"Come on, then," said Edward in a perfect fury; off went their jackets, a ring was soon formed. William Illnor seconded Edward Eustace, and Sam Smickle was on Snivell Bussey's side. Very soon a black eye was added to Edward's bruises, and Snivel Bussey had a blow while his head was in Chan-

cery. What a good thing it would be if persons could get their suits out of Chancery as soon as Snivel did his head!

Well, little boys, I shan't go through the particulars of this *fracas*; all I can tell you is, that Snivel Bussey gave in, and Edward Eustace walked home in a pretty pickle. He went in at the back-door unperceived; got up stairs, and was fortunate enough to make his appearance in the drawing-room without his swoln eye being noticed. He took care to keep very much in the dark though. Now I have said nothing about his thoughts or feelings, for it would be impossible for me to describe the horror of his mind; his sickness of heart, and the burning of his brain. Two or three times he was on the point of bursting into tears, and confessing the whole, but he could not endure the thoughts of it; the shame, the disgrace of proving himself to be so ungrateful, and so madly disobedient.

Mrs. Eustace was not well. She sat perfectly silent, and dosing in her stuffed chair. Mr. Eustace was reading. There was not a word spoken, and the dreadful quietness of that evening was worse to him than riot and noise would have been; every time he breathed his heart seemed swelling ready to burst; the time drew very near for him to retire to rest, when the housemaid (a country girl) bolted into the drawing-room with her cap all awry, exclaiming, "Oh, sir, oh, Ma'am! the—the stable-door is wide open, and Master Edward's new pony gone—clean gone—Sir!"

Out ran Mr. Eustace without his hat—up got Mrs. Eustace, and sat down again.—Edward—but you must imagine *how* he felt; however, he followed his papa out into the stable-yard. "Good God! the pony is indeed gone! Edward, I hope you did not leave the door open by any chance?" "*No*, papa," said Edward. "You are sure of it?" "*Quite sure*." Edward faltered a little—he trembled, but it might have been with cold, for it was a very chilly evening in autumn; but no, it was not the cold, for his cheeks were burning, and in his breast there seemed to be a dagger lodged! "Go in, my boy, you must be cold; never mind; don't grieve; I will use every means to find your pony again. Send Mary with my hat and cloak. I'll go directly for Gordon the constable, and we'll see what we can do." Edward did as he was desired, and then soon after went to rest—what did I say? *rest!* No, no; there was no rest for the guilty, unprincipled boy that night. He shed torrents of tears; he put out his light; opened the window, and listened long for the welcome sound of horses' feet; but it was all silent, over the fields and down the lanes. He heard nothing but the "wolf sneers" breaking on the sea shore, and the hollow wind howling through the trees. At last he went to bed; after tossing about for some time, he fell asleep only to live over again his anguish in dreams.

The next morning when Edward entered the breakfast-room, his mamma told him to look in the stable; he thought by her smiling manner what she meant, and sure enough *there* was the pony! He had yet to learn how it was found, and I will tell you. When the servant had brought Mr. Eustace's cloak and hat, he set off directly for the constable Gordon, whom most fortunately he found at home. They procured horses at the inn, and took the road to Chichester, as being the most likely place the thief or thieves would take the horse to, (as there was a horse-fair the next day, near Chichester.) They had not rode many miles before, by the broad light of the moon, they saw a pony with a stout heavy man on his back. They instantly rode up to him, and on a nearer view discovered it to be Edward's lost pony. Mr. Eustace saw with regret that the poor thing was lamed. The man who rode him, said that he found him grazing in the hedge; but as thieves do not adhere to truth at all times, of course he was not believed; so Mr. Eustace gave him in charge; he was taken to Portsmouth, and remained in jail to abide his trial at the sessions for felony!

All this was told to Edward by his servant. He left the room directly, and went out into the lonely fields to hide his face, and to make up his mind what to do. "Oh, that grandpapa had never given me that pony! Oh, that I had never taken him out! Oh, that I had confessed all to papa, before he went out that unfortunate evening!" These were his thoughts, but Edward was not yet in the right frame of mind to act nobly. He was so deeply involved in sin, that he did not know how to extricate himself. After some time spent in unavailing wretchedness of heart, he came to the conclusion that he *could* not tell his papa all—he should die with shame—he would entreat his papa on his knees to forgive the man, and not appear at the prosecution—he would give every farthing of his pocket-money to him, and he would never, never more tell another falsehood, or be guilty of the slightest disobedience to his parents. With these resolutions he went home, and appeared at the breakfast table, from which his papa was absent; he enquired after him, and found that he had taken cold the evening previous, and was not enabled to get up. Here was another stroke for Edward! I can not conceive how he bore it all. Presently Mrs. Eustace entered the room, and after kissing her sweet boy, in parting the hair on his forehead, she happened to see the black-eye. "How did her darling get it? who had hurt her dear Edward?" "Why, mamma, a fellow insulted me, and I was obliged to take my own part." "Oh, you cruel boy, you will kill me with fright! how dared this boy to strike you! Tell me who he is, that your papa may get him punished." "Oh, no, mamma! that would not do. I have given him enough of it. If I could not endure this, I should not be fit for a soldier, to fight with a sword for life or death." "Edward Eustace, do you wish to kill your mother! talk of fighting with a sword! why, you are to be in the Guards, and will only wear a sword to look stylish; if ever I see you draw it, I will insist on your father making you a clergyman or a physician." "But, mamma, I must draw my sword in defence of my king. Suppose we should have a war?" "Why then, my dear child, you should go out of the army directly."

A week had passed away in the utmost wretchedness to Edward. He had found out Jem Tomson's family, and given them all his pocket-money, and had the pain—the *torture*—of receiving blessings for his *goodness!* He had also found means to convey provisions to the poor man who had been innocently accused of stealing the pony. The evening before Jem Tomson's trial came on, Edward felt an anguish insupportable; he struggled—and struggled with his feelings in silence, till at at last he gave a deep groan, fell on the sofa in a fainting fit, and in few minutes the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. He had broken a blood-vessel!

The family were in the greatest consternation, as you may suppose; a surgeon was sent for, Edward was put to bed, and ordered to be kept very quiet; for some hours he continued to faint at intervals, but at last sunk into a deep sleep. He was awakened the next morning by Mr. Eustace entering his room. "Where are you going papa?" were the first words Edward said in a wild hurried manner, remembering perfectly that this was the day fixed for Jem Tomson's trial, and seeing his papa prepared to go out, "I am going to appear against that fellow who stole your pony." "Oh, my father! My father! *do* not go; the man is innocent; you little know what an unworthy son you have. What shall I do?—hear me!—I took the pony out, though you had forbidden me to do so—I lost him! the man is innocent, he did find him.—Oh, my father! forgive me for distressing you so, but I cannot die with this guilt on my head—Jem Tomson is innocent! he is innocent! Go to him—save him!" Mr. Eustace held Edward's hand all the time he was speaking these words, and the sick boy saw that his father was near being choked, he looked pale and ghastly, "*If* this is true—" he began in a hollow voice; Edward interrupted him, saying, with a dreadful smile, "Right, papa! you do right to doubt me to the last; this is a proper punishment for me!" Mr. Eustace pretended to feel very calm, while he begged Edward to relate more fully and satisfactorily the particulars; he did so, his papa was convinced, and left the room. An hour or two had elapsed, Edward felt much better; he was dressed, though still sitting on cushions, and had a fire in his bed-room, when the door opened, and Mr. Eustace came in. He re-

quested his attendant to leave the room, and drawing up his chair close to Edward, began, "My boy," said he "this is an unfortunate piece of business, but calm yourself while you listen to a proposal I have to make, and then let us have done with it for ever. We must either proceed against Jem Tomson, (and circumstances are so much against him, that I have no doubt of his being convicted,) or, we must publish in the newspapers the whole *truth*, in order to clear Jem Tomson's character; you know he is a working man, and when his good name is gone, his bread is gone also, and he will be ruined, even if I should not appear, therefore choose —shall I proceed?" At these last words Mr. Eustace trembled violently, and fixed his eyes on Edward with frightful earnestness, "Shall I proceed?" he repeated. "Can you think me so base? Oh, father, let him be saved!—let him be saved! I deserve all!" "My noble boy! My own dear boy again!" sobbed Mr. Eustace, and the father and son wept in each others arms.

THE SORROWS OF HUGO.*

BY EDWARD P. TURNERELLI.

'Twas eve,—and the gentle, balmy breeze
Scarce ruffled a leaf on the verdant trees;
And the evening bird in his mossy nest
Was warbling a song as he sank to rest;
And the sun had bidden the day adieu,
And the parching flowers were cooled with dew;
And Philomel told her hapless tale
To Zephyr's ear in the quiet vale.
The silver moon in her radiance bright,
Grew brighter still with departing light;
Not a sound was heard in the breathless air,
Save the note of the lark as he fluttered there,
Tho' his song was heard, yet so poised on high,
He was hid in the blue of the cloudless sky.

Oh! such an hour as this was made
For the happy swain and the gentle maid,
Who love to wander in twilight's shade;—
For the sorrowing breast and the saddened heart
Which hate the glare of the sunny day,
And long for its radiance to depart,
To welcome with joy sweet Luna's ray,
For moonlight's a balm to the bleeding breast,
And lulls with its sweetness each woe to rest.

In an hour like this, why wanders forth
Hugo, the pride of Glendalworth?
Why doth he leave the festive board
Where the song of joy alone is poured?
Why when the revel is echoed loud
In his sire's hall doth he flee the crowd,
To wander alone on the moon-lit plain,
In the loneliest part of his vast domain?
Why is the silence of twilight's hour
More sweet to him than the noisy throng
Whose echoing voices within yon tower
Are borne by the murmuring wind along.

Strange, that his faithful, trusty hound,
(Who meets his master with merry bound,
And tries to win from that saddened brow
One mark of recognition now;
Yet finding every effort vain,
Still licks his master's hand again,
That he, who late was all his care),
Should stand uncaressed and unnoticed there.
He listens awhile to the revel cheer,
Then further wanders on,
For it falls like a mockery on his ear
With its joyful and festive tone;
It was like to the transient ray which flies
Through the captive's dungeon dim,
Who knows as it falls on his weary eyes,
That its light is not for him.
And Hugo felt that his breaking heart
Could not take at that feast his "customed part,"
And tho' many a bright eye sparkled there,
They had not the power to ease the weight
Of the darksome sorrow and deep'ning care
Which had chosen his breast for their gloomy seat;
Tho' the early dawn of the morrow's sun
Shall see him far away
From his goodly lands and his ancient home
Where he wanders forth to-day;
Yet he will not grieve to leave behind
His fickle, fawning friend,
For he knew he could not hope to find
Him such, should summer end.
His heritage, his vast domain,
Gave not his mind a thought,
For he knew that wealth could never gain
The happiness he sought;
Yet there is one to whom his thought,
Albeit now with sorrow fraught,
Turns like the sun-flower to the sun,
Thus was he wrapt in that lovely one.
Alas! that forms so fair should be
A source of grief and misery.
As mothers love their only child,
As timid stag the desert wild,
As fluttering songsters love their nest,
Thus loved he that inconstant breast,
Who gayest now among the gay,
Forgot the bright, the happy day,
When vows were made and hearts were given,
Recorded in the page of Heaven.
Sudden he starts, why doth he stand
And strike his brow with frenzied hand?
Why is that look so fraught with sadness,
With desperation, grief, and madness?
Why sits there on that brow the mark
Of what, in sooth, appears so dark,
As if stern sorrow's seat were there
With its companions, grief and care?
It is not that mad burst of grief
Which rages wild, yet finds relief;
There fell no tear from that proud eye,
Yet thou might'st hear afar the sigh
He breathed in deep-felt agony!
It was that silent, speechless sorrow,
That hopes no respite on the morrow,
Which preys in secret on the heart,
And only will with death depart.
"In earlier hours and happier days,"
When on her favorite, favour'd child,
Fortune had shed her brightest rays,
And in her fickleness had smiled;
When loved by one endearing heart,
And that beloved one near his side,
From whom he felt 'twere death to part
More prized than aught on earth beside;
In happier days, on a wide-spread oak
As they sate one eve beneath its shade,
When tenderest vows by each were spoke,
He had carved the name of that well-loved maid,
And little he deem'd as he sate there then,
That a time of grief, of woe would come;
That his joy would flit like a wisp i' the glen,
Which sinks away in its marsby home:
Ah! little he thought that form so fair
Would be like hail in summer skies,
Which sparkles high in the sunny air,
Yet melts away before our eyes;
His heart was faithful, constant, true,
He thought that her's would be so too.

Upon that lately verdant oak,
Now torn and rent by lightning's stroke,
He gazes wild, he traces now
The name of her whose every vow,
Whose every promise had been broke!
That name it flashed upon his eyes
As light'ning darts athwart the skies,
Or as it scathes the sun-burnt plain,
Thus did it rend his heart in twain;
Too well-remembered was that seat
Beneath that knotted, oaken bower,
Where every eve they used to meet
In twilight's sweet and solemn hour;
Too well-remembered was that form,
Which lately seated by his side,
He could not think on now with scorn,
(That cure for faithlessness), denied
To him alone among the crowd,
Whom fickle hearts to woe had bowed.

"Ida!" he cries, "by yon bright heaven!
By this sad heart which thou hast riven;
By yonder sun just sank to rest
Deep in its regions of the West;
By the warbling of the birds
Whose tones were ne'er to me so sweet
As e'en the echo of thy words
When blissfully we used to meet;
By all I felt when we did sever;
By this sad heart that's thine for ever;
Could I have thought it was my doom
That thou should'st cause within my breast
A weight of sorrow which the tomb
Alone can soften into rest?
Could I have thought that all those charms
I once thought mine would flee these arms,
Which like a meteor led me on,
And mocked the wanderer when 'twas gone?
I would have shunned thee like the snake
That glittering coils within the brake.

I dreamt no change in one so fair,
For never shone upon this earth
A form more sweet, or charms more rare,
Than those which owed to thee their birth!
On which full many a time I've gazed
Enwrapt in wonder and amazed;
And fancied forms like thine were given
To those who dwell aloft in heaven!
Those charms are now a woe to me!
Would I could tear from out my heart
All traces of their memory,
As thorns are plucked which cause the smart.
Oblivion is denied to those
Who sink beneath their weight of woes,
The gay, the thoughtless and the glad,
They may forget—but not the sad!

Few things are constant here below!
The summer woos the purple flower;
Awhile 'tis cherished by its glow,
Awhile its rays shine on the bower,
But not for long! it flies away,
And chilling winter rules the day,
And sinks the flower which owes its birth
To sunny skies, low, low on earth!
Why cannot I like others change,
And teach myself like thee to range,
As the gay bee from flower to flower
With fancy varying every hour;
Or like the sparkling shower of hail
Or zephyr's balmy transient gale,
Which woos each blossom on its way
One moment rests, then flies away?
Why cannot I, fond, constant fool,
Make every form I meet the tool

* We trace the germ of so much merit in the above poem, the production of a very young author, that we have willingly given it a place in our pages as an article by itself, its length far exceeding the limits of our Poets' Corner.—EDITRESS.

To wile away a weary hour,
Forgetful of the woes we shower
Upon that fair, that trusting one,
By loving us, who seals her doom;
Who gives her heart, that gem so rare,
That costly prize into our keeping,
And little thinks the woes she'll bear
When he that has that heart is fleeting
Far, far away to some less fair,
And left behind remorse and care,
As parting gifts for her to share,
Who unsuspecting, artless, gave
Her peace, her joy, her heart, her love,
Her all, to find that but the grave,
Or woes through life which none can brave,
Are left for her to prove.

No, Ida! tho' untrue to me,
I loved, and still will love, but thee!
Thou art the form, on which this eye
Throughout my life will ever rest,
Thou art the fair whose memory
Will lie enshrined within this breast!
And tho' I wend my lonely way
To other lands beyond the sea,
And try to tear from out my heart
The woe, which never will depart;
And when alone I'm wandering there,
I meet with hearts perhaps more sincere,
I ne'er shall see a form so fair
As her I leave behind me here!
Who once was faithful to my side
For whom without a thought, a care,
I would have cast wealth, power aside,
And in thy cause with joy have died,
Could I but once have called thee bride!

Ida! thy name sounds on my ear,
Sweet as the sail the ship-wrecked see,
Which draws unto their succour near,
And cleaves the boisterous, stormy sea;
Sweet as the little village bell,
Which greets the long-lost wanderer home
Who journeys wearied through the dell,
Recalling now its distant tone;
Reviving hopes within his breast,
That all have not sunk into rest;
That some fond friend still lingers there
To hear his tale of woe and care.
Yet fare thee well! in grief and sorrow
To distant climes beyond the sea,
The waves shall bear me on the morrow
Far distant, far away from thee!
Farewell! be calm my throbbing brow!
That bitter word is uttered now!"

He went his way, the morrow came,
He stood upon the vessel-side;
He left behind an honoured fame,
He waft's a prayer across the tide,
And as he uttered Ida's name
He dashed a scalding tear aside;
Then out he took his saddened lute,
So long untuned, neglected, mute;
And thus as evening shadows fell,
He breathed to her his last farewell!

"Farewell to thee, Ida! I feel my hand tremble
O'er the strings of my lute as I bid thee farewell!
How vain is each effort my grief to dissemble;—
If 'tis bitter to part, here 'twere madness to dwell:
As the waves bear me onward across the green ocean,
The billows, the winds, my companions alone;
I breathe thy name, Ida, with bitter emotion,
And weep as I think on the days that are gone.

"Farewell to thee, Ida! I fain would forget thee!
And blot from my memory's tablet the past!
For each thought only makes me still further regret thee,
Each throb is more bitter, more keen than the last;
Yet as soon shall the Arab, with thirst parch'd and weary,
Forget the sweet spring in the desert he found;
Or the eagle forsake his fond mate in the eyrie,
As remembrance can cease where affection is bound.

"Farewell to thee, Ida! where'er I may wander
In sadness and sorrow it matters not now;
For the bitterest grief I can feel is to ponder
To think thou canst smile on my sorrowing brow!"

His lute and song are hush'd again,
Or wander across the tide;
And as the vessel cleaved the main,
He turned his head and sighed.
He sigh'd to think he left behind
His own lov'd land afar to find
In other climes beneath the sun,
A solace for his wounded mind;
He braved the sea in hopes to drown
The memory of that faithless one.

THE SELECTOR.

THE INVALID.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

"Teach me to feel another's woe."—POPE.

NOTHING can be more common than for persons of a naturally robust and healthy temperament of mind and body, who feel not those "infirmities flesh is heir to,"—nothing, I repeat, is more common than for such persons to ridicule the want of that greatest of all earthly blessings, HEALTH in others; and to attribute the ailments of those arround them to the effect of temper, or what is called "*nervous irritability.*" Instead, therefore, of benefiting more largely by the mercies extended to themselves, and feeling a thankful gratitude for the boon bestowed by their munificent Creator, blessings to them become curses to others, by causing a callousness to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; and, like Pharoah of old, they "harden their hearts" against conviction, and against belief.

Such, at least was the effect produced upon Walter Beverley, the hero, if I may so designate him, of the brief yet faithful page in whose life I am about to record; and should there be one among my readers who is conscious of lacking the "milk of human kindness," in his own bosom, may the catastrophe of this little narrative produce that change, so "devoutedly to be wished."

Walter Beverley was a young man possessed of fine animal spirits, flowing from a constitution which (saving in the maladies incident to childhood) had never known a day's wear, either from sickness or sorrow; he seemed, indeed, the favourite of fortune, in person, wealth, and manners. Generous and manly, gifted with many good and noble qualities, his detestation of every thing approaching to cowardice or effeminacy in his own sex, was little short of hatred—even the gentler part of the creation, woman, pleased Walter more when the extreme delicacy of her sex was discarded, and none of those pretty yet misplaced graces of timidity which beauty is apt to assume, were put in practice to attract admirers. A young man moving in the circle Beverley *did* move in, was not likely to be long in finding a wife; Julia St. Pierre, the only daughter of a French refugee, drew her first breath in England, whither her parents had flown with what wealth they could hastily collect at the breaking out of the revolution. Educated as an English woman, (for she had known no other country), young, lovely, and accomplished, Julia soon attracted the eyes, and fixed the roving heart of Walter, in those circles where "they met;" and though he was very opposite in character, for her's was "the mild lustre of the early morn, and *his* the radiance of the risen day," he soon became a lover—wooed and won—and they were united.

There was a hectic streak on the face of the fair bride, that to all eyes, save those of the delighted husband, seemed the herald of an early grave. That direful disease, the simoon of our climate, deadly as that of the eastern desert—since with a like remorselessness it sweeps away all who come within its influence—CONSUMPTION, had already sown its baneful seeds in her bosom, to spring up ere long, and desolate the soil.

I pass over the early period of their married life—like an English April, it had its showers and its sunshine, but no cloud of any magnitude rested upon it; Walter was justly proud of his beautiful wife, and delighted to instruct her in the more robust accomplishments of her sex; under his tuition, though naturally timid, she became an expert horsewoman, and the husband was never more in his element (to use a nautical phrase) than when attending in the double capacity of of esquire and tutor, at the bridal rein of his graceful Julia.

Time rolled on, and olive branches sprang around their table, but, alas! they did not bring increase of happiness; the wife's duties were now to become subservient to those of the mother—nature demanded it, and Julia was obliged to relinquish many of those pleasures, innocent in themselves, which became otherwise when they drew away her attention from her offspring. These little sacrifices on *her* part were made without a sigh, for a mother *can* know no happiness like that of which SHE is the centre at HOME. But with man it is different; *he* does not feel the ties of those dear ones to bind him so closely,

Walter was not naturally fond of children, and the scenes of domestic life were too tame for his ardent temperament; he loved to mount the wave, rather than glide down the calm smooth stream; and his spirit became stagnant when it was not excited by constant activity. This was the hour of his trial—*now* was to be put to the test the oath, "to love and to cherish," which he had sworn to her who had consented to share his destiny at the altar of his God.

The health of Mrs. Beverley gradually gave way, under the many anxieties from which a mother, let her situation in life be ever so exalted, *cannot* be exempt. How little in after life do any of us appreciate that unceasing fatigue, that unvarying tenderness which anticipates the steps of time, and furrows the cheek of gentle woman with wrinkles, not of years. When Julia became no longer able, with pleasure to herself, to accompany her husband to those scenes of gaiety, or endure the late hours of the fashionable society in which she had hitherto been his partner, Walter bore the bereavement in sullen silence, or if when increasing disease forced a gentle complaint from the lips of his suffering wife, a word of recognition that he heard her *did* break from him, it was such as blistered, rather than soothed the wound it fell upon. Soon, however, this gloomy calm, like the silence of nature before the tempest, burst forth in anger and ridicule, and audible wishes "that he had not married a woman to fill his house with doctors, and exhaust his purse for fees!" were common salutations on the lips of Beverley. "Julia was only nervous," he would say to her friends—"only nervous, and wanted rousing;" and under this impression the poor sinking invalid was often forced into gaiety, under the pretended search after that health which for her was only to be obtained in the quiet shades of retirement, or the holy calm of domestic peace. Often when the unpitied Julia returned from such scenes, and was conscious that the tide of health would never again flow through her wasted veins, would she gaze with tearful eyes on the little flock bounding to meet her, and mentally offer a prayer for their protection, when her maternal arms could no longer be their shield; often, too, while resting on her harp, whose tuneful chords her fingers had ceased to make obedient to their touch, would she weep over her youngest born, the blue-eyed cherub, who, like the personification of Pity's dove, flew to nestle and repose in her wounded bosom.

Gently as the fading light of the melting rainbow, tint after tint, did her beauty pass, almost unperceived, away. She had long ceased to breathe a murmur, for it was sure to call up a cloud on the brow, or an unmanly sneer on the lip of the heartless Beverley, who now that his wife's accomplishments and beauty could no longer minister to his vanity, showed himself the selfish being his own passions had made him. Despite his better reason, he *would* not be convinced that the hectic flush and bright blue eye of Julia could betoken aught but health; and to conciliate his wayward temper, that fevered cheek and wildly illumined eye often were clothed in smiles, when the worm was gnawing at her aching heart.

"There, now you look something like yourself, Julia," said the selfish Walter one evening when, in obedience to his wishes, she had placed herself at the harp, which stood beside the sofa, on which her weakness obliged her to recline. "Come, you only want rousing, as I told Dr. Berkley yesterday, when he shook his head, and pulled a long professional face; illness is all an idea—a fancy—making women a trouble to themselves, and a burden to every one about them. It only wants courage and nerve to throw it off, as one changes one's dress; and really. Julia, your's is becoming quite a worn out garment—I am tired of seeing it." A melancholy smile was the only answer to this ill-timed pleasantry. "Come," he continued, "play some of those lively airs you had used to be so fond of before we were plagued with these cursed brats, who have worn your very life out." "Be off, Sir, out of the way!" said the unnatural father to the trembling boy who sat at his mother's knee; and suiting the "action to the ward," hurled him with his foot to the other side of the apartment, with a violence that made the floor echo beneath his fall.

The spirit of the mother *could* not brook *this;* neglect—reviling, showered upon *herself*, she had long borne calmly and without a murmur; but if ever the most timid animal will turn and defend her young, when attacked, how much more will not WOMAN dare in defence of her offspring! So it was with the wife of Beverley—every feeling the dearest, the most sacred in her bosom's shrine, had been outraged—outraged by him, too, who of all others should have respected and upheld them! And for the *first* time words of bitter and reproaching import escaped her lips—remonstrance only produced the opposite effect intended, on so obdurate an heart—and Walter Beverley, the husband and father of those he had wronged, quitted his home, to spend elsewhere a gayer evening than that he might now anticipate within its walls.

* * * * * *

Late was the hour when he returned, under the two-fold influence of wine and passion, those demons ever ready to join compact together and make common cause against erring man. Stupified and weary with the orgies of the club, whither he had flown, to stifle in noise and riot the upbraidings of the "still small voice" that will be heard within us, it was not till the beams of the noon-day sun shone into their chamber, that Beverley awoke to consciousness—and to look on the inanimate form beside his pillow,—MRS. BEVERLEY WAS DEAD! Exhausted by the vexation of the evening, heart-sick and heart-broken, she had softly kissed her children as they slept, and retired some hours before her husband's return! and alone, in the silence and deep hush of midnight—that awful power who bids "the weary be at rest," had visited her sorrows, and her pure spirit had flown to Him who gave it.

Some moments elapsed ere the horror-struck Walter could fully arouse his bewildered senses to comprehend the fatal truth! He bent his ear to listen,—no gentle breathing answered to his hopes, and told that life was yet an inmate of that fragile tenement;—he touched the pale cheek over which the long eye-lash hung like a jetty fringe, with a tear still moist upon it. His hand recoiled from the icy thrill which *that* touch sent through his veins; *there is no mistaking the touch of death!* To summon the servants and medical aid was now but the work of a moment, but in vain, the vital spark was quenched for ever. In all the stupor of grief, too agonized, "too deep for tears," the wretched man stood gazing on the form before him. Yes, there she lay—the bride of his choice, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children—the shadow of beauty yet throwing its twilight loveliness over her features, even as the lunar rainbow retains the outline of the brighter arch of day, but gleams colder and paler beneath the chilly midnight. At that awful moment what would the husband and the father not have given to recall but the last twelve hours of his existence—to have caused the dial of time to go back as it did of yore? How did every unkind word he had uttered, every offensive look of which he had been guilty, set themselves in battle array against him, and rise from the cells of his own heart, like spectres of terror to upbraid him. The wolf that fed on the life-stream of the Spartan thief, the tooth of the viper, or the three-fanged sting of the scorpion, are nothing contrasted with the agonies of an accusing conscience. Yet the lesson did not lose its effect on the heart of Beverley, a revolution which years could not have accomplished, was now the work of one little hour. Prostrate beside his desolated couch, with his children gathered around him, the first prayer Beverley had uttered, since he knelt in boyhood at his mother's knee, broke from his humiliated soul, for forgivness for the past and direction for the future; and there too, on that solemn shrine, with the weeping pledges of love before him, did he vow to consecrate his future life to their welfare, and to be henceforth a father in affection as in name. The Spirit of her he had injured bent down and hallowed the prayer, and the recording angel, who rejoices over the sinner that repenteth, registered the oath in heaven.

Years have fleeted by, since the period when this history commenced, and in the fondly attached father, watching and guiding the expanding

minds of his affectionate children, no traces can be recognised of the early failings of Walter Beverley.—*Bell's Weekly Magazine.*

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Parry, Jun.

Old Vesuvius has greatly altered his appearance of late; immense volumes of smoke and fire are constantly emitted, but in a totally different shape, if I may use the term, for they are issued in the form of a cone, which varies frequently, but always very grand and awful! The *Soirées* are more numerous than ever; not a day passes without some splendid party being given by some of our Grandees. The other evening Lady de Tabley entertained a great number of English, among whom were the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Combermere, Lord Lowther, Lady Stracban, Miss Cotton, and a host of stars and garters. On the 9th instant Lady Stracban gives a grand *fête* to the King and Queen, and most of the distinguished personages in Naples; on which occasion a concert will be performed, in which Malibran, Lablache, and his pupil, my humble self, will take a part. By the bye, I have heard of a ridiculous story which has found its way into the English newspapers respecting a misunderstanding between the King of Naples and Malibran. The fact is simply this:—Malibran was taken very unwell while performing in Rossini's *Otello;* and when his Majesty was informed of it he was graciously pleased, with a very proper feeling, to command that the ballet should be commenced.

Sir R. Acton gave a most splendid entertainment last week to the Royal Family, on which occasion his palace (for really most of the mansions here are palaces in miniature) was decorated in the most brilliant manner immaginable; the doors were richly gilt; the walls covered with looking-glasses, reaching to the carpet, which was partly composed of crimson velvet; the sofas and ottomans were lined with satin and gold.

In the ball-room a beautiful throne had been erected, brilliantly illuminated, and enriched with paintings and miniatures of great value; the ceiling filled with elaborate paintings from views in the ruins of Pompeii, in gold and scroll-work. Curiosities and bijous of the rarest kind met the eye in all directions, and the whole place was perfumed with exotics, and scented wood was blazing in the fire-places. About nine o'clock we heard the sound of trumpets and drums, which announced the arrival of the King and the Royal Family, on whose entrance the whole assembly (about three hundred) rose up, and it appeared one dazzling mass of gold, jewels, feathers, and flowers. Three French vaudevilles were extremely well performed by amateurs; the scenery, dresses, and in short, all the stage appointments, were splendid. After the vaudevilles their Majesties mixed with the company, conversing familiarly; the King was in plain uniform, carrying a very elegant helmet in his hand; the Queen wore a turban, richly ornamented with gold and diamonds; a robe of crimson velvet, with diamonds and emeralds "displayed in tasteful rows." The great St. Carlo will open next May, under a new management, and it is reported that it will be lighted with gas, which will be a great improvement. Bellina's opera, *Norma*, is frequently performed, in which Malibran appears to great advantage as the heroine. Herold's opera, *Zampa*, is performed at the Fondo Theatre, in which Lablache is very *great* in more senses than one. The weather is remarkably fine now—one perfect blue sky and sea; it is quite warm, and the trees are blooming.

To the great anoyance of the admirers of Terpsichore, ballets are not allowed during Lent; nothing but music at the Theatres.

The Duke of Devonshire is gone on a tour to Sicily. I am happy to say, that his Grace has found great benefit from this mild climate. You shall hear once more from me before I quit Naples, which will be a few days before the Holy Week, which I fully intend to pass at Rome, and of which I will give you the best account I can. I shall leave Naples, where I have met with the greatest kindness and hospitality for nearly six months, with very great regret; and, to quote Moore again—

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear,
Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

Naples, March 1, 1834. I. O. P.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEATH OF PUSS.

WRITTEN FOR MY CHILDREN.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

How lovely upon Childhood's cheek
The tears that artless feeling speak;
Such tears my Boy this morning shed,
When sobbing forth "Poor Puss is dead!"

Ah! ever may that guileless heart
In others' sufferings bear a part;
Nor lack itself soft Pity's tone
To sympathize and soothe its own!

And since "Poor Pussey's" suffering
Can touch thy bosom's tenderest string;
Ne'er be thou slow to yield relief,
Or share thy *fellow-creature's* grief!

And when in broils of infant rage,
With thy young sisters thou'dst engage,
Let conscience this great check supply,
"What should I feel if *they* should die?"

"Should I not *then* regret the vain
And idle wrath that gave them pain;
When my regrets they could not hear,
Nor see my heart's repentant tear?"

Such thoughts, when anger's spark hath blaz'd,
Will check the hand by passsion raised;
Bid all your infant quarrels cease,
And join your hearts in LOVE AND PEACE.

REFLECTIONS ON A TOUR BY THE RHINE, TO NAPLES AND ROME.

No. IX.

ON THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

The Turk is waltzing* at a rout,
The Spaniard for his queen;†
Rome throws her sugar-plums about,
Masked, as she's ever been.

Masked, from the priest, the ancient wall,
From whence the Brigand peeps,
To the fat cardinal in stall,
To opera girl who creeps.

They even mask old Time, as did
Egyptians‡ here, of yore,
Making the sluggard waltz, when bid,
'Round mystic twenty-four.

When here 'tis "twenty-four o'clock,"
Your watch may point to five,
Thus in old customs keeping stock,
Time's masked, old habits thrive.

But Rome's unmasked in impudence,
Obscenity, and dirt!
Though fifty founts their streams immense
By beasts and tritons spirt.

In spite of English models, too,
Of all that's clean and civil;
But whom they pigeon, quiz, stare through,
And wish them at the D—l.

As, to Apollo, Sparta once
Her famed *carneia* § kept,
These modern heathens keep the nonce,
The farce has never slept.

Nothing is changed at Rome, conceit
Admits amendment never!
They manufacture, boast, and cheat,
Tell lies, and pray, as ever!

EDWARD WARD.

* Some good lines appeared in the *Times*, upon the Reis Effendi's dancing at a ball given by Sir R. Gordon.

† The dancing girls preceded the carriage of Queen Christiana, as she entered Madrid.

‡ The Egyptian settlers here introduced the custom of reckoning the hour by the setting of the run.

§ The Carneia was the origin of the Carnival, as its name shews.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office*, 49, *Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 42—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} [Saturday, April 12, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—A pelisse of very pale lavender coloured *gros de Naples*. The body is made with a little fulness before and behind, and quite up to the throat. The sleeves of the Amadis form, the upper part excessively large. Round pelerine of moderate size, bordered with a *ruche* of *gros de Naples*, deep but not very full. The front of

the skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with *ruches*, and the centre of the skirt is marked by a trimming of *gros de Naples* disposed in festoons with a single *coque* affixed to the point of each. Bonnet of straw-coloured *poux de soie*, with a long brim, and moderate sized crown. A sprig of anemonies and a profusion of gauze ribbons adorns the crown. The interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace and flowers. The sitting figure presents a back view of the dress.

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

Miscellaneous.—The most fashionable bonnet caps are trimmed under the brim, with plaitings of blond lace or *tulle*, interspersed with little knots of coloured gauze ribbon. Some are formed of small separate bows of very narrow ribbon, others are arranged in a wreath of single bows, placed between two rows of quilling. We observe, that rose colour is most in favour, and that, generally speaking, the knots are brought low upon the cheeks, which has a very becoming effect. Several of the new morning caps have the cauls of embroidered muslin; they are made rather high, and rounded at the top, with a narrow headpiece, trimmed, next the face, with a double row of English lace, which is brought very narrow, and almost to a point, but does not meet in the centre, where a moderate sized bow of ribbon is placed just over the forehead; the ends of this bow descend in a straight line on the headpiece, and tie under the chin in a full knot. This is really a pretty style of cap.

The most novel cravats are of foulards; they are half-handkerchiefs, folded in the cravat style, and trimmed at the edge with a narrow plaiting of satin ribbon; it should be of the predominant colour of the cravat.

If our space permitted, we would enlarge upon the beauty of the new pocket-handkerchiefs, but with the fear of censure from the Council of Ten before our eyes, we can only say, that the embroidery, and the lace that trims them, are of the most costly description. The most elegant have a row of Turkish points surmounting the Valenciennes lace at the edge; above the points is an embroidered wreath of either foliage or small flowers, and in each corner is a bouquet of flowers. The work is generally in feather stitch.

The Philosophy of Old Maidism.—If any share of independence be the lot of woman, it falls to the wealthy old maid. The policy of man has made old maidism the bugbear of the sex. They have judiciously levelled against it the whole artillery of ridicule, the squibs and crackers of which are vastly more fearful than the two-edged sword of satire; the first hurts a woman's fine vanities—it falls upon her flounces and furbelows; the latter only cuts her vices; and though the wound it makes be sore, it is probably unseen; and she heals it, and says nothing about it.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE.

An exceedingly pretty fairy ballet opera is nightly drawing good houses here, it is entitled "*The Frolics of the Fairies; or, Puck in a Pucker*," and is performed entirely by children, some we should judge not as yet weaned. After the fashion of the drama of the day, of course there is a conspiracy and a *female army* introduced, and the manner in which these Liliputians go through their exercise, may put the fair Amazons of Covent Garden to the blush! The novelty of 200 children on the stage, which the bills state to be the number, (we counted upwards of 140) cannot fail to delight the juvenile part of the audience. The ball-room scene is very splendid, equal (except in extent) to that in *Gustavus*, and the dancing by the young figurantes very graceful. We would particularize the wreath-dance by Miss Pettifer, who played Oberon, and is a very elegant and talented girl. It was amusing to see with what an air the pigmy officers waltzed with their partners, and the coquettry displayed by the infant flirts in return! The whole piece is exceedingly well got up, and does great credit to the management. The house during the recess has been newly decorated, and the rose-colour and white drapery of the private boxes sets the fair occupiers' complexions off to the best candle-light advantage.

CANTERBURY THEATRE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The fascinating vocalist, Mrs. Waylett, has been playing here for a few nights, singing her favourite songs, and enacting her most effective characters in Perfection, by which she has caused the "Devil to Pay."* You Londoners are too well acquainted with her ballads of the "Mountain's brow" and "Kate Kearney," to need any eulogium on them from the pen of a country critic, but you may not be so well versed in the beauties of "What's a' the steer Kimmer?" which she gave with such effect, as to call for an instantaneous and rapturous encore a *second time*. From hence Mrs. Waylett proceeds to Rochester, and will make a short professional tour, ere she returns to commence her engagement at the New English Opera House. In conclusion I send you an impromptu, written by a wag of this our town, on the fair vocalist's having taken up her abode during her sojourn here at the Rose Hotel.

The English Drama's lyric Queen,
Her inn hath wisely chose;
Since Nightingales have ever been
Enamoured of the Rose.

* Pieces in which Mrs. Waylett appeared, we believe, on the first evening of her performance in Canterbury.

MUSIC HALL, STORE-STREET.

LA SOCIETA DELLA CONCORDIA.

A very elegant new room for the performance of Concerts and Musical entertainments, was opened by a society under this imposing title on Friday, 4th inst. The orchestra is excellently well adapted for the displaying to advantage the powers of the vocalist; but the Band on this occasion was much too powerful for the size of the room, and the drum found a most painful *echo* on that of our ear. The concerts of this society, of which four are announced, are under the superintendance of Signor Lanza, a gentleman well known and esteemed in the professional world. The performance of the evening commenced with an overture, MS., of Signor Lanza's own composition, followed by a quartette and chorus. To these succeeded Miss Land in a MS. song of Bishop's, "I'll forsake thee never," with a trumpet obligato accompaniment by Mr. Harper. It is a fine bravoura song, and though enough to tear the lungs of the vocalist to pieces, she did it ample justice, though such efforts are we think in general far more wonderful than pleasing. Mr. Ribas on the flute, delighted us as usual, and a Miss Redford and Mr. H. Gear, in the airs of "Se m' abbandoni" and "Nel lasciar," &c. respectively allotted to them, were heard with pleasure. Miss F. Healy, in "Lo here the gentle Lark," accompanied by Mr. Minasi on the flute, did not give us the same satisfaction, though we must have been singular in our opinion, since the song was loudly encored, but to our ear it lacked that gentle sweetness Miss Stephens used to impart to this beautiful chef d' œuvre of Bishop's, and there was a straining after effect, and a grimace in the execution, any thing but graceful. Miss Bruce next gave "Di piacer" with her usual sweetness and good taste. The perfect flexibility of this lady's voice, always spares us the unpleasant sensation experienced in listening to efforts that cannot be sustained by the singer, and we never tremble least *she* should break down in the middle of a cadence. A MS. trio and chorus, sung by Messrs. Harrington, Gear, and Le Jeune, and composed by Mrs. Colonel Stewart (whose name, as a composer, is new to us), was loudly and deservedly encored; there was a playful sweetness about the air exceedingly pleasing, it having none of the heaviness which usually attaches to this species of vocal composition. Miss Kearsley on the harp, executed with much brilliancy some difficult passages of one of Bochsa's fantasias (which we have often heard the composer himself play). Then followed Miss F. Healy in the simple ballad of "The maid of Llangolen," in which she was again encored, and we liked her better than in her first song, though she was out of tune more than once. The act concluded with the favourite trio and chorus "Vadasi via di quà," which was sung with much hu-

mour and effect. At the beginning of the second act, though we saw the names of Madame Feron and Signor Zuchelli as vocalists, and Mr. G. F. Kialhmark set down for a piece on the piano, we were compelled by other engagements to quit the melodious scene. The room was crowded by many persons of eminence in the sister arts, and highly respectable families residing in the squares in the immediate vicinity of the Music Hall.

SIGNOR PAGANINI'S CONCERTS.

This celebrated professor has again made his appearance in London, and we attended the first of his evening performances at the Adelphi Theatre, on Monday, 7th inst. The doors were besieged at an early hour, and the greatest difficulty was found in obtaining seats by those who had not previously secured places. The concert began with the Overture to Der Freischutz, exceedingly well performed by a very efficient band, led in an able manner by Mr. Eliason. The first vocal piece was, "Non pin Andrai," which Signor A. Giubelei sang very pleasingly. To this succeeded Miss Watson, in A. Lee's exquisite song, of "The Soldier's Tear." We have never before heard this young lady, but were much charmed with the very sweet and chaste style in which she sang this ballad. There is a graceful simplicity of execution in Miss Watson's manner of singing, and a distinctness of intonation (which, to an English Ballad, is of the most vital importance,) that induces us to believe she will one day become a leading vocalist in the English school. After the Cavatina, "Tu Vedrai" by Mr. Handel Gear, the great attraction of the evening, Paganini, appeared. His entrance was greeted with long and loud applause, and he executed the first part of a Grand Concerto, composed, as the bills stated, expressly for him, with a full orchestral accompaniment, amid repeated marks of approbation. We have not space to particularize separately every performance of the evening, the whole of which, both vocal and instrumental, was most judiciously selected by Mr. Watson. We therefore pass over the second act, till we come again to Signor Paganini's variations on the air, "Ne' cor piu," *without* orchestral accompaniments. Here the violinist was left entirely to himself, and thrown upon his own resources, shewed the wonderful power he possesses over the instrument; a running bass being kept up with the fingers of the left hand, while the air was playing with the bow in the right. In the third act, he again performed a sort of military movement entirely on one string (the fourth) but with the occasional assistance of the orchestra. But the gem of the evening remained to the last, viz. the professor's performance of the favourite national Irish air, "Saint Patrick's Day," on the fourth string; and this seemed to give greater delight to the audience (probably because they better understood and felt the music,) than all that had gone before. The tones he drew from the instrument, particularly the minor and chromatic, were exquisite, and fell upon the ear

—— like the sweet south
Upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

An encore was loudly called for from all parts of the house; and when we left the Theatre, the Signor had just returned to the stage to oblige John Bull with the repetition.

SIGNOR VERINI'S MUSICAL SOIREES.

We attended one of these evening musical meetings, on Thursday last, and were much gratified in hearing the pleasing ballad of the "Holly Bough," written and composed by our talented correspondent Miss Skynner, beautifully and most effectively sung by Mr. Gear. It is a very sweet song, and one that tells well in a public room.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE RAMBLE.

"Another lovely morning," said my sweet sister Emma, after the salutations of the early day had passed, (as she seated herself at the breakfast-table, where I had been performing the duties which invariably devolved on No. 1, for the preceding quarter of an hour.) "Another lovely day, dear Mary," as she sipped her cocoa, "I hope you are inclined for a ramble, say yes, and you will so oblige me." "Well," I replied, "I've no particular objection, but beautifully blue as is the sky, and calm as is the breeze, I fear all is too bright to be lasting; however *nous verrons.*" The little ceremony over, the snowy diaper cloth removed, and the fallen crumbs carefully swept from our sight by our rosy-cheeked Patty, (a very queen of industry, humbly treading in the paths of her excellent mistress, our good mother), having thrown our green shawls across our shoulders, were endeavouring to render the ties of our bonnet ribbons as fascinating as possible, when a knock, causing almost a death-blow to our newly painted door pannels, announced a visitor, and without introduction entered "cousin Harry." He was a tall handsome fellow; I believe he loved us all, but I am sure, quite sure, he dearly loved Sophia. Mamma came in for her share of caresses, for she regarded him almost in the light of a son. "Going for a walk, girls, by all that's good; positively, dear Sophy, you ought to give Dad Pedagogue a thousand kisses for this not every day civility, and his favours are like angels visits, 'few and far between,' therefore I presume I must not expect another holiday this twelvemonth; as for the stupid Greek translation, double page you know to-morrow, so hurrah for a stroll; by the bye, I had almost forgotten my mother's note," taking one from his pocket-book, and handing it to mamma, "and some scraps for your album, Mary." "Well done, master orator," I exclaimed, "really you daily improve, when some years hence you become an M.P., I should rejoice to be in the gallery listening to your maiden speech. However, we shall be happy to have you as a companion." Now Sophia pleaded tight shoes when I requested her to accompany us, in good truth she is a bad pedestrian, but a little pressing from cousin Harry, sent her up stairs. Her toilette was soon completed, her nicely curled hair came in for a share of praise with the pretty pink bonnet, which had been carefully removed from its repository, (where it lay in lavender, covered with light muslin wrappers, which seemed to say, "above all keep intruders from my sight,") again it saw the day, and sweetly interesting she looked in it; as each flattering word fell from the lips of her favourite, a gradual yet most delicate tint stole over her countenance, until it assumed the complexion of a deep rose-colour, I could not resist smiling at the attention she had bestowed on herself, and her not remembering at the instant that she likewise owned a very excellent and prettily trimmed straw, far better calculated for a country walk. All were ready, nodding "good bye" to mamma and Eliza, and were sallying forth, when our amiable parent, having perused the short yet affectionate note from "aunt Florine," announcing her intention to join our family at dinner, particularly enjoined us to be at home by three o'clock, as a couple of her own fowls were to be subjected to a sudden and violent death to contribute their principal share in the feast, and the ham which had been so kindly forwarded by our late respected tradesman, was, as my mother expressed it, to be dressed purposely for the dinner. This was an argument not to be resisted, and faithfully promising punctuality, provided, I said, nothing prevented, taking my little basket in my hand, for I love to gather wild flowers in my way, saw the door close upon us. Now a difficulty arose where should we bend our steps, for our distance must be timed. Sophia and myself preferred the copse, where the preceding month we gathered primroses and violets, and we loved to pass the hawthorn hedge, and the clear streamlet with its stepping stones, and the watercresses which had often given a relish to our breakfast. Emma loved the lane, where the trees grew so beautifully, forming with their branches an arbour of leaves; it was her chosen spot, but she would walk to the copse to-day, and on our return we could call at the white cottage, and purchase a nosegay with some strawberries to please mamma. All agreed, onward we strolled,

the breeze was rising, and seemed to whisper rain ere long; however, I imparted not my fears to my companions; merrily we proceeded, crossing the corn fields, and plucking the wild roses and honeysuckle within our reach. The lark carolled her matin song, and occasionally the cuckoo, with her monotonous tones, saluted our ears, yet I imagined them somewhat hoarse, which is expected in June. Harry laughed immoderately at our awkwardness in getting over the stiles, ere I improved, I said it would be highly necessary to learn the metropolitan style of getting over a country one. Certainly I had met with a few in the "great city." We arrived at the copse, glad were we to sit down upon the grassy bank. But the mild primroses had all paid nature's debt, and the violet's soft blue eye was closed. Being rather hungry after our walk, and observing the thatched roof of a small farm-house in the dale, Harry requested us to remain in that spot an instant, ran towards it, and bounding across the little barrier, soon returned with a pitcher of milk and some very excellent plain cakes. "It is a feast fit for a hungry monarch," said Emma, and really we highly enjoyed it, simple as was the fare. Quite forgetful of the hour, we sat in the shade, laughing and joking, Harry, comparing our party to "Robin Hood" and his merry men all in green, sitting under the woodland trees (the above colour certainly predominated). The farmer's boy came for the pitcher, which with a full palm he carried away, and we prepared to depart. There was a pretty black-eyed gipsy girl, with her aged parent, gathering sticks, her teeth were white as ivory, and such a happy laughing countenance, with a voice soft and silvery as a zephyr's sigh; dropping a simple curtsey, she requested a few pence. Searching my pocket, (that most useful article of housewifery), I gave all I found in its intricacies, which was gratefully received by the interesting brunette, the laughing Egyptian, as we styled her; we picked up a few twigs to shew that we were rusticating, and observed not the dark gathering clouds, until big round drops rapidly falling, promised at least a shower. Fortunately we were near the thick copse wood, and the hazel boughs, rich in foliage, gave some sort of shelter. Up went Sophia's parasol, and down came the rain, we could not help laughing as we crept into the shady retreat, as for cousin Hal, the extensive woods rang again with his merriment. Emma entirely forgot her antipathy to snakes, vipers, and other venemous creatures, whilst listening to his academic recollections, which to amuse and prevent us recurring to our distress, he retraced; then he spoke of the applause which marked his debût, in Hamlet, when observing Sophia's parasol giving positive proof of becoming perfectly saturated ere long, if the shower continued, taking an unopened handkerchief from his breast, which had been highly scented by Sophia with some deliciously genuine Mille Fleurs, placed it carefully over his favourite's apparently doomed bonnet. The glorious orb of day, however, breaking through a cloud, announced returning fine weather. Again the blossoms raised their heads, surcharged with pearly drops, and once more nature smiled. We left our retreat, rejoiced in escaping so readily. Notwithstanding it was getting rather late, we were resolved on calling at the white cottage, for the fruit and flowers. I knew of a path which led round the foot of the copse to the wicket-gate, taking you directly into her little domain. Sophia and myself without assistance reached level ground, but Emma, who rather likes attention, declared her impossibility to descend the slope. The rain had certainly rendered it somewhat slippery, but there were clumps of trees which had recently felt the woodman's axe, making tolerable resting places, and planting her little foot fearfully against each, slowly descended. We reached the garden, it was a perfect paradise; the front of the cot was white-washed, and covered with the mantling bine, whose broad green leaves half concealed the open casement windows, through which, in primitive purity, peeped the dimity drapery. Entering the principal walk, we stood in the midst of heart's-ease, anemonies, roses, carnations, double-stocks, and lupins, whilst liburnum and guelder rose trees bloomed conspicuously; then she prided herself on her gooseberry and currant bushes; no cauliflower or cucumber ever grew so fine as in her own garden, under the experienced eye of Frank, honest Frank, who was the comfort of his mother, and the acknowledged lover of pretty Fanny, the miller's daughter. But to return, we gathered a magnificent bouquet and a basket of delicious pines, which being paid for, and observing by the Dutch clock that graced a corner of the nicely sanded room, "half past three," left the pretty cottage. Harry would carry the fruit and flowers. "We experienced an immensity of trouble in getting the girls home;" our male companion said, "we reminded him of soldiers' wives bringing up the rear after a long day's march." Passing the hawthorn hedge, we arrived at the stream with its purling waters; I gathered a basket full of cresses, and one by one we carefully stepped across the stones, "reaching the opposite shore in perfect safety." At length we reached our home, not in the least inclined to prolong our ramble, having I believe walked at the tremendous rate of two miles an hour. We found first, second, and third course all removed, scarcely any thing left us but a "merry thought." By the bye, the ham proving "cut and come again," afforded us something in the shape of a meal, ending with the desert of strawberries, really they were excellent. Our little gifts pleased mamma so, that she forgot to scold us. After tea the pianoforte was opened, and in singing "The Friars of orders grey," "Flow on thou shining river," "Oh, why is Love's celestial dream," with other pet pieces, forgot our recent troubles. The sandwich-tray was brought in, and soon afterwards dear cousin Harry assisted his mother with her cloak, and throwing his own over his shoulders, they said "good night," promising to spend my anticipated birth-day, with those who shall have much satisfaction in receiv- their visit. Thus ended our day's pleasure; not sorry were we when Patty placed our chamber lamps on the side-board, and a short time found us not only in our dormitories, but fast asleep, dreaming [of the pretty white cottage, cousin Harry, and "aunt Florine."

MARY ANN.

THE DISTRESSING CASE OF AN M.D.

HUMBLY LAID BEFORE THE BELLES IN COUNCIL.

"Physician cure thyself."

I am an M.D., F.R.S., A.S.S., (and boast all the other letters in the alphabet that give honour to a man when tacked to the end of his name, like the stream of light after a comet), living not a hundred miles from —— square, and as my case is somewhat extraordinary, I shall publish it for the benefit of the nation, and especially my fellow-practitioners. When a man lives as I did, unmarried till he is *sixty-one*, he had better never marry at all. There are more ways by which a woman may torment her husband besides being jealous of him. To give you some idea of my situation, take the general outline of my history. The earlier part of my life I spent at college, in the study of physic, and, I don't know why, acquired the character of an odd learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happening in the neighbourhood of my birth-place, I was invited by my uncle to take upon me the bodily sufferings and infirmities of all the folks within a circle of ten miles. Before I undertook such a task, I ordered the barber to make me what the boys called a lion or a Pompey, literally nothing more than a good *physical* wig, under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane properly applied to the immovable muscles of my face, and a few significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician. Fees came in apace, so that in the course of twenty years I had saved up more money than I really knew what to do with. Whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I can't say, but a lady in my neighbourhood took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind but I saw the conquest, for she would often come and spend a week together with me, in short, I married her. I was past the years of discretion, and so I married her. Oh! what a condescension! a lady of her

family, rank, and fashion in life! As for her age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself, and for fortune, if ever she had any, she had spent it; and yet I was such a fool as to be convinced she was conferring the greatest obligation in the world on me. No sooner did she take upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace, and comfort. She began with discharging poor Jones, because he made so queer a figure in a long queue and white stockings, which she insisted upon his wearing, that the poor fellow could not but laugh at himself. The same day with Jones, my poor old wig was discarded; it must be confessed it grew rather the worse for wear, from long acquaintance it had contracted such a connection and familiarity, that it no longer kept that respectful distance from each side of my face, which had so much at first distinguished it. I had, however, still continued it in service, purely from this reflection, that the older it grew, the less occasion it had for combing. A new wig had been immediately put on the stocks, with a feathered top and a forked tail; since the arrival of which I am never suffered to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before it is combed and powdered. Our prig of a new footman is so long a twisting, and twirling, and tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees have been lost, ere I was able to set out to receive them. My snuff-coloured suit had been re-instated every other year from a pattern that was left in the hands of an honest tailor, that lived near, the poor fellow was likewise forbid the house, because according to my directions he made my clothes easy. A more fashionable operator was charged with preparing a new suit with gold button-holes; he has made them to fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me, for fear of laying open my spinal bone. My hat is not to be flapped any more, even though the sun shines full in my face. I am no longer suffered to wash my face, according to custom, every morning with cold spring water, but a wash of sweet almonds, made warm, is applied to my face with a sponge, to clear my complexion and eradicate the pimples. On my return home the other day from visiting a patient, I found the maid had set my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion which the regularity has occasioned, is almost inconceivable. My joe-pin, my shoe-horn, and tobacco-stopper, are lost for ever; my papers are disposed in such order that I know not where to find any thing I want. Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair, have disappeared; and instead of the easy slippers which I had made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorned with white stitches round the edges, and made so neat that I can't bear to walk in them; my woollen night-cap is condemned, in company with my brown hose, to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists that I wear one of linen, flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribbon, which tying together the aperture within one inch and a half of the top, carelessly flows down on the side. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought a defluction of humours into my right eye, which nearly deprived me of sight. The staircase and floors are all bees-waxed; it saves the expense of mops indeed; but I have such falls that I have almost dislocated every joint about me. My neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the pasteboard. When I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth with a kiss, and says, "My dear angel, we must have some little regard to appearances." She is, as I told you, but six years younger than myself; yet she dresses, dances, and drives about; the old blacks are condemned to the cart, and we have a pair of long-tailed bays, as though she was but five-and-twenty. This, however, and much more I could bear, I deserve it. I am content she shall consume six-and-thirty yards more than my old maid Hester in the snippings of her gown; she may play a shilling a fist at quadrille; she may do, aye she may do what she pleases, let me have but my study to myself; let my night-cap and my slippers be restored, and I will submit to wear the new coat and the wig every Sunday. I am, ladies, your's, an oppressed individual.

H. E.

THE SALLY.

"Why am I here a lone wanderer, amidst thousands; why a friendless being among numbers who have friends; or why am I here at all?"

The foregoing sentences were uttered by a youth, who appeared about nineteen or twenty years of age! he was seated on a rude bench on the cliffs, near the sea shore. I came unexpectedly upon him, yet he was not confused, no agitation at my apparently having been an intruder on his solitude, was visible in his manner; he returned my salutation with ease and gracefulness. After a few remarks on the weather, I observed to him that there appeared a storm fast approaching, and that it were better we moved homeward. "Home," he exclaimed, and clasped his hands, "home, sir, I have none." "No home, young man," said I; "but I forget I am a stranger, and have no claim to your confidence, but I must frankly tell you, I overheard some expressions fall from you which rather surprised me."

Dark clouds were fast approaching us. "Oh! how does that cloud resemble me," he exclaimed; "a few minutes ago the sun was shining in full splendour; now, observe, it is shrouded in almost night: such am I."

The rain descended, the winds blew, the vivid lightning played in fantastic forms around us; we rose, he gave me a look, it was a look expressive of intense agony. I seized his arm and bore him unresistingly forward; my house was situated on the coast, and commanded a view of the ocean—and it was a dreadful one at that moment—the angry billows were lashing the sides of the rocks, as though impatient of control; at a distance was seen a ship in great distress; no signals, however, appeared to be made; my companion asked me for a glass; I put one into his hands; he looked for a moment, exclaimed "all will be lost," and fell to the ground.

Immediate assistance was obtained, and I ordered him to be carried to a bed-room. Just after he had retired, I saw a paper on the ground, and attracted by curiosity, I opened, and read, to my astonishment, the following lines,—

"William,—I hope we shall arrive at —— in safety; but be sure you avoid Langton Hall. Keep up your spirits. Your's, E. D."

Strangely disconcerted, I did not know what to do; *he was at Langton Hall.* I went softly to his room; he was fast asleep. I replaced the letter in his pocket, and stood some minutes gazing at his manly, but pale countenance; conjecture as to the meaning of the letter on my part was useless. I had only to wait with patience an opportunity of learning from himself the cause of his sudden alarm and fainting, when he saw the ship. I again approached the window; the sea was still raging, the ship was tossing on the mighty wave, yet no signals of distress were made. While earnestly looking on the awful scene before me, I heard some one rapidly descend the stairs, I heard the door shut with violence, and I saw the youth flying to the sea side; he was imploring some of the people to launch a boat, but all seemed unwilling; in a moment he jumped into one and, pushing from the shore, was soon tossing on the boisterous ocean.

So unexpected, and at the same time so perilous, an act, for a few moments paralyzed me, and I could not stir. I had lost sight of the boat and man too; I took the glass, and could just discern the boat, but whether he was in it or not I could not tell; still the boat was visible, and appeared to near the vessel. The rain had greatly abated, and the wind was hushing into a calm. I hastened to the beach, and inquired of some of the sailors if they thought it possible he could reach the vessel? "It is impossible—no,"—said one of them,—"quite impossible." "I don't agree with you there," said another; "I say, he will; but what he went for Davy Jones only can tell, unless it was to go down with her." "Down with her," said the first speaker, "a pretty lubber you are,—down with her; no, no, she'll weather it I'll warrant; why, don't you see (looking through his glass) it is the Sally." "And pray, what vessel is she?" said I, interrupting him. "The Sally, your honour; why she's as pretty a

tight boat, from stem to stern, as ever man stepped on board on,—she's a *smuggler*." "A smuggler," I exclaimed." "Yes," seplied the man; "*it is'nt no wonder to see a smuggler on our coast, sure.*"

I walked slowly away, ruminating on the strange conduct of the youth, the strange letter, and the strange consequences that might ensue; one of the seamen followed me, saying, "Your honour need not be *afear'd;* the Sally would rather sink than put in here." The vessel was still labouring hard, and was much distressed, yet she appeared to make way, and leave, rather than near, the beach. I heard a loud holloa, and turned back to know what was the matter. I saw the sailor who had predicted the youth's safe arrival at the vessel, shouting and huzzaing; he bawled out, "There he goes; now he is on board; I knew he would." "And how did you know," said I, "as to make so sure in such a sea!" "Why, because he went in the only boat that would live in it." "Aye," said another, with a loud laugh, "and *who's the loser?*" "Not I," retorted the man; "It was my boat, but I'll have her again, and what will pay me well too; an honester lad never boxed a compass;" here again, I was perplexed; it appeared the youth was known.

I retraced my steps home, reflecting on what might be the meaning of the warning, not to approach Langton Hall. I had just sat down to dinner, when a neighbour came in. The discourse naturally turned to the storm, and what might be its effects. "That vessel," said Mr. Linton, "has been in the greatest danger." "Do you think she will weather it?" I enquired. "'Tis a great doubt," he replied. "But what think you of that madman who risked his life?"

"There I am at a loss to answer you," I replied; "I think, indeed, the youth is mad, but some strange and powerful notion must have urged him to such a daring act."

"Daring," said Mr. Linton, "why, I have known him jump into the sea, quite as bad as it is now, to save a seaman's life, and yet his pride is such, he will not suffer any one to mention it. Chance gave me an insight into part of his history, and if you please I will communicate what I know.

"I shall be glad to hear it, for, to the best of my knowledge, I never heard of or saw him till this morning." "Heard of him you must," replied Mr. Linton; "his name is Charles Walton," "Walton!" I exclaimed, "what! the youth that was deserted and found on board a ship, nobody knowing when or how he came there?" "The same," said Mr. Linton; "but to my story,—The ship he was found on board of was the Rose in June, a small trading vessel. As soon as the captain had put to sea, the youth made his appearance, to the no small surprise of the Captain and his little crew. After some questions being asked him, he implored to stop on board, offering to do the most menial offices, if allowed to stay; but neither threats or promises could avail to make him disclose any thing relative to himself, further than he had been cruelly used, and would sooner die than return home.

"The captain was a humane and good-hearted man; and though he condemned the obstinacy of the boy, yet there was something so very prepossessing in his appearance, and his manners were not only engaging, but there was also a firmness of mind that much pleased the worthy captain. "Well, my boy, you shall go with us, but I must gain your confidence."

"I have, sir," he replied, "but little to tell; ever since I have had any recollection of what passed, I have been kept, or rather starved, by an old man and woman; they said they were my father and mother; if such they were, they certainly were the most cruel of parents, but I feel that such is not the case."

"But what makes you think so?" said the captain. "Why sir, because I think if I were a father I should not act so."

"The captain finding it of no use to interrogate him further, desisted, but was nevertheless determined to watch him narrowly. As there was really sufficient hands on board the vessel it was not very easy to find employment for the young intruder? such, however, was the willingness with which he fulfilled every thing required of him, that long before they gained the port for which they were destined, he became a universal favourite; and with none more so than the good-hearted captain. "And here," said Mr. Linton, "I cannot forbear digressing a moment to contemplate the character of a British seaman; and I think there is a great deal of that good feeling which is displayed by them arising from what, in other instances, causes an opposite effect. It is too often the case, that the more some people are together, the more they disagree, but with sailors it is different; to a kind and considerate commander, how faithfully are they attached! they share the same danger, they enjoy the same pleasure, by which they are in a manner united in one common cause; if the storm rages, all are eager, ready, and willing to exert themselves: when the calm succeeds, and the grog is going round, all wear a cheerful smile, all enjoy themselves; but to proceed,—

"On their arrival on the coast of Spain, Charles was most anxious to be allowed to go on shore with part of the crew. There was something so very urgent in his request that the captain would not at first permit him to go with the boat; at length he consented, strictly charging him not to leave the men. They had scarce entered the port ere they were informed that a vessel had been cruising about, and it was reported was on the look-out for hands.

"The men, accompanied by Charles, paraded about the streets of Cadiz for some time, when suddenly they missed him; they retraced their steps, but could not find him, and night coming on, they were obliged to go on board without him. The captain did not sleep on board that night, but came early in the morning, and immediately enquired for his protegée Charles. The men hesitated, the captain repeated his demand, and was soon informed of the desertion of the boy, in whom he had so much interested himself. He certainly was much vexed that he should have become a dupe to so young a lad; but as he could not delay the sailing of the vessel, he was obliged to depart without further search. He had not been many days at sea before a vessel hove in sight; she appeared to near them; the captain did not much like the appearance of her bearing down on them. The Rose in June carried but two small guns, therefore could give but little opposition; however the captain ordered his men to prepare to defend themselves. The vessel approached nearer and nearer, and fired a gun. The Rose in June still kept on her course steadily, till another gun was fired, which struck her and killed one man. The strange vessel was now brought alongside of the Rose in June, and desired to yield. 'Never, sir,' said the intrepid captain. 'Conquered I may be, but it shall not be without a struggle.' A few minutes sufficed to determine the fate of the little vessel; she was quickly boarded, and the captain and his men taken on board the 'Sally,' which not only proved to be a smuggler but a pirate! judge then of the surprise of Captain Heartwell when almost the first person he saw, was Charles, equipped in a rough seaman's dress, with a cutlas in his hand, and two pistols in his belt. He exchanged a significant look with the captain, but did not speak. The captain of the Sally treated Captain Heartwell with much civility, though he was only permitted to walk the deck at certain times,

"The Sally, with her prize, bore away as fast as possible, but no intimation was given what course she was taking. One day, Captain Heartwell happened to be alone on the deck and saw Charles approaching; he enquired where they were bound for, but Charles placed his finger on his lips and walked away.

It was not long, however, that Captain Heartwell was in suspense as to his destination, for, in the course of two or three days, he was told they were bound for England.

An opportunity offering, Captain Heartwell enquired of the captain of the Sally what were his intentions respecting him and his crew? "Why, captain," he replied, "I can hardly tell what to do with you. I know you are a man of honour, and I can rely on your word; what if I give up your vessel and your crew, after I have taken what I most want out of her, and

that is ammunition and a little cash, will you promise to say nothing of your capture till fourteen days after our arrival on the English coast?' 'That I cannot do,' said Captain Heartwell; 'it would be dishonourable in me towards my owners.' 'Well, then, say a week,' said the captain. 'No, I cannot promise any thing of the kind.' 'Well, then, I must put you on shore, with your men, and you must shift as well as you can.' Captain Heartwell was put on shore at the very spot whence Charles left us; the Sally and her prize, crowding all sail, was soon out of sight. Years have passed on since then, and the adventure of Captain Heartwell is nearly forgotten. Charles has sometimes visited our village, but never stopped during these visits. I have often named the captain, but he always abruptly left me and the village too. This is all the information I can give you, which I learned from Captain Heartwell, some time ago,"

Thus more perplexed. Mr Langton frequently walked down to the beach to enquire if any thing had been heard of the Sally, but no tidings could be obtained.

One stormy evening, after a lapse of nearly three years, a stranger was announced, but refused to send in his name. I went into the hall, and what was my astonishment to recognize at once, Charles Walton. I hesitated for a moment as to what reception I should give him, when, advancing towards me, he said, "Well, sir, may you hesitate in receiving me, such an ingrate, must I own myself to be; but if you will allow me a few minutes I will explain all." This I could not refuse, and I apprized him how far I was acquainted with his history. "Then, sir," he replied, "I will commence from that period.

"It will be in your recollection, that I was missing when the Rose in June sailed from Spain; and it was caused by the following circumstance,—the sailors who had accompanied me on shore, had made free, and instead of looking after me, it was as much as they could do to look after themselves. I was walking leisurely along, admiring the strange novelty that presented itself to my notice at every step, when I was accosted by a man, who enquired if I had been long at Cadiz; how I came; by what ship; how she was laden; and an innumerable number of other questions—that I lost sight of my companions. The man, perceiving my alarm, told me not to mind; that he had got a much better ship; and if I would go with him he would give me some money to purchase a few things I might want. Although I had no reason to complain of my treatment on board the Rose in June, yet I felt tempted to accept his offer. He laid hold of my arm, and I followed him instinctively, without a thought of the consequences.

"He gave me a trifle of money, and I purchased a few necessaries, and went on board the Sally. No sooner was I on board than the captain ordered me into his cabin. I was made to strip off the clothes I had on, and put on quite a different dress; a brace of pistols was placed in my belt, and a sword in my hand, for, though young in years, yet I was robust and tall." 'Now,' said the captain, 'he must be sworn.' "I shuddered at the idea of what was going to be done.

"I was not long kept in suspense. I was sworn never to desert the vessel, or to quit her without permission; and also I swore to obey the captain in all things. This done, I went, and joined the crew. We had not been many days at sea before a vessel hove in sight, which proved to be the Rose in June. I had learnt that the vessel I was now in was the Sally, and both a pirate and a smuggler; but you already know the result of the action; we placed Captain Heartwell on shore, steered away for the coast of Norfolk, as we intended to land our cargo near to the village of Cromer. But, in order to avoid detection, we unloaded our vessel, and put the cargo on board the Rose in June; the captain, with three men and myself, bearing for Cromer. We appeared to be very much watched, but the vessel being well known, no one interfered with us. We got our contraband goods safe into proper hands, and made all the sail we could after the Sally. We then, during the night, came as close to the shore as possible. anchored the Rose in June, and left her: steering our course for Ireland, where the captain went on shore. I eagerly requested leave to go also, but was peremptorily denied. I was a little surprised at this, as I had several times been permitted to come on shore here. I was almost tempted to break my oath; but I was fully aware that the consequences would be dreadful.

"A few hours only was the captain detained on shore; he returned with two persons; the one seemed aged, the other quite a youth. We set sail immediately, but I seldom saw either of the persons who came on board. Time passed away quickly amidst the hurry and bustle of either smuggling or fighting.

"Chance, however, afforded me that which all my efforts had failed to do. During one of our cruising excursions, the captain was taken suddenly ill, and was obliged to go on shore on the French coast; as near Dieppe as we safely could, we safely landed him. I then embraced the first opportunity of entering the cabin. The old lady started, the young eyed me with curiosity. I enquired if they wanted any thing? they replied, 'No,' and asked me if I had been long on board the vessel. I told them I had for nearly five years been sailing with her. They seemed astonished; the young lady was about to interrogate me farther, but a look from the elder appeared to restrain her.

"I lingered as long as I well could, gazing on what seemed to me such mysterious beings. Obliged at length to withdraw, I had scarcely got on deck before an old sailor observed, 'Well, my boy, look, there is a cloud.' 'Aye, and there will be a storm, and not a very light one,' I replied. The heavy dark mass of clouds came rolling on; the thunder murmured at a distance, the rain fell in large and heavy drops, the wind increased, the billows rose, the vessel rocked, and appalling, indeed, was the scene. Though unaccustomed to fear, the stoutest heart now quailed beneath a storm far more dreadful than the one when I left you. The piercing cries of the ladies added to the awful scene; they both rushed on deck, nor could they be persuaded to again go down; they were determined to meet their fate on deck,

"Vain were all the efforts of the men; nor could nautical skill avail us aught; we were driven at the mercy of the winds having lost all control of the vessel. I was at this moment lashing myself to the mast, for it was quite impossible to save or to be saved otherwise; just as I stooped down to recline on a large chest near me, I felt something pulling at my feet, and, turning round, I discovered the young lady; she was quite speechless, and could hold but feebly. I seized her arms, and drawing her towards me, she instantly fainted. At that moment I heard a faint scream, but it was totally impossible for me to move.

"The storm had now nearly spent itself, and our little tight built vessel had weathered it most gallantly. As soon as we could, with safety to ourselves, we loosed from the lashing, and my first care was to see what could be done with the young lady, and also what had become of the old one. I attempted to raise the young one, who appeared to have recovered from the fainting, but she was dreadfully exhausted. She enquired for her mother; I told her I had, as yet, not been able to move, but I would go and see. I left her to make enquiries, but with what horror did I learn that she had been washed overboard, at the very moment the scream was heard. Though bred to a life of peril, and accustomed to witness scenes of misery and blood, yet my heart beat coldly when I thought of the tidings I had to communicate to her who had now become my charge.

"'Where is my mother?' she demanded, as soon as I approached her. I could not speak. She at once guessed my meaning, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'All is lost! I have now no father, no mother, no —,' here she hesitated, and looking me full in the face, frantically grasped my knees, uttered the word, 'Brother,' and fell down as if she was dead.

"Though the vessel was much injured by the storm, yet we were obliged again to make for Dieppe, in order, if possible to get the captain on board before we made for any place to get repaired; a calm here succeeded the storm, we neared Dieppe, and sent our boat with

two men to enquire after the captain; on the return of the boat we found the captain had returned with her; he made many enquiries relative to the storm, and appeared dreadfully shocked when he learnt the fate of the lady; his illness seemed to increase, and he was very anxious to gain the English coast, and, if possible, to be put on shore; this was at the time that I saw you, and the reason of my conduct at that time, I will now explain, together with some circumstances which nearly concern you." I was much surprised at this intelligence, and desired him to proceed immediately.

"At the time" he said "that Captain Darlton was ill on shore, he one morning sent for me into his room, and thus addressed me 'Charles, I fear, I shall not long survive; my present illness does not so much proceed from bodily pain, as from mental anxiety, but perhaps when I have relieved my mind I may be better. You will recollect, Charles, when you first went on board the 'Rose in June,' you had run away from persons who represented themselves as your parents, but this you could not believe, you were quite right, they were not your parents.' I appeared agitated, and was going to speak, 'Do not interrupt me,' he said, 'I will explain all, *I, Charles, am your father!*' It was impossible I could keep silence, I threw myself on the bed, and grasping his hands, begged he would not deceive me.

"'I do not deceive you, Charles,' said he, 'but you will curse me when you hear my story.'

"'Never, never,' I exclaimed, 'if indeed I am your child, there must have been dreadful reasons for your abandoning me.'

"'Reasons, Charles, which only existed in my own mad brain, but—' (here appearing exhausted), he said 'I must rest a few minutes.' He soon resuming his tale, said, 'I was early in life attached to the sea, and with the consent of my parents made several voyages with captains, friends of my father, who were engaged in mercantile business, a failure of some of the parties, and losses at sea, reduced my father very much in his circumstances, so that from going to sea for pleasure, it proved to me a source from whence I must draw the support of my future life.

"I was taken on board a vessel which traded along the coast, and I was very often on shore at ——, but one thing I have not yet told you, that is the name I am best known by is not my real name, that is Saunders—

"Saunders!" exclaimed Mr. Langton, "merciful powers! but pray go on, for your history does indeed interest me!"

"During one of my trips on shore I was introduced to a very beautiful young lady; we were mutually struck with each other; an acquaintance of a clandestine nature was formed, for she was the daughter of a rich gentleman in the neighbood. Ah, my poor Charles! the daughter of the very Mr. Langton I warned you not to go near."

Here again Mr. Langton interrupted me, and seizing my hand, scarcely able to speak, uttered the word 'Grandchild,' I threw myself at his feet and said "Will you own me? I have a sister, too."

"Proceed, proceed; ask me no questions." I then proceeded to inform him that my father had further told me, that he had privately married my mother, but that his acquaintance with Miss Langton was discovered by the family, and he was peremptorily forbid any further intercourse, as the clerk of a captain of a merchantman was not thought worthy of such an alliance. Stung to the quick by such conduct, my father watched every opportunity of seeing Maria, and at length, by the assistance of some seamen, he carried her off, and married her, "And was she indeed married?" exclaimed Mr. Langton.

"Most certainly, sir," replied Charles, "but my father vowed revenge, and swore that the father of his wife should never hear of or see her more, accordingly he obtained what little money he could, left his ship, changed his name, and joined some smugglers."

"After I was born he still declined all attempts for a reconciliation, which was often and often proposed by my mother, (ah, little did I know that mother was the unfortunate being who was washed overboard in the storm) but in vain; he would hear of none, and I was, as soon as possible, consigned to the care of mercenary wretches whose behaviour I bore no longer than age and strength afforded me an opportunity of escaping from which has been already related.

"My father then went on to inform me, that though he did not feel that affection which most parents do for their children, still he was very uneasy, when he heard I had ran away; and as he had by that time got a vessel of his own, he spared no expense in endeavouring to find where I had fled; at length he heard I was on board the 'Rose in June,' he narrowly watched the vessel, and seized the first opportunity of getting me on board his own.

"When he went to Ireland and brought my mother and sister on board, he had informed them who I was, but threatened dreadful denunciations if they by any means discovered themselves to me before they had his permission so to do; he also informed me that the vessel and property he had in several parts of the country amounted to about ten thousand pounds, and that his will would be found in his cabin, leaving it equally divided between us.

"After giving me this information, he said, 'Now, Charles, as a parent, my conduct has not been such as to merit either gratitude or affection. Gratitude I am not entitled to as I cannot take my money with me; affection I cannot claim, having never merited it.' Here I begged he would not agitate himself, but believe that both duty and affection reigned in my breast, and that my only anxiety was to see him easy and comfortable. 'You are very good, my boy; bear with your misjudging father, a few moments, and swear that as long as life is in this poor frail tenement, you will not by any means, direct or indirect, seek this Mr. Langton; after I am gone, which will not be long first, then seek him, and tell him I beg his forgiveness.' This I swore to do, and the first time I saw you, when I uttered those sentences, I considered myself an unhappy, and almost friendless being.

"I accompanied you to your house, knowing where I was going, and when I left it, almost maddened by despair, I resolved to perish or to save my sister. I was fortunate enough to gain the vessel, and once more weather the storm. I brought my sister on shore, and need not inform you that a few days ago my father breathed his last. I hastened to communicate this intelligence to you, and most anxious am I to know if you will own, acknowledge, and permit us to find a grandfather."

Mr. Langton was overcome with the many eventful circumstances relative to his unfortunate daughter; and clasping Charles to his breast, assured him that it would be the source of much consolation and happiness to him to have the children of his poor Maria with him, "but Charles," he proceeded, "the property left by your father must never be touched by you or your sister; we shall find a way to dispose of that, and I have fortune enough for us all.

E. L.

THE SELECTOR.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF MRS. BURNS.

At a late hour of the night of Wednesday, the 26th ultimo, or rather as it was just about to close, the world and its concerns closed for ever on Mrs. Jean Armour,—the venerable relict of the poet Burns. On the Saturday preceding she was seized with paralysis for the fourth time during the last few years; and although perfectly conscious of her situation, and the presence of friends, became deprived, before she could be removed to bed, of the faculty of speech, and, a day or two thereafter, of the sense of hearing. Still she lay wonderfully calm and composed, and, in the opinion of her medical attendant, suffered from weakness rather than from pain. Frequently she gazed with the greatest earnestness on her granddaughter, Sarah; and it was easy to read what was passing within, from the tears that filled her aged eyes, and trickled down her cheeks. To another individual she directed looks so eager and full of meaning, as to impress him with the idea that she had some dying request to make, and deeply regretted that it was too late; for even if her salvation had depended on the exertion, she was unfortunately incapacitated from uttering a syllable, guiding a pen, or even making an intelligible sign.

The mind, in her case, survived the body; and this, perhaps, was the only painful circumstance attending her death-bed,—considering how admirable her conduct had been, her general health so sound, her span protracted beyond the common lot, her character for prudence and piety so well established, and her situation in life every way so comfortable. On the night of Tuesday, or morning of Wednesday, a fifth shock, unperceived by the attendants, deprived Mrs. Burns of mental consciousness; and from that time till the hour of her death, her situation was exactly that of a breathing corpse. And thus passed away all that remained of "bonny Jean,"—the relict of a man whose fame is as wide as the world itself, and the venerated heroine of many a lay which bids fair to live in the memories of the people of Scotland, and of thousands far removed from its shores, as long as the dialect in which they are written is spoken or understood.

The deceased was born at Mauchline in February, 1765, and had thus entered the seventieth year of her age. Her father was an industrious master-mason, in good employment, who enjoyed the esteem of the gentry and others within the district, and reared the numerous family of eleven sons and daughters, four of whom alone survive,—viz., Robert, a respectable merchant in London; James, who resides in the town of Paisley; Mrs. Lees and Mrs. Brown. The alleged circumstances attending Mrs. Burns' union with the bard are well known, and may be dismissed with the remark, that we have good authority for saying that they have been incorrectly narrated by nearly every writer who has touched upon the subject. To the poet, Jean Armour bore a family of five sons and four daughters. The whole of the latter died in early life, and were interred in the cemetery of their maternal grandfather in Mauchline church-yard. Of the sons two died very young,—viz., Francis Wallace and Maxwell Burns, the last of whom was a posthumous child, born the very day his father was buried. Of the said family of nine, three sons still survive,—Robert, the eldest, a retired officer of the Accompt-ant-General's Department, Stamp-Office, London, now in Dumfries; and William and James Glencairn Burns, Captains in the Hon. East India Company's Service. Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Burns had a very remarkable dream, which she sometimes spoke of to her more intimate female friends as a circumstance not only most vividly imprinted on the memory, but more prominently placed before the eye of the mind, than any thing that ever occurred to her during her waking moments. And it was to this effect,—that the poet, or rather his spirit, withdrew her curtains, and after gazing wistfully and solemnly, said "that he had been permitted to take a last look of his widow, and the child he had never before seen," The bare mention of such a circumstance may to many appear abundantly idle; and we of course merely allude to it as an impression rootedly entwined with our departed friend's memory, who was by no means a superstitious woman.

We pass the funeral of Robert Burns as a matter that belongs to biographical history. It is certain he left his family poor, (and how could it be otherwise?) but it is not true, as Collector Findlater has most successfully shown, that they were in immediate want, or lacked any necessary comfort. The Relief Fund annuity of an Exciseman's widow is known to be small (now, we believe, about £12 per annum); but Providence, shortly after the husband and father's decease, raised to the family many valuable friends. Passing exigencies were supplied from this honourable source; and no lengthened period elapsed until the active and disinterested benevolence of Dr. Currie, in conjunction with his excellent talents, placed at the feet of the family, to the great delight of the people of the South of Scotland, very nearly £2000 sterling, in the name of profits arising from the Liverpool edition of the poet's works. The Poet died in 1796, and up to 1818, his widow's income exceeded not, if it equalled, sixty pounds per annum. But on this sum, small as it may appear, she contrived to maintain a decent appearance, was never known to be in debt, or wanting in charity—so unaspiring were her ambition and views, and undeviating her prudence, economy, and frugality. At the period just mentioned, Captain James Glencairn Burns wrote, in breathless haste from India, to say that having obtained promotion, through the kindness of the Marquis of Hastings, he had been enabled to set apart £150 yearly for the uses of his mother, and, as an earnest of affection, transmitted a draft of £75. And it is due to this gentleman to say, that from first to last, including some assistance from his brother, and allowances for his infant daughter Sarah, he remitted his mother in all the handsome sum of £2,400 sterling. Leave of absence, and some other circumstances, at length impaired the means, and changed the fortunes, of the individual alluded to; but Captain William Burns, later in life, very cheerfully took his brother's place, and discharged with equal promptitude, generosity, and affection, duties dear to the best and kindliest feelings of our nature. In this way, for sixteen years at the least, Mrs. Burns enjoyed an income of £200 per annum—a change of fortune which enabled her to add many comforts to her decent domicile, watch over the education of a favourite grandchild, and exercise, on a broader scale, the Christian duty of charity, which she did the more efficiently by acting in most cases as her own almoner.

It is generally known that Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, was the first efficient patroness of Robert Burns. Of the accuracy of this fact his writings furnish the most undoubted proofs; and it would appear that her children inherited her feelings, and spread the same mantle of friendship over the Poet's family. For a greater number of years than our memory can trace, Mrs. Burns dined every Sunday, after attending divine service in St. Michael's Church, with the late Mrs. Perochan, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop; and was noticed and patronized in the most flattering manner by various living members of the same ancient family, who might feel offended did we dare to record all we happen to know of their exertions in a cause which Scotsmen, wherever situated, are prone to identify with the land of their birth.

The term of Mrs. Burns' widowhood e tended to thirty-eight years, in itself rather an unusual occurrence—and, in July 1796, when the bereavement occurred, she was but little beyond the age at which the majority of females marry. But she had too much respect for the memory of her husband, and regard for his children, to think of changing her name, although she might have done so more than once, with advantage; and was even careful to secure on lease, and repair and embellish, as soon as she could afford it, the decent though modest mansion in which he died. And here, for more than thirty years, she was visited by thousands on thousands of persons, from the Peer down to itinerant sonnetteers—a class of persons to whom she had never refused an audience, or dismissed unrewarded. Occasionally, during the summer months, she was a good deal annoyed; but she bore all in patience, and although naturally fond of quiet, seemed to consider her house as open to visitors, and its mistress, in some degree, the property of the public. But the attentions of strangers neither turned her head, nor were ever alluded to in the spirit of boasting; and had it not been for a female friend who accompanied her on one occasion to the King's Arms Inn, to meet, by invitation, the Marchioness of Hastings, no one would have known that that excellent lady directed the present Marquis, who was then a boy, to present Mrs. Burns with a glass of wine, and at the same time remarked, that, "he should consider himself very highly honoured, and cherish the recollection of meeting with the Poet's widow, as long as he lived." Her's, in short, was one of those well balanced minds that cling instinctively to propriety and a medium in all things; and such as knew the deceased, earliest and latest, were unconscious of any change in her demeanour and habits, excepting, perhaps, greater attention to dress, and more refinement of manner, insensibly acquired by frequent intercourse with families of the first respectability. In her tastes, she was frugal, simple, and pure; and delighted in music, pictures, and flowers. In spring and summer, it was impossible to pass her windows without being struck with the beauty of the floral treasures they contained; and if extravagant in any thing, it was in the article of roots and

plants of the finest sorts. Fond of the society of young people, she mingled as long as able, in their innocent pleasures, and cheerfully filled for them the cup "which cheers but not inebriates." Although neither a sentimentalist nor a "blue stocking," she was a clever woman, possessed great shrewdness, discriminated character admirably, and frequently made very pithy remarks; and were this the proper place for such a detail, proofs of what is stated might easily be adduced.

When young she must have been a handsome, comely woman, if not indeed a beauty, when the Poet saw her for the first time on a bleach-green at Mauch-line, engaged, like Peggy and Jenny, at Habbie's Howe. Her limbs were cast in the finest mould; and up to middle life her jet-black eyes were clear and sparkling, her carriage easy, and her step light. The writer of the present sketch never saw Mrs. Burns dance, nor heard her sing; but he has learnt from others that she moved with great grace on the floor, and chaunted her "wood-notes wild" in a style but rarely equalled by unprofessional singers Her voice was a brilliant treble, and in singing "Coollen," "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen," and other songs, she rose without effort as high as B natural. In ballad poetry her taste was good, and range of reading rather extensive. Her memory, too, was strong, and she could quote when she chose at considerable length, and with great aptitude. Of these powers the Bard was so well aware that he read to her almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed to own that he had profited by her judgment. In fact, none save relations, neighbours, and friends, could form a proper estimate of the character of Mrs. Burns. In the presence of strangers she was shy and silent, and required to be drawn out, or, as some would say, shewn off to advantage, by persons who possessed her confidence, and knew her intimately.

But we have, perhaps, said enough, considering the ephemeral character of a newspaper; and although our heart has been thrown into our words, the portrait given is so strictly true to nature, that we conclude by saying, in the spirit of a friendship, not of yesterday, —peace to the manes, and honour to the memory of bonny Jean!—*Dumfries Courier.*

Battle of Alexandria, and Death of Abercrombie.

AS RELATED BY SIR JOHN MOORE.

On the 20th March,* I was the general of the day, and after visiting all the advanced posts, remained with the left picket of the reserve until four in the morning of the 21st. The enemy had been perfectly quiet during the night, nothing had been observed from them but some rockets, which it was not uncommon for them to throw up. Conceiving every thing quiet, I left orders with the field-officer to retire his posts at daylight, and I rode towards the left to give similar orders to the other pickets as I went along. When I reached the picket of the Guards, I heard a fire of musketry on the left, but every thing continuing quiet on the right, and from the style of the firing I suspected it was a false alarm. * * * * I was trotting towards the left, when a firing commenced from the pickets of the reserve; I immediately turned to my aid-de-camp, Captain Sewell, and said, "This is the real attack, let us gallop to the redoubt." I met, as I returned, all the pickets falling back, and by the time I reached the redoubt, in which the 28th regiment was posted, I found it warmly attacked. The day was not yet broken, and the darkness was made greater by the smoke of the guns and small arms. My arrangement in case of attack had been made beforehand. I had agreed with General Oakes, that the redoubt, and the old ruin in front of the army, in which I had posted the 28th and 58th regiments, must be supported, and was the ground for the reserve to fight upon. In fact if those posts were carried by the enemy, it would have been impossible for our army to remain in their position. The general orders were for the troops to stand to their arms an hour before daylight, and fortunately they had fallen in before the attack commenced. Colonel Paget,* with the 28th, manned the redoubt, and had two companies in reserve, which he formed on the left of it, as the redoubt was open in the rear. The 58th regiment lined the old ruins, which were retired twenty or thirty yards behind the right flank of the redoubt, and swept the ground between it and the sea. Agreeable to what had been concerted, General Oakes, upon the attack commencing, brought down the left wing of the 42nd (Highlanders), to the left, and I sent Captain Anderson for the right wing, with orders to the 23rd regiment and four flank companies of the 40th to support the ruins. We could feel the effect of the enemy's fire, but it was impossible as yet to see what he was about, his drums were beating the charge, and they were with their voices encouraging one another to advance. My horse was shot in the face, and became so unmanageable, that I was obliged to dismount. Colonel Paget, whilst I was speaking to him on the platform of the redoubt, received a shot in the neck which knocked him down. He said he was killed, and I thought so; he, however, recovered a little, and was put upon his horse.

About this time the left wing of the 42nd arrived on the left. Some person told me at that moment that a column of French had turned our left. I thought that in the dark they had mistaken the 42nd for the French, and said so. I could distinguish them forming exactly where I had ordered them. But Colonel Paget, who had not yet retired, rode up to me and said, "I assure you that the French have turned us, and are moving towards the ruins." I looked to where he pointed, and accordingly saw a battalion of French in column, completely in our rear. The right wing of the 42nd arrived at this instant, I ran to them, ordered them to face to the right about, and showed them the French completely in their power. They drove them into the ruins, and not a man of these French escaped being killed, wounded, or taken. The instant this was done, I led the regiment back to the flank of the redoubt, we met another column of the French, which had also penetrated. We attacked them, and I received a shot in my leg. At this time I met Sir Ralph, and told him what had passed at the ruins. The 42nd and part of the 28th, drove this other column, but pressing too far, got into disorder, and were attacked suddenly by cavalry. I had difficulty from the wound in my leg in walking, and Major Honeyman lent me his horse. The French cavalry were completely amongst us, but our men, though in disorder, rallied, and brought down with their fire so many men and horses, that the rest were glad to get off. Upon the left the 42nd and 28th repulsed what was in their front, but were again charged by a large body of cavalry, who penetrated, got into the redoubt, and behind us. Sir Ralph was actually taken by a French dragoon, but a soldier of the 42nd shot the man. I was obliged to put spurs to my horse to get clear, and I galloped to the ruin to bring up some troops from thence, which I knew were formed and in good order. The 28th regiment, who were lining the parapet of the redoubt, without quitting their posts, turned round, and killed the dragoons who had penetrated there. The 42nd regiment, though broken, were individually fighting, and I ordered the flank companies of the 40th from the ruins, to pour in a couple of vollies, though at the risk of hurting some of our own people. The field was instantly covered with men and horses; horses galloping without riders; in short, the cavalry were destroyed. Every attack the French had made had been repulsed with slaughter. In the dark some confusion was unavoidable; but our men, whenever the French appeared, had gone boldly up to them. Even the cavalry breaking in had not dismayed them. As the day broke, the foreign brigade, under Brigadier-General Stuart, came from the second line to our support; shared in the latter part of the action, and behaved with great spirit. Our cartridges were expended, and our guns for want of ammunition had not fired for some time. Daylight enabled us to get our men into order, and as the enemy's artillery was galling us, I got as many men under the cover of the redoubt as I could. We were for an hour without a cartridge. The enemy during the time were pounding us with shot and shells and distant musketry. Our artillery could not return a shot, and had their infantry again

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* Journal.

† Afterwards General Sir Edward Paget.

advanced, we must have repelled them with the bayonet. Our fellows would have done it, I never saw men more determined to do their duty; but the French had suffered so severely, that they could not get their men to make another attempt. They continued in our front until ammunition for our guns was brought up. They then very soon retreated. The great effort of the French was against our right, opposite to the reserve; another column had also attacked the guards, who were upon the left of the reserve, it was repulsed with loss. The rest of the army was not engaged. Letters were found from Menou to a general officer, by which it appears that the whole (disposable) French force in Egypt had been concentrated for this attack. Menou, as well as all his army, had been quite confident of success. The prisoners say, their numbers were from twelve to fourteen thousand. They add, that they had never fought till now; that the actions in Italy were nothing compared to those they have fought since we landed. * * * * * I never saw a field so strewed with dead. Our effective force was not more than ten thousand. Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, but remained in the field until the action was over, and was then conveyed to the Fourdroyant. Amongst the last shots which were fired, a ball killed the horse Major Honeyman had lent me. The wound in my leg, which I received in the beginning of the action, had become painful and stiff towards nine o'clock, when the affair ended. General Oakes was also wounded about the same time, and nearly in the same part of the leg that I was; but we had both been able to continue to do our duty."

Some more particulars, written subsequently, respecting the heroic Abercrombie, shall not be omitted.

"Sir Ralph had always been accused of exposing his person too much. I never knew him carry this so far as in this action. When it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish, I saw him close in the rear of the 42nd regiment, without any of his family. He was afterwards joined by General Hope. When the French cavalry charged us the second time, and our men were disordered, I called and waved my hand to him to retire, but he was instantly surrounded by the hussars. He received a cut from a sabre in the breast, which pierced through his clothes, but only grazed the flesh. He must have been taken or killed, if a soldier had not shot the hussar."

Either before or after this encounter, Sir Ralph received a shot in the thigh, which he concealed, and remained on the field till the battle was won; then growing faint from loss of blood, he was conveyed on board Lord Keith's ship, Moore being taken into another ship on account of his own wound, never again saw his friend, who in a few days expired. On the day following this mournful event, Moore, when suffering from grief and pain, wrote in his journal as follows:—

"Sir Ralph was a truely upright, honourable, and judicious man; his great sagacity, which had pointed all his life to military matters, made him an excellent officer. The disadvantage he laboured under was being extremely short-sighted. He, therefore, stood in need of good executive generals under him. It was impossible, knowing him as I did, not to have the greatest respect and friendship for him. He had ever treated me with marked kindness. The only consolation I feel is, that his death has been nearly that which he himself wished; and his country, grateful to his memory, will hand down his name to posterity with the admiration it deserves."—*Life of Sir John Moore.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE YOUNG DAYS OF SPRING.

WRITTEN IN THE PARK AT RICHMOND.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

How sweet are the first blushing moments of SPRING,
A balm for all sadness they shed o'er the heart,
As they rise on the freshness of morn's golden wing,
And all their gay hopes to the Spirit impart!
For bright are the smiles that deck valley and grove,
And perfumes how fragrant! exhale from each flower;
Oh! the YOUNG DAYS OF SPRING were alone made for Love,
As he sports 'mid their sweets in his own fairy bower!

My heart, like a bird just escaped from its nest,
Leaps forth and rejoices to find itself free;
Thro' the dark veil of sadness oft shading this breast,
The sun-light of Pleasure now dawns upon me;
Then welcome, ye first blushing moments of SPRING!
A balm for past sorrow ye breathe o'er the soul;
As ye rise on the freshness of morn's golden wing,
And my heart gladly yields to your soothing control!

THE PIRATE TO HIS BRIDE.

Arouse thee, Medora, our sails are unfurl'd,
We must steal from the shore e'er morn wakens the world;
O'er the blue waste of waters the light breeze is skimming,
Just ruffling its breast, and the white gulls are swimming
Like barks on its bosom, so lightly must we,
Impelled by the soft gale send over the sea;
For if once thy bold Pirate was seen from the shore,
As Lord of the ocean he'd triumph no more,
And death were more welcome than slavery to me,
Were ocean my grave—and I shared it with thee.

ANNETTE.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF THE EDITRESS.*

IN THE NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION OLD BOND-STREET.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

"Art's magic power supplies
The lost lov'd form!"

Faithful resemblance! welcome to my sight!
Here can I dwell upon that soul-lit face,
And o'er that intellectual brow, the light
Of Inspiration's radiance beaming trace;
Now can I gaze upon that pensive smile,
Unmarked by thee the while!
Here drawn by TRUTH's own pencil, I behold,
What none who e'er beheld but must admire,
That lovely hand of Beauty's fairest mould,
Beneath whose touch the glowing Sapphic Lyre
Hath woke to many a lay, whose music dwells
Deep in the *heart's* lone cells!
Here too, that holiest feeling, far above
All others, shrin'd in Woman's gentle breast,
That ne'er exhausted fount, a Mother's love!
Is seen and exquisitely well exprest,
As clings that dove-eyed cherub to the knee
In fond security!
Yes! well the artist's magic has pourtray'd
The Poet's soul—the Parent's tenderness,
Each feeling liveth in *her line* display'd,
So blent, admiring Friendship scarce can guess
Which theme its untaught lyre may choose to speak
Praises, heartfelt tho' weak!
O imaged form! thus ever shalt thou dwell
Unchanged in aspect by the flight of years;
No cloud shall shade that kindly smile, so well
Telling the warmth of that true heart! no tears
Dim those clear eyes, here beaming ever bright
With *feeling's* soften'd light!
And thou, the lov'd original! forgive
The weak and falt'ring hand that has aspir'd
A worthless chaplet for thy brows to weave,
Far worthier Bards the gentle theme has fired;
Yet turn not thou from this poor wreath of mine
Laid drooping on thy shrine!

TO CALANTHE.

When lowly at your feet I lie,
And fondly pleading, ask your love;
Why, cruel, will you cold reply,
And make me all your rigors prove?
You hint that time has thin'd my hair,
And changed so much its ebon hue;
Believe me, 'tis not Time's, but care,
And sorrow's ravage's you view.
Yet, when forlorn, desponding, lost,
I'm forced at last from hope to part,
I almost wish that age's frost
Could reach this fervid glowing heart!
But, (ill-according with my mien),
Love in that heart his altar rears;
And there his fires burn bright and keen,
Unchill'd by age, unquench'd by tears.
So have I seen proud Etna's cone
Blanched by successive winters' storms,
And its light, wand'ring smoke alone,
Betray'd the fire that inly harms.

* Drawn by Waterhouse Hawkins.

The hoary mount an emblem shews
Of what I am and late have been;
Tho' cold it seems, it secret glows,
All snow without, but flames within!
X. Y. Z.

BALLAD.

THE VILLAGE STREAM.

The village stream, the village stream,
How sweet it flows along,
All sparkling in the morning's gleam
Its willow banks among;
Though I have fled to distant climes,
Yet still will fancy's dream
Recall the joys of other times,
Beside the village stream.

But I am changed since last I gazed
Upon its winding stream,
And stood beneath the moon's pale rays,
And saw its waters gleam;
But still though I am far away,
And vain the wish may seem,
I trust I in some happier day
May see the village stream.
I. S.

ACROSTIC.

M aidens and Wives, sweet soothers of our care,
A nd last, though not the least, ye Widows fair,
I write unto you all; pray don't condemn,
D aring altho' the theme, and weak my pen,
S can not with bitterness these humble lays,

W hose every line shall warble in your praise;
I nspire me then, oh, Phœbus! tune thy lyre,
V erses address'd as these, need all thy fire.
E nchanting God! he comes! he comes! I feel
S wift round my brain his presence softly steal.

A h, me! what brilliant thoughts, what fine ideas*
N ow rush into my mind. Hopes, joys, and fears
D istract me quite; their efforts to get out

W ill bar effectually their way, I doubt—
I dreaded this mishap would come to pass,
D oom'd to oblivion are my thoughts, alas!
O h, I could weep! it does so much distress me,
W hen myriads of bright notions did oppress me,
S carcely to leave me one—except—God bless ye.
A. N.

IMPROMPTU.

TO THE EDITRESS.

Alonzo, full of spite and spleen,
Complains his verses are but seen,
Like "angels visits, far between,"
How can he wonder when they be
Such *torturing visits* unto thee?
Your Correspondent,
E. P. T.

ENIGMA.

Born of the humblest parentage,
Men's highest interests I engage;
I'm treasur'd under lock and key,
Altho' the child of poverty.
Yet, such the lot the fates award me,
Men sometimes utterly discard me.
I'm look'd upon with anxious eye—
A source of grief, a source of joy;
To youth a plague, to age a solace;
A mark for love, a stamp for malice.
To all the passions I pertain,
And yet I'm pure, without a stain.
Truth flies to me, her firmest bulwark,
And falsehood claims me for her foul work;
All present things my cares pervade.
Remote posterity I aid,
For all that's useful, vile, or wise,
I'm made a willing sacrifice;
Religion's self I foster even,
And cheer on earth, and guide to heaven.
Z.

ANAGRAM.

Behold me perfect and you'll say
That pleasure's attributes are mine;
But when you take my head away,
I then become a foreign wine;
Restore my head, but place it where
Appears my tail, and then you'll see
Places where vessels oft repair
When boisterous whirlwinds sweep the sea.
W. TAYLOR.

ANSWER TO FIRST CHARADE, Page 296.

If to excel our friends we wish,
In power of mind and skill;
In measure large we should possess
CAPACITY and skill.
I. SIMS.

ANSWER TO SECOND CHARADE, Page 296.

Put TAR in ship to TAR on land,
They'll make a TARTAR to your hand;
Then take a voyage over the sea,
And you'll find the *savage* in Tartary.
W. GRAY.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.—We have all our lives been unbelievers in the slanderous imputation of inordinate and sinful curiosity, as applied to the female character. But we must confess some indications which have lately come under our view have an excessive squinting that way. One could scarcely attend the levee of Black Hawk, without suspecting the "last best work of Heaven" of labouring under an infirmity of this sort. The crowds were immense, and we are assured the worthy old gentleman, on more than one occasion, got out of patience at being stared at so inordinately. The young hawk looked as if he would like to prey upon some of the little plump pullets; and the prophet prophesied that many of them would run mad with curiosity before they died. Another thing that has shaken our faith in the abstinence of the sex in the indulgence of curiosity, is their conduct at the late trial of the detestable murderer, Clough. We never believed, and can scarcely believe now, that respectable females would crowd to the court to witness his trial; that they would attend daily, and listen to the horrible detail of cool deliberate murder; to see the unfeeling wretch bow to the mother of the woman he had murdered; that they would even press to hear the awful sentence of death pronounced upon him. Surely these were not fit amusements for the gentle daughters of Eve! Surely they might have found some occupation more becoming their delicacy, nay, their humanity; and most assuredly they could not hope to excite the admiration or respect of mankind by indulging their curiosity in this—shall we say it?—indecent manner! Had they not better have staid at home, even if they had nothing to do? But sensible well-educated women can always find some occupation within the domestic circle; some light labour or amusement to wile away the time, without plunging into the affairs of the world, hardening their hearts, polluting their delicate feeling with subjects and details that neither the senses nor the imagination can become accustomed to contemplate without being tainted with the contagion of crime.—*New York Inquirer.*

A SPORTSMAN'S WIFE.—The following curious advertisement appeared in a late number of *The Sporting Magazine:*—"A gentleman residing in one of the provincial hunting counties, of middle age, and sportsman-like manners, is desirous of uniting himself to a female possessing a passion for field sports. Fortune or beauty are not the objects of the advertiser,—the former, if any, may be settled upon the lady; and, as to the latter, though not an objection, it nevertheless is not a primary object. Good humour, a small foot, and an easy seat on horseback, are the principal qualifications required. As this is the advertisement of a fox. and not a fortune-hunter, it is hoped that no one will answer it out of idle curiosity.—P. S. None with red hair need apply."

EMBLEMATICAL FLOWERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHOZET.

In ev'ry flower that blooms around
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;
Young Love is in the myrtle found,
And Mem'ry in the pansey's grace!

Peace in the olive-branch we find,
Hope in the half-shut Iris glows!
In the bright laurel victory—
And lovely WOMAN in the ROSE!
M.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART VIII., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* APRIL, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 49, Holywell-street, Strand: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

* We presume our correspondent uses the cockney pronunciation here.

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 43—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} [Saturday, April 19, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Carriage Dress.—A jaconot muslin robe, embroidered round the border in a very rich pattern in feather-stitch. Pelisse of dust coloured *gros de Naples*, with a plain high body, pointed in front. Amadis sleeves. Pelerine square behind, forming a heart on the bosom; the pelerine and front of the dress are trimmed with silk plush to correspond.

Rose coloured crape hat, the crown high, and ornamented with a drapery of the same material; the brim sitting close at the lower part, but wide over the forehead; the interior is trimmed with blond lace *mentonnières* and bows of gauze ribbon to correspond. A sprig of snow balls with their foliage adorns the crown. Blond lace *collerette*, and neck-knot of ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

No. 1. Evening dress cap of blond lace, the trimming of the front consists of a single row, light and rather low; a band and bow of gauze ribbon, and a single rose are placed beneath it, and it is surmounted by a bouquet and a knot of ribbons.

No. 2. Evening dress cap of embroidered *tulle*, decorated with a wreath of *coques* of ribbon underneath the front, and a bouquet of roses on the caul.

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Canezons and pelerines of embroidered muslin, *tulle*, and blond lace, promise to be quite as predominant in the toilettes of our *élégantes* this season as the last. We have lately seen some of cambric for morning dress, which are equally remarkable for their simplicity and elegance. We speak of pelerines, those that we allude to were made quite up to the throat, and with a small collar which sat close round it. The pelerine sat close to the bust from the throat to the shoulders, and was embroidered in a very light pattern; a very deep trimming, which was partly small plaited, and partly embroidered in compartments, went entirely round the bust.

Canezons are principally remarkable for their richness, for we do not as yet perceive any thing actually novel in their form. Those for morning dress are either of clear cambric or jaconot muslin. The first is decidedly preferred, both for its beauty and high price. Morning canezons are always made high, some of the heart shape, others with square fronts which descend a little below the *ceinture*. The body is quite high, and generally made with a deep collar, which, as well as the round of the canezou, is richly embroidered. Those for evening dress are made low, and composed either of blond lace, or of *tulle* embroidered in blond lace patterns. Some are made with *fichu* fronts, embroidered round the border, and a row of trimming round the upper part of the bust, and from the point of the shoulder round the back. Whether the trimming is lace or *tulle* the work must be very light.

The new ribbons for *ceintures* in evening dress, are of an excessively rich kind, they are very broad, and are flowered in separate bouquets of different colours; the prettiest are those of a rich white or pea-green ground. It is something of an Irishism to say that the new fashioned fans are all old fashioned; but it is nevertheless true that the excessively large fans that were the mode in the days of our great grandmammas, are now the only ones that our *élégantes* carry. Some are of carved ivory, painted quite in the old style; others of cedar, also painted, but in a more modern fashion.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXVI.

SCENE.—*The Council Room.—The Lady President and her Secretary discovered, with papers, &c. before them.*

Loud roar'd the postman's thunder,
He knock'd with all his power,
The door was rent asunder
By letters ev'ry hour;
To see what we'd to do,
Struck terror to us two;
As we sat,
In friendly chat,
At the Board of Council, O!

The yielding wax soon severs,
The wafer seal's soon rent;
And then all our endeavours
To read the scrolls are bent;
If Genius there appears,
How much our task it cheers,
Glad we hail,
Verse and tale,
At the Board of Council. O!

Parody on '*The Bay of Biscay, O!*'

Miss Bluemantle. Well, Scribblecum, much business in the letter way this week? Come, proceed to open the budget—dispatch—dispatch.

Miss Scribblecumdash. Oh! we've no lack of employment in letter reading—the "Belles Lettres"—so far as our correspondents are concerned, flourish. Lines by W. V., on seeing a young friend in a decline.

Miss B. We regret, but we must DECLINE inserting them, and in answer to the note in which they are enveloped, fear our criticism, which the author courts, will be of little use; advice is more frequently asked than taken, but we should say, "go and *write* no more."

Miss S. Lines by ROBERT N., on Poland.

Miss B. They shall appear, though we dislike all party spirit, even in a good cause.

Miss S. Some lines, purporting to be original ones of Waller, discovered in an ancient chest.

Miss B. There is something about the direction and general tone of the letter that makes us very doubtful of the writer's veracity; if he will convince us it is no *hoax*, the lines shall appear.

Miss S. Lines by C.

Miss B. Pretty, but as bearing date *April the* FIRST, we must be cautious ere we insert them. *Are they original?*

Miss S. Advice respecting the arrangement of the Magazine, signed C. S. V. L.

Miss B. The writer had better edit a Magazine himself, before he attempts to advise others. If some of the pieces in our work are only fit for the nursery, he can easily remedy his dislike by not taking it in; or, perhaps, C. S. V. L. will favour us with better articles?

Miss S. A packet of prose and verse from A. N.

Miss B. It requires a more careful examination than we have now time to give it, but, doubtless, many of the articles will suit our pages.

Miss S. A packet from ROBERT TURNER, informing you "he is situated in humble life, and requesting Esq. may not be attached to his name."

Miss B. Some of the poems now sent would do credit to any writer, and the unassuming letter which accompanies them, has given us the highest opinion both of the head and heart that dictated it. Our pages are always open to that "modest merit," which displays the good sense of ROBERT TURNER. The lines on Woman shall have an early place in our work.

Miss S. A letter from a correspondent, desiring to know what you mean by stating "The Poetry in this Work is copyright," and if the authors may not re-print, in any volume of their own collected works, what has appeared in your pages?"

Miss B. Doubtless the AUTHOR may. We merely state this at the head of our Poetical Department, to prevent composers setting any words to music *without our consent*, a species of robbery that has often been practised on the poetry of the EDITRESS, by those who if they do it again will, after this notice, be made to smart for it, and we are desirous to throw the same shield of protection round the poetry of our correspondents, who for this very purpose vest their interests in our hands, by placing their articles at our disposal, and if composers would only take the trouble to apply to US before they arrange words from our work for music, much disappointment would be spared, nor the difficulties arise, as in more than one instance of late has been the case, from the same words being fixed on by more than one composer.

Miss S. A Sketch by MINETTA HUBERT.

Miss B. Is she one and the same with our correspondent BLANCH? The Sketch requires some consideration ere we print it.

Miss S. Letter and enclosure from R. G. PYKE.

Miss B. Two we accept, the other we cannot understand.

Miss S. Some articles signed MORTIMER.

Miss B. They shall be used.

Miss S. Letter and enclosures from J. MIDDLETON.

Miss B. Two out of the three are accepted.

Miss S. Some lines on a broken flower, by VITELLI.

Miss B. Not of sufficient interest, and therefore declined.

Miss S. Letter and several enclosures from JAMES REES, who states that he has sent four packets to the office, which not having been acknowledged, he concludes never came to the Editress' hands.

Miss B. Assuredly none but those noticed by us, have ever been received. 'Tis passing strange that JAMES REES should be the only complainant, he must either direct his letters to a wrong office—or be in error as to sending them! His packet shall he looked over, and we will use any articles we deem suited to our work. As for the advice he is kind enough to favour us with, we beg to say WE consider ourselves the best judges on such points, and it is very evident from what motives such *disinterested* advice proceeds. Perhaps our other correspondents may not be so anxious to see *their* names formed into "A List," as this young gentleman is. And as to our giving the "Noctes every week," we beg to inform him, WE find it quite task enough to furnish it every other, and by allowing a week to intervene, have more time to digest the different articles sent to us.

Miss S. A letter from HUGH of Dudley, begging you will correct some mistake in a quotation made from an article he sent, which was inserted some weeks ago in the Noctes.

Miss B. Ridiculous! we quoted the lines as they were writ down, and if we did put HEARTS for BREASTS, we don't think HUGH's fame as a poet will be much injured by the exchange. However, as HUGH has paid ninepence postage to correct the error, we give the line as he wishes it to appear—

"Another year hath ceased, with it all groundless fears."

In plain prose, and divested of all figure of speech, HUGH hath, we suppose, married his Eliza, and we hope he will find her *heart* good, and her *breast* a faithful one, and that she will

keep him from poetizing all the rest of his days, she will thus prove herself a sensible woman.

Miss S. A letter from J. MARTIN, respecting his tale of the "Cottager's Daughter."

Miss B. Our correspondent will do himself no good, nor will he expedite the insertion of his article by impatience or importunity. When we say we accept a tale, we always insert it in turn, it would be most unfair to put by others of a much longer standing on our list, to gratify the silly impatience of an author. We never did do so, and we never will; and we repeat what we have said fifty times before, that if correspondents are in such *violent haste*, they had better not trouble us with their effusions. We will be *just* to all, and not depart from the rule we have laid down of printing communications in their proper turn (unless in the case of some local subject of the day, the sole interest of which would be lost, unless published "in the glimpse of newness"), neither will we undertake to *return* articles, any more than the rest of our contemporaries. We hope this notice to our correspondent, J. MARTIN, will suffice for all who are equally impatient on the same subject.

Miss S. Since you noticed the communication of JAMES REES, a letter has been put into my hands, sent to your private address, from the same individual, which under the authority you give me, I have opened, and will read to you aloud—*(Reads)*

"Madam,—Circumstances have come to light which lead me to think that the charge which I brought against some parties of INSOLENCE has no foundation in truth. My informant, upon reconsideration, appears to have mistaken the office, and applied the charge to persons in your office instead of the guilty parties. Trusting this RETRACTION will be satisfactory,

"I am, Madam,

"Your very obedient, humble, Servant,

"JAMES REES."

I believe our Publisher was determined to find out this said complainant, and probably he *has* done so, and the result has been what I have just read, A FULL RETRACTION OF ALL HE HAS BEFORE STATED.

Miss B. Let it be a lesson to Mr. JAMES REES as long as he lives. For ourselves we are too much disgusted with such meanness, ever to take any further interest in any of his writings. They will be left for him if he has the *courage to fetch them*, with our Publisher at the office, and in future we advise him to mind his own business, and leave others to the quiet performance of their respective duties.

Miss S. A Poem by E. L.

Miss B. It is of too local a nature for general interest, yet we will insert it to oblige our correspondent.

Miss S. The Raven's Tower, by R. G. PYKE.

Miss B. It shall appear. For an answer to his question we refer him to what we have already stated respecting the haste expressed by correspondents for the appearance of their articles. We are very independent on the subject of communications, and consider it rather a favour done to a correspondent when we accept an article, than an obligation conferred on ourselves in receiving it. We allude of course to those who are learning to write, and to whom the pages of a Magazine like ours are a sort of nursery-ground, from whence their names hereafter may be transplanted with advantage to other soils. For those established writers, whose names appear occasionally in our pages, and whose valuable assistance we are proud to acknowledge, is given in the spirit of FRIENDSHIP, *c'est une autre chose.*

Miss S. I have been very careless, Lady President, but don't scold me. I have lost or mislaid the solution to MELISSA's Riddle, page 320. Several answers have been sent, but I doubt if they are correct.

Miss B. MELISSA will, no doubt, oblige us by the desired information. We may add we are always happy to hear from her. Come. 'tis growing late, pour out the twankay, and let's adjourn.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

WE rejoice to record the good taste of an English public for the Legitimate Drama, which shewed itself in one of the fullest houses of the season, on Thursday, 10th inst., to witness the first representation of Lord Byron's Sardanapalus. For the love of literature, and to gratify ourselves, we notice this fine performance, though we are not indebted to any liberality on the part of the Lessee, for our being enabled to furnish the report.

It is with feelings of national pride, that we record the complete success of this beautiful tragedy; for introducing which to the stage, Mr. Macready has established a claim to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. Nothing could be more admirable than this highly-talented actor's personation of the hero of the piece. Where all is excellent, it is difficult to select, and perhaps our praise might be well condensed into one sentence, viz., that *his* was *Byron's* Sardanapalus!—but we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of noticing a few of what appeared to us his most successful points. In the early scenes, where the king is only known as the most graceful and humane of voluptuaries, Mr. Macready contrived to throw into the character all those *peculiar* traits with which it was invested by its noble author. *His* Sardanapulus might be *condemned* but never *despised*. When he throws himself on a couch, and, snatching some roses from a wreath near him, plays carelessly with them, as he listens, smiling, to the reproaches and counsels of the stern, but noble-minded, Salamenes; we saw, amid all the indolent negligence of his manner, the *consciousness of superior power*, the knowledge, that he yet *was*, and *could be*, something better and nobler than his severe but excellent monitor seemed to believe. We must pass over much that we would fain notice, but from which we are prevented by the limits of our work, and come at once to what was unquestionably the most magnificent piece of acting in the play—Sardanapulus' description of his horrible dream in the Hall of Nimrod, in the fourth act. Harrowingly beautiful as it was, it is perhaps not too much, to say of this part of Mr. Macready's performance, that it was *perfect!* and the audience proved by their plaudits, their just appreciation of its merits. In the last scene, where Sardanapalus implores his beloved Myrrha, if she feels the least reluctance to sharing his self-doomed sacrifice, to fly in safety and leave him to meet death alone, the beautiful lines which embody his entreaty were given with a tone—a tenderness—an intense depth of feeling, which found its way at once to the heart. Nothing *could* be more touchingly beautiful than Mr. Macready's delivery of the two following lines:—

"I shall not love thee less; nay, perhaps more,
For yielding to thy nature."

The part of Myrrha found a very lovely and efficient representative in Miss E. Tree. Her acting, throughout, was marked by chasteness, feeling, and correct judgment. Perhaps a little more energy in the earlier scenes would have been an improvement, at least it appeared so to us. But where *tenderness* was required, Miss Tree was always successful, and in the latter scenes, she rose nobly to the full conception and developement of the beautiful character assigned her. It is to be hoped and *trusted*, that the part of Myrrha will always be sustained by the lady who now fills it so ably. However much the "severe indisposition" of Mrs. Mardyn, which prevented her from playing the character is to be regretted, on *her own* account, the management have reason to be *grateful* for a circumstance which, in all probability, saved the tragedy from condemnation. It is with mingled feelings of astonishment and disgust, that we have seen the statements recently sent forth to the world. A *very slight* acquaintance with *facts* and DATES is sufficient to show the utter falsehood of these stories; and whoever may be the persons from whom they emanated, they also have assuredly much cause for gratitude, that they have been spared the infliction of a severe and painful lesson; for they may rest assured, such an insult upon public morality and public feeling, as it appears, was *one time* in contemplation, *could* not, and WOULD not have been allowed to pass with impunity. The English nation, though oft' ungrateful to its great men, during their life-time, is chary of their fame after death; and we seriously recommend to these devisers of fables, never again to risk so hazardous an experiment as has been alluded to. *As Englishwomen*, and admirers of the great National Poet, with the beautiful production of whose mind, *as* beautifully represented, it was our lot, last week to be delighted, we repel, with the contemptuous scorn it deserves, the late most despicable attempt to heap a mass of false accusations and odium upon the *grave of departed genius*, and we are sure there is not an *honest* heart in the kingdom, whether it beats in man's or woman's breast, that will not, upon *this* occasion, echo back the feelings of our own. To return to the tragedy; Miss Phillips played the character of the queen, Zarina, to our minds admirably. We cannot agree with a respectable contemporary, that it is an "insignificant part." 'Tis true, you see Zarina only in one scene, but that scene none but an actress of first-rate abilities could act: *how* Miss Philipps acted it was best proved by the silent tears of her auditors. Mr. Cooper was too stately and court-like for the bold blunt soldier, Salemenes; he must "*rough-cast*" the character a little. In other respects, he played it with much ability; and his dying scene

was excellent. In the getting up of this tragedy, there are a few things, the alteration or omission of which, would be a great improvement. The conflagration and disappearance of Sardanapalus and Myrrha was admirably managed, but the heaping the funeral pile by the soldiers on the stage, has an effect almost ludicrous; some means *must* be found of altering this, even should it involve a departure from the text of the noble author. Again, we did not like the scene so mightily puffed in the bills, of the transition from sunset to twilight, and the appearance of the evening star. We *saw* the painted canvas move,—it reminded too much of a child's puppet-show: the effect produced was paltry, and the star almost *grotesquely* large. It is (perhaps) natural and indispensible, that, after Sardanapalus has been embracing the corse of the gallant Salamenes, he should retain a portion of his life blood upon *his hands* and clothes, and also that Myrrha, after examining the wounds of the dying hero, should bear a similar testimony of having so done; but we see no reason why it should be allowed to remain during the whole of the long scene which succeeds. The continual sight of it is disagreeable, almost revolting,—we do not speak from squeamishness, but the circumstance made the impression described upon us at the time. In fact, it appears to us, that the introduction of *another scene* would be of great advantage to the drama: thus, after the soldiers bear away the body of Salamenes, the scene might be changed to another room in the palace, where Sardanapalus might give orders for the erection of the funeral pile, receive the herald, &c.; *then* the scene might return to the Hall of Nimrod, with the pile formed round the throne; the soldiers might still be employed upon it, (but not *bringing in the logs of wood!*) as Sardanapalus enters, and there he might take leave of them, as originally written. We are aware of the objection that may be urged against this, that it must occasion a deviation from the text of Byron; but then it should be always borne in mind, that Sardanapalus was not originally intended for the stage by the noble author; and if such an alteration as we have suggested *would be* advantageous to the effect of the tragedy, it ought to be made. We never remember to have witnessed greater enthusiasm in an audience than followed the conclusion of the play; it is not too much to say, there was not one dissentient voice; and surely it were no unhallowed thought, to deem that the glorious spirit of Byron might be hovering over the scene to witness the homage paid to his genius by his admiring and (may we not add?) *repentant* countrymen!

CITY THEATRE.

This little theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. Bedford, and has produced many very entertaining novelties, a more detailed account of which we shall give in a future number.

MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.

We have not yet been able, from the pressure of literary and other engagements, to pay our respects to this deserved favorite of Momus and the public, though, probably, before our work meets the eye of the reader, we shall have done so, but the early period of the week at which we are obliged to go to press, will prevent our notice appearing in the current number. Next week we hope to bring up all arrears.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Towards the end of the month of December, in the year 1807, on a night when neither moon nor stars enlivened the darkness, a heavy travelling carriage drew up before the cathedral of St. Stephen, in the town of Bruges. The carriage appeared to belong to a foreign family of distinction, for the panels bore the scutcheon of a count of the Empire, and two footmen in splendid liveries, were in attendance. As the carriage stopped, they immediately presented themselves at the door; one to assist the travellers to descend, and the other, with a lighted flambeau, to conduct them into the church. A young man first alighted, and, by his deportment, might easily be recognized as the master of the equipage; then an old man, who seemed to be an ancient and confidential domestic; a female, whom trouble rendered older than she really was; a young and homely peasant girl, who held something in her arms with great care; and lastly, a clergyman, who wore his official habiliments under his travelling cloak. The carriage drove off a short distance, and the party entered the cathedral by a small door, at which a porter and a verger were awaiting for them. They all proceeded in silence; no other sound was heard than the echo of their footsteps along the capacious aisles, and the peals of the organ, that fell faintly on the ear. The party drew near to a small fire, whose mouldering embers served to increase the gloom and chill of the place: and, while the priest was adjusting his surplice, a voice thus addressed him,—"I bring you, in haste, reverend father, my two new-born children to be christened. They have more need than other children of the benefit of your prayers, and of the salutary influence of baptism. Who knows if they will ever live to an age to partake of the holy sacrament, and if their existence should be desirable after that ceremony?" The eyes of the father filled with tears as he spoke; and when the nurse, in preparing for the baptism, removed part of the garments in which they were wrapped, he turned away and hid his face in his hands. Two lovely children were seen in the nurse's arms, lying side by side, with their little limbs lovingly interlaced. Two arms only were visible; but on looking more nearly, it might be seen, that with the others, they held themselves closely embraced. After a little observation, it seemed strange that the motions of the two brothers were all simultaneous; and in whatever position or attitude they were placed, they were always at the same distance from one another. At last, it was discovered, (and the grief of the father was thus explained in an instant,) that they were attached to each other by a fleshy tumour at the side. A cold shudder ran through the party, and the voice even of the clergyman faltered as he pronounced the sacred words. When the names of the twin-brothers were required, the old domestic and the governaunte, who were godfather and godmother, turned towards their master, who, without raising his eyes, said, "Louis and Lucien; Louis is the one who has the amber collar round his neck." The ceremony of the baptism was soon concluded, and the party retraced their steps in the same order and the same sadness as they had entered. "To the hotel," said one of the footmen; and the carriage rolled rapidly away.

The Count and Countess of B——, on their return from an excursion in the southern parts of Europe, had determined to pass a short time at Bruges with some old friends whom they had not seen for a long period. The countess, who was within about ten weeks of her time, had intended to await her accouchement at Paris; but she resolved to remain awhile with her friends, who invented a thousand reasons for prolonging her stay; where, in about a fortnight, her pains came upon her, and the twins we have mentioned were ushered into existence two months before the time. The physicians declared that it would be dangerous to inform the mother of the dreadful condition of the children, as her mind was in a very unsettled state. They managed to conceal it from her when she desired to embrace them; and it was agreed that, after the baptism, they should depart with her nurse into the country, about a league from town. The countess readily assented to this plan, since her husband promised, that, on her recovery, she should go to Paris with her children and their nurse. All this was to gain time. The principle care of her husband and friends was now directed to the invalid; but, in spite of every precaution, an inflammatory fever attacked her on the third day, and she fell a victim to its violence. The unhappy husband was almost maddened by his misfortunes. He took leave of his host without wishing to embrace his children; but he sent the governaunte, who had stood godmother to them, and

ordered her to remain with them, to take care of them, and to instruct them. He then set out for Paris, and endeavoured to drown his mental distress in the amusements of the capital. There, however, he did not remain long; and he visited many of the kingdoms of Europe in different public capacities. Nevertheless, his anxiety for his children ceased not in the least; from the most distant provinces in Europe, he kept a watchful eye over their well-being. They had been visited by the most skilful medical practitioners of the age; and each, upon examining them, had declared that they would not survive a week; and yet week after week passed on and Louis and Lucien arrived at the age of five years. They existed in spite of all the regulations of science; their life was a problem, a miracle.

The nurse to whose care they had been entrusted by the count, was a woman of no common mould. Marie Gareau had lived with the countess from the time of her marriage; and through the affection which she had borne to her young mistress, she resolved to be a second mother to her infant children. She nursed them on her knees, she waited on them, she instructed them; and, by her unwearied care, Louis and Lucien had continued in good health, and had grown wonderfully; and as they never went out in public nor saw other children, they were unconscious of their misfortune; and when they both said together, "Nurse, I love you dearly; kiss me," they were as happy and gay as if nothing had befallen them. One unforeseen circumstance, however, taught them that there was something singular in their appearance. A domestic had carelessly left open the gate of the garden which communicated with the high road; and the two children had the curiosity to go out to see what was doing in the world. They had hardly wandered a few paces, when two other children a little older than themselves gazed at them in unfeigned astonishment, and, bursting into a laugh, said to each other. "Look! look at the little monsters;" and they called their companions to come and look at the prodigy. A crowd quickly collecting, laughed and hooted at them; the twins were terrified, and escaped back to the garden, crying bitterly. As they entered, they met their nurse, and Louis said to her, "Nurse, if you knew; two children have been calling out to us, "Look, look at the little monsters!" and they pointed at us, and laughed. That has made us cry. "What are monsters, nurse?" Poor Marie gave no answer, but cried with them; but Lucien said, "Nurse, I think that these are silly children, and that God has meant to punish them, for they are not joined to each other; they are very far off from one another. They cannot love each other as well as we do, brother." And the brothers embraced each other long and tenderly.

The twins resembled each other in any respects; but in some things there was a striking contrast between them. For instance, neither the stature nor the features were alike. Louis had black eyes and hair, an aquiline nose, dark skin, a capacious chest, and broad shoulders. Lucien's hair was light and curly; his eyes of a clear blue, and his skin was of a rosy tint, while his limbs were slightly made, and his chest rather confined. But the intellectual powers, the ideas, sensations, and desires, and the sound of the voice, were inconceivably alike in the two brothers. The masters who were employed in instructing them considered them as one scholar, for they learned the same things in the same time and the same manner. If sickness attacked the one, the other invariably fell ill; and each recovered at the same time.

All the particulars, and every thing relating to the studies or the health of the children were regularly reported to Count B——, who sent back, in answer, whole sheets filled with advice, tenderness, and sorrow. He could not reconcile himself to the idea of having children who were exceptions to the general laws of nature.

Marie's letters to the count had generally been answered with great regularity; but to one of her letters no reply came. One month, two months, passed away; still there was no answer, and she knew not what to think. She knew not what to say to the children, who were constantly asking her, "Have you nothing new to tell us about our father?" Never had she awaited a letter with so much anxiety.

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About the beginning of 1814, she perceived from the window of her chamber, a travelling carriage approaching on the high road. She fancied that she recognized the livery of the count. In fact, the carriage drove up the small avenue to the house, "My children, my children, here is your father; run and embrace him." And Marie Gareau hastened to open the door of the carriage, and at the same time to place a beauteous child in his arms. "That is Lucien, sir, that is Lucien," said she, almost choked with emotion. The father looked, and looked again, and would not believe his sight, till, with mingled expression of astonishment, joy, and terror, he exclaimed, "And Louis?—And Louis?" demanded he again, after covering with kisses the fair face which lay smiling on his shoulder. "You did not, then, sir, receive my letter of last October?" enquired the nurse. "No, I have received nothing; but Louis?" said he, a third time, with extreme anxiety. "Brother," cried Lucien, to a little boy, who came running towards them, "come, father is calling you." And the active little fellow bounded into the carriage and loaded the count with caresses. The latter could hardly believe what he saw. Sometimes he would take the two children in his arms and press them together to his heart, as if they were one single being; then he would place them side by side, and gaze on them alternately, with uncontrolled delight; yet his countenance betrayed some signs of incredulity, and he said to the nurse, "Are you sure these are my children?"

"Come in; alight from your carriage, and when you have entered the house, and seated yourself by a good fire, I will tell you all that I wrote to you about." The count did as he was desired, and was soon ready to listen to her relation.

"Well, well, Marie! here we are by the fire; I am anxious to hear you."

"Some time ago the children began to complain that there was something ailing them; but what it was we could not discover. They fell into a kind of languor, which was speedily followed by an unaccountable lethargy. I called in physicians, but they shook their heads, and declared their inability to do any thing. The lethargy continued unabated, and their frame became emaciated, and I feared that they would die. One morning I entered their room early, as was my custom, to look at them as they lay asleep. Lucien was awake, and he stretched forth his little arms, and sat up in his bed, as I approached, without disturbing his brother. I thought that I was dreaming. I looked attentively at him, yet could see nothing more than a little sore on the side, and a long streak of black blood. I sent again for the physicians, they hardly glanced at the children, but said that it could not be. I actually cried with joy. I gave fervent thanks to the Almighty for his goodness, and I wrote immediately to inform you of what had happened." The count could not restrain himself from tears at this unexpected happiness; he was constantly sobbing, "Ah! if my poor Amelia had survived, this would have been a joyful day to her." "Why do you cry, father? I like not to see you weep," said the two children together.

In a short time they were all settled in Paris; and the count took upon himself to superintend the education of his sons. In due time they were sent to college, and they there made extraordinary progress. But there was one very remarkable circumstance always attending them; the compositions of the one exactly resembled those of the other. There was the same style, the same faults, and the same beauties; the same penmanship even! Their essays might have been taken for two copies of the same manuscript, written by the same person. In the course of a year they each held the same rank, and deserved the same punishments; and when the head-master presented Lucien with a prize, their fellow-students were certain that Louis would obtain a similar reward. This surprising resemblance in disposition and intellect, and the mutual affection they displayed towards each other, rendered them at the end of a few years, objects both of wonder and respect throughout the whole college, and the students were grieved, when,

after a violent illness in which they both suffered much, it was judged fit that they should retire from college, and prosecute their studies in private. During the continuance of this illness they had been compelled to have their heads shaved, and a celebrated professor of phrenology, who examined them, let fall some observations in their presence upon the unaccountable resemblance between them, and upon the strange effects that might follow from the similarity of their inclinations. The brothers did not lose a word that escaped from his lips, and they gazed at each other with terror, as if some frightful and unheard-of fate was marked out for them. They were anxious to learn all the fears of the professor, but they saw him no more, and the incident was only the means of retarding their recovery a few days.

They continued their studies under the watchful eye of their father, and at the proper age were introduced into the world, and their abilities, their agreeable manners, and facility of conversation, rendered them universal favorites, especially with the ladies. The extraordinary affinity of their minds was here also a subject of wonder to all; and on one occasion this wonder was nearly allied to terror. The lady of the house to which they had been invited to a party, had desired each to write some verses upon a theme which she proposed. They went aside separately, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, and presented some stanzas, which were the same word for word. The whole party was petrified with astonishment, and the two brothers looked at each other with dismay.

Louis and Lucien had not been long launched into the world, when they lost their old and faithful nurse; and to crown their misfortunes, their father died in the same year. This was a severe blow, and bitter and lasting was their grief. After they had partially recovered its effects, they began to consider the method of life they should adopt, finding themselves the sole possessors of an immense fortune. They resolved to travel, and by change of scene, to endeavour in some measure to rid themselves from many painful recollections. For more than two years no one knew what had become of them, but about the expiration of that term they arrived at Bordeaux. They mingled but little in the society of the place. They occasionally visited the theatre, not to see the acting, which was execrable, but to witness the dancing in the ballet. They had remained in the town for more than a fortnight, and yet neither thought of departing—every day they were less in each other's company.

One evening, on which there was no performance, Louis, pale with passion, entered the apartment of the figurante Louise, and as he rushed in, he exclaimed, in a threatening tone, "Madam, a man is concealed here; truly, I could not have believed it of you—the fifth day; do not attempt to deny it; let me have no tears nor professions of regard, not three minutes ago a man entered this chamber. You did not expect me this evening; but I saw him enter, I tell you, and I now perceive full well how much you are to be trusted. By heaven, madam, where is he? where is he? wears he a sword? and if he is there, in that cabinet, I will—" "Louis, Louis!" exclaimed a voice from the closet. "Lucien, Lucien!" responded he, and the two brothers departed from the chamber, arm in arm, laughing heartily at the adventure. As they retired, they said to Louise, "We have the honour, madam, to be your most obedient humble servants."

But when they had sufficiently reflected upon the consequences that might have happened had they not recognized each other, and had remembered that they each entertained the same wishes and the same thoughts, they thought it might be better for both that they should separate for a time. They resolved to remain apart till each should have chosen a partner for life, and then they would leave each other no more. Louis removed to Naples, and Lucien sailed for England. They agreed to write frequently, that each might know the exact state of the other's feelings.

Four months had Lucien remained in England. On Easter-day he was invited to dine with the French ambassador. He had scarcely sat down to table when he gave a loud shriek, and placing his hand on his side, fainted away, exclaiming, "My God! my brother has just been wounded by the thrust of a sword!" Three weeks had not elapsed, before he received a letter from Louis, informing him that he had been engaged in a duel, and had been wounded in the side on Easter-day; but he was rapidly recovering. The letter also stated that he had fallen in love with a young lady named Elvira, and that the marriage ceremony would take place at Bruges, as soon as she had returned from France, whither she had gone to visit her aged mother. Lucien had also during his residence in London, been charmed with the manners and appearance of a young stranger, whom he had met in many places of public amusement. He could not learn who she was, but he resolved to follow her wherever she might go, till he could form an acquaintance with her. He informed his brother of all these circumstances by letter, and promised that he would be present at the wedding; and the writing was so exactly alike, that he was on the point of sending off his brother's letter instead of his own. He found, one morning, that the lovely unknown was preparing to embark, in company with another female advanced in years, in a vessel bound for Spain, and he immediately took a passage in the same vessel, and flattered himself with the prospect of a delightful voyage. But he was disappointed; for Leïla, (so he had heard her named) remained nearly all the time in her cabin. Once or twice, however, when she mounted on the deck, he fancied that she looked at him with greater interest than at the other passengers. Encouraged by this circumstance he resolved to address some verses to her, declaring his passion; but he wrote them so that they bore no direct allusion to himself or her. A sailor, at his request, contrived to place them unperceived beneath her pillow. During the whole of the following night and morning, Lucien remained in a state of great anxiety. Leïla did not make her appearance till the evening, and then he saw her reading something on a paper with great attention. They were his verses! She seemed to read them with eagerness, and yet with surprise. Lucien, who was a few paces distant, was intoxicated with joy and love; he felt that he was understood, and he was on the point of advancing to declare himself, when the old lady joined her companion, and taking her by the arm, said, "Come, my child; it is time to retire for the night." Lucien had only time to bow to the ladies; and when Leïla gracefully returned his salutation, he perceived tears in her eyes, and a heavenly smile playing on her lips. When Lucien arose the next morning, he proceeded to the cabin of the ladies; but he found it deserted. He then learnt that they had landed early in the morning; for they had arrived off the coast of Spain. He entered the apartment, and perceiving several loose papers lying about, which seemed to have been forgotten, he hastily snatched them up. Then hastening on deck, he threw himself into a boat, and rowed towards land with the utmost rapidity. Among the papers which he took from the cabin, he found one slip on which was written, "May the angel who brought me that cherished letter, return quickly——." This was enough to throw Lucien into an extacy of joy. As soon as he landed, he sought in every direction for the fair stranger, but being unable to find in what direction they had journeyed, he proceed to Burgos that he might arrive in time to be present at his brother's marriage, and with some faint hopes of meeting with the object of his search.

He entered Burgos at night, and he found the cathedral lighted up for the ceremony. He hurried thither in his travelling dress; the wedding party was just departing. He had only time to shake his brother by the hand, who presented a lady to him, and desired him to embrace his sister. And Lucien welcomed her with a warm embrace. "Leïla!" exclaimed he, as the torches threw a yellow glare upon her countenance. "No; Elvira," replied Louis, smiling; "I will tell you all by and bye. We shall expect you at the palace of Count Villafla, my father-in-law," and the wedding party drove away. Lucien gazed at the brilliant equipages, and could hardly be persuaded that he was not in a dream. Starting from his reverie, he returned to

his hotel, and shut himself up in his chamber. "So," he exclaimed to himself, "no one can avoid his fate. We were predestined. All over Europe, Elvira and Leïla are the same woman, and can be no other than the same woman. The horrors allotted to us have not ended with an unnatural birth. My brother, I love you much more dearly than I do myself; but I fear my love for you is weaker than my adoration for your Elvira. May you, my brother, live happy."

The report of a pistol echoed through the hotel, and then all was silent.

At the palace of the Count Villafla, the first who entered the apartment of the newly married pair, were thunderstruck at perceiving Elvira, weeping, and bending over the cold body of her husband.

Lucien, in destroying himself, had murdered his brother.

POOR OLD MARGARET.

Poor old Margaret was as kind a soul as ever shared crust with the distressed. Her neat cottage stood beside the road, about the half of a mile from the village, with woodbine trained over the door, and a luxuriant rose-tree on one side, mingling its flowers among the dangling branches of the former. A small garden, very cleanly kept, ran from the end of the dwelling some dozen yards, sheltered effectually from the north and east by a high hedge of thorn and elder intermixed. On the south side was a low clipt hedge of thorn, wild roses, and sweet-brier. A walk, of perhaps more than three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, with a flower border upon each side, and paled from the road, which paling was, in summer, almost hid from sight by shrubs and sweet peas, led into the little enclosure of sweets; for, in the cultivation of flowers, and the sweet converse of her grandaughter, was her delight. "But few," oft' said Margaret, "are more happy, thank God! than I am in my humble home;—happier I should have been had my good man been spared me, but my good grandaughter is left to me, who is the best of girls. If —, but I will not think of such a thing, else I should be the unhappiest; if any thing unfortunate should befal her." Any thing, every thing, she could do for her grandmother, to make her, if possible, more happy, every succeeding day, did the kind Fanny. That extreme kindness,—Oh, melancholy reflection!—Oh, that it should have been her bane! They kept a cow, a few sheep, a pig, &c.,—a little rural establishment; and a little land old Margaret let off to a worthy farmer, which brought her in sufficient for a comfortable maintenance for herself and her worthy charge. No promise was asked by the mother of Fanny upon her death-bed, for the goodness of her heart was too well known by her, to doubt for a moment that she would neglect her grandaughter. The father had, some years before, been carried off by a fever. Much sorrow, much grief, had the two survivors experienced in the bereavements they had sustained, but, as old Margaret had been left upon a little freehold, and was a stirring woman herself, and much respected by her neighbours for her simple, ever-kind character, and those neighbours, kindly sort of folk, time brought them peace, comparative happiness; and the good soul really thought so, and was grateful to providence, when she compared her state with that of the thousand miserables that she saw and heard of, in the world.

The dear girl had not yet cast an eye of preference upon any one of the opposite sex; she was seventeen, lovely as the modest rose, before the just-risen sun in June. A young man had been brought up by a neighbouring farmer as his nephew, but no one of the village had ever seen the father. He had died, it was said, in the East, leaving his son to be brought up by the farmer, who would have, when of age, a few hundred pounds. Another of his uncles still lived in the East, who went with his father. He happened one day to be passing the cottage of old Margaret at the time that Fanny was crossing the road from an opposite field, where a gentleman, in that harum-scarum concern, a tandem, was coming dashing towards the spot at a furious rate. Fanny was hastening over, but unfortunately her foot slipped and she fell, and had not Frederick been there at the moment, the next instant the wheel of the vehicle must have passed over her, which he prevented by just snatching her from before the whirling wheel, at the imminent risk of his own personal peril. From this almost serious accident, Fanny loved the gallant and intrepid youth; from this time he was a pretty constant visitor at old Margaret's. For a considerable time, (for it is so with young folks often, curious circumstances, constitutional, prudential, &c., retard or accelerate,) they passed continually many, many happy hours together before an explanation of feeling took place. Some little trifling conversation on the part of the one party or the other, brought the mutual confession of attachment about. The grandmother was soon applied to, who immediately gave her consent. "Ah!" said she, "may God bless you both. Mr. Frederick, you might have a richer wife, (though Fanny will have my all at last, and I wish it was ten times more, for her sake, if it would make her more happy,) but none will have a better, I know. Be kind to her; for if you should not, my Fanny's heart would break, for I have seen how she feels on your account; and I should fall with her,—but I will not think of that, because you have the good report and respect of all that know you."

A few weeks after the obtaining of the grandmother's consent, the time for the celebration of the nuptials was appointed. In a week after, (it was sunny June,) Frederick and Fanny were alone together, in the absence of old Margaret, full of confidence in each other, and in soul one; there they enjoyed each other's converse in a small arbour in the garden, upon a moss seat, with roses and woodbine flaunting around them, and the shades of evening casting every distant object into equivocal identity. This evening of enchanting effect fixed poor Fanny's destiny. The next day saw a messenger arrive at the farmer's with whom Frederick had been brought up; he must immediately have the young man to town with him. A hasty leave was taken of Fanny, who hung upon him like part of himself. He should be back in a fortnight at farthest; kissed the tears from her lovely cheek, and inspired her with assurances tender and most sincere. She saw him no more. A considerable property had been left him by the other uncle in India, and the attorney, (an honest one, "a wonder," the ill-natured would say,) with whom the will was deposited, had sent the messenger before-mentioned, to hasten to his office in ——. Dreadful to relate, the coach, near town, was hurled over, in a cursed race against an opponent, and Frederick died upon the road, supported by a stranger traveller, in a few minutes after the accident,—in his last breath blessing his dear Fanny! Who shall describe the feelings of the poor girl, when she learned the fate of him who was to have been her husband! Oh! human nature, what fellow-being but must shudder at the horrid chill of life and hope that came over the wretched Fanny at that moment! Never after that day, did she look up to smile on heaven. The poor old Margaret endeavoured to cheer her, but in vain. Whenever she attempted it, her granddaughter would throw herself upon her neck, and sob as if her heart was bursting. About five months after, one morning Fanny was missing from her bed. Search was long made in vain. Poor old Margaret was almost distracted, for, from the poor girl's melancholy bearing so long, she foreboded some misfortune. About mid-day, a boy angling in a deep pit of the brook near, discovered her body at the bottom. Upon the corpse, when brought to the cottage, fell the poor old Margaret, crying in agony, "My poor, dear, lost lamb, why didst thou this?" She was taken to her bed, from which she rose no more. Why the poor Fanny cast herself into the pit, was, upon the inquest explained; but the grandmother had happily no knowledge of it on this side the "house for all living." Fatal anticipation! Here were hearts full of truth, and yet,—shall we judge? No. Peace to their ashes! Together, in the church-yard of —— lie the remains of the respected old Margaret and the gentle Fanny. The village maidens oft' sigh o'er their unfortunate sister, and pay the sad tribute of a pitying tear, while they feel, as they muse o'er her story, that they have to bless their own better fortune. [J.

THE PANG OF SEPARATION.

Oh! never can we know how dear
Each lov'd one is, till we have known
The deep regret, the bitter tear,
That comes when those lov'd ones are gone.
L. E. L.

We may nerve our minds, and struggle against the affections of the heart, with all the indifference of a stoic; yet when the hour of parting comes we shall find that the conflict was in vain. The taking leave of even a casual acquaintance has something in it of sorrow, but when we bid adieu to those who are endeared to us by the ties of kindred, or by the links of sympathy which binds heart to heart: what an absence of the soul is there! every fibre of the heart seems uprooted as it were, and trembling with the agony of the moment; but even this is not the worst pang of separation from a beloved object. When this tumult of the feelings is hushed, and we have returned to our accustomed occupations, then, and then only we become sensible of the withering blight which has passed over our happiness; not a single amusement but recalls to our mind, in vivid colours, the loss we have sustained; if in books we seek consolation, at every page the sentiments recur which we have so often admired together; if we turn to music, the favourite air of the absent one is sure to be chosen; thus striking anew the chord that was hushed; even the beauties of nature awake the heart afresh to its sorrows; here is the shady lane that we have so often paced in sweet companionship; there, the prospect that has been pointed to us again and again by the hand that is now far distant. In fine, strive as we will to forget, it is impossible; we are bound by a spell we cannot break; and we can neither awake or again retire to rest, but some indefinable feeling reminds us unceasingly of the absent, the lamented one.

ANNETTE.

A LEGEND.

In a remote and desolate part of the country, on the borders of the sea, stood a rugged and castellated building, which had resisted the ravaging hand of time for a century past. It was partly built upon a rock, and now appeared as it were grown to it, for notwithstanding its exposure to the lashing of the waves, and the fury of the elements, it still rested firmly on its mighty basis. The few inhabitants who peopled the part of the coast where the above building was situated, were chiefly the rudest sort of fishermen, but even they seldom or ever approached it; not through superstitious dread, but through a natural awe, as a place in which deeds were wrought that must not be looked upon, and which must infallibly, sooner or later, bring down the judgment of heaven upon it. By a series of crimes, unequalled in the annals of vice, among which murder was darkly whispered, the present occupier (who was known by the title of "Baron" only) gained possession of it. The interior of the building contrasted strongly with its forbidding external appearance. One wing, comprising a numerous suite of apartments, fitted up in a style of dazzling splendor and magnificence, being exclusively appropriated to the Baron and his associates. It was in these apartments that the voluptuary and the sensualist might be gratified even to satiety. It was here that those who fled from the certain punishment of crime, came, and were admitted, and it was here the night passed in one continued scene of debauch and revelry, every member of the party reckless alike of God or man. But tremble, Baron! for the dark page of eternity is nearly filled up against thee, and thou must shortly appear to answer the account before the high tribunal of heaven, where thy vaunted castle's strength, thy vassals, the combined strength of thy companions in guilt will avail thee nothing, where the unsullied mirror of truth flashing upon thy guilty soul, shall lay its inmost recesses bare to the scrutinizing view of thy supreme judge, and thou wilt be dealt with according to thy deserts.

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It was at the conclusion of one of these nocturnal scenes, and long past midnight, that the baron retired to the solitude of his chamber, and to the upbraidings of a conscience that would not be hushed. He threw himself listlessly upon his bed, and would fain have slept; but a mysterious awe, an ominous dread seemed to pervade his faculties, a sense of some secret presence seemed to weigh heavy on him, and to banish repose from his aching eyes, "parched with the unnatural want of the dews of sleep." Starting from his couch, and burying his feverish and throbbing brow in his hands, he paced with a quick and unsteady step the extensive apartment. The day had been oppressively sultry, and the clouds which had been gradually gathering, now congregated themselves into one black and threatening mass, a species of flitting meteoric light occasionally interspersed itself through the gloom, and rendered the darkness still more intense by the contrast. Not a breath of air was felt, and the waters of the ocean, without any visible cause, seemed labouring and agitated. As these symptoms increased, the atmosphere became charged almost to suffocation,—and now it was that the cold sweat stood in large globular drops upon the forehead of the Baron. Now did he fear what he never owned, that a higher power ruled his destiny. His crimes presented themselves in dread array before him, and sinking on his knees, he would have prayed to that God whom he had before affected to despise. The elements had contained themselves to their very last effort, and the storm commenced in sublime grandeur. The rolling thunder mingling with deafening clamour with the waters, which rushing with the noise of a cataract through the chasms of the rock, rendered the scene terrifically grand and appalling. The awful pause that succeeded seemed meant to give the ministers of God's vengeance time to concentrate their whole mass of heavenly artillery to the accomplishment of one grand object. A preternatural stillness conquered for a brief space the raging of the storm. It was as suddenly dispelled. A flood of the "intensest spirit of light" burst from the deepest recesses of heaven, accompanied by a crash exceeding all description, struck the rock to its very base, and the castle scarred and riven, was shivered to fragments, and engulphed in the tremendous ocean.

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Notwithstanding the unequalled fury of the storm, one sound was distintly heard. It was the demoniac voice of the Baron, who was borne frantic and blaspheming to the punishment which a life of continued vice and crime had merited.

A. N.

THE SELECTOR.

FUNERAL OF MRS. BURNS—EXHUMATION OF THE POET'S SKULL.

The remains of Mrs. Burns were interred in the family vault on Tuesday, the 1st April, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. Independently of the Bard's Mausoleum, St. Michael's church-yard is, perhaps, the most remarkable cemetery in Britain; amidst innumerable tombs thousands on thousands sleep below; and on the day alluded to, public interest or curiosity waxed so intensely that it became, if such an expression may be used, instinct with life as well as death. By many, a strong wish was expressed that the funeral should be made broadly public; others again objected to every thing like parade, as unsuited to the quiet retiring character of the deceased; and amidst counsels and wishes so opposite and conflicting, the relatives and executors had a duty to discharge which was felt to be exceedingly onerous and perplexing. The Magistrates and Commissioners of Police politely offered to mark their respect for Mrs. Burns' memory by attending her funeral in their public capacity—an offer so honourable that it was at once acknowledged and acceded to by the trustees. But something more was wanted, in the opinion of at least a portion of the public; and as the street in which the deceased resided is short, narrow, and situated so near to the church-yard, as to injure the appearance of any procession, it was anxiously asked that the coffin should be conveyed in a hearse to the Council Chamber stairs, and from thence carried shoulder-high along the line of the principal street. On reflection, however, it was deemed better that the living should go to the dead, than

the dead to the living. The Magistrates agreed in the propriety of this, and issued cards to the whole of the Council appointing a meeting at half-past eleven on the morning of Tuesday, at which hour they assembled, and shortly after moved in a body to Burns'-street, amidst a throng of people (many of whom had voluntarily arrayed themselves in sables) such as has rarely been witnessed on the streets of Dumfries. Between two and three hundred funeral letters were issued in compliance with the usual custom; and in this way, while the private feelings of friends were conciliated, the public were gratified in as far as was deemed consistent with the rules of decorum.

As many persons were received in the house as it could possibly contain, including various clergymen, citizen friends, and country gentlemen, among the latter of whom we observed Sir Thos. Wallace, a kind personal friend of the deceased; Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick; Mr. Dunlop, Southwick; Mr. Jas. M'Alpine Leny of Dalswinton; Mr. John Dunlop, Rosefield; Mr. Macadam of Castledykes; Major Adair; Mr. Hannah of Hannahfield; Major Davies; Mr. John Staig; the Provost and Magistrates, &c., &c. Eloquent prayers were put up on the occasion by the Reverend Messrs. Wightman, Fyffe, Dunlop, and Wallace; and after the usual forms had been observed, the coffin was placed on spokes, and borne by many to its final resting place. Throwing a stone to a chieftain's cairn was deemed an honour by our Celtic ancestors, and a similar feeling obviously prevailed in regard to the funeral obsequies of the poet's widow. Before one person had well touched a spoke he was succeeded by another, eager to share in the same mournful duty; and although the distance was extremely short, several hundred hands bore the body along by shifting as frequently as St. Michael's bell tolled. Though the crowd was very dense, forests of heads were thrown into lines as the procession moved forward; every window was filled with spectators; numerous visitors were observed from the country; and, altogether, the scene reminded many of the memorable day of the poet's funeral. So great was the anxiety to enter the mausoleum that the pressure, in the first instance, occasioned a slight degree of confusion; but in a minute or two order was restored, and the body lowered slowly and solemnly into the family vault. The chief mourners then descended, took the stations assigned them, and after every thing had been adjusted, placed the coffin in a grave dug to the depth of four feet. Five relatives attended the interment, viz., Mr. Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet, Mr. Robert Armour, the widow's brother, and the husbands of three nieces, the Messrs. Irving and Mr. M'Kinnel. But there were other chief mourners, and among those we observed Mr. Dunlop, Southwick, Provost Murray, Dr. John Symons, Mr. Bogie, and Mr. M'Diarmid. The grave was covered in a brief space; the chief mourners then withdrew; and after every thing foreign had been removed from the vault, the executors gave the necessary directions for restoring the large stone which guards the entrance to the tomb of our great national poet. As this was a task of considerable labour, hours elapsed before it could be completed, and, in the interim, thousands had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by taking a parting look at the resting place of genius.

It is generally known that the remains of Burns were exhumed, privately, on the 19th September, 1815, and deposited with every regard to decency, in the arched vault attached to the mausoleum, then newly erected in honour of his memory. The principal actors, on that occasion, were the late Convener Thomson and Mr. Milligan, builders, Mr. Grierson, Secretary to the Monument Committee, and Mr. Bogie, Terraughty. Originally, his ashes lay in the north corner of the church-yard; and as years elapsed before any general movement was made, his widow, with pious care, marked the spot by a modest monument, the expense of which she willingly defrayed out of her own slender means. In the first instance, attempts were made to enlarge the churchyard wall, and thus avert the necessity of a ceremony, in the highest degree revolting to the feelings of Mrs. Burns; but the spot was so narrow and interfered so closely with the property of others, that the idea was abandoned as utterly impracticable. On the day, therefore, already named, the committeee chosen, proceeded to the spot before the sun had risen, and went to work so rapidly, that they had well nigh completed their purpose previous to the assemblage of any crowd. And it was fortunate their measure were so wisely taken; for though the gates of St. Michael's were carefully locked, a few early risers, and accidental observers, communicated so speedily their suspicions to others, that before the entrance to the vault could be closed, an immense crowd besieged the churchyard walls, and on leave being refused, readily found the means of admitting themselves. Still the individnals alluded to discharged, with the greatest sternness, their duty as sentinels, by repressing all attempts at obtaining bones, or indeed anything connected with the respective coffins of the Bard and his two sons. As a report had been spread that the largest coffin was made of oak, hopes were entertained that it would be possible to remove it without injury, or public examination of any kind. But this hope proved fallacious; on testing the coffin it was found to be composed of ordinary materials, and liable to yield to the slightest pressure; and the lid partially removed. a spectacle was unfolded, which, considering the fame of the mighty dead, has rarely been witnessed by a single human being. There lay the remains of the great poet, to all appearance entire, retaining various traces of recent vitality, or to speak more correctly exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death. The forehead struck every one as beautifully arched, if not so high as might have been reasonably supposed, while the scalp was rather thickly covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly firm and white. Altogether the scene was so imposing that the commonest workmen stood uncovered, as the late Dr. Gregory did at the exhumation of the remains of King Robert Bruce, and for some moments remained inactive, as if thrilling under the effects of some undefinable emotion, while gazing on all that remained of one "whose fame is as wide as the world itself." But the scene, however imposing, was brief; for the instant the workmen inserted a shell or wooden case beneath the original coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones, crumbled into dust. Notwithstanding of the solemnity the occasion required, at least a few felt constrained to lift and examine the skull—probably under the inspiration of feelings akin to those of Hamlet when he leant and moralized over Yorrick's grave, and who, if aware of the passage, might have quoted appropriately enough the language of Byron:—

"Look on its broken arch, its ruined hall—
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul!
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit—
Of passion's host that never brooked control—
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lonely tower—this tenement refit."

Every thing, as we have said, was conducted with the greatest propriety and care; and after the second grave-bed of the poet and his offspring had been carefully prepared, the original tomb-stone was placed above their ashes, and the vault closed for a period of nearly nineteen years—that is, from the 19th September, 1815, till the 28th March, 1834. The well-known Mr. Mathews, a man of high and original genius, on one occasion paid a visit to Dumfries; and it fell to the lot of the writer to accompany him to the house of Mrs. Burns, and St. Michael'schurch-yard. On entering the mausoleum the great comedian became obviously highly excited, and, after a little pause, enquired eagerly "what has become of the original tombstone?" and on this question being answered, expressed the greatest regret that it had not been inserted as part of the pavement in front of the sculpture, as was done in the case of Shakspeare's mausoleum at Stratford-upon-Avon. And here we cannot resist quoting a brief passage from the works of Mr. Washington Irving:—"A few years since, as some

labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have looked into Shakspeare's grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his bones, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or curious, or any collector of relics, should have been tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the spot for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed. He told me he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones—nothing but dust. *It was something, I thought, to have seen even the dust of Shakspeare.*"

The remains of Mrs. Burns, as has already been stated, were interred on Tuesday, the 1st April. On the day preceding the vault was opened by Mr. Crombie—a work of considerable difficulty and labour,—and the keys of the mausoleum, which is guarded round and round with high iron-pillared doors, were placed temporarily in our own possession. And here it may be best to confess the whole truth, and conceal nothing. Ever since we became acquainted with what occurred on the 19th September, 1815, we have regretted that so favourable an opportunity was missed of taking a cast from the poet's skull,—and the more so, when informed that the phrenologists had made an imaginary one from the portrait, and on this theory assigned to Burns all the qualities of a great statesman. In this regret we were joined by many, and not a few persons here and elsewhere, by word and by letter, prompted and urged the propriety of a measure which we had previously determined to adopt, if possible. But one difficulty remained behind --soothing the repugnance, and conciliating the feelings of those who alone had a right to decide—the principal male relatives of the bard and his late relict. Mr. Armour arrived from London by Monday's mail, and we confess it was six o'clock P. M. before we could find courage to introduce the subject. We did, however, name it at last, and after much anxious conversation, obtained a reluctant and conditional consent. From this moment matters were put in train, and at seven a small party repaired, one by one, and by different routes, to St. Michael's church-yard. But the hour was found unsuitable, and the opportunity inapt, from the number of anxious eyes that were still abroad. At nine, however, the attempt was renewed with all the success which the most enthusiastic admirers of genius or science could desire. Again the party conferred privately, and proceeded stealthily, one after another, by the quietest paths, and after clambering over the church-yard walls met by appointment in front of the mausoleum. In this, it must be confessed, there was something degrading, which reminded us of the horrid trade of body-snatching; but the most profound secrecy was indispensable, and if there be any who feel inclined to impute blame, all we can say is—our motives were good, and totally alien to those of idle curiosity. Mr. Blacklock offered his services at a favourable moment, and it was well we had a gentleman with us qualified to give a scientific account of the appearance, preservation, and peculiarities, of the skull. While one of our number kept watch above, the rest of the party descended into the vault by means of a ladder and a muffled lantern; and we shall not readily forget the mingled emotions that arose in the mind,—passing away and returning with the most thrilling influence,—as we stood solemnly on the poet's grave, and re-called the awful malediction of Shakspeare. The night was most serene, and the dim light of the lantern, and the loneliness of the vault, contrasted strikingly with the lambent light of the host of stars that sparkled brightly in the heavens above. Mr. Crombie's knowledge of localities rendered the process of disinterment comparatively easy, and Mr. Bogie, who had seen the the skull in 1815, proclaimed its identity the moment it appeared. But in the absence of such a witness its size and character were quite sufficient to avouch the fact, and, after it had been carefully cleaned, a cast was taken from it before the parties retired to rest. In the execution of this duty they received the most efficient assistance from Mr. James Fraser, plasterer, whose skill and style of handling would do no discredit to a London artist. Just as the party were about to separate the clock chimed the hour of one; and although ten individuals were present at the last, including our chief magistrate, Mr. Hamilton, and Rector M'Millan, the largest hat of the whole was found too narrow to receive the skull—a sufficient proof of its extraordinary size. Early on Tuesday morning a leaden box was made, and carefully lined with the softest materials, and on the same day we, as in duty bound, witnessed the re-interment of the sacred relic it contained, previous to the funeral of Mr. Burns. The pious wish expressed by Mr. Mathews has at length been gratified, by removing the original tombstone from the vault, and placing it within the iron railing which protects the sculpture. In accomplishing this the said railing had to be slightly enlarged; and the stone now occupies a position where it can be seen by all without being trode upon or injured by any. The inscriptions upon it are as follow, the closing one having been chisseled within the last few days:—

"In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July 1796, in the 37th year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died 25th April, 1799, aged two years and nine months. Also, of Francis Wallace Burns, who died 9th July, 1803, aged 14 years. Also, of Jean Armour, relict of the poet, born February, 1765, died 26th March, 1834."

What follows is from the pen of Mr. Blacklock:—

"On Monday night, 31st March 1834, Mr. John M'Diarmid, Mr. Adam Rankine, Mr. James Kerr, Mr. James Bogie, Mr. Andrew Crombie, and the subscriber, descended into the vault of the Mausoleum for the purpose of examining the remains of Burns, and, if possible, procuring a cast of his skull. Mr. Crombie having witnessed the exhumation of the bard's remains in 1815, and seen them deposited in their present resting place, at once pointed out the exact spot where the head would be found, and a few spadefuls of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted.

"The cranial bones were perfect in every respect, if we except a little erosion of their external table, and firmly held together by their sutures; even the delicate bones of the orbits, with the trifling exception of the os unguis in the left, were sound and uninjured by death and the grave. The superior maxillary bones still retained the four most posterior teeth on each side, including the dentes sapientiæ, and all without spot or blemish; the incisores, cuspidati, &c., had, in all probability, recently dropt from the jaw, for the alveoli were but little decayed. The bones of the face and palate were also sound. Some small portions of black hair, with a very few gray hairs intermixed, were observed while detaching some extraneous matter from the occiput. Indeed nothing could exceed the high state of preservation in which we found the bones of the cranium, or offer a fairer opportunity of supplying what has so long been desiderated by phrenologists—a correct model of our immortal poet's head: and in order to accomplish this in the most accurate and satisfactory manner, every particle of sand, or other foreign body, was carefully washed off, and the plaster of Paris applied with all the tact and accuracy of an experienced artist. The cast is admirably taken, and cannot fail to prove highly interesting to phrenologists and others.

"Having completed our intention, the skull, securely enclosed in a leaden case, was again committed to the earth precisely where we found it.

"Dumfries, 1st April, 1834.

ARCHD. BLACKLOCK."

MEMOIRS OF RUDOLPH ACKERMANN Esq.

It is impossible to let such a man descend into the grave without some public notice. His, indeed was a character which we should deem it a public wrong not to hold forth as an example to persons of every description.

Born at Schneeberg, in the kingdom of Saxony, in 1764, and bred to the trade of a Coachbuilder, he came early in life to England, shortly before the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time pursued in London, the occupation of a Carriage Draftsman, which led to an acquaintance with artists, and to his settlement in business as a Print-seller in the

Strand. Here, by indefatigable assiduity, intelligence, and enterprise, combined with inviolable honor and integrity in all his transactions, he created that flourishing establishment, which has made his name perhaps more extensively known, both at home and abroad, than that of any other tradesman in the British metropolis.

In the early part of his career, when the French Revolution had driven many clever and ingenious persons to this country, and when even some of the old noblesse were obliged to exercise their talents for a subsistence, Mr. Ackermann, by the extensive encouragement which he gave to the manufacture of elegant fancy articles by them, raised that branch of business to an importance which it had never before attained.

His speculative and inquiring disposition showed itself in various ways unconnected with his trade. We believe that we are correct in stating that his was the first private establishment in which, before the formation of gas companies, an apparatus was erected for making gas for the purpose of domestic illumination. To him the country is certainly indebted for the original introduction of the lithographic art, to which he directed the public attention, not only by a translation of the work of Senefelder, its inventor, but also by the specimens which he produced from his own presses. As a publisher his illustrated Topographical works, especially the Histories of Westminster Abbey, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Public Schools, are monuments of his spirit and taste. It is well known that his successful attempt to furnish in the *Forget me Not*, a worthy offering to an object of kindness and affection, has generated in this country a new class of elegant works, the Annuals, which in the last ten years have caused the circulation of a very large sum among those whose talents are required for their production. The ardour with which he embarked in the preparation of books, chiefly elementary, for the instruction and enlightenment of the people of the Spanish American States, and in the formation of establishments in some of their principal cities, is also deserving of mention.

But it is not for his spirit, activity, intelligence, and honor as a tradesman, that his surviving friends will venerate the character of Mr. Ackermann, so much as for that genuine kindness of heart, that constant hospitality, that warm beneficence, and that active Philanthrophy, in which it abounded. Never, perhaps, was the latter quality more strikingly displayed, and never were the exertions of an individual, in behalf of suffering humanity, crowned with such signal success, as when, after the severe battle of Leipsic, Mr. Ackermann stood forward as the advocate of the starving population of many districts of Germany reduced to the utmost destitution by the calamities of War. By his indefatigable efforts, committees were arranged, and a public subscription set on foot, the amount of which was increased by a parliamentary grant of £100,000. to more than double that sum. To the honour of the Society of Friends, be it remembered that their contributions withheld from the encouragement of war, were most munificently poured into this fund for the alleviation of the miseries inflicted by that scourge. On Mr. Ackermann, as secretary to the Western Committee, devolved, in fact, almost the whole of the arduous duties connected with this subscription—the perusal of claims transmitted from abroad—the direction of the extensive correspondence to which they led, and the apportionment of relief to the suffering districts. By these labours, his mind was absorbed during the Spring and Summer of 1814, to such a degree, that he abridged himself of many hours of natural rest every night to pursue them, till his general health, and his sight in particular, were materially impaired. How entirely his benevolent heart was engrossed by the business, may be inferred from a joke of his old friend, *Combe*, (the author of *Dr. Syntax*,) who one day observed, "I can't imagine what has happened to our friend, Ackermann, meet him when you will, and ask him how he does, the only answer you can get is, '*Leipsic*.'"

It is not surprising, that when he afterwards visited his native country, he was hailed as a public benefactor, who, under providence, had been the means of saving thousands of his fellow-creatures from perishing. The scenes which he everywhere encountered during the journey were deeply affecting, as well as gratifying, to his feelings; and often have the tears started from his eyes, on reverting to them in conversation with his most intimate friends. The city of Leipsic expressed its gratitude to him by a valuable present of vases and figures in Meissen Porcelain; the king of Prussia sent him a costly ring; and the king of Saxony, who invited him to a personal interview, conferred on him the order of Civil Merit, which he had just instituted.

In the spring of the year 1830, when at his delightful retreat at Fulham, he experienced a sudden attack of paralysis, and though his life was preserved through the prompt assistance of skill, and decisive measures adopted by his medical attendants, yet he never recovered sufficiently to return to business. A different air to that of Fulham being deemed beneficial for his complaint, he removed to Finchley, and soon afterwards transferred to his three younger sons, and to Mr. Walton, his principle assistant, the establishment which he had founded, and which, by the unceasing labours of forty years, he had brought to its present prosperous condition, the eldest son being already established in Regent Street. A fresh attack of his complaint, in November last, produced a gradual decline of strength; and at length terminated his useful and honourable life on the 30th of March last.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Deem not the reckless gaiety that sparkles in mine eyes,
Is the sunny light of Pleasure's beam, which the Heart's fount supplies,
Deem not the joy of mirth is seen around my laughing cheek,
Or that upon my cloudless brow the Soul's true feelings speak.

Deem not because my step is light and bounding in the dance;
Deem not because my smile grows bright whene'er it meets THY glance;
That care and sorrow never cloud the summer-path I tread,
That grief hath ne'er my spirit bow'd, or tears mine eyelids shed.

I seek amid the careless throng when mirth and joy are loud,
That Lethe for the blighted heart, found in Life's busy crowd;
I seek awhile 'mid smiling friends, forgetfulless of pain,
And to chase the pang of grief that sends its arrow through my brain.

Then envy not the gaiety that sparkles in mine eyes,
'Tis like a ray of sunny-light, that o'er yon river flies,
Making the water's surface bright and golden with its glow,
While the cold calm stream winds darkly on, unwarm'd, unlit, below.

TO LYRA.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Would I were with thee! when the tender blushes
Of young Aurora tinge the opening sky;
While, as the Heavens glow with deeper flushes,
The joyous lark, his thrilling minstrelsy
Pours on the bosom of the morning air,
Shaming the listener of all *earth-born* care

Would I were with thee! when the lengthen'd shadows
Proclaim the farewell hour of parting day;
And slanting far along the soft green meadows,
The sun's last gorgeous beams of glory lay;
And glitter on the ripp'ling waters bright,
And bathe the forest trees in golden light!

Would I were with thee! when the dark blue Heaven,
Night in her soft and starry robe has drest;
When the white clouds thro' air are swiftly driven,
(Those downy pillows where the moon-beams rest);
Till dawns upon the watcher's mental eye
The hope and trust of happier realms on high!

Would I were with thee, ECHO OF MY HEART!
When o'er the living page of Genius bending,
That to thy kindred mind I might impart
The thoughts that then *will* light my own
—'twere lending
An added beauty to each glowing line,
Could thy dear eyes, in reading, follow mine!

Would I were with thee in the hour of sadness,
To chase the cloud of sorrow from thy brow;
Would I were with thee in the time of gladness,
To gaze delighted on thy spirit's glow;
And when my own heart droopeth heavily,
Oh! *then* what solace 'twere to be with THEE!

LOVE'S FETTERS.

In days of yore when Poets sung
The halls of Love with roses hung,
With beauteous flowers he hearts enwreathed,
Which never failing odours breathed,
Time older grew and Love soon found
With stronger chains hearts must be bound,
To Hymen went, who fetters sold,
But his were nearly all of gold;
Too weak, cried he, your chains will prove,
And melt before the flames of Love.
Back to his home he quick returned,
With anger fierce his bosom burned;
Cried he, no longer will I grieve,
The chains of Love himself shall weave,
His mother fair to aid him strove,
And wove the mystic chains of Love,
Such as would suit his purpose well,
Strong, light, and yet invincible,
Such chains as these bind me for ever,
Like bonds of necromantic spell,
Those who would strive the links to sever,
Must also break the heart as well.

I. S.

BALLAD.

BY J. L. CLENNELL, ESQ.

Oh! chang'd is she now, for her dark hair is braided,
No longer, alas! on a sunshiny brow,
The roses that graced her cheek quickly have faded,
Bright were they once, but where, where are they now!
And pale are those lips, for her spirit is pining
To flee to a home where its grief shall be past;
Tho' still in her eye is a peaceful smile shining,
The heart of poor Madeline's broken at last.
They have borne from her arms the object she cherish'd,
Her bosom is wearing unearthly and chill,
And soon they will tell of a sweet bud that perish'd,
While full blown flow'rs round it were lingering still;
Soon, soon they must mourn, for her spirit is pining
To flee to a home where its grief shall be past,
Tho' still in her eye is a peaceful smile shining,
The heart of poor Madeline's broken at last.

WOMAN.

BY ROBERT TURNER.

Shall I not sing in Woman's praise,
Shall she not claim my humble lays
Who hath alone the power to bless
My heart with lasting happiness?
He is the vilest wretch on earth
Who hath no knowledge of her worth,
Who never felt the rev'rence due
To her the beautiful and true.
To her, to her in life's glad spring,
How soon our joyous spirits cling,
Amid the follies of our youth,
We worship at the shrine of truth,
And though our wayward hearts may rove
In search of something else to love,
We find all other altars vain,
And turn unto our first again.
He who though wronged, must yet be mute,
The scorned, the trampled underfoot,
Despite his woes he finds her breast
A place of refuge and of rest;
He knows one heart will sympathise
With him whom all on earth despise,
And deems the solace Woman brings
A balm for all his sufferings.
Without her what would be the home
We value so where'er we roam?
Without her life indeed would be
A state of dreary misery;
All that was formed whilst man was dust
The Maker yielded to his trust,
Then Godlike gave to Eden's guest,
The last created and the best.
The scorner scoffingly hath said,
All evil cometh by her aid,
But e'en that slanderer must know
From her the best of blessings flow,
For though her beauty, new and rife,
First tempted man to forfeit life,
Yet she brought forth in travail's pain,
The Christ who led him back again.

TO THE ROSE CALLED MAIDEN BLUSH.

PRESENTED, WITH THAT FLOWER, TO A YOUNG LADY.

Go, pallid, but yet beauteous flower!
Fair emblem of the maid I love,
I plucked thee from thy leafy bower
Whilst wet with dew-drops from above;
Go, whilst those tears still trembling hang
On each pale leaf, and plead my cause;
Tell her, thy sister rosebud sprang
But to adorn *her* breast, *her* vase.
Tell her, no other bed it sought,
When torn so rudely from its own;
No other death could that have brought
One sigh to ease a lover's moan;
But, snatched by other hands away,
It died, unknown its purposed bliss,
Nor felt one genial, heart-born ray,
Nor revelled in one balmy kiss!
So he who plucked it idly dreamed
Heaven opened onhis raptured eye,
When lo! its Angel Portress seemed
To close the gate and bid him die!
Go, Maiden Blush! and plead his cause,
Hide in her chamber from the sun,
Nor die within her sacred vase,
Till love be crowned—till Heaven be won.

EDWARD WARD.

CHARADE.

My FIRST speaks plainly what we feel
While health glows on our cheek,
And when we break the friendly seal
The tidings we first seek.
My SECOND is perchance contained
Within that billet's fold,
And who to friendship's bosom strained,
Can say my WHOLE is cold.

JESSY.

ENIGMA.

If on the number NINE you fix,
And something add, 'twill fall to SIX,
Addition sure methinks you'll say
Must raise the point and not decay,
Then tell me now, I ask you all,
How number NINE to SIX can fall. F. M.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE, Page 310.

"Let there be LIGHT," [so said the Almighty Lord,
And "LIGHT" then came obedient to his word.

A. N.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

BYRON'S OPINION OF BEAUTY.—I do not talk of mere beauty (continued Byron) of feature or complexion, but of expression, that looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful, who never could have interested my feelings, from their want of countenance or expression, which means countenance; and others, who were little remarked, have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety; but sunshine should often gleam over it, to replace the clouds and showers that may obscure its lustre—which, poetical description apart, (said Byron), in sober prose, means that good-humoured smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of pensiveness or care, that sentiment or earthly ills call forth. Women were meant to be the exciters of all that is finest in our natures, and the soothers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome automaton be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of looks I could not bear the sight of for a week; and yet such are the looks that pass in society for pretty, handsome, and beautiful

In exposing the vices of others, many think by the attraction to conceal their own deformity.

IMPROMPTU.

ON RECEIVING A RING.

Lady! I send thee back the ring!
It lacks the *only* precious gem
That to my mind could value bring,
With that 'twere worth a diadem!
Enrich it with thy braided hair,
And send the jewel back to me;
Then proudly I the gift will wear,
As a memento worthy thee!

EDITRESS.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 49, Holywell Street, Strand, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 44—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} Saturday, April 26, 1834. [Price 1½d.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dresses.—First Figure.—Robe of jaconot muslin. A high body, trimmed round the shoulders with a lappel of the pelerine kind. Long sleeves of nearly equal width all the way from the shoulder to the wrist. *Ceinture* of rose coloured *gros de Naples*, with pockets attached to it of the same material; both the *ceinture* and pockets

are trimmed with black lace. The cravat also of rose coloured *gros de Naples*, is bordered with black lace. Head-dress a white lace handkerchief placed on the bow at the crown of the head, brought under the chin, and tied in a bow on one side.

Second Figure.—A high robe of green *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the shoulders with a lappel pelerine, which is cut round in sharp *dents*, the sleeves form a double bouffant at the top, and sit close to the lower part of the arm. *Tulle* frill, consisting of a double and very full *ruche*. The hair is disposed in bands upon the forehead, and twisted up behind in a knot, to which a full bow of ribbon is attached.

Third Figure.—Young Lady's Dress.—The trowsers are of white cambric. The frock, rose coloured *gros de Naples*, with a pelerine of the heart shape, made high, and a plain cambric collar. *Tulle* cap, setting close to the head, and with a border *en ruche*.

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

Evening Head-dresses.—*Coiffures en cheveux* are not yet so general as might be expected, hats, caps, and toques, being in favour even with very youthful *élégantes*. We may cite among the most elegant hats, those of white chip, with crowns of the cone form, and the brim standing quite out from the face; the interior is trimmed with blond lace, in which a small and very light sprig of flowers, as rose-buds, is arranged; a light wreath composed either of various flowers, or of that sort only that decorates the interior of the brim, adorns the crown. These hats are always put very far back upon the head, and the *brides* hang loose.

Caps in evening dress are of an extremely simple and becoming form. Indeed we never recollect them more so. A caul sufficiently large to allow the hair to be turned up in a soft round bow, which rises a little above the summit of the head. The trimming of the front consists either of a single row of lace, turned back and rounded over the forehead, or else a row placed singly at the sides, and doubled, but crossing in the heart style on the forehead. A band of ribbon turns back the lace, the band terminates at one end in a knot, at the other in a flower; or else a half-wreath of flowers as light as if they had been formed by fairy fingers, is placed upon the band over the forehead. A band of ribbon which terminates in a bow behind, encircles the caul, and a knot of ribbon, in which a sprig of flowers is placed, is attached on one side of it. The flowers must correspond with those in the interior of the trimming. Toques are either of crape or blond lace. We observe that they are smaller in the brim than they were last year, and some have the brim cut in a point over the forehead. Toques are always trimmed with feathers. Some are adorned with one only, which is attached at the side; others have a bouquet of three plumes placed almost in front, and drooping forward a little. There is nothing, perhaps, so elegant or graceful for a fine woman as this style of head-dress.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FITZROY THEATRE.

A laughable trifle, under the title of *The Siamese Twins*, has just been produced at this theatre, the *joint-hero* of which is admirably played by Messrs. Oxberry and Mitchell. The interest of the piece is however much destroyed from the time that has elapsed since the mania for this double Lion, the thing is out of date, the rage having gone by. Some of the puns told well, though not over elegant, but the speech put into the mouth of the lover, wherein he discloses his reasons for marrying the heroine, viz., his regard for her fortune in order to pay his debts, was so coarsely written, that had the piece been condemned for *that* alone, it would have been no more than the author merited. The pretty fairy piece still continues to draw good houses.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL.

We visited this eleventh annual exhibition of the British Artists, last week, and were much gratified by the display of native talent it afforded. It seems the fashion this season is to say that the exhibition has few good pictures to boast, at least such is the opinion we have heard from the lips of connoiseurs (we think it is an unjust one), and we will name a few of the productions to support the assertion we have ventured to make. We commence with the portrait of Commander J. C. R. Ross, (nephew to the hero of the North Pole expedition), painted by J. R. Wildman, which on entering the great room, first catches the observer's eye, a fine manly portrait, and decidedly an excellent likeness, unless, indeed, an air of fierceness is imparted to the sailor, which he did not wear when we chanced to see him. A Landscape, Evening, by Hofland, has all the quiet and picturesque beauty for which this artist is so deservedly celebrated. The Children of Hubert De Burgh, Esq., by F. Y. Hurlstone, are exquisitely true to nature. The Mother, by E. Prentis, is one of the loveliest domestic groups we ever beheld; it would make a delightful engraving for one of the Annuals, and would form a pleasing task for the poet's pen to illustrate;—we should desire no better. To The Outcast, by the same artist, the same observation will appiy. Children's Play, by T. Webster, is faithful to nature, as is Stags alarmed at the distant sight of the Hunters, by R. B. Davis. The Moorish Tower at Seville, painted on the spot by D. Roberts, is a fine specimen of architectural drawing. Haidee aroused from her trance by the sound of music, another of F. Y. Hurlstone's, is very lovely. The sale of Farming Stock at the Cape, by H. F. Goblet, pourtrays with painful fidelity, the feelings of a female slave about to be torn from her children, who have been purchased by a different master; it does indeed furnish a striking commentary on the miseries of slavery. Passing to one of the smaller rooms, The fresh Tap, by W. Shayer, drew our attention by its comic humour; as did the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, painted by F. Stone, for its exquisite loveliness, and the perfect ease of the attitude. But we must pause in our observations till another week, when we shall have taken a second view of the gallery, though we think we have said enough to induce our fair readers to go and judge for themselves.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE COUNTESS OF CLANNARAN.

BY MISS AUGUSTA HENNINGSEN.

"Indeed, Mr. Crawford," said Victorine, "she will not see you; I might as well attempt to turn the course of the Thames, as try to change the determination of the countess; and you must know even better than I that giddy and changeable as she is, she can be resolutely obstinate. I have employed every argument, but in vain, I dare nothing farther. Your answer, sir, I believe I have already delivered to you, the commands of my mistress. Will you transmit the money by Saturday? indeed you must, for she has promised to pay the Lady Herries on that day."

"Then what I hoped was only the offspring of slander, Victorine, is truth, and the countess has added gambling to the list of her other follies; and is it thus the race of the Clanarran's will terminate in folly and ruin; far better had Henrietta died during her infancy, or remained the neglected daughter she once was."

The venerable Mr. Crawford spoke more in sorrow than anger.

"Oh! sir," said Victorine, "let us still hope the best; the countess is much to be pitied; she is led astray by those who ought to guide her steps on the dizzy pinnacle which she treads, or at least respect her inexperience and youth."

"You are indulgent, Victorine, for the follies of your mistress; in my eyes she merits but little excuse; her choice is free between the paths of right and wrong, and she is gifted with sufficient sense to know which she should pursue."

"Easy is it to talk thus, Mr. Crawford, and I might be tempted to agree with you, did your opinion regard many others, but you seem to have forgotten the peculiar situation of the countess;

not one in a thousand is placed in the world as she is."

"Nay, Victorine, I have not forgotten all that, and the greater merit would it have been for her to have resisted the temptations which surround her. Now you, my good girl, I dare say would remain as wise and excellent as you are were you raised to the rank of a princess to-morrow."

"You flatter me too much, sir, my own sentiments at present would lead me to suppose my ideas would remain unchanged, but you know, l'esprit est prompt mais la chair est faible; believe me there is a wide difference between the deeds of the imagination, and the deeds of reality; and I fear were I to be suddenly elevated, I should soon lose your good opinion."

"You are too diffident of yourself, Victorine; well, perhaps it is better than otherwise, I wish the countess would listen sometimes to you, she might profit by your advice."

"You honour me much by your commendation, sir; but I need too much indulgence myself, to offer advice to others. There is one question I would pray of you to answer," continued Victorine, anxious to change the subject from herself. "Cannot you liberate the countess from the thraldom of the detestable Lady Herries, then might she be saved from the destruction which threatens her career."

"What," exclaimed Mr. Crawford, "I am astonished to hear you speak thus of the beautiful and popular Lady Herries; in the seclusion you live how can you know her but from the reports of servants; your mistress surely would not speak ill of her best friend."

"Is such the supposition of Mr. Crawford, who scarce a moment since was praising Victorine, think you I could be influenced by idle reports to speak uncharitably of the humblest of God's creatures, much less of a lady whose high station seemingly debars me from knowing even personally. But I speak truly and justly when I say there is—" she hesitated for a second, and then continued, "there was but one person who knew the Lady Herries better than myself."

"And that," said Mr. Crawford, "was Louis de la Meilleraye." Victorine looked up in surprise, she was violently agitated, and leaned against the back of a chair for support. "Are you ill?" enquired Mr. Crawford.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Victorine, "only a little faintness which occasionally comes over me; I am better now." and she then calmly enquired when and where he had known Louis de la Meilleraye, but her lips trembled as she spoke the name.

"In France, some years since, when I accompanied the late earl there," was the reply. "He was a fine handsome young officer then; I often saw him."

"And do you not know what became of him?" asked Victorine.

"I believe he turned out very badly, and perished crossing the sea, I forget where he was going. I saw his broken-hearted father once after the melancholy event." Again Victorine became agitated, but boldly did she command her feelings, lest they should betray her, and whose, but the most religious and determined spirit could support the acuteness of those she felt.

"Mr. Crawford, may I enquire further your knowledge of the family de la Meilleraye; I am particularly interested in all that concerns them."

"Excuse me. I cannot comply with your request." Victorine seemed rather disappointed at the refusal, but shortly after said

"I must be content, sir; your reasons are no doubt most excellent, but you have said sufficient to let me know that you are acquainted with more of their family history than you deem prudent to impart to me. Such being the case, you will allow that what I say is correct, when I assert it is the Lady Herries who has led the countess from the path of duty, and would pervert her heart; it was the fascinating tongue of that lady which overcame her scruples to play, and has filled her own purse with the large sums she has won from her very dear friend, and thus leading her from one extravagance and folly to another, would glory in her fate, so that she gained her own end; oh, that I might withdraw the veil which makes the countess believe her the paragon of perfection. I will even say of the Lady Herries that which shall make you doubt whether I am not also acquainted with more than I may choose to tell. She was the cause of all that occurred to the de la Meilleraye's."

Mr. Crawford gazed at Victorine, as he listened to her attentively; she had spoken mildly though firmly, there might be a slight shade of sarcasm occasionally in the tone of her voice, yet she spoke as one conscious of possessing the power of proving that what she said was not the repetition of mere idle report.

"Victorine," said Mr. Crawford, "it is passing strange; how know you so much of the Lady Herries and her friends?"

"Sir I must follow the example you set me, and when I tell you a solemn promise enjoins me to silence with regard to my acquaintance with those persons, I am sure you will enquire no further. I have, perhaps, been too communicative, but it is of little consequence, I retract not one word that I have said. Why, Mr. Crawford, do you gaze so earnestly at me; does my face recall the likeness of any one you have ever seen?" enquired Victorine anxiously, and she breathed freely when he replied,

"Yes, it does, that of my daughter, I thought so the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you; but never did the likeness strike me so forcibly before. It is a long time since she left me for a better world. Ah! you are still too young, and too much a stranger to sorrow, to sympathise with my feelings; some day you may know the painful pleasure it excites to trace in the features of the living the slightest resemblance to those we have lost."

Victorine replied not, but she wiped the tears from her eyes, when she entered the adjoining room, it was not long before she returned with a packet which she presented to Mr. Crawford, saying, "these are the bills I have collected, they amount to £50,000, will you speak to Mr. Hunt, and see if some arrangement cannot be made for their payment?"

"I told you, in the early part of this evening, of the only settlement which could be made to save her ladyship in the eyes of the world, and which I proposed to her, she will not listen to me, nor even see me now. She disbelieves my account of the state of her affairs."

"And are they really so bad?" said Victorine, "I had hoped the statement was exaggerated, can no other arrangement be made?"

"While the Lady Herries dictates all her actions, she will never agree to it. Victorine, you must know that the extravagance of the countess has been unbounded; her debts are enormous; for her princely fortune suffices not to defray the expences of her mad profusion; had she followed my advice, she would have been saved from the destiny which awaits her, and which she will learn from the bitter tongues of strangers."

"And so you forsake her, Mr. Crawford?" said Victorine, sorrowfully.

"No, Victorine, should the countess change her present determination, which I dare not hope, send for me, I shall be ready to attend the summons; or if in the hour of need my assistance can avail her, I will not forsake her. She has been unkind to her father's oldest friend, but never can I forget the debt of gratitude I owe him, which the longest life devoted to one of his family could not repay. Present my duty to the Countess of Clanarran; the money shall be remitted before Saturday."

Soon after the conversation recorded, Mr. Crawford bade Victorine a good evening, and departed. And then burst forth the full tide of Victorine's excited, and long repressed feelings; and so absorbed was she in the grief which had occasioned her tears, that she heard not the door of the apartment open, and much less did she imagine there was one regarding her with admiration, and even a more fastidious person than Lord Charles Seamore, must have admired the delicate white hands which hid the face of the mourner, while the exquisite shape of her neck could not be concealed by the frill and high dress she wore. At length Lord Charles spoke, and Victorine raised her head in surprise and confusion at beholding a stranger. She quickly wiped her eyes, and rising from her seat enquired his commands.

"Only tell me the cause of your sorrow, my pretty maid," said Lord Charles, and as he spoke he gazed in admiration

upon a face whose beauty consisted less in the symmetry of its proportions than in its expression.

"I decline answering your question, sir; as a stranger you cannot be interested in the cause of my tears; your intrusion here was uncalled for, suffer me to leave the room," but opposing her passage, the young lord seized her hand. "Unhold me, sir, and suffer me to depart."

"Not till you tell me who you are," said the young lord, laughing, seemingly delighted at having aroused the anger of the young lady.

"If the Lord Charles Seamore has the heart of a gentleman," said Victorine, with calm dignity, "he will deem an attendant of the Countess of Clanarran, unworthy of his notice, while he respects the feelings of the humble individual herself." Lord Charles let go the hand he held.

"Pardon me," he said, bowing low and respectfully; "I cannot believe you a menial; your person and your speech belie your assertion; but whoever you are, pardon me if I have given offence, and accept my sincerest apologies; were you acquainted with Charley Seamore, you would not reject them, and allow with the world that he is the wildest colt under the sun; but evil he never harbours in his thoughts or actions."

"Enough, my lord, you are forgiven," said Victorine, and curtsying gracefully, left the room.

(To be continued.)

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

BY. J MARTIN.

Among the many subjects upon which the sons and daughters of the Muses employ their pens, there is no one perhaps so often written upon as that never ending subject Love. Indeed it so often comes before our notice, that we are apt at times to feel a sort of repugnance to it. And yet when we reflect for a moment that it is the strongest passion of the soul, that society is founded upon its basis, that from its source all relationship and true friendship flows, and above all, that the great supreme ruler of the Universe is a God of love, we lose our repugnant feeling, and when we begin to hear either its plaintive or its rapturous notes, we resolve if not to pity, at least to listen. The story, then, which I am about to relate, is in the full acceptation of the term a love story, and one which is in itself so true, that it needs neither art nor fiction to embellish it.

It was very early, on one of those charming mornings in June, the sober grey of twilight had just receded; the morning star had lost its brightness, and the fair rosy beams of morn tinged with golden beauties the slowly passing clouds above. Below nature seemed as yet sleeping, and but for the murmuring of the brook, which hurried down the side of the hill, or the rural whistling of the thrush in the grove, all was still and silent. The diversified beauties of the landscape were beginning to expand. On the left lay the dark wood, displaying its various shades of rich foliage, spreading from the top of the mountain to the deepest recess of the valley. On the right the spire of the village church, proudly raised its head above the clean humble dwelling beneath. In the perspective, ascending to the horizon, the pastures were covered with flocks, while in the valley below, overhung in many parts by shading willows, the river slowly and silently pursued its silvery course. There is to every reflective mind a sort of sweet melancholy pleasure in the stillness of a summer's morning, and that pleasure is frequently heightened and increased, while viewing the sublimity and the beauties of nature. All around us is serenely beautiful, and the soul while it expands with gratitude to the Almighty Maker of all things, is susceptible to the least impression. The thought of our happy childhood, when the tear was forgot as soon as shed; the loss of some beloved relative who was once near and dear to us; our regret of those whom distance may separate from us, or our meditation on some beloved object for whom we have a sincere regard, are all reflections, which easily take possession of the soul, and either move us to shed a tear of sorrow or enjoy the more pleasing pleasure of hope. Such was the frame of mind into which I had fallen, when I beheld in the distant valley a form clad in white, slowly and mournfully walking along the bank of the stream. It approached towards me, and although it was at intervals hid beneath the drooping willows which overhung the stream, yet again and again it appeared, while its strange white dress, gently waving in the morning breeze, gave it an appearance truly interesting and romantic. Who could it be? It was a female form, the flowers alone seemed to engage her attention, of which she made small nosegays, and throwing them into the stream, seemed to watch them attentively till they had glided from her view. She still advanced nearer. I hastened unperceived, and sheltered myself in the grove through which she seemed inclined to pass in order to see her more perfectly. She came. Never shall I forget the impression which her truly interesting appearance made on me. She was young and beautiful; the rose had indeed fled and left the lily alone on her cheek; her lips were but faintly coloured; her full dark eyes seemed to have lost their once smiling brightness; her dark hair was carelessly banded on her forehead, her whole countenance was sadness, and melancholy, and yet she was beautiful! Yes, her form was delicately moulded, and a wild rose which she had placed in her bosom, and another which she carried in her hand, made her dress appear more delicate, which, although it has a romantic appearance, at a distance, was but a plain white one, over which hung a white scarf which having carelessly thrown over her head, and fastened at the waist, it formed a kind of hood, and was all the dress that she wore. She seemed weak and weary, and pensively reclined for some moments upon a seat, then, as though some particular recollection occurred to her, she started wildly, and with vacant looks, sometimes with a smile, but oftener in tears, she uttered with a sweet and plaintive voice the following ideas. They were not sung, neither were they mentioned in the exact order in which I have placed them, but they were expressed with that wild connection, and in those touching tones which move the soul more than either music or art.

Oh! where art thou gone, love?
I wander for thee;
When wilt thou return, love,
And smile upon me?

Come, here is the bower, love,
And here is thy seat;
I've pluck'd thee a rose, love,
'Tis blooming and sweet.

But why stay so long, love,
And I alone here?
Thou ne'er wast unkind, love,
Forgive me this tear?

Ah! where hast thou been, love?
Why do I complain?
Yes, yes, 'tis thy play, love,
I'll seek thee again.

She cast one sad lingering look around her, and left the grove, returning by the way she came. I gazed with pity and astonishment as her form slowly receded away, and beheld for the last time her white dress ere she entered beneath the thick spreading trees, from whence I saw her proceed; I looked again and again, but I saw her no more! Who would not have wished to know her history, and the cause of her delirium? I trod as it were by instinct the same path she had taken, and had not proceeded far before I learned from a venerable old shepherd the sad and painful story! Lucinda (or "Pretty Lucy" as the peasantry were in the habit of calling her), was motherless, and the youngest daughter of a gentleman in easy circumstances, residing in a neat cottage not far distant. That was but the eighteenth summer she had seen. She had been well educated, was accomplished, kind, and benevolent, and her gentle temper and sweetness of disposition had gained her the esteem of all around; but more especially of the poor, who had frequently been relieved by her kindness and charity. "Such a girl, indeed," said the old man, shaking his head, while a tear started in his dim blue eye, "has never before lived amongst us; many a time has she been very kind to me, when in the hard wintry weather I could not follow my employment, and now that I see her in this sad way, passing by me without either a look or a word, it makes me very sorry and unhappy." This he said with that dotage and earnest simplicity, which is common to age, and which plainly told how much he was affected, and how well Lucinda

was beloved. It was, he believed, that very day twelve months since the fatal occurrence which had destroyed her peace of mind, and from the most cheerful and happy, rendered her the most sad and dejected. She had been betrothed to the son of a wealthy man, who was much her superior both in birth and fortune, but who regarded her with an attachment as pure as sincere. He, too, was much esteemed by his family and friends; he was familiar, cheerful, and generous, and had gained from Lucinda a return of affection, as true and as ardent as his own. Their loves were mutual; flowers strewed their paths; the rural beauty of the spot where Lucinda resided, and the more sublime beauties of the surrounding scenery, were charms which made the charms of love the more endearing. But, alas! how fleeting and uncertain are all worldly pleasures. The serpent may coil unperceived beneath the sweetest bed of flowers; the finest morning may turn to a cloudy and stormy day, and the fairest rose-bud may be nipped in the heart ere it arrives to a blossom. 'Twas thus with their happiness, for from that very stream into which Lucinda had thrown the flowers, and as the shepherd believed on that very day twelve months, her lover was taken a lifeless corpse. It appeared from his statement that the lover had constructed a sort of canoe, in which he was fond of exercising his ingenuity with a sail; this although safe where the stream was smooth, became dangerous near the fall, where it was hurried and impetuous, and where either from advancing too near, or some other mismanagement, it had unfortunately overturned. The accident was, however, observed by some labourers who were mowing near the spot, who at the hazard of their lives plunged into the rapid stream, and after some difficulty, succeeded in extricating the sufferer. It was early, there was no one near who knew the unfortunate, and with that eager sympathy which is natural to Englishmen, they hurried with him to the nearest dwelling they could find, and that dwelling was Lucinda's. Who can describe the anguish which rent her soul? Every means to restore animation were resorted to but in vain, and that day's setting sun left him a cold and breathless corpse, who when it rose was buoyant with hope, and blooming with vigour. This was the source of Lucinda's grief, and the cause of all her distraction; and ye who have tender hearts, and have felt the passion of love, judge if her sufferings were inadequate to her sorrows. Thanking the shepherd for the relation which he had given me, I left the spot, and although during the summer I several times rambled that way, and thought of the sad story of Lucinda, I never saw her again, or conversed with any one concerning her. The summer with all its beauties passed away, and autumn with its bounteous liberality had succeeded; it was the last afternoon in October; the day had been fine but as evening advanced, a cold tempestuous wind blew, hurrying before it dark and gloomy clouds, and while it roared through the almost leafless trees of the dark wood, seemed sadly to murmur that winter was near. The sun was sinking, shrouded with a misty horizon, the landscape view was fading from the sight, and all nature seemed to pourtray a gloomy aspect. Who would not then have thought of poor Lucinda? were her sorrows abated? had her perfect reason returned? in what frame of mind was she then, for whom the enlivening beauties of summer had smiled but in vain. These were thoughts which naturally came to the mind, and with which I was leaving the scene. It was nearly dark, I had heard for some time the mournful tolling of the village church bell; and as I entered the burial ground, I perceived that it was tolling preparatory to interment. There was a grave newly dug, around which many persons were already assembled. I had not gazed many moments before I saw a funeral train slowly advancing from the porch of the church, where the solemn service had been performed. It was a plain funeral, there were but six mourners, all of whom seemed much affected, but I perceived by the sorrowful countenances of the many persons who accompanied it, that the deceased must have been well esteemed and beloved. It was indeed a solemn funeral! not a word, not a sound, save the tolling of the bell, disturbed the sad silence which prevailed. It came to the grave, the bier stood still, and when the pall was taken away, and the coffin let down upon the tottering boards, I stepped upon the loose sinking ground to read the inscription. Reader, judge of the pang which I felt when the first word I beheld was "Lucinda!" I turned from the scene, I was indeed an accidental mourner, but no one among the many who stood weeping around, could have felt more keenly than myself at that moment. The ceremony was proceeded with, I looked not, but I heard the loose earth from the sides of the grave fall upon the coffin as it descended to the bottom, and the rumbling of the cords as they drew them from beneath it. I could hear no more, I walked from the scene, and when the last service had been read, and the mourners had with many a tear slowly and reluctantly withdrawn from the grave, I heard again, although at a distance, the hollow sounds of the coffin, as the earth was thrown in, which became fainter and fainter, till they were heard no more. I returned and when the grave was filled up, I beheld by the faint light of the rising moon, a plain white stone laid upon the grave, which contained no other inscription than the name "Lucinda!"

PENITENT BLACK EYES.—A Spanish writer, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, they were in mourning for the murders they had committed.

DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS."

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Mr. Melville's house.*

Mr. MELVILLE *seated at a table, with a heap of manuscripts laid before him; by his side* OLD MENTOR *(his privy-councellor, studio-companion, and monitor to his son* ALBERT*); and by the fire,* Mrs. MELVILLE *and her daughter* FANNY.

Mr. Melville. Well, Madam, (to Mrs. M.), I appeal to you, is this any longer to be endured? Is Albert to continue losing his time in writing his *trash* of poetry? How many times have I not advised him to give over scribbling, and attend to the profession I have chosen for him! but still he takes his own advice; and, depend upon it, be will hereafter rue it.

Fanny. But, papa, Albert does not neglect his studies, for it is only in those hours devoted to recreation, that he amuses himself with his pen. You know, papa, that when Albert is at his studies, he does not neglect them.

Old Mentor. I think, sir, you view the subject in rather a harsh light. Is it not more commendable in a young man, when the period allotted for his studying he over, that he should find a source of amusement and gratification in exerting those little embellishments of the mind, rather than prefer the society of the young men of his own age, who are perchance wild, dissolute, and reckless, and from whom it is not likely he could gain much improvement? Are there not many who would consider themselves happy, did their children possess the same resource for amusement which you now so deprecate in your son? I think, if you view the matter in this light, you will be inclined to think less harshly of his devoting his leisure hours to the Muses.

Mr. M. The Muses!—hang the Muses!—will the Muses forward him one step in his profession—a profession that even Michael Angelo, at the age of 90, confessed he was but beginning to comprehend? And yet Albert thinks that if he studies for a few hours in the day, it will be sufficient! Why, to become an artist, his every thought, his every delight should be centred therein? No romancing, no flittering away of his time in rhyming, will do for an artist; unless he feels his work from the soul, he never will be one. But I fear Albert is lost, I fear he is past recovery.

Mrs. M. But why speak so unkindly of him? remember he is but young and must necessarily have some portion of the faults and follies of youth, and it is well that those follies are of the harmless kind you are upbraiding.

Mr. M. What? what? Madam! Do you seek to exculpate him? would you attempt to excuse him? I perceive you encourage him in it?—follies of youth indeed! Allow me to tell you, Madam, that your indulgence will be his ruin.—Mark me, one day or other you will find it out!—Harmless! is it

harmless to disregard my advice and orders, which he must know are only for his own good? Did I not, when he was at college, write to him previous to my bringing him home, and ask him whether he would comply with every injunction I gave him? and did he not promise the most strict compliance? And does he obey me?

Fanny. How could you expect, papa, that Albert, (who had been three years away from home, and anxious to return,) would hesitate in complying with any thing, even although he anticipated impossibilities? It's really too severe to require him totally to sacrifice his writing, and all the pretty things he writes in my album. No, Papa, you cannot expect it.

Mr. M. Hold your tongue, miss! how dare you offer your little impertinent opinion! All is neglected with this c——d writing! I entered his study the other day—a study that I took so much care, and spent so much money in fitting up, with casts and statues from the antique, and yet he has the impudence, in one of his manuscripts, to endeavour to turn into derision the statues, which have been, and will be, the admiration of ages. (Takes up one of the manuscripts.) Here is the passage, listen and tell me if it is endurable. (Reads.) "Painters and sculptors may prate about the expression and beauty they meet with in the Grecian and Roman sculptures, but one smile from the face of Fanny C—— is worth all the cold, inanimate, and apathetic calmness of their much-vaunted antiques." Cold! inanimate!! and apathetic calmness!!! Well, this is the result of the march of intellect! O Tempora! O Mores!! Oh! the degeneracy of the young men of the present day! When I entered his study, to describe the confusion that existed there, would be impossible: there were all his casts huddled together and covered with dust; and instead of Sir Joshua Reynold's discourses, Barry's lectures and Tinney's anatomy lying on the table; there lay Shakespeare, Byron, Henry Kirke White, Moore, and three or four volumes of the newest novels! His easel, his pallet, his brushes, were completely buried beneath a heap of sonnets, manuscripts, poems, and tales! Had he been secretary for the home department, he could not have had more papers. Why, he certainly must have consumed more than a ream of paper during the last month. Here are manuscripts, a bundle of which he styles "Lays of a Broken Heart;" broken heart indeed! I wish it were as easy to break him of the disease of writing, as it seems to be to break his heart; and here again, "Essay on the Talent and Genius of the Ladies of the Present Day;" "Sonnets to Minna,"—why, the young man's head must surely be turned; I confess it is past my comprehension. Such folly! such madness!—he talks about his imaginings, his day-dreams. I appeal to you, Mr. Mentor, did you ever hear the like of this? Talking of dreams recals the following circumstance to my mind:—Hearing, the other night, as I ascended the stairs, a loud noise in Albert's room, thinking he was ill, I entered, and, to my astonishment, heard him in his sleep repeating, with the greatest emphasis, a long passage from Byron's Giaour!—Dreams indeed!—It were well if, in his dreams, he made less riot, and did not disturb the house at that hour of the night. Mr. Mentor, I trust that you will expostulate with him on the impropriety of the step he is pursuing,—of the evil consequences which he does not foresee,—and of the ruin which will attend him if he refuses to give over writing. As I have promised to be at my Card Club at 8 o'clock, to meet Mr. Felt and Mr Pall, I must now leave you; and let those manuscripts be put in my iron chest. [Exit, murmuring something about the curse of romantic imaginations.]

Fanny. Well, well, I don't know how it is, but papa is ever scolding: he really makes home quite unhappy. Nothing but complaints and lamentations. Now, if he loses at his club to-night, the breakfast table, to-morrow morning, will be the scene of his anger. Ah me! Ah me! I wish I was married, I should then be as happy as the day is long. [Exit, singing, "I think it is time to get married," and followed by Mrs Melville and Mentor.]

SCENE II.—*Albert's Study.*

ALBERT *seated before a desk, with a pen in his hand, and soliloquising.*

Thou little pen, what a source of unceasing misery thou art to me, and yet what enjoyment I feel in thee! 'Tis strange, yet every pleasure is tasteless and insipid, when contrasted with what thou givest; and yet, what upraidings, what censure, what unhappiness dost thou not cause me. I have a father's command to relinquish thee; a mother's entreaty (far more powerful than the paternal order,) to abandon thee; yet I feel the sacrifice too great, the abandonment too bitter, too difficult to be accomplished! 'Tis true that thy witchery distracts me from my more particular studies; 'tis true that thou causest the time to fly unavailingly and unprofitably; yet, how can I abandon thee, thou who hast so often comforted me in my sorrow, and enhanced my happiness and enjoyment? Must I cast thee from me; yet, must I look on thee as a thing to be dreaded, to be shunned? Thou little quill, why art thou so destructive in thy influence? why have those who have paid their tribute to thee been ever unfortunate? why art thou like the Upas tree, which enticeth, yet carryeth with it destruction? I know not, but this I feel, that thou bindest thy votaries in chains which they have not the power to sever. Though penury and want are thy companions, yet thou makest even poverty supportable, and teachest thy votaries to look without envy on the man of riches, wallowing in his wealth and enjoyment. "They feel," as Schiller says, "that though earth is not theirs, heaven will be. When Jove had divided the earth, and had given the plain to the husbandman, the sea to the merchant, the wood and forest to the huntsman, a figure was seen, (when the partition was ended,) approaching the throne of Jupiter. The wreath which he wore; the lyre of ivory and gold which he carried; the eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," which flashed around; the mien of disorder which he bore, proclaimed that the Poet was nigh. Then he rushed to the foot of the thunderer's throne, and humbly asked, why no part of the sea or the earth had been given to him? And Jupiter enquired where he had been when he was allotting the earth? 'Oh! pardon my error,' replied the Poet, 'entranced in a vision by thy side, I forgot every earthly desire, in the contemplation of thy glory.' 'I cannot, said the Godhead, 'reverse the decree I have made, but the heaven is mine, and to thee its portals shall ever be open.'" Thus are the votaries of the Muses comforted, even under the deprivation of all earthly objects. But it will not do to meditate, I have that before me which calls forth my attention. I have promised the talented Editress of the "Belle Assemblée" a prose sketch for her next number. And here is an ode I must transcribe to Minna. I would I knew this Minna! I feel an unaccountable sympathy in every word she writes! I have pictured a being so lovely in its nature, that I long to behold her: but I dread it. Should she be fair as the image I have represented, then * * * * Aye! there's the rub; must I lay aside my pen, and resign all companionship with my fair contemporaries. When I have ceased to write, then no longer will my humble verse be seen in the same page with that of the talented and the beautiful; then shall I feel as though I had torn myself from their society, and for ever. Then will the images in which I have clothed them be ever before my eyes, like features of the loved one which haunt the mind of the wandering and far distant lover. Yet, must this be sacrificed? Ye Minnas! ye Annettes! ye Lauras! and thou (though last not least) fair limner of the Traditions of Portugal! to each and all of you I bid farewell! And as the stag, pursued by hunters, lingers at the fountain which has refreshed and cooled him, yet from which he is obliged to fly,—as the exile leaves his dear native land, and slowly treads upon his destined path,—as upon some distant hill he stands, and takes a farewell look at the home of his fathers, which it never may be his lot to enter again—as he stops for a moment and wipes away the tear that trickles down his cheek,—thus, fair spirits, do I reluctantly bid ye farewell!

And thou, my Muse, to whom my feeble efforts have long their tribute paid; with whom, as a companion, when I have wandered in a distant

land, I ne'er have felt myself a stranger; who hast rendered the charms of the country more agreeable, the murmuring of the stream more musical, Farewell! Dull, tedious study will now usurp your place; toil and business must now be my care; and, as the mother views the child she hath long cherished, torn from her arms; thus, with bitterness, I take of thee a lingering, last farewell! farewell!!

Farewell to the Muses! the bright spell is breaking,
Which led me enchanted on Fancy's gay shore;
From my dreams of Romance, my sad spirit's awaking,
And its wildering scenes now must charm me no more.

Ye Minnas! ye Lauras! ah ladies! believe me;
I sigh from my heart, as my farewell I take:
Ye know not the sorrow I feel as I leave ye;
Ye know not the sigh which your memories wake;

Ye know not the pleasure I've felt while perusing
The smallest effusion that flowed from your heart,
Nor the woe which I've suffer'd, while bitterly musing
On the hour which dooms me thus sadly to part.

And ah! if the efforts which often have eas'd me,
(In my lone hour of sorrow,) of half of its woe;
If a line, if a word, or a sentence e'er pleas'd ye,
To your sympathy all of its merit I owe.

As the sun bringeth forth from the earth the sweet flower,
Which else would have lain all unseen and unknown,
As it taught its pale branches to twine round the bower,
Thus on me, fairest, Spirits, your radiance hath shone.

Farewell to the Muses! the bright spell is breaking,
Which led me enchanted on Fancy's gay shore;
From the dreams of romance, my sad spirit's awaking,
And its 'wildering scenes now must charm me no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS.

NO. II.

AN ADVENTURE AT A RACE-COURSE.*

Facilis descensus *Averni*,
Sed revocare gradum, hic labor, hoc opus est.

There is nothing so alluring, or which so easily degenerates into an insuperable habit, as Hazard. It is an eddying whirlpool, that, once immerged in, few can escape with safety, and none uninjured. Innumerable are its lures and enticements, and once in its meshes, recovery is almost impossible. And let none trust themselves in its power, or flatter themselves they possess sufficient self-command to withdraw at pleasure, for I fear me much they will find themselves mistaken. Like the ship we read of in the Eastern tale, which, though warned to avoid the glittering rocks of Loadstone, yet, dazzled by the brilliant sheen of the golden sands, scattered profusely on the beach, and, forgetful of the admonition, in the desire for riches, steered towards the prohibited spot, and long ere they reached it, the iron fastenings flew precipitately from all parts of the ship towards the attracting rocks, and thus left its ill-fated crew and severed planks a prey to the merciless fury of the wind and the waves. Thus is the heedless youth enticed into the habit of play, which, like the delusive meteor encountered by the benighted traveller, continues to fascinate and lead him into danger; and when at length it has plunged him into some inextricable ruin, it then mockingly leaves him to repent, when too late, of his folly and madness.

Having had an invitation to spend a month in the neighbourhood of A——, I took my place in the coach, and, after a journey of a few hours, arrived at the place of my destination. On my arrival, I found B—— Hall crowded with visitors, male and female. It was a fortnight previous to the races, and all looked forward to them with anticipated pleasure. Our mornings were generally spent either in riding through the country, or, by the more steady and studious, in tumbling the books, or criticising the splendid collection of prints in the library. By the sentimental, or those who affected sentimentality, our evenings were passed in sauntering about the delightful domain of our host: however, the greatest part of the company preferred the pleasures of the table to those of nature.

And there were billiards; cards, too, but no dice;—
Save in the clubs, no man of honour plays;
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have an hook, and a small trout to pull it.

At the commencement of the races, all the party resorted to the course. An unfortunate occurrence presented itself on our immediate arrival. The horses were running the second heat, and were approaching like lightning towards the goal. Cries of "Clear the course, clear the course," burst simultaneously from every quarter. Unfortunately, a countryman, who rode a very restive horse, found all his endeavours to remove him from the middle of it, fruitless and unavailing. One moment more, and the horses, swift as the wind, rushed to the spot, and a fine black racer, who had far outstripped the others, came in contact with the unwieldy horse of the countryman. The encounter was dreadful; the racehorse was killed on the spot and its rider severely wounded. Strange to say, the obstinate animal still remained in the same position, apparently uninjured, while its master was lying at some distance, senseless on the ground. On the approach, however, of some persons to catch him, he darted furiously forward, dashed pele-mele through the crowd, running over and maiming all he met in his way. This circumstance at first cast a damp over the minds of the spectators, yet the variety of the scene soon dispelled all remembrance of the disaster.

Here we amused ourselves tolerably well. We galloped about the course, betted on the horses, naturally lost our money, and were as gay, fashionable, and thoughtless as Folly itself could desire. To be considered a good whip, —to have a character for prodigality and profusion,—to be the first to engage in, and the last to shrink from, a riot,—to sport an Artis hat, a Nugee coat, or an Hoby boot,—to be prodigal of oaths and fashionable epithets,—in boasting and swaggering to out-Hotspur Hotspur himself,—these were qualifications studiously exhibited at the course. Near the stand-house were several tents, in which, on enquiry, we learnt were different Roulette, and Rouge et Noire tables, intended for the amusement of those who wished to spend their money like "*gentlemen*" at the race-course. It could not be expected that such a party as ours would pass them by unnoticed. Giving our horses, therefore, to an attendant, we entered one of the tents, (I should rather say, intended to do so, for they were literally crammed to excess). After some time, however, we contrived to get near one of the tables. Here was a grand display: Port, Sherry, Madeira, and Brandy, besides, heaps of Havannah cigars, were all exhibited in lavish profusion on the table, and any person was at liberty to help himself to the contents of the bottles. None, however, did so but those who either had played or intended so doing. What attracted in particular my attention, was a beautiful girl, who sat at the right hand of the proprietor of the table, and incited, by her smiles, the spectators to play. She had been so much spoken of, that many came to the course more with the intention of seeing her than the race. She had the darkest eyes I have ever beheld; there was a fire, an almost unearthly expression about them, which defies description.

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* My fair reader, (for to you, and you only, this appeal is made,) I pri'thee judge not harshly of the student, if, in the course of the following anecdote, you deem his fault deserving of censure. Horace says, "Non me lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum." I am not ashamed of having played, but for not having discontinued my game; and Rouchefoucault declares that, 'qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu' il croit. Thus, ladies, I claim your sympathy, and remember that Pope says, that, "to own ourselves in the wrong, is but saying in other words, that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday."

Nature, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels should dispute the prize,
Had bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those, else, celestial eyes.

'Tis said that the eyes of the Hyena have the power of penetrating walls, but her's would not only have pierced but have made an impression even on an iron heart. Miss Very, the pretty pastry-cook, did not create a greater sensation in London than this beauty at the race-course at A——. Not to have seen her was considered, among the gentlemen, an almost indelible disgrace, among the ladies, an insult offered to the power of their charms. None were permitted to enter the tent but those who intended to play, and ten pounds loss was not considered ill repaid by a smile from this fair one. I am myself a devoted admirer of the fair sex; every beautiful woman receives from me the tribute due to her charms; thus, while my companions had rushed, like eagles, to the table, and were speedily losing pound after pound, I had unconsciously taken my seat beside this paragon of beauty. I entered into conversation with her, and to my surprise found her sprightliness and wit rival the power of her charms. Strange to say, in my signifying my intention of trying my success at the roulette-table, in almost a whisper she admonished me not to make the attempt. "But one game," said I, "only one, and if I lose, I shall then rest contented." To this she returned no answer, but a gentle pressing of her foot on mine intimated a repetition of her advice. "The advice of one so fair," said I, "cannot be wrong, and shall therefore be followed;" so saying, we renewed the conversation on a different topic. Just now, however, my companions, who had lost all their money, and were moreover envying my tête a tête with the fair incognita, rallied me on my shrinking from the game. The rippling stream will wear away a rock, but the current of ridicule bears all before it, good intentions sink beneath it as chaff flies before the wind. I never knew one that could effectually resist it.

Already desirous of trying my fortune, this decided it. I stood up to the table, staked a pound note on black, and to my surprise, (and I will not deny it, pleasure,) won it. The common exclamation of those who play, viz. "I care not whether I win or not," is certainly never sincere. However we may disguise it, there is always a a secret gratification at success, and vexation at the contrary.

In this instance, however, success followed success, and in the space of fifteen minutes I had won thirty pounds. My pretty mentor had looked with an evident degree of anxiety during the course of the game, and by a wink seemed now to tell me to desist. I could not, the laws of honour prevented my leaving the table under these circumstances. I still played on, and if the fair incognita, who still smiled upon me, had been herself the Goddess of Fortune, I could not have been more successful, for, shortly after, another ten pounds were added to the former sum. At length, tired of the game, I longed to depart, and in order to do so with credit to myself, I staked the amount of my winnings, consisting of 45 pounds, on one throw. A momentary frown now gathered on the brow of my fair mentor. My chosen colour was still black,—the ball kept rolling round and round, with torturing suspense, and at last settled on red. Thus 'twas decided against me. Loss incites perhaps even more than gain, thus I still continued playing. On looking round for my pretty mentor, I found she had vanished with my good fortune. While she had been beside me, I had won every throw; now that she was gone, I lost all. Success had entirely abandoned me, and in less than twenty minutes I had lost as many pounds, that being all the sum of money I had brought out with me, I now desisted. Being now joined by my companions, we left the tent with an air of "Devil may care," on our faces. The only recompence we received for our money, was the opinion of all present, as we left the tent, that we were certainly a "fine dashing set of fellows,"—a flattering remuneration for our losses. We once more re-mounted our horses and rode about. On leaving home, our purses had been pretty well lined, but now we could hardly muster up money sufficient to pay for the oats consumed by our horses, much less for refreshment for their masters. 'Twas a pretty idea to reflect on after all, that, while we were *sowing* our "wild oats" at an intolerable expense, our horses were quickly *eating* theirs with the greatest unconcern possible. On the termination of the day's amusement, we left the course, and bent our way home, with the determination of retrieving our losses on the morrow.

'Twas Saturday morning, and the evening of this day was to terminate the racing. As I was preparing to set out, a note was handed to me by one of the servants. The impression was a snake coiling through the grass, and its motto was, "Beware." I opened it eagerly, and was astonished to read the following:—

"Go no more to the race-course, or if you go, be sure to play no more, for you will not only inevitably lose, but the time may come when you will repent of the non-acceptance of my advice. This is the warning of

A Friend."

Very romantic indeed! but who the devil can this be from? were my first exclamations on reading the above. At first, fancy, (and perhaps vanity,) led me to believe it came from the pretty maiden I had seen at the course? yet, on reflection, it seemed improbable that she would interest herself so far for one she had seen but once, and whom she could not care for. Her ignorance, also, of where I resided made it still more unlikely. Folding, therefore, the letter, I placed it in my pocket, determined to shew it to her on my arrival, and to tax her with the authorship of it. Being now joined by my companions, who were fully determined to renew the game, we put spurs to our horses, and once more arrived at the course. We immediately proceeded to the tent. The eye of the inveterate gambler seemed to sparkle at our approach; it reminded me strongly of an old shark opening wide its gullet for the reception of some young and incautious fry, that were hurrying to their destruction. All was the same as on our previous visit, with this exception, that the mysterious fair one, whom I so anxiously wished to meet, was not there. The subsequent event may be guessed; we renewed the game, and lost even to the last pound. And we were not the only losers; I saw stakes of 30, 40, and even 50 pounds, swept away at once, and few who played were better off than ourselves. I have not the slightest doubt that these gamblers made from two to three thousand pounds a-day during the period of the races.

Determined in some measure to comfort ourselves under our losses, we sat down at a table and helped ourselves freely to the different wines that were placed before us. To do justice to their wines, I must say, they were excellent, and verily they should have been so, for each of our party had paid on an average no less than eight pounds for each glass we had taken. However, the inspiration of Bacchus soon drove from our minds all remembrance of our losses, and when we left the tent, we were tolerably merry and exhilarated. We returned home rather late, and being fatigued, soon retired to our beds. When left to meditate on the past scene, I felt provoked and angry with myself at the thoughts of my folly. However, we never find it very difficult to excuse ourselves when in fault, and the reflection, that the wisest had fallen into the same snare, (without even the palliation of youth,) completely settled the affair with my conscience. Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu il croit.

About two years after this circumstance, as a relaxation from study, I was induced to spend a part of the summer in the picturesque town of Margate. Walking one afternoon on the cliffs, I perceived a female seated on the grass at a little distance from the brink, and intently perusing a book. The sound of my approaching footsteps caused her to look round, and, to my astonishment, I beheld eyes that once looked on, could never be forgotten, viz. those I had seen at the race-course at A——. Immediately accosting her, and finding I was not mistaken, we entered into conversation, which gradually became so interesting that I sat myself down on the grass beside her. Etiquette and calculating formality gave way to the pleasure of our unexpected meeting. When I mentioned the circumstance of the

mysterious letter, she smiled, but would give me no information whatever on the subject. She told me that she was not at all astonished to hear I had again played and lost, advised me to shun the vice as I would the serpent coiling in my path—an advice which I have since adhered to, in spite of temptation and ridicule, and which will not be easily forgotten. Many were the anecdotes she told me, and the following I shall give nearly in her own words:—

"One day," said she, "I was seated in the tent, when a young man, unnoticed by every eye but mine, entered. He was drest in black, and a large blue Spanish cloak, with a broad fur collar, was thrown over his shoulders. There was a softness and sweetness about his countenance, that seemed more fitting for a female than a man. His eyes were dark and shaded with long soft eyelashes, through which they emitted a penetrating ray that strongly interested the beholder. His *tout ensemble* was so fascinating that all who saw him were immediately prepossessed in his favour. He mingled shortly after in the crowd, and for a time I lost all sight of his figure. Some time after, such an unusual silence reigned throughout the tent that I rose and looked towards the table. Not a whisper was heard in the crowd, all was quiet, and I perceived every eye intently fixed on the young man who had begun to play. He was so young, so beautiful, and such an animated expression had excitement given to his features, that I could not describe the effect and spell that it cast over the spectators. At every stake he placed on the table, each heart and pulse beat with feverish anxiety. And when fortune had decided against him, when he had lost upwards of a hundred pounds, I remember the look of sorrow depicted on every countenance, as he left the tent. On his first entrance, his step was light, but as he was departing, there was such a paleness on his cheek, a weakness in his step, and a tremor in his pace, that several times I feared he would have fallen. Where he came from, or who he was, none could tell; all that could be learned was, that he was seen to step into a private carriage immediately after his leaving the tent.

A few days after, he again entered alone, and dressed in the same manner as when I first saw him. He went to the table, again commenced playing, and this time was successful. Game followed game in rapid success: a heap of sovereigns, mingled with bank notes, lay before him; there could not have been less than two hundred pounds. Requesting the proprietor of the table to give him the amount of his winnings in notes, and having deposited them in his purse, he again left the tent.

Once more he came, still drest in the same manner as before. The mystery and singularity of the occurrence had rapidly got wind, and crowds rushed to the entrance of the tent, in hopes of seeing the object of their interest. This time fickle fortune had totally abandoned him, he soon not only lost all he had formerly won, but a large sum besides: one solitary twenty pound note alone remained clenched in his hand, and this he flung with desperation on the table. That also was lost; for a moment he gazed with frenzy on the table, and then fell senseless on the ground. He was immediately carried into an adjoining room, and in the efforts used to revive him, the delicate throat and polished bosom of a woman were disclosed. For a time every attempt to restore her was in vain; at length, recovering a little, she faintly and feebly uttered, 'For God's sake hear me to my carriage.' She would have added more, but her voice failed her, and she again relapsed into her former insensibility. Her wishes were complied with: she was borne fainting through the crowd, and deposited in her carriage. It shortly after drove off, and the rest of the circumstance remained a total mystery."

It will readily be imagined that my stay in Margate was particularly delightful, with such a beautiful and interesing companion, and I felt sincere sorrow when circumstances obliged me to leave the town. I shall finish by adding, that I have travelled far, yet never saw a more beautiful girl than my pretty and amiable Mentor. E.P.T.

THE SELECTOR.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

——The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely; fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Hardinge rode up and reported that the Guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand, and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said, "They are advancing," his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined from the composure of the General's features that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash; then, by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off, when he said with soldierly feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal, he expressed this opinion, and said that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland serjeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me; go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;" and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded he repeatedly made them turn round, to view the battle, and to listen to the firing, the sound of which becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him, who, seeing his General borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand; and said in a low tone; "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror: but his master, to console him, said smiling, "My, friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattrass on the floor, and supported, by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia, and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features, yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, "Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing. Say to my mother,"—— here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject. "Hope!*—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham† and all my aides-de-camp safe?" (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then con-

* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command, afterwards the Earl of Hopetown.

† Of Balgowan, now Lord Lynedoch.

tinued, "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will and all my papers." As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness, then turning to Anderson, said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon,* and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it." He then asked the Major who had come last from the field. "Have the French been beaten?" He assured him they had on every point. "It's a great satisfaction," he said, "for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget† in the room?" On being told he was not, he resumed, "Remember me to him: he is a fine fellow!" Though visibly sinking, he then said, "I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying—It's great uneasiness—its great pain!—Everything François says is right—I have great confidence in him." He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, "If all his aides-de-camp were safe?" and was pleased on being told they were. After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister."‡ He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached, and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country.—*Life of Sir John Moore, by his brother.*

DOINGS IN NAPLES.

(*Extract of a letter from Mr. Parry, jun.*)

In some of my former letters I stated that I intended to give a concert in this great city, provided I could procure a room fit for the purpose, which proved a more difficult task than I had the least idea of. After toiling for days and weeks, I at length engaged a spacious saloon, situated nearly a mile from the town, and fixed my concert for Monday, March the 10th. I waited on my kind friend, Malibran, and, to my utter dismay, found that she would quit Naples on that very day, for Bologna, where she is engaged until her return here in the autumn; so that I do not think you will see her in London this season. I then hastened to my worthy master, Lablache, who, in the kindest manner, offered to assist me to the utmost, provided "His Excellency Signor Barbaja, manager of the Opera," would give him permission; to whom he gave me an introduction, and to whom I went with trembling steps. After waiting anxiously, with a friend, in an ante-room, for some time, we heard his excellency, what is in England called "blowing up" some poor wight, most tremendously, for a mistake he had made in shifting some scenery on the previous evening. After inquiring our business, in an abrupt manner, which we made known to him in as few words as possible, he took a large pinch of snuff, and roared out "How can you ask such a thing; is not Malibran on the point of leaving me, and shall I not require the services of Lablache constantly to supply the vacancy; why did you not apply sooner!" All this in a breath, on the top of his alto voice. We informed him that we could not procure a room, and named the place where the concert was intended to be given. He took another pinch of snuff, looked at his watch, while we were creeping away like a couple of culprits; then, with a smile on his countenance, he said. "You are a young Englishman." I bowed. "I'll tell you what I will do for you. Come here at twelve o'clock, I will take you to my Cassina, at Posilipo; you shall see it all over. You shall have the whole house; you shall give your concert in the theatre there? you shall have as many of the opera singers as I can get; you shall have the villa all splendidly fitted up; you shall have your bills and tickets printed—and you shall not have a ducat to pay?" So astounding was all this that I really thought he was joking; but truth and justice, as well as gratitude on my part, demand me to say, that his excellency kept his word to the very letter. I was punctual to my time, and off we posted in the signor's carriage to his villa, which is built on the side of a hill, forming part of the Bay of Naples; to give an adequate description of which would fill a moderate-sized volume. The whole of the lower part of the villa is cut out of a solid rock, and lighted by some very extraordinary means from above. In this place there is room for forty-five carriages. Ascending by a large staircase, you come to the second floor, which is so contrived that you may enter either drawing rooms or bed rooms on horseback? The mansion is splendidly furnished, and most of the rooms so contrived that a superb view of Naples, Vesuvius, the Bay, &c., is seen. From one of the principal drawing rooms you enter a most curious grotto, hewn out of the rock, which is fitted up with chandeliers, statues, curious chairs, fountains playing, imitative icicles, and mirrors placed so as to make it appear as if you were peeping at Naples through small apertures in the grotto. From hence we descended down a rocky staircase, lined on each side with statues, to a most elegant, beautiful theatre, formed entirely out of the hill, the walls of which are cased with the purest white marble. There are eight boxes on each side sunk into the rock; the predominant colour is light blue, which, with the gold ornaments, marble pillars, &c. render the place quite a fairy palace. From the back of the stage, which is very deep, you can ascend by a winding staircase to the top of the hill; and, on the opposite side, there is an opening into a most delightful garden, terrace, &c., in the centre of which a magnificent fountain is playing, and, in the season, delicious grapes hang in clusters around.

After some delay, over which I had not control, the concert was fixed for Saturday morning, March 15. Soon after twelve o'clock the carriages rattled towards the villa, above which, on the summit of the hill, flags were flying to denote the Festa, and a fine military band was stationed on a terrace. The company had the whole range of the Cassina, gardens, grottos, &c., to promenade until the period for commencing the concert arrived, which was announced by the sound of trumpets. Then they descended the subterranean staircase, which was lighted by variegated lamps, then passing a short *dark* passage, they entered at once into the splendid theatre, which was brillantly illuminated; and what added greatly to the enchantment of the scene, was a crimson curtain drawn over the large window, on which the sun shone brightly, and this shed a most soft and beautiful hue on the snow-white marble. The performance commenced with the overture to *William Tell*, admirably played by the military band behind the scenes; then a variety of songs, ducts, and concerted pieces were sung by Madame Toldi, a beautiful singer, and the *prima donna* since Malibran has left; Madame Battiste, a fine contr'alto, from the Scala at Milan; Reina, myself, and Lablache; Signor L. Negri presiding at the grand pianoforte. I accompanied my ballads on the harp, which was, to say the least of it, something new to the Neapolitans, and the effect it produced was highly gratifying to the numerous assemblage of distinguished personages who honoured the "English Melodist's" concert with their presence.

After the concert a comic burletta was performed founded on the dying scene in *Othello*, the principal character represented by Calvarola (the Liston of Naples): Lablache, Reina, Toldi, Battiste, and the English youth who appeared at the Carnival Masquerade as *Madame Vestris*, formed the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. It is utterly out of my power to give you an idea of the comicality of this burlesque; and when Madame Vestris stalked on, as the gentle *Desdemona*, and sung "Cherry Ripe," (which was vociferously *encored*), the shouts of laughter were loud enough to rouse old Vesuvius from his slumber. Calvarola, in the last scene, entered, muttering something resembling English, then approached the couch were *Desdemona* was sleeping, flourishing a huge dagger over her head, which awoke her. Up she started, and it was "Catch me who can!" Poor *Othello* hobbled after her, (for he is lame like our Mathews), in the drollest manner imaginable, and at length he caught her, and soon gave

* Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Duke of York, &c.

† The Honourable Brigadier Paget, who commanded the reserve; since Sir Edward, and a Lieutenant-General.

‡ The Lady Hester Stanhope, niece to William Pitt.

her a quietus, not by smothering her with a pillow, but by stabbing her in all parts of her body; and he then began to operate on his own worthless trunk, when the rest of the performers entered, and on beholding the tragical picture, screamed and groaned out such curious Ohs'! Ohs'! Ohs'! that were so irresistibly catching, that the audience joined until the curtain dropped amid "thunders of applause."

Naples, March 18. I. O. P.

ST. JAMES'S PARK;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

When the imposing spectacle of the guard-mount is at an end, the military bands have ceased their exhilirating strains, and the last dragoon has filed away under the archway of the Horse-guards, the glory of St. James's Park is over for the day. Its long avenues, black with the smoke of successive years, its formal dank canal, and boundary of dark gloomy buildings, offer little to amuse the eye of the pedestrian when admiration of the superb towers of the abbey is exhausted; and it is in consequence abandoned to nursery-maids, cow-keepers, and a few desolate-looking beings, who, emerging from their narrow apartments in Westminster, inhale the foggy air whilst reposing on the benches beneath the melancholy trees. But should any circumstance oblige the passing passenger to pause, the eye of fancy may conjure up bright visions of the past to animate the scene; for here, formerly, all of beauty and of fashion loved to congregate, attracting in their train admiring crowds of citizens, who followed to learn the mode, and recreate their eyes with the splendour of their superiors. Many a bright orb sparkling from beneath a mask, inflicted deadly wounds upon the sensitive hearts of macaronies, who, dressed in silk stockings, silver-hilted swords, cocked hats, and bag-wigs, paraded the Mall, and paid their ceremonious devoirs to nymphs whose rustling satins made music as they walked along. The flowing cardinal spreading its ample drapery upon the spacious hoop, the towering superstructure of gauzes and ribbons that fluttered from above the mixture of hair, wool, pomatum, powder, and wire that composed the tresses of the ladies, offers to the imagination a curious contrast to the tight pelisses and close bonnets of the present times. Modes are not more changed than manners, the shelter of a mask enabled females of the most respectable class to practice their little coquettries in open day without a blush; a fan dropped at the feet of a favoured lover, a *billet-doux* dexterously conveyed, or a half sentence breathed in the ear of a passing beau, were signals seldom disobeyed, and the amused spectator saw the whole progress of the flirtation; fair Daphnes flying from their pursuers amid the sheltering trees, or suddenly vanishing from the too importunate lover through those convenient doors in the wall of the terrace. Not to go back to those days when ladies of honour from the palace, assuming various disguises, passed their hours in a constant carnival, the occurrences of each day were a perpetual comedy; the Clarinda of the stage looking for her Twee, as she styles it, in order to give Frankly an opportunity to learn her residence, and discovering her cousin Ranger in the assailant of her sedan, was the heroine of the park one degree lower in the scale of society than the coteric of supreme *bon ton* so ably described by Colley Cibber in his *Careless Husband*, where the whole of the *dramatis personæ* spend their time in making love, playing at cards, and going to church! Early dinners were the source of numberless adventures; flushed with wine, beaux sallied forth to seek diverson ere the glories of the night commenced, and the Park was the favourite scene of their exploits. How far the change of modes and hours may have been conducive to morality, I cannot pretend to determine; most assuredly we have lost much on the score of entertainment. Though the numberless elegant trifles that daily issue from the press, prove that wit and humour have not degenerated, yet it is impossible for our cleverest writer to produce a good comedy without violating characters and manners, the close imitation of which constitutes the chief claim to merit of works that profess to "hold the mirror up to nature, and shew the body of the time, its form and pressure." Setting aside the vulgar exhibition of Sunday, Hyde Park in the most crowded season, presents only two lines of closely-wedged carriages, moving drowsily along; a thick phalanx of mounted loungers, assembled under the shade of the trees opposite Stanhope-gate, and a few more active, cantering up to the windows of the equipages with a faint "How dy'e do?" and a hope that no painful fatigues have followed the last night's quadrille. Groups of females, attended in close decorum by their footmen, perambulate the green sward, from the hour of five until six, when the whole Park is left to solitude, to be broken only at the same period on the ensuing day.

Of Ranelagh, that scene of glittering splendour, where the courtier condescended to tread the same floor with the citizen, and the peeress drank a cup of tea made from the same kettle whose stream refreshed the lip of the mantua-maker, who came to gaze and wonder as she studied the fashions of St. James's for the benefit of her fair customers of Bucklersbury and the Minories, not a vestige remains. The beautiful portico of the Pantheon is only useful in shading the apple-woman's stall from the wind and the rain; and Vauxhall is left entirely to the *canaille*. Public masquerades deserted by the leaders of the ton, whose presence preserved decorum, and sanctioned the participation of the middling classes in their festivities, are now degraded to scenes of vulgar riot and licentiousness; even the dress circle of the winter theatres are despoiled of titled inhabitants, and private boxes, the British Institution, and Almacks, present an insurmountable barrier to all communication with the rank and fashion of London. Little people aping the manners of the great, affect to be disgusted with the mixture of public places, and seeking amusement in cards and quadrilles at their own houses, elegant dulness becomes the order of the day.

This system of exclusiveness extending its influence over all circles, renders London not nearly so entertaining to a stranger as in former times; there is no possibility of getting a peep at any of the wits and writers of the age, unless we are so fortunate as to meet them in private society, or stumble upon them in a bookseller's shop. The delights of Wills Coffee-house, where Addison and Steele, Congreve, Pope, and all their brilliant contemporaries, blended the splendours of their imaginations in one resplendent gallery, are at an end; the coteric formed by Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, Cumberland, and others of corresponding talent is not revived, and yet we possess wits, authors, and actors, who may proudly vie with these justly celebrated men. In fact the metropolis seems to be abandoned by living genius; we have tragedies transmitted from Venice and Rome; poems from the lakes of Cumberland and Geneva; and our best novels are landed at Tower-wharf, the precious freightage of Leith coasting vessels. That the exquisite polish of refinement which has wrought such vast changes in the habits of life, metamorphosing the sallies of the club-room to the bland whisper of the tea-table, has been highly beneficial to the morals of the rising generation, inducing a love of home, and banishing riot and intemperance to the lowest ale-houses of the city. I come not prepared to dispute, but like the poor servant in the play,* who grieved at the demolition of a pump, and the erection of a magnificent building upon the site of a sordid hovel, I cannot help sighing over the memory of former days, and lamenting the improvements which have destroyed much of the picturesque of animated life. M.

DISAPPOINTMENT. — A countryman left his native village in the north last summer, and touched with the talisman of loyal curiosity, journeyed to Windsor for the purpose of gazing at the person of his sacred Majesty. On his return home, his wife asked him what a king was "locken loiken." "Why," said Hodge, "I never was so cheated in all my life, for dost thou know, Margret, his arms were like thoine and moine, altho' I've heard our exciseman say a score of times that his arms were a lion and unicorn."

* Exit by mistake.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LYRA'S ANSWER.*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Would thou *wert* with me! for my spirit pineth
For those soft bonds, that link thy hopes to mine;
Would thou *wert* with me! for my Heart reclineth
In fond security, on faith like thine!
Thou art not one, who with the sunbeam gloweth,
The passing friend, for summer only made!
Ah! *thy* true Heart no wintry chill e'er knoweth,
To *me* 'tis warm, in sunshine or in shade!
And doubly dear, in this cold world of sorrow,
The fresh fond love of a young Heart like thine;
A love that waited for no distant morrow,
But laid *at once* its incense on my shrine!
There as it worship'd, dawn'd to light each feeling,
Veil'd from the world like gems beneath the wave,
And like the wind, Echo's soft haunt revealing
To thee at once, a kindred answer gave!
Would thou *wert* with me! when these eyes are keeping
Their weary vigil, on a sleepless bed!
Then might thy gentle converse chase their weeping,
And o'er my soul the balm of Friendship shed!
And when (as now) a weight of cares assail me,
(Those hidden thorns amid the wreath of fame),
Then might thy councils and thy skill avail me,
And guard my actions from the shade of blame!
Would thou *wert* with me! when with Folly straying,
My heedless footsteps wander from the road
Where Wisdom dwells;—like some fond truant playing
'Mid flowers and sweets, who, onward *should* have trod;
Then might'st thou lead me by thy gentle guiding,
Back to those haunts, *thy* footsteps ne'er forsake;
And that lov'd eye that speaks *alone* thy chiding,
An easy convert to thy precepts make!
Would thou *wert* with me! in the hour of pleasure,
To taste the frag'rance of its passing rose!
Would thou *wert* with me when I wake the measure,
To share the glow the Poet's spirit knows!
And when the heartless busy crowd looks smiling,
(Those April smiles we all too fondly prize);
Would that thy smile of Truth all doubts beguiling,
Were here to teach me—others to despise!

* Vide page 355. The Editress is most happy in the opportunity thus afforded her of acknowledging the many obligations she is under to the amiable and talented writer of the lines "To LYRA," whose valuable assistance has for months past lightened her editorial labours, and whose friendship has tended to soothe the many vexations "flesh (but above all editorial flesh), is heir to."

STANZAS.

BY MISS ANNE MARIA SARGEANT.

The moon is shedding her silvery light
O'er the foaming waves of the ocean;—bright
With her lucid beam is the swelling sail,
As it swiftly glides in the gentle gale,
Joyous and glad it seems to dance
In th' embrace of that ocean's wide expanse,
And proudly appears to move and view
Her form in the waters deepened blue.

But not so joyous, so glad, nor so gay,
Is the silvered moon or the waves in her ray,
As those who sail in that little barque,
Not the earliest song of the grateful lark,
The cuckoo's welcome to blooming spring,
Or the incense which dewy flowers fling
Such sweetness can breathe or such rapture prove,
As dwell in thy fairy visions Love!

Who *are* they that over the ocean glide?
'Tis a youthful warrior and his Bride;
He has left his country, his childhood's home,
And o'er the wide world is gone to roam,
Yet he sighs not though of these joys bereft,
For she who is dearest of all is left;
Her head reclines on his faithful breast,
And her hands within his own are prest.

Peace to ye, peace to ye happy pair!
May sorrow's pale form and haggard care,
Ne'er tend your hours, your prospects blight,
May ye ever be blest as ye are to-night;
May the cloudless sky and the moon's pale beams
Which shine now upon you in copious streams
Betoken the bliss ye are doom'd to share,
Peace to ye, peace to ye, happy pair.

SONG.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

Away, ye gay bowers! ye far rising mountains!
Where carols the thrush in each blossomy spray,
Where sweet flowers droop o'er the silvery fountains,
And fill the soft air with rich odours in May!
Oh! dearer to me is the fierce rolling ocean,
For it was my birth-place, it rock'd me to sleep
With its ne'er ceasing glee, and its ne'er ceasing motion;
Aye, dear to my heart is the proud swelling deep!

You may boast of the beauty the greenwood discloses,
When summer returns with her warm sunny ray,
You may tell of the fragrance of gardens of roses,
That wither and droop and are gone in a day;
But, give me the ocean! the fierce rolling ocean,
For it was my birth-place, it rock'd me to sleep
With its ne'er ceasing glee, and its ne'er ceasing motion;
Aye, dear to my heart is the proud swell-deep!

THE DYER'S PETITION.

Lady, I for relief apply,
A trifle deign to give
To one who knows so well to *dye*,
Yet knows not how to live.

JESSY.

ANSWER TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE'S CHARADE, Page 304.

Here's a health to thee, spouse, for 'tis now forty years
Since I with thee went to be married,
And many a sorrow in this vale of tears
Thy smiles and thy solace hath parried.
The morning was jocund, we hied to the church,
Which pleas'd memory ruminates still on,
E'en Smiler elated left peers in the lurch,
As he bore us on saddle and PILLION.
In union we've brav'd, from our outset in life,
All seasons and changes of weather,
And when Fate or Fortune shall set us at strife,
The grave shall close o'er us together.

A. KYNE.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD RELIC.—The origin of the word Relic is not generally known. In the time of Nero, the Roman Emperor, the Drutchzt or Druids were cruelly massacred; the remnant sought refuge in the Isle of Anglesea, from which they were driven some short time after to the Isle of Man, where they remained unmolested. They gathered together the bones of their murdered priests, and it was the custom for many years, on high days and festivals, to produce them, when their poor, ignorant, and deluded disciples would *lick* the bones, imagining it a cure for any complaint, however malignant, and this observance was of such frequent occurrence, that the bones were said to be *rey-lichzed*—hence the word *relic*.—Mona on the "Religious Ceremonies of the Druids."

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.—"This would be an excellent cheese, if toasted," said the matronly Mrs. D. at a recent city dinner. "Then suppose we toast it," said our fat and facetious friend. Sir C. F. filling a bumper—"the cheese—three times three;"

EPITAPH ON A LIAR.

Lie on him earth, 'tis now in truth thy turn,
Oft hath he *lied* on thee in his sojourn,
And now, as 'twere the compliment to fill,
He's slumbering 'neath this stone and *lying* still.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office*, 19, *Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

PART IX., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* MAY, *is now ready.*

Office, No. 19, Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar: sold by Berger, Holywell-street; Steele, Paternoster-row; and by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Stran

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 45—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} [Saturday, May 3, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Concert Dress.—An under dress of grey lilac *gros de Naples*, over which is a peignoir of clear muslin; *corsage* of the shawl kind, quite high, with two capes; the upper one of a round shape, and cut in points, the lower round behind, but forming a heart in front, and with ends which cross in the *fichu* style under the *ceinture*. Both

the capes were embroidered round the border. The skirt is open before, and ornamented on each side with an *entre deux* of *tulle*, richly worked; it is shaped *en tablier*. The *entre deux* also encircles the bottom, but it is straight, and comparatively narrow. The sleeves are *à l'Imbecille*. Neck knot and *ceinture* of lilac gauze ribbon. Rice straw hat, a round and open brim, a little deeper on one side than the other. It is trimmed on the inside of the brim, with lilac gauze ribbon, knots of which, with two lilac ostrich feathers, adorn the crown. The sitting figure gives a back view of the dress.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

Carriage bonnet of tea green *pois de soie*. The brim is round and deep, the crown of the melon shape, it is encircled by a trimming of the same material, disposed in a very novel style, a sprig of full blown damask roses is inserted in this trimming near the top of the crown in front.

Evening dress cap of *tulle*, worked in a blond lace pattern; the front consisting of one row only, and excessively light, is turned back by a sprig of dog roses. The caul which is of the shape of a child's cap, is lightly embroidered, and ornamented with a knot of worked *tulle* in front, and another of pale rose coloured ribbon behind.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Our *élégantes* of the present day cannot be reproached with want of attention to their health, for in laying aside their mantles and fur tippets, they replace them with high dresses and shawls, which, though not of a heavy description, have, notwithstanding, what may be called a very comfortable appearance. The robes are of silk, and, in general, of sober colours. The shawls, which we must observe we have reason to believe will be worn during the summer, are of black spun silk, and rich Cashmere patterns. They are extremely light and beautiful, but they have not a light appearance.

Silks are expected to be very generally adopted in promenade dress during the whole of the summer, but there is no doubt that printed muslins will be nearly, if not quite as fashionable; and we have seen some chintz dresses of chaly patterns, that is of *new* chaly patterns, that are really very pretty; but we must enter our protest against those odious large glaring patterns, that seem to be actually copied from the furniture calicoes of our grandmothers. At all events, we earnestly beg that none of our fair readers who are under six feet, will ever think of appearing in dresses that must make even a middle-sized *belle* appear to belong to the dumpy order. We can assure them, that these voluminous *dessins* will not be adopted by ladies of high fashion, and we recommend in their stead the small Cashmere patterns, or those in which the ground is strewed with *petit bouquets*, or thickly covered with spots; those printed in white and coloured stripes, with flowers in a running pattern on the former, are very pretty, but we do not think they are likely to be fashionable.

Our anticipations respecting hats and bonnets have been found correct. We have also some new ones to announce in carriage-dress. One of the most elegant is a hat of light green silk, figured in small sprigs, each within a quadrille; the brim is round, rather wide, but of moderate depth; the crown high, and of the cone form. In the interior of the brim, is a *ruche* of blond lace, terminating in a knot of gauze ribbon on each side. A curtain veil of plain blond, with a small shell-pattern border, encircle the edge of the brim. The crown was trimmed with a sprig of acacia, and a knot of green and white ribbon.

An extremely pretty half-dress bonnet, is composed of the palest rose-coloured *pois de soie*. The crown is trimmed with a double *rosette* of blue glazed taffetas ribbon, the interior of the brim is ornamented with blond lace, laid in full, and intermingled with *coques* of rose and blue ribbon, placed alternately.

Mantelets will be decidedly adopted in carriage-dress during the early part of the season. The most elegant are of the high pelerine-form, and composed of green *moire* of a new and very beautiful shade; they are trimmed round the neck with very deep black lace, which falls low over the shoulders.

The fronts of the mantelet, which are of the scarf-kind, do not pass under the *ceinture*; they are covered with very fine black lace, of a light pattern; the whole is edged with broad black lace, arranged in such a manner that there are two rows of trimming on the shoulder, but on that part only; the effect is much prettier than the very heavy trimmings that were fashionable last season.

With regard to the forms of dresses, we have but few observations to make. Pointed bodies will be less generally adopted than they have been during the winter, but we believe very little other change will take place. Robes in undress are, and will continue to be made high and plain, and sleeves will certainly not alter materially; they are now for the most part of Amadis form, for although we see some made rather wider than usual at the lower part of the arm, the number is not so considerable as to authorize us to call it a change of fashion. Dress-robes are now made of the new summer materials; the principal of which are the thousand-and-one foulards;--badinage apart, these silks are beautiful, and in the greatest possible variety of pattern. There are also some silks of a richer kind, as *gros de Fontagne*, Pekin, and *gros de Pologne*; chaly, of new paterns, and a great variety of half-transparent materials of silk and wool have appeared, and are expected to be very generally adopted.

Corsages, in full-dress, are almost all square, draped horizontally in front; sleeves are of the double sabot form, and skirts remain as wide as ever; in fact, they have increased in width: there is nothing absolutely new in trimmings, but we have reason to believe that those formed of ribbon only, will be very generally adopted in the course of the month. Pelerines of blond lace, made partially high, are expected to become fashionable in evening dress. We have seen some of the *fichu* form, small, and sitting close to the neck; we do not know any thing more becoming.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONTHLY ENGRAVING.

Bridal Dress.—Of white *pois de soie*, *corsage a l' antique*, trimmed with a blond lace mantilla, and a knot of white gauze ribbon at the bottom of the point. Sleeves *a l' imbecille*. The front of the skirt is decorated with three rows of blond lace disposed *à l' échelle*, and reaching from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. This trimming is bordered at the sides by an embroidery which forms a column of roses. The hair is parted on the forehead, adorned with sprigs of roses, which lay flat upon it at the sides, and the bridal veil disposed at the back of the head. A sprig of orange blossoms completes the *coiffure*; necklace and diamonds, and gold, finely chased.

Morning Dress.—A plaided velvet *gros de Naples* robe. The body is made half high, and cut bias. Amadis sleeves. Blond *chemisette*, made high, and disposed in folds. Rice straw hat lined with rose coloured crape, and trimmed with an Ostrich feather, and blond lace lappets.

Carriage Dress.—The robe is composed of chaly, of a new pattern; a plain body, the sleeves are made tight at the lower part of the arm, but from the elbow to the shoulder they are excessively full, and form two large *bouffants*. High *canezou* of Indian muslin, of the clearest kind, beautifully embroidered in a lace pattern. Neck knot, and *ceinture* of rich lilac ribbon. Rice straw hat, trimmed with a tuft of fancy feathers, and figured gauze ribbons.

Evening Dress for a Grand Party.—A white satin petticoat trimmed with a broad blond lace flounce. The robe is green *gros de Fontagne*; *corsage à l' Elizabeth* neatly trimmed with a blond lace ruff and mantilla. *Bouffant* sleeves, with deep blond lace ruffles. The skirt opening in the *tablier* style, from the point at the bottom of the waist, is trimmed on each side with ribbon and fancy silk buttons. The hair is curled at the sides, and disposed in light bows on the summit of the head; it is ornamented with puffs of green gauze, and two white ostrich feathers.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 1. Carriage hat of blue *gros des Indes*, brim rather large and round. The crown of moderate height. The trimming is a white ostrich feather, and rich figured gauze ribbon.

No. 2. Morning Dress.—A jaconot muslin robe, *corsage en cœur*, a three-quarter height, it is trimmed down the front with knots of ribbon, *imbecille* sleeves. Head dress, a *bonnet à la paysonne* of plain *tulle* profusely trimmed with pink ribbon.

No. 3. A back view of the full dress *coiffure*.

No. 4. A back view of the morning cap.

No. 5. Evening Dress.—The robe is azure crape, *corsage a la Sevigne*, with short full sleeves, disposed in puffs of a new form, terminated with a light fancy trimming, and surmounted by dented *mancherons*. Head-dress of hair, ornamented with a fancy bandeau, on which a tuft of flowers is placed upon each side.

No. 6. A back view of the carriage dress-hat.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXVII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and her Secretary discovered, with papers, &c. before them.*

All round the room, the subs were moor'd
As idle list'ners far behind;
Save one, who from the ten-pot pour'd
The twankay, for our lips designed;
Thus, gentle Reader! we disclose to view
Our COUNCIL-CHAMBER, to enlighten you!

BLUEMANTLE, high, upon her chair
Beating the tattoo with her toe,
Is seated;—conning letters there,
AYE, shall the answer be—or No?
As swift they pass, thro' SCRIBBLECUM'S fair hand
And on the desk, a fearful pile they stand!

"Oh! CORRESPONDENTS! tho' held dear
Our rules unbroken shall remain;
All share alike our favor here,
Strict justice we will still maintain;
And when to tease, and hurry us you try—
We only smile—and put your letters by!

"Believe not what fond friends oft say,
Who fill with hope, each youthful mind,
And tell ye, that 'tis clear as day
For AUTHORS those are all designed,
Who in this age, of intellect—lose time
In scribbling sketches—or in tagging rhyme!

"So shall ye 'scape full many a snare
That round the Author's path is spread;
So shall contentment be your share
That never crown'd, a POET'S head!
For FAME'S at best, a bubble and a cheat,
And PUBLIC FAVOR! Ah! how soon 'twill fleet.

"Tho' oft WE give the dreadful word
That knocks your writings on the head;
Tho' hope for you is oft defer'd—
'Tis better surely, than to spread
Your names, with ridicule throughout the land;
Then come and kiss—not chide our critic hand!"

Parody on "BLACK-EYED SUSAN."

Miss Bluemantle. Will our fair sisterhood favour us with their presence this evening Secretary?

Miss Scribblecumdash. So they have signified Lady President, and I have accordingly ordered our tea-maker, to add three additional spoonfuls of Twankay to our evening beverage, with an extra appendage of muffins and Sally Lunds. Shall I proceed with the correspondence?

Miss B. Certainly.

Miss S. A packet of enclosures for MELISSA.

Miss B. All accepted—will our NEIGHBOUR throw off her incognita, and allow us to "view her as she is?" WE stand unveiled before *her!*

Miss S. A packet from your esteemed corresdent Miss Sargeant.

Miss B. Will this lady forward her address, which we have unfortunately mislaid, as we wish to send her a private communication? The pieces she sends us for ourselves we ACCEPT with thanks, those which she wishes us to forward to "ANOTHER CONTEMPORARY MAGAZINE," we shall return to her for three reasons—first, that we have no interest or connexion with that paper, beyond having been an occasional contributor ourselves; secondly, that from the nature of the articles of which that work has *lately* been composed, we think no female of any delicacy of feeling would wish to see her name associated in its pages while such tales as the "THREE STEPS," appear there!—And, thirdly, that the very illiberal treatment Authors receive as to remuneration, (*we speak from experience*), will induce us to be very guarded how we again introduce the work to the notice of any literary person of our acquaintance!

Miss S. A packet with enclosures from our kind contributor in Hampshire.

Miss B. We regret the loss of the tale the fair writer speaks of, and more so the introduction contained in her missing letter; we will send her a private communication in a few days to the place appointed.

Miss S. A note from C.

Miss B. C.'s poem shall appear.

Miss S. "The Bridal Party," by MARY ANN.

Miss B. It shall appear, we admire the style of writing much, and think our readers will be of the same opinion. The other sketch by the same correspondent was mislaid, or it would have been inserted at a much earlier period.

Miss S. Charades, &c. by H. W. J.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. Charades and Answers, by W. GRAY.

Miss B. We say, ditto to our last answer.

Miss S. Poems, by G. W BELL.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. A communication from SYLVA.

Miss B. It shall appear at our earliest possible convenience.

Miss S. Answer to Anagram, by JEAN.

Miss B. It shall be inserted.

Miss S. "Ellen Fitzroy, a Tale," and a Ballad, by EMMA.

Miss B. We have only just glanced at them; but think we may promise they shall appear.

Miss S. Answers to Charades, by CLARISSA.

Miss B. They shall appear. Clarissa is thanked.

Miss S. "The Absent Husband," and "Lines on Fortune."

Miss B. Both declined. We advise the writer to pursue some more profitable employment. She may rest assured that poetizing will never do *her* any good.

Miss S. Some lines, signed L. C., but I cannot decypher them.

Miss B. Neither can we. When the author has had half a dozen lessons from some of the teachers of ready-writing, we will attend to her; as we read, the burden of the lines appears to our eyes, "But she is *kneading* now"! We don't see how this can apply—unless to a Baker's lady! 'tis enough to make one *crusty*, to be obliged to peruse (or rather try to peruse) such nonsense!

Miss S. Letter, enclosing an Ode from W. H. W. shall I read it, Lady President?

Miss B. Oh! certainly.

[*Miss S. reads the letter.*

TO THE EDITRESS.

MADAM.—I trust you, as well as the talented authoress of the lines alluded to in the enclosed trifle, will pardon the great liberty I have taken with her very beautiful poem.

I think it proper to apologize, fearing it might be thought that I wished to make fun of that which all who read the very elegant and *feminine* effusions of your fair correspondent must admire as warmly as I do.

I am, Madam, yours,
W. H. W.

Miss B. Proceed with the ODE.

Miss S. I fear I shall not do it justice, but I'll try. [*Reads.*

ODE TO WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, ESQ.

Suggested by that stanza in MISS SKYNNER'S LINES "TO THE PORTRAIT OF THE EDITRESS," (*vide No.* 42, *p.* 343.) *commencing:*

"*Here drawn by* TRUTH'S OWN PENCIL *I behold,*"
By FELIX FACT, *Portrait Painter, &c. &c.*
"TRUTH *lies at the bottom of a well.*"
Old Adage.

No wonder Sir, your portraits with *eclat* tell,
When you for tools go fishing in a *draw*-well—
Diving for pencils in TRUTH'S *Water-house*
Mister Hawkins! But when you sought her house
Did'nt your conscience cry "Beware!
Your brethren will think it hardly fair
That they—who're not so favour'd by the Dame as you man—
Are forced to use the scrubs of Reeve's or Newman?"

I'm not disposed to quarrel
About the matter—*for* ill
It would become one of the fine arts to give lessons
In *coarse* expressions,
But tell me—how in good sooth
Is it
You visit
Your pencil-lending crony—Truth?
Did'st vanish in a bucket,
Or like a gander—*duck* it?
It must have been dark,
Without a spark,
As you pursued your trip;
But then perchance to make amends
You'd tinder-box and candle ends—
For sure you *took a dip.*

How were the Naiades of TRUTH'S demesnes?
"Bathing and sporting" like th' Adelphi queens?
Or only *fighting!* making with noise that quarter fill,
Thus illustrating, *à la* CONSTABLE, "*a storm and water-mill!*"
Many were doubtless painting sea-pieces, we heard that e'en
Their very skying-tints were *ultra marine!*
Some possibly were *aqua*-tinting,
Others very likely printing
Tracts for that *stimulant* to sobriety—
The London Temperance Society!

Propound O brother brush!
How were they off for lush?*
Did they stand brandy
And chrystal candy?
Or had'st a bout
Of "cold without?"
But I must end this catechism
To show my readers the fanaticism
Of praising works—the fools—
Produced by you with magic tools;
Return the pencil! Or the end will be
If it don't *brush*—there will be strife
For as it paints your portraits so like *life*,
'Twill be the *death* of me.
Even now my *sitters* have begun
Away to *run*
"Like fun!"

Miss B. The writer seems fond of the aquatic. At any rate he's an ODD FISH. Ah! here are our sister-counsellors—

Enter Mrs Bloomer, Modish, and Miss Harmonica.

Welcome, Ladies, 'tis somewhat long since ye graced our Critical Chamber with your presence.

Mrs. Bloomer. But we do not verify the old adage of "Out of sight out of mind," Lady President,—since our wits are always at work in your service; we are either reading, writing, or collecting news, Literary, Musical, or Dramatic, to give variety to your pages.

Mrs. B. Oh, we are not ungrateful, but fully estimate the value of your exertions in our cause.

Mrs. Modish. I hope, Lady President, you are satisfied with the improvements I have endeavoured to make in our weekly engravings.

Miss B. Most certainly; and we trust our fair subscribers are so too; the expense is considerably increased, but if we give satisfaction, we shall think ourselves amply repaid.

Miss Harmonica. I intend, Lady President, with your approbation, to introduce Original Music again occasionally, as many of our musical friends have regretted the absence of that feature in our work.

Miss B. Do so; our literary subscribers surely cannot be so selfish, as to wish their tastes *alone* to be consulted: we must not while we please the many, lose sight of contributing to the entertainment of the few. What is that pretty volume in your hand, Bloomer?

Mrs. B. 'Tis entitled "LA FLEURETTE," and consists of a collection of original and other poems, interspersed with aphorisms on various subjects; 'tis a very charming little work to place in the hands of youth; particularly of the gentler sex. Here is also another volume which claims your critical attention, "Europe," and other poems, by Charles Owen Apperley, and is, I believe, the first production of a young author, and I think you will agree with me that there are traces of genius in these "Poems," which give promise of much

* *Anglice*—drinkables.

future excellence. Mr. Apperley has the great merit of being perfectly original, he imitates no one, and there is a manliness of sentiment about his writings, that is really, to use an affected, but expressive word, quite *refreshing*, in these days of melancholy young gentlemen, with "pallid brows" and loose neckhandkerchiefs, who by dint of rhyming upon "blight" and "night," "care" and "despair," conceit themselves into embryo Byrons; and others, who waste the precious time given to them for a better use, in scribbling love sonnets; and who, to paraphrase the words of a clever author, seem "to think that human life was intended for no more important purposes than kissing and crying, and that rational beings have nothing else to do besides frisking like lambs, or cooing like doves." The greater portion of the contents of Mr. Apperley's volume are of a political tendency. As "the Belle" very properly disclaims politics, I shall only say of these poems, that they are replete with generous and lofty sentiments; in some little pieces which treat of the gentler feelings of our nature, and where tenderness, rather than vigour was required, Mr. Apperley has, I think, been eminently successful, and a high tone of moral feeling pervades the whole. I have already taken up so much of the Council's time with my remarks, that I must limit my readings from the volume to one short extract. I will just read to you the last poem in the book, it will give you a good idea of the general tone of Mr. Apperley's productions. "Listen, ladies, listen," while I deliver this—

SONNET ON A MOUNTAIN RIVULET.

"Wild stream! whilst others glide for many a mile
Smoothly along rich vales, where fairest flowers
On their meandering course in beauty smile,
Or near their banks the stately city towers,
How different thy lot hath been—to flow
O'er the high mountain, and to know no rest,
Dash'd on from rock to rock, until below
Thou rushest to the ocean's calmer breast.
But still thou goest, free and fearless on,
Like one that would not wear a chain, but chose
Rather to brave the worst, and this hath thrown
A charm around thee nobler than repose;
And even made the heath-bell, that alone
Dares bloom near thee, seem fair as garden rose."

Miss B. The extract does credit to your taste, Bloomer, and we wish the author every success. Have you seen the second number of Dr. Beattie's "SWITZERLAND," It lies on our table; are not the engravings exquisite?

Mrs. B. They are, indeed.

Mrs. M. Though you deem me only a fashionist, Lady President, I am fond of the comforts as well as the elegancies of life, and was much pleased by a visit I paid to the DOMESTIC BAZAAR, in Oxford-street.

Miss H. What can they sell there? Cooking utensils? or is it only a more refined title for an Alamode Beef Shop? How much the Bard of Avon was in error, when he made his Juliet ask, "What's in a name?" since name "in this our day" is every thing!

Mrs. M. Why, certainly, Harmonica, a *good name* is an excellent passport, at any time. The DOMESTIC BAZAAR is an establishment likely to give mutual satisfaction to the employer and employed; from it families are supplied with domestics of unimpeachable characters and competent ability, and servants with eligible situations on the fairest, most equitable, and moderate terms. To facilitate the concluding engagements with domestics, a convenient room is provided for servants to wait in to be hired, as also apartments for the arrangement of characters, ability, wages, &c. &c. Persons in want of really good and useful servants of any description, will find their interest better consulted, and their object much sooner obtained by a visit to the Domestic Bazaar, than by the interference of tradespeople, or by advertising in the newspapers.

Miss B. Well, really Modish, you are quite eloquent on the subject; and when we contemplate any change in our establishment, we will patronize the Domestic Bazaar.

Mrs. B. I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that your fair correspondent, MISS SHEARGOLD, has a volume of poems in the press, entitled "POETICAL LETTERS"; the work will appear under the immediate patronage of the Countess of Munster.

Miss B. If merit can command success, we are sure this volume will be *most successful*. It has our best wishes. But the Twankay grows cool—come, as business is finished, let us adjourn to our cups;—of TEA.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MR. MATTHEWS' ENTERTAINMENT.

Since our last number appeared, we have visited the Adelphi, and though Mr. Matthew's exhibits no new character this year in his *At Home*, we were delighted on renewing our acquaintance with many of our old favourites. The Scotch lady's "leetle story," is as amusing as ever, and the Street Melodists irresistibly comic. Mr. Matthews is almost the only performer attempting to amuse an audience for three hours of whom we never feel weary:—

Son of genius and of whim,
Mirth and laughter wait on him;
He's himself, unlike all other,
Has no equal, has no brother—
Nature, when his mould she made,
All her frolic art displayed,
And that he should stand alone,
Unrivall'd gem of Momus throne,
Gave her hand a holiday,
And wrought no other from the clay!

FITZROY THEATRE.

A drama called the *Time Piece*, has been produced at this Theatre, since our last week's report. It has some good points, though generally speaking, it plays heavily. The plot turns on a cowardly bully inventing all sorts of schemes to prevent a young officer whom he has challenged and engaged to meet at six o'clock keeping his appointment, for which purpose he assumes various disguises, in order to detain him beyond the hour, and thereby throw the imputation of cowardice from his own shoulders. This character was admirably sustained by Mr. Perry, on whom the whole weight of the piece fell. But it became tedious, and there was some disapprobation when the curtain dropt. Another new piece, called the *Female Volunteer*, has also been produced; it is a very laughable trifle, and serves to while away an hour very pleasantly.

COLLECTION OF PICTURES BELONGING TO H. R. H. THE LATE DUKE DE BERRI.

The greatest intellectual gratification we have lately experienced, has been the examination of the splendid pictures which formed the celebrated cabinet of the Elysée Bourbon, collected at vast expense by the Duke de Berri, and now on sale at Christie's King Street Rooms. Here we find the choicest specimens of the best Dutch and Flemish masters, the subjects interesting and animated, and the pictures in high preservation. Among these are three pieces by Gerard Dow, three by Gabriel Metzu, four by N. Berghem, three by Paul Potter, four by Van de Velde, two by Cuyp, three by Terburg, four by Vernet, eight by Teniers, and no less than fourteen by Wouvermans: together with single pictures by equally celebrated artists, making an assemblage of 118 gems of art, which stand unrivalled in their peculiar class. About twenty of them are already sold, and we greatly fear they will all be dispersed among various private collections, instead of forming the Flemish school of our National Gallery. We recommend this collection to the inspection of all our readers who are skilled in the fine arts, as offering a most unusual treat for gratifying their taste.

CONCERT OF THE NEW MUSICAL FUND—KING'S THEATRE.

A very excellent Concert, for the benefit of this institution, took place at the Opera House on Friday 25th inst., and we were happy to observe it was crowded and fashionably attended. Of course much professional talent appeared on the occasion. The performances of the evening began with Mozart's Grand Sinfonia, finely executed by the band, led by Mr. F. Cramer, and conducted by Sir George Smart. Jackson's beautiful canzonet, "Time has not thinned my flowing hair," was the first piece selected for the vocalists, and was very sweetly sang by the Misses Woodyatt and Wagstaff; Mrs. E. Seguin followed in Nicolini's Aria, "Il braccio." To this succeeded a Military Fantasia, on the pianoforte, by Mrs. Anderson, which displayed this lady's brilliancy of execution to the highest advantage, and gave full scope to show her wonderful command over the instrument. Madame Caradori Allan in "Should he upbraid," was as sweet as usual; and the evergreen Braham and veteran Lindley, delighted the audience in the celebrated recitative and air, (accompanied on the violincello) of "Gentle Airs." Some of the tones Lindley drew from the instrument over which he holds the master-spell, exceeded any we have ever heard from the violin of Paganini. We did *not* admire Madame Stockhausen in Haydn's "With verdure clad," it is unsuited to her peculiar powers; but she delighted us in the after part of the evening in one of those beautiful Swiss mountain ballads, (accompanied on the harp by Mr. Stockhausen) in which she stands unrivalled, and was loudly encored. The beautiful Giulietta Grisi, was from indisposition unable to sing "Di piacer," as set down for her in the bills of the day, but she executed her part in the duet "Dunque io son," with Signor Tamburini with great sweetness and effect. The act concluded with Signor Masoni's performance on the violin, of a polacca, composed by himself, and executed with his usual brilliancy and good taste. Miss Clara Novello in the second act, in "Lo here the gentle lark," warbled in answering tones of

sweetness, to the delightful flute accompaniment of Nicholson; and Signor Ivanoff, gave the Cavatina from Anna Bolena, with all that sweet and graceful melody, and clearness of enunciation, for which his voice is so remarkable, and was loudly encored. A Concertante composed for the Philharmonic Society, by Neukomm, was brilliantly peformed, by Messrs. G. Cooke, Nicholson, Willman, Mackintosh, Platt, Harper, and Dragonetti, after which Signor Zuchelli delighted us in "Non più andrai;" a duet by Miss Clara Novello and Miss Woodyatt followed, and the Concert concluded with the Grand Overture to Figaro. We have before stated the house was well filled, and we trust the receipts of the evening were equal to the wishes of the friends of this most excellent charitable fund!

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.

We attended the second concert of Signor Lanza, and were happy to observe the ample and well-deserved patronage bestowed on this talented professor. The rooms were unusually crowded, and every thing was conducted in the best taste. Signor Ivanoff sang an Italian air, and was warmly and enthusiastically encored. Miss Lanza also sang Alice Gray, and did ample credit to the care and tuition of her father. Monsieur Berry performed a concerto on the violin, and was warmly applauded. Mr. Duplin performed on the flute, St. Patrick's Day, with variations. The concert was on the first rate scale, and afforded every gratification to the lovers of harmony.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS.

NO. III.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

It is astonishing the prejudices which Englishmen (at least the less enlightened part of them) entertain against the kind, hospitable, and open-hearted sons of Erin. A period of my life has been spent in Ireland, and, although being an Englishman, I went prejudiced against the nation I visited, yet I could not close my eyes to the fact, that they were far different from the generally received opinion of them, I have not only found them generous and hospitable, but have even experienced an unexpected and unusual degree of attention and kindness. Hospitality in Ireland reigns as much among the ower and poorer classes, as even mong the higher. If a stranger should wander through the country, at the poorest peasant's hovel he will be welcome to the best of fare that hovel can afford. Englishmen themselves do not deny the existence of this spirit of hospitality, but they aver that it only lasts for a certain period,—that the Irishman will at first welcome you with the greatest warmth of enthusiasm, yet that it is not improbable but that feeling may, after a time, degenerate into total callousness. Admitting this to be a fact, is it not at any rate better that a stranger, who visits a country, and perhaps intends to make but a short sojourn there, should, while he remains, meet with every demonstration of kindness,—be welcomed with even the apparent warmth of hospitality, no matter, when he has departed, whether he be ever afterwards thought of, than that he should meet with the cold and the calculating, who hesitate to welcome him because they do not intimately know him, and who suffer him to depart from their land as much a stranger as when he first arrived. The following anecdote will prove one of the many instances of hospitality which Irishmen are ever ready to shew even to the greatest stranger.

During my sojourn in the South of Ireland, being on a visit at Clare Hall, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, the latter determined to devote a day to the amusement of angling. Few rods, however, could be obtained, so that the remainder of the party chose the more laborious exercise of fishing with the aid of flues and poles. Across the country, at about ten miles distance, the dykes were said to be well stocked with fish, particularly with pike. Our party consisted of about eight in number, and, equipped for the day, we sallied out, each bearing a certain portion of the load we carried with us. One carried the poles, another the nets, a third the provision basket, and a fourth the whisky punch. In this array, we traversed the country, and not until we had arrived at the place of our destination, a distance of about ten miles, did we halt even for an instant. On arriving at the spot destined for our intended sport, we all sat down upon the grass and opened our basket of prog. A great part of a fine piece of beef, two fowls, and the third part of a ham, were not long in disappearing from before us. Good eating, we had been taught to believe, deserved good drinking, so washing down our meal with plenty of good punch, and depositing the remainder of the provision in the baskets, we rose and proceeded to work. In the space of two hours we had caught a large quantity of fish, when, with my usual ill-luck, I met with a most provoking accident. I was busily engaged in drawing a net full of fish from the dyke, when a part of the bank giving way beneath my footing, I slipped and fell headlong into the water, amid the roars of laughter of my companions. The dyke happened to be both deep and wide, so that, after a great deal of *floundering*, I succeeded in making my way out, as odd a fish as any we had been toiling to catch. What, however, provoked me more than all, was the reiterated peals of laughter indulged in by my comrades. It may readily be imagined, that I did not possess an over-abundance of *vital warmth*, so seizing the punch bottle, I took a long, deep, lingering draught, in hopes of driving the cold away from my stomach. Imagine, reader, my situation, in a wide open country, with bogs and ditches on every side of me, not even a hovel within miles; and then judge of the way I must have felt at the continued jest of my fellow-fishermen. I bore it very well for some time, yet at length I found myself getting so really ill that I determined to leave the party and return home. But the difficulty was, how I should find my way there; nevertheless, I bade them good bye, and set off at a quick rate on my return. Many a mile I walked, ignorant of my way, across the country; to many a hovel, which I fondly hoped might be inhabited, I directed my steps, yet found them, on arriving, but cow-sheds; every effort was unsuccessful, and in despair I flung myself on the ground in the middle of a field, exhausted and dispirited. However, I was soon roused from my downcast situation by perceiving a bull running at a tremendous and furious rate (though at a considerable distance) towards the spot where I was lying. Recollecting the admonition, that "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted," and conceiving that the bull might be the means of exalting me perhaps higher than I even wished, I did not stand upon the order of my going, but fled with my utmost speed across the fields. The bull kept gradually gaining ground on me, and at last came so near me that I expected every moment to be sent nearer the sky than I had ever been before. An immense dyke that lay before me seemed my only resource in my present dilemma. Exerting all my activity, I made a tremendous leap, yet only succeeded in alighting in the very middle of the dyke. However it was not deep, and as I was safe, I turned my head round to look at the bull, who, furious with rage, at being baffled by the object of his pursuit, stood in doubt whether he should cross the dyke to pursue the fugitive. There is something ineffably terrible in the eye of an angry bull—the orb seems to roll in fire, yet happily different from the gaze of the fabled serpent; it urges one to fly, instead of deadening every faculty and power, like the dreamer oppressed by an incubus. The bull, in his rage, kept tearing up the earth with his horns, and exhibiting marks of the utmost fury; thus I again took to my heels and, after some time, to my infinite delight, I fancied I saw smoke rising from among the trees at a considerable distance. What part of the country I was in I had not the slightest idea of, yet I felt convinced that I was many miles further from home than even the spot where I had left my companions. How-

ever I hailed the smoke with as much joy as the tempest-tossed mariner views the first speck of land rising in the horizon, amid the wide expanse of waters. Towards it I directed my steps, and had the good fortune to meet with a hovel, wretched in the extreme, yet in which I sat myself down with as much real pleasure as though it were a palace. The only inmate was a little girl about thirteen years of age, yet who had a countenance which would have been noted as remarkable even at the drawing-room of majesty. I have generally remarked, that though the features of the Irish peasantry are somewhat coarse, yet that they possess, especially in the North, a vividness and brilliancy in their dark eyes, never equalled by the lower orders of any country I have seen. Her father, she told me, was a fisherman, and had gone to the nearest town to procure a sack of potatoes, which, unfortunately for my craving stomach, she did not expect would arrive till evening. And will you have to wait, my little dear," said I, "till they arrive, for your dinner?" She answered me in the affirmative, and told me in such an artless interesting manner, that they could only afford two meals, even of potatoes and milk, a-day, that I could hardly refrain from tears. I noticed a large bonnet hanging in one corner of the cabin, and this induced me to ask her if she had a mother. The little girl burst into tears; "Ah, sir," said she, "my poor, poor mother is dead! and here I am left alone all day, to see and to speak to nobody until my father returns home." I endeavoured to comfort the little creature, and partly succeeded. She placed some fresh turf on the fire, blew it into a blaze with her apron, and carefully held my coat before it to dry. I was soon perfectly dry and comfortable, and was conversing with my little companion, when a shower, such as I have never before witnessed, fell from the sky. It descended like a torrent to the earth, and reminded me of what I once heard a young urchin say, that "it rained pitchforks, prongs downwards." It continued for upwards of an hour, and I felt the greatest possible delight to think that my companions, who had so laughed at *my* accident, would be exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, without even the shelter of a hedge. The rain, as I said, continued an hour, after which the sun again shone forth with its utmost splendour. Inquiring of the little girl, and finding that, instead of having got nearer home, I had wandered in a contrary direction, I thought it best to endeavour again to meet my companions, for by this time I began to get dreadfully hungry, and to long for a portion of the provisions we had left in the basket. After remunerating the little girl for her kind attention, I left the hovel, completely dry and comfortable. Whether I should proceed north, south, east, or west, was now the question. After deliberating for a long time, now determining on one road, and then again rejecting it, I took out my handkerchief, and resolved that whichever way the wind blew, that way would I choose. With hope alone for my companion, I sallied forth, and after wandering an hour, began to think I was running a wild-goose chase. Meeting with a high tree, I climbed a considerable height, and thought I could perceive, though at some distance, a party, whom, however, it was impossible to distinguish. To the spot I directed my steps, taking care, however, to keep clear of every field that even contained a cow. Ready to drop with hunger and fatigue, I at length came near enough to discover that the party I had seen at a distance was my own. At any rate, thought I, I shall now get something to eat; and, on arriving, without speaking a single word, or taking the slightest notice of any body, I pounced like a tiger on the baskets, and lo! ye gods of hunger and of thirst, bear me through the horrible description; they were both quite empty! Even the very fat of the ham, which at any other time would have turned our delicate stomachs, was now all demolished and eaten. I looked wildly around, and could almost have eaten the raw fish that lay in such profusion on the grass. Even the situation of Tantalus was not so bad as mine: he had that before him which buoyed up his spirits with the hope of possession, but I (there being to all appearance, no house or cottage within miles,) was deprived of all hope and expectation. Until that moment, I had never known what it was to be hungry an hour, yet now I could almost have wished to have been that very bull who had lately pursued me, or even Nebuchadnezzar, in order to have been able to have filled my stomach with the grass. From my first setting out, the whole day had been to me a series of torturing accidents. The fact was, that my companions, expecting I had returned home, had, during my absence, renewed their meal, and totally devoured the provisions and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind," little expecting I should return half-starved and famished. Had there been even a gleam of hope that there was a cottage nigh, fatigued as I was, I would not have complained. To have remained in this situation would have been madness, so again leaving the party, I scoured the country for some time, yet in vain; at length, perceiving at some distance a large clump of trees, there I directed my steps, in hopes of meeting wherewithall to satisfy my hunger. On coming nearer, judge my delight, my ecstasy, when I discovered a beautiful villa, the seat of Sir Henry K——. I flew to the back of the house, entered the kitchen, and addressing myself with all the sweetness, the blarney, and "honied words" I could muster, to the cook, I acted the "gentleman beggar," accompanying, at the same time, my request with an entreaty to be permitted to present her with a *douceur* as an acknowledgement of her kindness. Under pretence of bringing me what I wanted, she left the kitchen, and, to my astonishment, came back with an invitation from Sir Henry H—— and his lady, to ascend into the drawing room, where they were sitting. In the dirty state in which I was, I immediately sent up an apology for my non-acceptance of the invitation, yet they would receive none. Finding I was obstinate in remaining where I was, Sir Henry himself shortly after made his appearance in the kitchen, insisted upon my accompanying him, and ushered me, himself, into the drawing-room, where his lady and her two daughters, (as elegant girls as ever I beheld,) were seated on the sofa. "Allow me," said Sir Henry, "to introduce to you a bewildered knight, who, having lost his way in the intricacies of the forest, and having undergone immense dangers, disastrous chances, moving accidents, by flood and field, imminent perils, and hair-breadth escapes, and being moreover urged by the irresistable impulses of hunger, has deigned to honour our lordly and ancient castle with his presence. His lance (which, reader, was an old stick picked up on my way,) has been suspended in the hall; his helmet, graved with many an honourable dint, (which, by the bye, was an old hat, graved, *indeed*, with many a dint,) has also been there suspended; and bare-headed and uncovered, as every true knight should do, he comes to pay his respects to the *fair* Adelinas of the castle, not forgetting also the *fare* craved by his hungry appetite. After the noble knight has taken his repast, I trust he will favour us with an account of his knight-errantry and adventures, which, from his disordered habiliments, must have been astonishing, and to which we shall listen with all due attention." While Sir Henry had been thus speaking, and had in this jocular manner taken off the unpleasant sensation which I must necessarily have felt in such a situation, a tray had been brought up, on which was placed all that an epicure, much less a hungry stomach, could desire. With a few apologies, I sat down, and never do I remember having made such a hearty meal. With that admirable openness, so delightful in the Irish character, the young ladies, with the utmost pleasantry, now demanded my story. There was none of that hateful distance, that calculating formality, which destroys every effort at pleasantry in conversation, and which casts a damp even over the most lively disposition: no, they were familiar, but still prudent; they were open, but still that very openness not only inspired respect but admiration; and they made you feel, not as a stranger, but as an old and an intimate friend. Oh, how I hate that chilling distance, that enemy to the softer and more congenial emotions of the heart, that destroyer of the friendly intimacy which should exist in society; it is this which renders the Irish

parties so universally gay and pleasant, instead of the dull, the sombre, and gloomy "Quaker meetings" here in England. Oh! if those ladies who are so punctually distant, knew what a barrier it places between them and the affections of the opposite sex, they would discharge it in their anger, and study to be less disagreeably formal. For my own part, I would as soon dance with a moving automaton as with one who allows you only to take the tip of her fingers, and imagines she transgresses the bounds of decorum in permitting you to possess her hand in toto; who answers your every effort at conversation with a deadly yes or no, and from whom, at the end of the dance, you fly, to seek a more entertaining partner. Trust me, it is not the safe-guard of virtue; for the Robin, the sweet, the familiar Robin, that enters your window, and perches on your table, is fed, is caressed, and permitted again to fly, while we endeavour to entice, to catch the bird that flutters at our approach. None of my fair readers will, I am sure, be angry at this candid avowal of my sentiments; if in the right, there can be no fault in expressing them; and if in the wrong, why, I trust to their kindness and forgiveness. However, once more to my tale.

At their request, I began to describe all that the reader is already acquainted with.

My story being done,
They gave me, for my pains, a world of sighs.
They swore,—in faith, 'twas strange—'twas passing strange;
They wish'd again to hear it;
They sigh'd at all the dangers I had pass'd,
And I sigh'd, too, that they did pity them.

After nearly two hour's conversation, I stood up to take my departure. I shall never forget the hospitable, the hearty way in which Sir Henry pronounced the following speech:—"Sir Knight," said he, "I am much joyed at seeing you thus satisfied; but as your companions in the field may not be so, bear them from me a courteous invitation, and tell them that the lord of this castle expects them to meet him at seven in his banqueting-hall, where all due attention will be paid to such worthy knights. And to you, Sir Knight of the Woful Story, my gates shall ever be open, to come and retire at your pleasure." I found no difficulty in again finding my companions, who now began to feel, as I had done, the effects of hunger. I told them of the proffered invitation, which I need not add, was accepted with pleasure. We tied up our nets, arranged the fish in the empty baskets, and directed our steps towards the house of our hospitable host. Sir Henry himself came forth and welcomed us to his house; led us up stairs, where dinner was all prepared. We sat down, and good fortune seemed now returning, for I was placed beside Sir Henry's youngest daughter. Never did there meet a more riotous and noisy party, nor one in which all so well contributed their part to make it pleasant and delightful. The wit of Sir Henry, the attention of his lady, the smiles and beauty of his two daughters, the animated spirits of the rest of the party, combined to drive the smallest particle of care from the minds of all. Jests, sallies of wit, and *repartees*, flew from every part; and never was there such a scene of universal merriment. At a late hour in the evening, we prepared to depart from our hospitable entertainer, who, to add to his kindness, had ordered his carriage, with directions to the coachman, to drive us to Clare Hall, where, at an early hour of the morning, we arrived. Thus passed the day, and, considering all that had happened, I am in doubt whether I could exclaim with Titus, "I have lost a day." At any rate, this I gained, it taught me to know what hunger was, even in a lessened degree; and many a little donation, that might otherwise not have been given, may since have benefited the receiver, and not injured the donor. It introduced me also to an amiable family, and gave me an example of genuine hospitality and kindness, so often experienced, though seldom acknowledged, among the generous and open-hearted sons of the Emerald Isle.

THE COUNTESS OF CLANARRAN.

BY MISS AUGUSTA HENNINGSEN.

(*Continued from page* 360.)

There is nothing I love better than a masquerade, to my mind there is no amusement equal to it—the excitement and hilarity it calls forth are beyond words; and besides the pleasure it affords to all ages, we may find abundance of food for the mind of the meditative and the moralist. There we may see wisdom led by folly, the aged disguised in the gay robe of youth, the young concealed beneath the garments of the old, the infidel chief arm in arm with a crusader, a nun waltzing with an Heathen god, an English and French sailor in amity, few, very few, meetly paired, still fewer in their real characters—and is not this but a mockery of life?

The Marchioness of St. Asaph was an Italian, in giving her hand to an Englishman, England became her country and her home; and, though every blessing heaven could bestow smiled upon her, she warmly cherished the remembrance of her own bright land, and the Marquis well knew the greatest pleasure he could procure her, was that which reminded her of it. It was, therefore, with no small gratification she received his proposition of issuing invitations for a masquerade. As it is not our intention to enter into a detail of the arrangements of that ball, it will suffice when we say, it was given in a style worthy of an English nobleman.

In the centre of the ball-room, amidst a motley group, stands a lady, whose unmasked face, with its animated smile, and sparkling eyes, shines resplendent amongst the unchanging countenances which surround her. Her lively and witty speech forces the most unrisible muscles into action, while the veriest cynic owns the influence of the light laugh of the Countess of Clanarran.

"My dear Lady Herries," she said, addressing some one near her, "surely you must be suffocated in that great domino and mask, pray do go and take them off, I hate to see you so disguised."

"In truth, dearest," replied Lady Herries, "it is very warm here, and presently I shall change my dress, but I have many reasons for not discovering myself just yet."

"Nay, lady, fear not to discover yourself, your face and actions are too well masked, to be read by any but the initiated," said a voice close to the ladies.

They both started. "How horribly rude, to frighten one so," exclaimed the Countess, and she looked round immediately for the speaker, but it was impossible to fix upon any one in particular, the crowd was so great.

"We must expect pretty speeches, from pretty masks," returned the Lady Herries ironically; "but did you not recognise the voice?"

"Not in the least," replied the Countess, "but here comes Charles—I must not speak to you again, or you will be known," and she advanced a few steps to meet her cousin.

"Well, Lady Clanarran," said Lord Charles Seamore, "here you are at last; I have been seeking you through all the rooms, for the last half-hour, for I wish to speak to you most particularly, and immediately."

"In the name of goodness Charles, what is the matter with you? why in such a hurry."

"Because I wish to be enlightened upon a most important subject."

"Important subject!" exclaimed the Countess, "and do you wish to speak to me upon an important subject in a ball-room, defer it till to-morrow, you can come to me as early as you please."

"No, Henrietta, I cannot wait till to-morrow—do come with me into the conservatory, it is less crowded."

"Surely you are in love, Charles, I hope it is not with me, for I tell you, if you are, it is useless; and I certainly shall not give myself the trouble of going to the conservatory to listen to your nonsense."

"Henrietta, I see you are laughing at me, but I assure you I am not in love with you, though I admire you very much, and love you as if you were my own sister; so pray do come, and fear not my nonsense as you call it."

"Why, now I shall cry from pure disappointment and vexation," said the Countess; "you have given my vanity a sad blow, for I always flattered myself you would fall in love with me, and fully expected you to shoot or drown yourself some day for my sake."

"Willingly would I do either, fair cousin, if it could be of any service to you, or ensure a tear from your bright eyes; but, as I am sure you would not for

worlds that I should commit suicide, and——

"Lady Clanarran, I believe I am to be honoured with your hand during the next quadrille," said the Earl of Devonport, interrupting the tête a tête.

"I believe you are so to be honoured," replied the lively Countess, after casting a glance at her fan, upon which was traced the list of her engagements; "but pray have the goodness to leave me till it commences, for I am going to have a little conversation with my cousin, something serious too, she added, in a whisper; I verily believe he is touched at last, though he did declare, he never would taste the passion flower. I assure you I will have some fun with him if such is the case."

"I heard what you have been whispering about me," said Lord Charles, withdrawing her to another part of the room, "remember, I can pay you in your own coin."

"I doubt that," retorted the Countess.

"Nay, do not dare me, cousin;" said Lord Charles.

"I do then," replied Lady Clanarran.

"What, Henrietta, have you forgotten France, and—

"Charles," hastily and angrily interrupted the Countess, a sudden gloom overshadowing her countenance, and dispelling the mirthful smile which had sat there, "that is unfair revenge; you know it is a forbidden, a hateful subject."

"Well, well, I did not mean to offend," was the reply, "you brought it on yourself by aggravating me. Now do smile again, I cannot bear to see you look angry; indeed, it does not become your pretty laughing face."

"How silly you are," said the Countess, smiling through her anger, "but do make haste," she added impatiently, "Lord Devonport will come directly."

"I have had such a rencontre at your house, Henrietta."

"At my house?" exclaimed the Countess.

"Yes; I called on my way hither, intending to accompany you, but was disappointed, when Clarke told me you dined with Lady Herries, and were to dress there; finding it earlier than I thought, I determined to pass away the time in examining the curiosities you have had lately sent for your little museum. Whilst thus engaged, I was much surprised, to see a gentleman pass through from the small door at the end; I do not think he saw me, nor did I recognise him; indeed, his figure was so concealed by his cloak, and his hat was so slouched over his face, that had he been my most intimate friend, I could not have known him."

"Ah!" said the Countess, "I hope you enquired into this; a man in my private apartments!"

"Yes, cousin; not knowing what games might be going on amongst your servants during your absence, I thought it my duty to obtain some explanation, added to the curiosity I felt, of obtaining a sight of the private apartments of a lady. So, instead of ringing the bell, or following the stranger, I passed through the door he had left open, and along the passage, and softly entered the room it led to; but what was my astonishment, when I beheld, sitting near a table, a lady evidently young and graceful, though her face was hid by the most delicate white hands, and she was weeping so bitterly, that she did not notice my presence till I addressed her, and then she arose frightened and confused—

"You have seen Victorine, then," interrupted the Countess, "the gentleman was the odious Mr. Crawford; but what can have grieved the poor child," and she spoke with the greatest concern.

"No, indeed I did not, my interview with the young lady was the briefest possible, but in those few minutes I lost my heart;" and Lord Charles then recounted the interview with which you, gentle reader, are already acquainted. "But tell me who and what this young lady is?" he enquired when he had concluded his narration.

"Most willingly," replied Lady Clanarran. "When I was in Germany some two years ago, she came to me."

"What, has the young lady been with you so long! how is it I have never seen nor heard of her?" enquired Lord Charles.

"A little patience," returned the Countess, "and you shall know as much of my dear Victorine's history as I do; but with regard to never seeing her, I am not surprised, for it is only a few months since you have returned from your travels; and as to hearing of her, you must often have heard me mention her name, but presume it did not attract your attention. Having mentioned that I was desirous of meeting with a companion, the unfortunate Countess d' Erlau recommended to my notice Mademoiselle Durant, a young French orphan whom she had brought up, whom she said she would not part with for the world, but called upon to attend her royal mistress in a visit she proposed making to her native country, she knew not how to dispose of her protegée. During her absence she was most anxious for me to accept her services. After the introduction of the subject, I am not surprised at your falling in love with Victorine in so short a space. Without intending to take charge of her, for I clearly understood she would be left with me less as a companion than a trust, and there were so many provisos made on the part of the countess, that I resolved in my own mind to decline her offer. However, I saw Victorine, and her interesting face, forlorn situation, and gentle manners, so completely won my heart in that interview, that I determined to have her at any price. One of the conditions, if she came to me, was that I should never require her attendance when I had much company. Occasionally, when I had a very few friends, she did not object to see them during the first year she was with me, and I hoped in the course of time to reform her strange whim, the origin of which I have often tried to discover but in vain. She had been with me some months when the Countess d' Erlau informed me she should shortly arrive in England to reclaim her protegée, whom she intended to adopt as her daughter, having obtained by the death of a relative, an addition to her income, which enabled her to provide for Mademoiselle Durant without injuring her own children. Delighted as I was at the good fortune which awaited my favorite, I deeply regretted parting with her, for I doated upon her; little did I think then that what was proposed would never take place. Before another month had elapsed, the melancholy fate of the countess reached us. Victorine has never entirely recovered the shock, and has never since consented to see a stranger. She remained with me, for her benefactress died intestate; her son, knowing her intentions with regard to her protegée, immediately came forward to fulfill them, but she has strenuously refused accepting any thing from the family. It is a great pity so sweet and accomplished a creature should pass away her days in such determined seclusion. I shall try to profit by your interview—but I see Lord Devonport coming. Come to me to-morrow, we will speak more on this subject."

"You must find great changes to have taken place during your long absence," said the Honorable Mrs. Clavering to Lady Monckton.

"Yes, indeed I do," returned the lady addressed, "eight years is a long exile from one's friends and country; and being a stranger as it were, I shall trespass on your kindness, and beg you to give me some information respecting the many strange faces here. I was introduced yesterday to Lady Herries as one of the reigning beauties, what a splendid woman she is! I saw her a few moments since, her dress is magnificent, and becomes her style of beauty. But Mrs. Clavering do tell me who is that young lady who is dancing with the Earl of Devonport, I never saw a lovelier nor more expressive countenance?"

"That is the Countess of Clanarran," was the reply.

"The very person I was most anxious to see," said Lady Monckton, "I think I remember hearing of the death of the late Earl some years since; that is the wife of the present peer, I suppose, but what is become of the very beautiful Lady Clanarran who was presented the last drawing-room I attended previous to my leaving England for India."

"Ah! my dear Lady Monckton, your memory does indeed require refreshing; the Countess you see is the same young lady, Henrietta Maria Clanarran you saw making her debût at St. James'; she inherited her father's titles and estates, being his only child, and the last of her family"

But are you certain Mrs. Clavering that you make no mistake, that lady cannot be passed twenty, and the one I mean must have been more than eleven years of age when she was introduced."

"The Countess," returned Mrs. Clavering, "was about seventeen when she appeared in the world, that is eight years ago; consequently she must be five and twenty; but it is a singular thing how extremely juvenile her appearance remains notwithstanding the constant whirl of disipation she lives in. To night she looks remarkably well, I never saw her look better; more brilliant or witty, certainly she is a most fascinating creature."

"The Mary Stuart dress suits her so exactly," said lady Monckton, "indeed I should much doubt whether the celebrated queen she represents surpassed her, even when in the days of her glory she captivated all hearts; but I wonder she has never married."

"So do many," replied Mrs. Clavering, "but I suppose she prefers remaining her own mistress, for I know three gentlemen well worthy of her, whom she has rejected; only last week, she gave the Duke of S—— a positive refusal."

"Indeed" said Lady Monckton, smiling, "I thought it most unnatural for a Countess, young, lovely, and rich to go a begging, though it was only yesterday I heard some ladies who shall be nameless conversing about her, and they heaped upon her every abuse that could be levelled against the worst of their sex."

"I trust, my dear Lady Monckton, you will not lend your ear to the hundred and one reports in circulation to the disparagement of the Countess," said Mrs. Clavering, "believe me I speak most truly when I say they are unfounded; her greatest faults are extreme giddiness and heedlessness, which I regret, but they too often give a slight shade of confirmation to tales which originate in the envy or malice of some treacherous friend whom I would willingly discover; and unfortunately many of the world are too ready to seize upon every report against the great or noble, whether to traduce them in a body, or to extenuate their own follies. Rarely do they consider the peculiar situation and circumstances which more or less influence the character and actions of different persons."

"Most true, Madam," said Mr. Aylsford, joining in the conversation, "the living must rarely expect to be judged impartially; now with regard to the lady in question, some believe her the most giddy, heartless, wild, and extravagant creature, and I give you the mildest judgments pronounced; others reverse the decision, and speak of her as the most vivacious, light-hearted, high-spirited, independent, and generous of our female nobility. My opinion differs from both parties, I have known the Countess from her earliest infancy, and therefore consider myself better able to judge her impartially. There is much to be admired, and much to be regretted in her character, which had it been properly cultivated would have shone with an undimmed lustre. Ladies you are acquainted with her early history, and will therefore allow with me, she claims an indulgence which could not be granted to others."

"Mr. Alysford," said lady Monckton," you forget I am yet but a stranger in London, consequently am unacquainted with the histories of the day; do oblige me by relating what you know of the Countess of Clanarran?"

"Do have the kindness, my dear sir," added Mrs. Clavering, "and let our friends be well informed at once,—before she hears the many versions which are going about.

"The requests of ladies should be considered commands," returned Mr. Aylsford, "so I shall obey. "The Lady Henrietta Maria Clanarran was the youngest of three children, but from the time she was only a few months old, her father and mother took an unnatural dislike to her; and whilst her brother and sister enjoyed every mark of the warmest affection from their parents, the little lady Henrietta was confided to the care of mercenary hirelings. Generally residing at one of the earl's distant estates, her nearest relatives were almost strangers to her; but if she enjoyed not their affection, she felt not the loss; and perhaps, in the splendour of her after-life, has she sighed at the recollection of the days when, as the neglected daughter, alone and uncared for, she wandered with a light heart and free spirit amid the woods and valleys of Beke Hall; then no sorrow, no regret, had touched her heart; for if those who had charge of her loved her not, they at least never thwarted her will, nor sought to render themselves obnoxious by unkindness: and thus passed her life till she attained her fifteenth year. I had often seen her. When I accompanied the Earl to the Hall, during the shooting season, as a child, she appeared to me like all others, but her father always found so much fault that her attendant was glad to keep her as much out of his way as possible. Naturally fond of little folks, and touched at the neglect she experienced, I often sought her, and we became such good friends that she always looked forward with pleasure for the season which would again bring Mr. Aylsford to play with her; and her great dog—for I must not omit to say, I believe it was the thing she loved best in the world; and this is not surprising, for it was the only one that loved her. Ladies, you most probably remember the prevalent, and but too fatal, disorder, in the spring of 18—, which threw so many families into mourning, and which, in one week, deprived the earl of Clanarran of his countess, his only son, and eldest daughter; and then, in the hour of sorrow, when death dwelt in his house, did he turn for consolation to the long forgotten one; and ere many months were ended, the Lady Henrietta was the idol of his heart. Desirous of atoning for the past, the earl imagined he did so amply by allowing her every indulgence, whilst he gratified her most unbounded wishes. It is not surprising, that the sudden elevation from neglect and obscurity, to every species of devotion and splendour, added to an unlimited power, should dazzle and lead astray one so young, whose character had never been formed by the beautiful principles of religion, and whose education had remained so little cultivated. Lovely and untamed as the Arab when first caught, was the young lady when she came to her father—the last survivor of the noble family, its sole heiress. Brought up in no fictitious atmosphere, unaccustomed to any enervating luxuries, the rose bloomed in all its freshness upon her cheek. Her natural grace had been much improved by the elasticity and ease of all her movements, which she owed to the constant exercise she had taken. A stranger to the world, and having perused but few books, there was an originality and naiveté in her flowing speech, rarely met with, for her ideas had sprung from the beauties of nature; and her spirit was too independent to render her bashful. Unfortunately too many were ready to pronounce her perfection; and, in providing masters to instruct her in all that was fashionable, and necessary to render her competent to fill the station she was to occupy in a worldly point of view, the earl thought he had done every thing for the happiness of her future welfare, A year after she made her appearance on the great stage of the world, surrounded by every temptation presented to her under the most alluring form, with the power of enjoying them, dependent only upon her will; while many a voice and many a pen was ever in readiness to approve her slightest actions. I think much credit is due to her excellent heart and disposition, for withstanding so many, for remaining still so unperverted. The faults and errors she has committed, arise from her education and situation; indeed, it is much to be regretted so promising and excellent a soil should have been destined to remain uncultivated; her actions mostly arise from the caprice of the moment; even some of her enemies allow it, of the wildest and most inconsiderate of her whims. Still the world will be censorious if we swerve in the least from its stern laws and usages, let our motives be ever so pure. She has often set them at defiance—for the spirit of her early days has never been subdued—and, endowed with that most dangerous of all gifts, when employed indiscreetly—a brilliant and sarcastic wit,—which too often, and too fatally, excites the admiration of our sex, she has been led to use it indiscriminately, and, leveling it against any who offend her, she has rendered many of her female friends her enemies; for, few able to cope with her bitter and brilliant speech, seek other and meaner modes of wreaking their revenge; and while

the countess' anger ends with the last witty word, their's remains rankling in their hearts; and they only find some balm for their mortified spirits in pulling her to pieces, and placing all her actions in the most unfavourable light. I have sometimes spoken to Lady Clanarran on the subject, but her answer always is, "Would you wrest from me my speech, the only arms I, a poor defenceless woman, possess? If people choose to condemn my actions, let them settle the account with their consciences. I am accountable to none of them; nor do I wish to know of them; they are too contemptible to merit my notice." "Ladies, I shall now revert to the most mysterious and singular part of her history. The earl took her to Paris, and there she was introduced to the Marquis de la Meilleraye, one of his oldest and most valued friends. He had a son, justly considered the pride of his father and his country. Handsome, fascinating, and highly polished, the young Vicomte had gallantly distinguished himself in Spain, under the Duc d'Angouleme; esteemed by his sovereign, adored by his brother officers, and the idol of the best saloons of the gay capital, it is not to be wondered, that the Lady Henrietta was pleased with his marked attention; though accustomed to receive the homage of the noblest of her countrymen, and of many a princely foreigner, none, she thought, had tendered it so respectfully, so delicately. Many had whispered, that they loved her, and solicited her hand; but though she had listened to them, and perhaps preferred one to another, she had never bestowed her heart. So the Vicomte had an open field to try his chance of success, and every thing was in his favour; he was the very person most likely to gain her affections; his constant and undeviating devotion ensured her gratitude; and when at length he ventured to say, he had never loved but one, she knew it was herself. Acquainted with her faults, he duly appreciated the many estimable qualities she possessed, and she loved him with all the ardour of a first and undivided affection. Approved of by both fathers, who saw with delight the promising union of their families, the marriage was announced, the day fixed for its celebration, when suddenly it was broken off, and the earl brought his daughter to England. You may imagine the sensation this affair created, both in Paris and London. Every one had a story to relate about it, but the parties themselves have never assigned any reason, nor even mentioned the subject. Whether the young lady herself was grieved on the occasion I cannot say, at least, publicly, she never exhibited any symptoms. She has had many offers since, and though the earl wished her to decide upon one, she constantly refused, saying, she had no desire to marry. Her father died about four years ago, and she then became Countess of Clanarran. With an unlimited control over the immense wealth attached to the title, she had lived as might be expected—

"Thank you, Mr. Aylsford," said Lady Monckton, "for your kindness; but you have not said what became of the Marquis and his son."

"The latter, madam, threw up his commission some time after the occurrence I have related took place, and was lost at sea. The marquis, I heard, some time after, was ordered to quit France, for political reasons. I know nothing further of him."

"Ah! how do you do, Mrs. Claverring?"

"How do you do, Lady Monckton?" said Lady Herries, joining the party; "do, pray, let me sit between you. I am so fatigued and annoyed; I hate masquerades and such follies, where one cannot tell who is admitted beneath a disguise," (and she spoke this in a bitter tone). Scarce had she seated herself when Lady Clanarran came up to her. She arose hastily, and taking her arm, walked away.

"Catharine, dearest, what ails you?" said the countess, kindly; "you seem agitated and distressed; are you ill?"

"Yes, every thing you will," returned Lady Herries, in trepidation, "there is a black Domino who has been following and tormenting me all the evening. I applied to Lord Devonport not long since to rid me of him; but when he thought to seize him, he disappeared amidst the mass of some disguisements like as his own. Henrietta," she enquired more calmly, "when will you perform your promise: it is getting late?"

"Countess of Clanarran, change not your dress to-night, or dread the fate an evil one has prepared for thee, to revenge herself to the full extent of her hate for thy love to the ill-starred Louis de la Meilleraye," said the same mysterious mask, in so solemn a voice, that it might have startled the boldest.

"There he is again," said Lady Herries anxiously.

The countess turned deadly pale, as she exclaimed, "Oh, God! I know that voice but too well." The Domino held out his arm to support her, for he saw she was ready to faint. In the movement the mask fell off. She gave a shriek, and fell lifeless to the floor. The Company rushed from all parts to learn from whence the scream proceeded; a few had observed the scene, though they heard not the words that had passed. They looked for the stranger and Lady Herries, but they both were gone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Style!—"The enraptured and ardent young lover, hastily construing a short pause into an affirmative, blithely left them to the enjoyment of their palpable amusement at his precipitancy, and flew with ecstatic celerity, to proclaim himself liberated from all mundane shackles, to her with whom he thought eternal bondage would be a state celestial."—*Madame D' Arblay's Memoirs of Burney*. vol. i., p. 78.

THE SELECTOR.

GARRICK'S HOUSE IN THE ADELPHI.

The buildings termed the Adelphi, form an extensive and noble assemblage of streets, planned by the well known *fraternal* architects, the Messrs. Adams. The principal range of domestic structures in the Adelphi faces the river Thames, and consists of dwellings, which are at once convenient and ornamental; are retired, and yet easy of access, from the chief marts of business and pleasure.

One of the central of these eligible houses was purchased by Garrick about the year 1771, and was ever after inhabited by him as a town residence. By his will he bequeathed it to his widow for life.

"His house," says Davies, "was a rendezvous for excellence of every kind, for lights of the church, and guardians of the laws; for the learned, the elegant, the polite, and the accomplished in all arts and sciences." The building, although commodious rather than large and superb, was decorated by him in a style of elegance becoming the rank and fine taste of his visitors. One of the ceilings is adorned with a representation of Venus, attired by the Graces, from the pencil of Zucchi; and in the same apartment is a chimney-piece, finely sculptured, which is said to have cost 300*l.* His collection of books and pictures were very valuable, and many of these remain nearly in the same state as when he inhabited the mansion. The libraries here and at Hampton, notwithstanding his bequests to the British Museum, Mr. Garrick, and his nephew Carrington Garrick, are stored with good and useful books; many of which are enriched with autographs and manuscript notes, by the wits and distinguished writers of the day. These have since proved a source of the greatest attraction to *Bibliomaniacs*.

A topographical joke of Garrick respecting these premises is on record. When he first took his house in the Adelphi, he was one morning speaking to a gentleman respecting its situation and conveniences. "But," said the gentleman, "although the house is elegant, there is not, I believe, any *yard* behind it?" "No," returned Garrick, "there is not absolutely a yard; but I think the space behind is *thirty-five inches*."

It was here that Garrick experienced the felicity of competence; here, that he received men of genius, and persons of elevated rank; and, it was within these walls that he languished under the pressure of an irremediable malady; it was in this house that he died on the 20th January, 1779. On Monday the 1st of February, his remains were attended to the Abbey Church of Westminster by a long extended train of friends, "who truly mourned," says Cumberland, "a man so perfect in his art, that nature hath not yet produced an actor worthy to be called his second.

I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakspeare's monument, bathed in tears." The expences of Mr. Garrick's funeral, one of the most splendid ever seen in this country, were, it is said, never paid. The undertaker was ruined by the job, and died a beggar. The executor, Mr. Albany Wallis, was always tardy in paying Garrick's debts.

Mrs. Garrick was often reproached for her want of respect to the memory of her husband, in not erecting a monument to his fame in Westminster Abbey, which was afterwards done by Mr. Wallis. The fact is, she had not the means, and besides, she always thought Garrick belonged to the public.

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. "*I'll meet thee once more.*" Composed by J. Blewitt. Cramer and Co.

No. 2. "*I. Pregi Singolari delle Bellissime Angliche Donne, con Debita Lode Celebrati.*" Composed by Luigi Angeloni Frusinate. Printed for the Author, at Newton Hotel, St. Martin's-street.

No. 3. "*What think you of Simpson the Beau?*" Written by Captain Stone, and set to music by Colonel Bolsover. Collard and Co., Cheapside.

No. 4. "*May comes laughing o'er the plain.*" Written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; composed by J. Blewitt. Cramer, Addison, and Co., Regent-street.

No. 5. "*The Musical Album*, No. VII." Falkner, Old Bond-street.

No. 6. "*Ah! why did I know thee and love thee?*" Poetry by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; music by George Price. Duff and Co., Oxford-street.

No. 1. A very simple yet beautiful ballad, which proves Mr. Blewitt to be capable of better things than mere comic writing, for which he has hitherto stood unrivalled. We are told that Madame Caradori Allan had the song sent with other ballads to her when abroad, and admired it so much that on her return to England, she volunteered to sing it in public. This alone speaks volumes in its favour, from the well known taste of this elegant vocalist and accomplished musician.

No. 2. These are two very beautiful canzonettes, with original words in Italian (to which a free translation into English is appended), from the pen of Signor Angeloni, arranged with much taste for the pianoforte, by P. G. Schepens. They are prefaced by a poem in honour of some English Lady, but who she is the Muse sayeth not; we should deem, from the praises bestowed, the fair one's cheek glows not a little, if she be truly English.

No. 3. A regular humbug, but written, we suppose, at the time of this celebrated Master of the Ceremonies' highest pitch of popularity last year, and so, as it was to please the whim of the day, we suppose we must be charitable in our criticism, and remember the old adage, "the less is said the soonest mended."

No. 4. This is a very pretty and *seasonable* ballad, the music playful and in character with the words, to which the composer has done every justice. Of *them* we must be silent.

No. 5. The present number of this pleasing musical publication, contains the Masquerade Song from *Gustavus*, arranged as an instrumental piece for the pianoforte, by C. W. Glover; also a very pretty ballad, entitled, "*Oh! Love, which should like Summer seem,*" by the same composer.

No. 6. This is a very charming ballad, and we think bids fair to be a popular one. We believe the composer is new to the musical world, at least as a song writer. The words are already known to our readers, having appeared in Number XXXVIII. of this Work.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THINE! THINE!

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Thine! thine! ever and only!
Thine 'mid the revel and with the gay throng;—
Thine! thine! in solitude lonely,
Still do my feelings unsever'd belong!
Thine in the dance, where light footsteps are bounding,
Thine where the laugh from the heart springeth free,
Thine at the board, with companions surrounding,
Pledging the cup that *I* pledge but to THEE.
Thine! thine! ever and only!

Thine, thine, when morning is bringing
Joy to the song-birds, and sweets to the bee;
Thine, thine, when twilight is flinging
Her curtain of shadow o'er meadow and lea.
Thine! when the nightingale's plaintively telling
Her woes to the moonbeam in some peaceful grove;
Thine! when o'er ocean the vesper bell's swelling,
Waking the heart to devotion and love!
Thine! thine! ever and only.

Thine! 'mid the hush of the grey evening's sadness—
Thine! 'mid the sunshine of noon's fervid glow;
Thine! in the ardour of pleasure and gladness,
Thine in the chill that the spirit *must* know!
Thine! while the rose on my young cheek is shining;
Thine! when the smiles of the world are mine own;
Thine! when lost hopes my lone bosom is pining,
And all the fond witch'ries of pleasure are flown!
Thine! thine! ever and only!

TO THE SWISS, OR ALPINE PRIMROSE.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Flow'r of the mountain! soft and fair,
Gem of transparent whiteness rare!
Was not thy delicate petals glow
Caught from their bed of unsullied snow?
Where they grew on the steeps, sublimely grand,
That circle and guard the Switzer's land?

Flow'r of the Pine-clad Alps! o'er thee
The chamois springs in its tameless glee!
The hunter bold at the dawn of day,
To snatch thee, stops on his daring way;
And the mountain maiden, thy clusters fair
Twines 'mid the braids of her soft brown hair!

The lovely vision* that broke in light,
On the man of mystery's dazzled sight—
When he stood in the mountain solitudes,
'Mid the rushing torrents and dark pine woods,
And call'd upon her who obey'd the call,—
Might have worn of thy blossoms a coronal!

Purest of earthly gems! for thee
The land of untainted liberty,
Is a home the fittest!—then ever dwell
On her dark brown height—in her deep green dell—
Flow'r of Helvetia's mountain air,
Pearl of transparent beauty rare!

ANTICIPATION.

Hush! breathe not a word, dearest Mary!
Remember 'tis quite—entre nous—
I'm aware love is often contrary,
But Constantine Faithful is true.

The name alone whispers affection,
Sincerity's blended therein;
Besides, what a wealthy connexion!
The envy of all I shall win.

His attention has ever been great,
He's long had a penchant for me;
And you with my dear cousin Kate,
My bride's-maids will probably be.

But now promise you'll not say a word,
Or venture to hint what I've said,
For at *present* 'tis only inferred,
That one day he will ask me to wed.

SYLVA.

THE DEAD WARRIOR.

Upon the earth the warrior falls, his helmet cleft in twain,
And his gallant form now rests with those his nervous arm has slain;
No more he'll call aloud to those he formerly had led,
For the Hero lies on the battle-plain, surrounded with the dead.

His brand that he would often wield when war rag'd onward loud,
Has smitten the haughty and the free, the noble and the proud;
No more that glit'ring brand he'll rear to thin the ranks of war,
For the strength of him who wielded it is gone for evermore.

And now they lay him on his shield, his mantle round him fling,
While his blood-stain'd plume floats o'er his head, and the midnight breezes ring;
They chaunt a requiem for the soul of him they wish'd to save,
And the warrior's ta'en to his home of rest, the dark and lonely grave.

R. G. PIKE.

* *The Witch of the Alps*, vide MANFRED.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE ON A VISIT AT PEBBLE-COOMB, SURREY.

When Pebble's fairy mount I saw,
What rapture fill'd my breast;
Fain would my muse attempt to draw
A picture of the rest.
Here Sylvan scenes and Elfin bowers
Arose on every side;
There sloping hills and meadowy flowers
Enchant the prospect wide.
The distance shows the humble spire
Of village church,—and mill;
The view extensive ne'er can tire,
But lovelier makes it still.
Each side the scene invites the eye
To dwell with rapture there;
Bound to the spot, 'tis hard to fly,
The enchantment is so dear.

Dear to the heart which trembling beats
With sensitive delight;
How blest are those, 'midst such retreats,
Where hearts in one unite.
Oh! if one scene more fraught with bliss
Than other gives us joy,
Sure it must be one like to this,
Divested of alloy.

E. L.

BALLAD.

I met her in life's dewy morn
With every grace which could adorn,
I saw her at the festive dance,
And I caught her eye's soft liquid glance;
I saw her mine in her bridal array,
And I dreamt not of sorrow on that bright day.

But the summer has passed, and the winter hath strown
The leaves of that summer o'er my pathway lone,
But darker to me is my winter of heart,
Which no future spring hath a joy to impart,
For closed is that bright eye, and fled is that smile,
And silent that lute which all care did beguile.

C.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

BY EDWARD P. TURNERELLI, ESQ.

Farewell! thou loved one, fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more!
And thou art gone where none can tell,
Tho' crowds have gone before:
Why should I weep for thee? thou art
Far happier in thy depart,
Than those who now remain;
Better to leave this world of care,
Than still to linger sorrowing there.

The fairest things we view on earth
Are first to fade away:
Yet memory will recall thy worth
When thou are naught but clay:
And as thou gavest up thy breath,
Thou wert so placid e'en in death,
A smile was on thy lips,
We gazed upon that form so fair,
As doubting whether death was there.

My sister! many a heartfelt tear
Hath trickled down for thee!
And many a sigh thou can'st not hear
Is breathed by memory:—
And tears have flow'd and still will flow
From many a heart o'ercharged with woe—
And many a bosom sad,
To think thou wert so lately here,
And now art silent on thy bier.

And firmly linked upon the chain
Of memory, is thy song;
So sweet, so thrilling in its strain,
It charmed the list'ning throng.
And is it hushed? and can it be
That *that* celestial minstrelsy
Should thus have passed away?
And not an echo e'en we hear
Of what was late so sweet and clear?

A little while, and thou wilt lie
Within thy clay-cold tomb:
Yet few will pass unheeding by
That knew thee in thy bloom.
And when they've laid thee in thy rest,
No more can care alarm thy breast,
As then thou liest low;—
Thou wilt not feel a sorrow now
To ruffle or disturb thy brow.

Ah! death is not the worst of woes
When we so oft have proved
The stern malignity of foes,
And e'en of those we lov'd.
The heartless treachery and hate
Which falls to every mortal's fate,
And none can e'er avoid:—
The lowering storm and darkening gloom
May rage unheeded o'er our tomb.

MEMORY.

Oh! dear is the light which fond Memory sheds
O'er past scenes of delight, tho' their freshness is gone;
Like the sweet scent of violets, which crush'd on their beds,
Still perfume the air, tho' their beauty we mourn;
Then Memory hail! still thy plea sures be mine!
Tho' Hope gild the future with finger of light;
In thy pencil, oh, Mem'ry! there's something divine,
Tho' the scenes that she traces no longer are bright!

ANNETTE.

THE BIRD TO HIS MISTRESS.

You took me from my downy nest,
To place me on your softer breast;
And now you bid your captive fly,
And seek again his native sky.

Ah! rather let me still remain
Your willing prisoner; still strain
To please your ear, my warbling throat,
And mix with your's my liquid note.

Still nourish'd by your gentle hand,
My life's short hour I'd blissful spend;
Then wept by that kind pitying eye,
Would nest'ling in your bosom die!

For who by that soft voice carest,
And in your tender kisses blest,
That happy slavery would exchange
For freedom's most unbounded range?

'Tis thus you bid your captive swain
His once lost liberty regain;
Who, heart-enthrall'd, must ever prove
There is no liberty in love!

X. Y. Z.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO MISS BAILLIE'S CHARADE, Page 304.

'Tis women mount the PILLION throne,
Tho' there they never reign alone;
Let none in scorn deride them,
For kings may ride a nation's back,
Be only puppets, and may lack
A plebeian hand to guide them.

T. TAYLOR.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION.—A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to pass the House of Commons against Atterbury, Johnstone advised Sir Robert to be circumspect, for three or four persons meditated to assassinate him as he should leave the House at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The following morning, Johnstone came to him in a triumphant manner, telling him, that though he had often scoffed at his advice, he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert did not understand him, and protested that he had not given more credit than usual to this warning. "Yes," said Johnstone, "you have; for you did not come from the House in your own chariot." Walpole affirmed that he had; but his friend persisting, Sir Robert examined one of his footmen on the subject, who replied, "I did call your honour's carriage, but Col. Churchill being with you, and his carriage driving up first, your honour got into that, and your own came home empty." Johnstone pushing the examination farther, Sir Robert's coachman recollected that as he entered the palace-yard, three men, much *muffled up*, looked into the empty coach. The mystery was never cleared up; and Sir Robert said it was the only instance in which he had ever seen any appearance of real design against his life; although, during the Rebellion of 1715, a Jacobite, who sometimes furnished him with intelligence, while sitting alone with him one night, suddenly put his hand to his bosom, and, rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole, starting up, replied, "Because I am a younger man, and stronger." They then sat down again and discussed the person's information, and Sir Robert had afterwards reason to believe, that the object of the spy was certainly not to assassinate, but, by intimidation, to extort money from him.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office, 19, Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar, where all communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

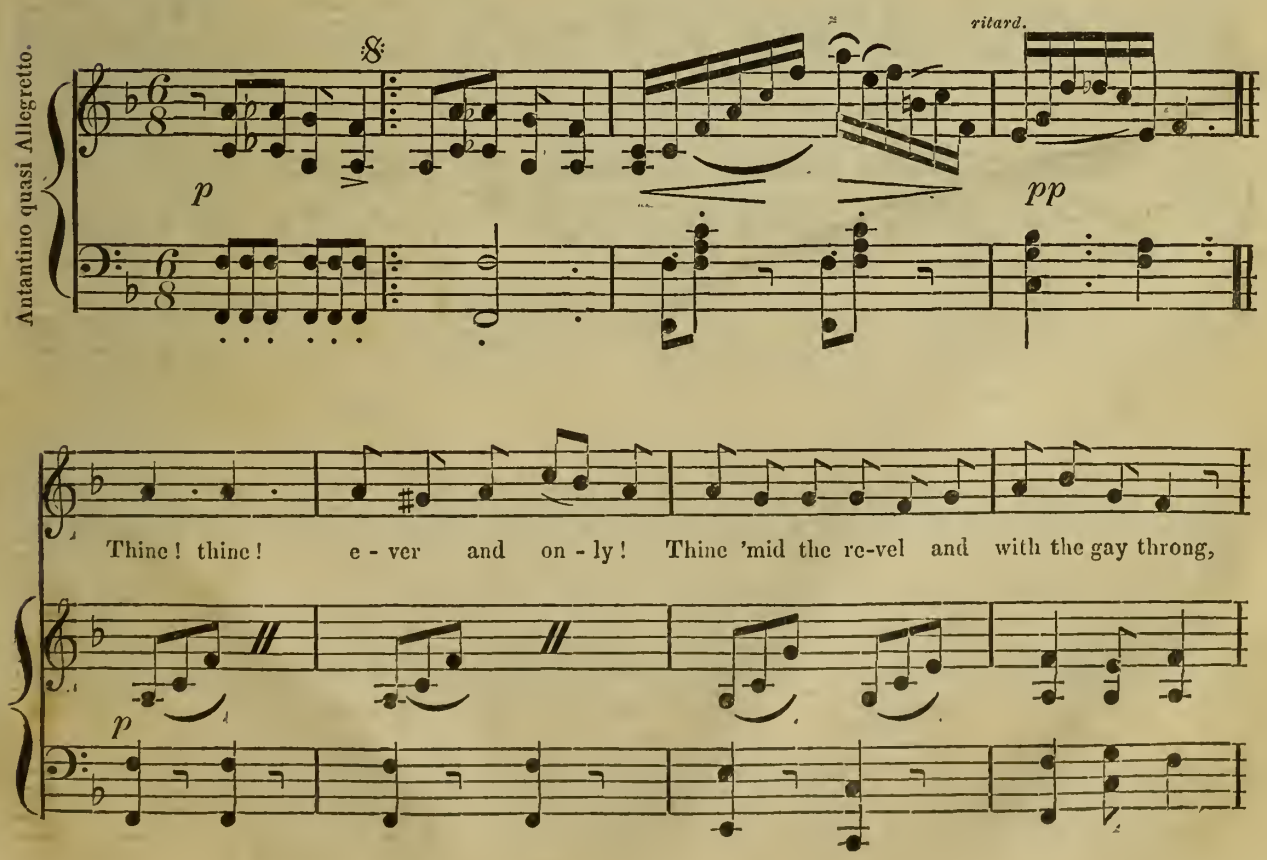
EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 46—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} Saturday, May 10, 1834.

THINE! THINE!

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.



Thine! thine! in so - li - tude lone - ly, Still do my feel-ings un - sever'd be-long.

Thine 'mid the dance, where light steps are bounding, Thine where the laugh from the heart springeth free,

ad lib.

Thine at the board with com - pa - nions sur-round-ing, Pledging the cup which I pledge but to thee.

cres.

ritard

Thine! thine! e-ver and on-ly Thine on - ly thine. D C

p *ritard.*

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

Miscellaneous. — The number of pelisses, or, rather, we should say of pelisse robes, increases daily in carriage dress. Some of the most novel are composed of emerald green *gros de Naples*, and lined with white sarsnet. They are made with the body fitting close to the shape, and a large falling collar, which is cut in three very deep points. The pelerine, also large, forms five points, one in the centre of the back, one on each shoulder, and one on each side of the bust. We should observe that the pelerine is very much thrown back upon the bosom. The sleeves are of what may be called the *demi gigot* kind, excessively wide at the top, and moderately so from the elbow to the wrist, where they sit quite close. The skirt is open before, it is edged, as is also the pelerine, collar, and bottoms of the sleeves, with three pipings of different shades of green.

Bonnets are decidedly larger than they were last year. Those for the morning have the brims excessively close at the sides, and almost meeting under the chin. Many of the crowns are still of the cottage shape, others are almost perpendicular, and both are higher than they were last year. The style of trimming has not varied much; it is generally a mixture of spring flowers and gauze ribbons, arranged with much lightness and simplicity.

Hats in evening dress have the brims quite round, and standing up from the forehead. They are also something larger than last season, but not a great deal. Rice-straw and pink crape are the materials most in request. We observe that several are trimmed with marabouts and blond lace. The effect of this trimming is very light and pretty.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Since our notice of the first representation of *Sardanapalus*, we have witnessed its performance three times, and it is no slight praise to the chief actors, (Macready and Miss E. Tree), to say that they still retain their power over our feelings as deeply as when they burst upon us in all the "freshness and vigour of newness" on the evening when this noble tragedy was introduced on the stage, for our lace-bordered cambrick handkerchief was steeped in "dewy tears" on Saturday night, as though we had never witnessed the devoted love of the "Ionian Myrrah" before. We are not vain enough to suppose that any suggestion of ours would be followed by the getter-up of *Sardanapalus*, but were pleased to observe that many little suggestions we had named as improvements, were adopted; for instance, the blood on the garments of Sardanapalus and Myrrah, supposed to be communicated from the wound of Salemenes, was dispensed with, and several other minutiæ which we pointed out as amendments observed. *Secret Service*, a piece from the French, has been produced at this theatre, and shews off the excellent acting of Mr. W. Farren to the highest advantage.

FITZROY THEATRE.

This prolific little theatre produced a new drama on Monday night, respecting which public curiosity has been for some time on the tiptoe. It is entitled "*Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-four*," and its object aims at shewing the effect the cheap literature and universal education of the present day will have on the manners and morals of our great great, great grand children. An excellent theme certainly for the pen of the dramatic satirist, and one which cleverly worked was capable, in the hands of the actors who supported the characters, of being rendered highly popular; but being guided by truth in our criticism, we must confess we considered the piece as a decided failure, though the generality of the audience by their show of hands (or, rather, use of hands), when it was announced for repetition, did not seem to be of our opinion. Instead of wit, we had dulness; instead of satirising the reigning follies and lashing the vices of "this our day," the author was content with putting the most common place abuse of the aristocracy, into the mouth of an idiot nobleman, and blunting the edge of his satirical weapon, instead of whetting his wit against the bumps of phrenology. We expected to see the *manners* not the *politics* of the present time "shown up," (for with politics the stage has nought to do), for instance, if the author had introduced a little urchin just breeched, with a *cigar* in his mouth of the dimensions of a German sausage, he would have only shewn what, judging from our streets at the present day, *will* be seen in England in the next century. There are many other fashionable follies of the multitude (not in the great world alone), which might have been attacked with the weapon of ridicule, and conveyed a wholesome lessen to all classes of people in 1834.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, OLD BOND-STREET.

We paid a visit to this gallery of paintings lately, and have to make a very favourable report. There are many gems in the collection, which reflect the highest credit on the taste and execution of British artists, and we shall enumerate a few that struck us as particularly well deserving the notice of the connoiseur. *Ludlow Castle*, Shropshire, painted by J. Powell, is a faithful and beautifully executed view of those time-worn walls, where Milton wrote his "Comus." *Jeanie Deans and her sister*, by Miss S. Setchel, pourtrays very naturally the heroine of the "Heart of Mid Lothian." *A scene from Moore's Lalla Rookh*, by W. B. Kearney, supposed to represent the interior of the sea, is exquisitely drawn. *The Monkey and the cheese*, by J. M. Burbank, is a very large and humourously conceived illustration of the well-known fable. *Study of a Lion's head*, by the same artist, is a magnificent portrait of that king of animals. *Buildwas Abbey*, Shropshire, another of J. Powell's, is a faithful representation of that fine ruin. *The Streamlet*, study from nature, near Mortlake, by Thos. Lindsay, is a sweet and natural sketch. *Chaucer's Inn*, Southwark, *Drury-Court*, *Mutton-hill*, *Stone-yard*, *Bankside*, and several others from the pencil of George Sidney Shepherd, are pictures displaying the ancient style of architecture, peculiarly executed, and more faithful to reality than any thing of the kind we ever before noticed; the very bricks and stones of the crumbling buildings seem to stand out from the drawing, as though they were the work of the sculpture and the chisel. There are a vast number of drawings by this artist in the gallery, and all are remarkable for the same feature. *Gravesend Steam-packet*, and *a view in North Wales*, two little gems from the pencil of Miss H. Gouldsmith, delighted us much, as did "*Absent, but not forgotten*," by Miss F. Corbaux. *Study of an Italian Greyhound's head*, and its companion, a *Cat's head*, both by J. M. Burbank, are fine specimens of those domestic animals, the expression of the eyes particularly faithful to nature. "*Satan calling up his Legions*," another of J. M. Burbank's, is a noble picture, finely contrasting the artist's variety of style with his "*Possession nine points of the law*," an admirable characteristic representation of six dogs fighting over a bone, which is in the possession of one angry looking cur; the humorous gravity displayed in the watchful countenance of the old house-dog on the right side the picture, is beyond all praise. *The death of James the First of Scotland*, is a good historical picture by Samuel Eglinton. *The Widow*, by C. Hancock, is well imagined, and prettily executed. A portrait of the *Editress* of this Magazine, painted by Waterhouse Hawkins, (from which a print is published by the artist,) is said to be a good likeness—of that we are not to judge, but we may say the portrait of the child grouped into the picture is a very clever and faithful representation of the little boy for whom it was taken, the tints of this miniature whole-length, are very soft and pleasing, and the whole arrangement of the picture, such as to reflect on the artist great credit, both for taste and execution. There are many other drawings in the gallery well deserving notice, and we shall ere it closes give a second report of the New Water-Colour Exhibition.

SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

We have visited this exhibition of pictures a second time, and discovered

several fine pictures we before left unnoticed. *Spring Flowers*, by Rippingille, is an exquisite gem, the shade on the face of the rustic girl is beautifully managed. In the Sculpture-room we were particularly struck by the monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Palmer of Ham Common, by R. W. Sievier, it is one of the most chastely conceived and beautifully executed tablets that can be imagined. Among the drawings in this room, is a "Portrait of Mrs. C. B. Wilson and two children," by John Wood. The grouping of this sketch is very elegant and appropriate, and the likeness of the poetess generally considered a good one, but the two children, as far as WE may be allowed in our editorial capacity to judge, in point of resemblance are failures, their features are pleasing, but there is a want of tone and intellect in the countenance of both, that destroys the fidelity of the picture. In the anteroom there are some highly finished portraits and very pleasing drawings.

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC TALENT.

(To be resumed occasionally.)

MISS SHIRREFF.

With native grace, and sweetly modest mien,
SHIRREFF appears! the Drama's vocal Queen;
As if some magic spell were round us thrown,
Entranc'd we listen to each melting tone!
For like the Bird of eve, when calm and clear,
Her note salutes the pensive Lover's ear;—
Or that sweet fabled Lyre the Poet sings,
When fairy fingers sweep its swelling strings;—
Her lute-like voice—so chaste, so void of art,
Strikes on the tend'rest chord within the heart!
Th' expanding blossom of the ENGLISH stage,
What brilliant colours may we not presage,
When Time has ripen'd ev'ry dawning power,
And shown the graces of the full-blown Flower?
(As from the perfume of the budding Rose,
We guess its fragrance when the leaves unclose!)
What vain embellishments of Foreign style,
Can touch the feelings, or the heart beguile,
Like the soft strains of Britain's home-taught child,
Warbling to British ears her "wood notes wild?"
Let no fastidious Critic henceforth say,
We're form'd of "unharmonious soul-less clay,
*While rear'd by English taste, on English ground
A Bud of half her promise can be found.
Let native pride the growing fault withstand,
That brings o'er-paid intruders to our land;
And ENGLAND'S Senate, Theatre, and Throne,
Foster the modest talent that has grown
Upon her soil—nor snatch the laurel bough
From her own Sons, to grace a foreign brow,
Nor more for vocal sweets to STRANGERS roam,
But prize the honey she may hive at Home!

* Mr. T. Welsh was the excellent vocal tutor of Miss Shirreff.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLIER DAYS.

NO. IV.

"May I not take mine ease in mine own inn."—*Shakspeare.*

Who, that has ever passed through the little romantic town of Arundel, but well "kens in his memory" the sign of the Lion, with its merry inn-keeper and his pretty daughter? Who, that has ever descended from the coach, after a cold and weary outside journey, can forget the hearty welcome of the host, and the smiles and attention of the pretty inmate of the bar? She was entirely English, her face was the perfection of English beauty, her dress of English cleanliness, and herself of that artless and innocent rusticity, so common in the sequestered country towns in England.

The inn was often the resort for Anglers, and the river, at a little distance, was renowned for the abundance of fish found in its stream. And I well recollect, as the coach on which I was travelling, wound up an adjoining hill, the picturesque scene that lay beneath. There was the white inn, completely covered with the rays of the sun, and attracting the sight among the dark and lofty trees of the surrounding country. But to resume my description, which I have awhile degressed from:—

Falstaff, with all his celebrity, never equalled, in corpulent magnificence, mine owner of the Lion. Two small twinkling eyes, barely separated by his nose from each other,—his nose itself, descending pyramidically obtuse towards the base, which, graced with many a carbuncle, told tales of honourable joviality,—his double chin, barricaded on each side by a collar that covered half his ears, formed a sketch of the face of this rustic Bardolph. How often have I sat and listened to his tales of merriment, until my eyes have literally shed tears and my sides ached again, with the many roars of laughter, so cordially indulged in. And his daughter Mary (for so she was said to be, although the eye, in alternately glancing from the father to the daughter, would doubt the truth of the belief,) never did the stage pass the spot without the traveller's attention being directed by the coachman to the inn, as the abode of the prettiest girl in England. But, should I once begin her description, I fear me much that—"like the labour of Sisiphus, the torture of Ixion, or the —— clatter (pardon, ladies, I mean music,) of a woman's tongue,") it would be endless. Suffice it to say, that I, (nor you, reader,) never saw a prettier girl than Mary C——. However, to my tale:—

To enjoy the pleasures of the country and solitude, and a little angling, I spent a few days in the small town of Arundel. One evening, after a weary and fruitless expenditure of the whole day in trying to hook some cunning and crafty trout,—after being twice wet to the skin by the rain, and once by a slip in the river,—after several times breaking my line and losing my hook, in endeavouring to drag from the bowels of the earth (or rather the bed of the river,) some old and obstinate trunk of a tree; I bent my way towards the inn, knowing that a roaring fire would dry my clothes, that mine host, with his merriment, could drive vexation from my mind, his brandy could from my stomach; and that his pretty daughter would make ample amends for the toil and fatigue of the baffled angler. On entering the inn, I first encountered Mary. My usual mode of salutation was by a kiss; on this occasion, being nearly dead with cold, I indulged in two: and the world may think and say what they like, I contend, and will do so to the last hour of my life, that kissing is a most harmless and innocent mode of salutation. The immaculate muse of Byron, the chaste lyre of Anacreon Moore, Petrach, Ovid, all, scrupulous as they were, have deemed it no stain to exhaust their eloquence on the subject; and who that ever, himself, dabbled in the muses, but has laid aside his rigid formality, and one time or other rhymed, kiss to bliss.

However, I entered the inn, and ere long, was again comfortably dry, and seated beside a table covered with the good things that tend to make this life agreeable. I never was a very great advocate for water-drinking, and the recent discoveries of snakes, serpents, toads, vipers, and other reptiles, in every drop of water we drink, has not in the least diminished my aversion: thus, tumbler after tumbler of punch disappeared from the table, and mine host was now evidently (as the sailors term it) in his element. On the table was laid an old-fashioned, curiously worked snuff-box, evidently not of European manufacture. My attention was much engaged by the singularity of its shape; this the landlord perceived, and on my repeating my admiration of it, said, "By the bye, there's a strange story connected with that box: I have had it these twenty years." I took care not to interrupt him, and he continued, "I'll tell you how I came in possession of that box." I signified my desire to hear it, and, after a few haws and hems, he began.*

"About six-and-twenty years ago," said he, "a good-looking man, drest like an officer in the navy, came to the inn, bustling and ordering all about him. On the waiters requesting to know his pleasure, with an air of ex-

* "The erudite reader, well versed," as Washington Irving says, "in good-for-nothing lore," will perceive that the following tale was suggested by an anecdote of something of the same nature.

treme pomposity, he replied, 'Send the landlord to me directly, I never speak to waiters.' My wife (who was at that time alive), conceiving from the air of command he made use of, that he certainly must be some person of distinction, insisted on my running up stairs and putting on my Sunday coat and black silk stockings. I was soon equipped and awaiting the pleasure of our pompous visitor. On my entrance into the room where he was sitting by the fire, with his legs elevated and resting on the table, making a low bow, I awaited his commands. "Are you the landlord?' said he, striking, at the same time, his stick on the floor. I answered in the affirmative. 'Well, and what have you got in the house?' I replied, that there were two fowls, and a fine ham. "Very good," said he, smack his lips; 'I shall dine at four o'clock, and don't forget to let me have some pastry.' I was about to retire, when again calling me back, he said, 'Have you any champaigne?' I told him we had not, but that I could give him some fine old port, and some excellent sherry. 'D——d hard case,' said he, 'but I must endeavour to be content with them.' I retired from the room.

"All was now bustle and hurry in the house; the plate which, since the day of my marriage, had never made its appearance, was now brought to light, and carefully cleaned for our grand visitor. Dinner hour arrived, and all was served up. Every thing, with our guest, was wrong; the fowls were tough as bullets, the ham too salt, and the pastry execrable. However, bad as they were, he continued to do ample justice to them all, for bones were the only remains of the fowls, and the pastry he totally devoured. In the evening, I sent him in the bill, which certainly was a considerable one. He again sent for me, and, on my inquiring how he liked his wine, (two bottles of which. by the bye, he had drunk,) he replied, that it was excellent. He put his hand into his pocket, as if he he was about to pay me; but no, it was only to draw forth a shabby and empty purse. 'And now, landlord,' said he, 'I am very sorry to be obliged to tell, that though your dinner was excellent, I have got no money to pay you for it.' Thinking that he was only joking, I endeavoured to force a smile upon my face. 'On my honour,' said he, 'landlord, 'tis a fact, however, I am going abroad for six years, and on my return, I shall certainly call and pay you.' This was not to be borne, and, losing all patience, I saluted him with a volley of epithets, all of which he bore most calmly. 'Jack,' said I, 'kick this scoundrel out,' (I could not help giving him one kick myself,) and, suffering himself quietly to be ejected, he calmly walked off, without saying a word.

"About six years after this circumstance, another person came to the inn, ordered a sumptuous dinner, and, on its being ended, sent for me. 'Now, landlord,' were his first words, 'look at me well, and tell me whether you have ever seen me before?' I looked earnestly in his face, yet could find no resemblance to any person I had ever previously seen. 'What,' said he, 'do you not remember me; come, come. look at me again, and tell me can you perceive any traces of the person you once kicked out from this very inn? The dreadful truth now flashed upon me, that the portly-looking personage I saw before me, was the once ejected debtor. At any rate, it was some consolation to think that I was about to be paid the money I had thought lost for ever. 'What!' said I, with the utmost astonishment, 'kick a gentleman out; such an indignity was never offered to any person in my house,' 'Oh! 'tis a positive fact,' said he, 'and this will prove it,—is Jack still in the house?' I replied in the affirmative. With a stentorian voice, he immediately summoned the fellow to his presence. Jack denied the occurrence as stoutly as I did myself, and we both protested again and again our ignorance of the circumstance. 'Say no more about it, landlord,' said he; 'it is sufficiently certain that you *did* kick me out; then I was satisfied with my dinner, and you, I hope, with your payment; thus,' continued he, 'as my purse is as empty as ever, you must once more pay yourself in the same manner as you did then.' We again kicked the fellow out, and, on re-entering the dining-room, this snuff-box which has so much attracted your attention, the rascal, in his hurry, left behind him on the table. I have had it ever since, and often laugh as I think on the manner in which it came into my possession."

Mine host ended his story, and, with several other anecdotes, the evening passed so merrily, that it was very late before I departed. Some years have passed since this my angling visit at Arundel, yet I have learnt from a friend, who lately resided there, that the merry landlord still keeps the sign of the Lion. Mary, I understand, got married, and is the mother of two children as beautiful as herself.

D. T.

THE COUNTESS OF CLANARRAN.

BY MISS AUGUSTA HENNINGSEN.

(*Concluded from page* 378.)

Of the confusion which ensued the Countess's indisposition, the stranger availed himself. Grasping Lady Herries by the arm, he conducted her through the suite of rooms, and traversing the spacious hall, called for the first carriage which stood in waiting, placed her in it, and following himself, bade the coachman drive to her residence. All this was but the work of a few moments. Horror-struck at beholding one whom she had so long numbered with the dead, (for it was indeed Louis de la Meilleraye) Lady Herries had offered no resistance, mechanically and silently she had suffered herself to be led. Not a word passed the lips of either during the short ride, and when he entered the parlour, and placed her a seat, one might have imagined him the master of the mansion from his proud and commanding demeanour; his next action was to throw off his domino, and lock the doors of the apartment; the Lady Herries restored to some sense of consciousness, screamed out in a voice which but too well expressed the tortures of her mind, "Gracious heavens! it is the spirit of Louis; it comes to upbraid me! Yes, it must be so, for he perished long since!" and covering her face with her handkerchief, she would have hid the vision from her sight, but approaching her, he withdrew it, saying, "Katherine, look at me well, and be assured that Louis de la Meilleraye himself stands before you; it was the Marquis, not the Vicomte as was reported! Lady Herries," he added more proudly, "claims not the present peer a better greeting?"

"Ah!" said the lady, gazing at him, and assuming a calm and haughty self-possession, "do you come to her you once rejected? do you seek the pardon of her you insulted? know you not, rash man, that a scorned woman can never forgive? the time is gone when you might have obtained favour—perchance forgiveness,—Katherine Herries has vowed eternal hate to you and yours."

"Yes, madam, I know it well, for I have deeply and bitterly felt its power. I am come neither to claim pardon nor favour; I need them not; I am here to demand reparation, and tidings of my sister. Nothing less could have induced me to seek an interview which could not be otherwise than painful to both parties."

"Sir," retorted the lady "I do not understand what you mean by reparation, and with regard to Otilde, how should I know any thing of her? methinks," she said sarcastically, "after six years 'tis time to make enquiry. Knowing my presence cannot but be insupportable to you, you had better leave me!" and she rose to ring the bell, but arresting her progress, the Marquis hastily snapped the bell-rope, saying, "Madam, I depart not yet, nor thus; have you forgotten the doors are locked?" Again the lady's self-possession forsook her, for it was merely assumed outwardly, it dwelt not within, and sinking into the chair, she exclaimed "Oh, God! have mercy upon me; he is going to murder me!"

"Lady Herries, do you judge of others by yourself?" said the Marquis, "You know me but little. No, Katherine," and he spoke in a kinder tone, "could your misery or death atone to me for the past, and restore to me all I enjoyed six years ago, I would not be the cause of either. You have heaped wretchedness on me and mine; it is not in weak humanity to bear patiently, nor forget wrongs inflicted; and many a struggle have I had to curb the

dictates of passion; judge whether I have succeeded when I tell you I am ready to grant forgiveness to you, who have been my unrelenting enemy. Oh may you, by a life of attonement"—

"Atonement!" interrupted Lady Herries, indignantly, and proudly raising her head, her dark eyes flashing wildly and angrily at the Marquis, "Do you talk to me of atonement for imaginary crimes, embodied in the empty brains of scandal-mongers and detractors?"

"Would that it were as you say," replied the Marquis, "but, alas! I have too evident proofs of their reality. I speak of atonement to her who was the cherished friend of two noble families, one of whom had adopted her as a daughter, who profited of the friendship and confidence they honoured her with, to sow the seeds of disunion amongst them to make the father disown the son who had been the pride of his declining years—revile the friend he had so long loved, and he himself denounced as a traitor, wandered an exile from his country never to return, not even when the sepulchre of his ancestors could be his only abode,—for he sleeps in the boundless ocean! The beautiful girl once destined for his son, lived to regret she had ever given her heart to a villain,—as she had every reason to believe. Her father is dead, and she inherited his coronet, and fast is she treading the road of destruction, led by her who would have sold her this very night to a wretch! think you, madam, the woman who brought about all this has no cause for atonement?"

Still she sat unmoved and silent, when he produced a letter, which he opened, and presented to her; she cast one glance at the contents,—she gazed at the signature, and then throwing it down, she uttered a groan, and pressing her forehead against the arm of the high chair she occupied, exclaimed, "Oh, God! I have been miserably betrayed; farther denial is unavailing; yes, I am she who did all that!" then throwing herself upon her knees before the Marquis, she burst into a violent and passionate flood of tears. He spoke some soothing words to her as he tried to raise her, but, shrinking from him, she wildly said, "Louis, pollute not your hands by touching me; look not in pity on me, I entreat you; look on me with horror; curse me, but speak not kindly words, they are daggers to my heart;" and she sobbed hysterically; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, she called upon those she had injured, to avenge themselves. She bestowed upon herself every approbrious appellation, until exhausted by the extreme excitement, she sank upon the floor. The marquis gently raised her, and fetching a glass of water from the sideboard, made her drink it. He then addressed her in his most winning voice; he prayed her to value herself, repeating, he came not for revenge; he spoke of their youth, of the happy days of their childhood, and of their early friendship; he spoke of the cause of her hate to him, and of all he had suffered, but in a manner which tended to appease, not excite, her; he spoke of the future which still might smile; he told her how she might again be the virtuous and estimable Katharine he had once known her; and again possess his friendship and regard. Less passionately, and more freely, did the tears of compunction flow down her cheeks, and when she spoke again, her voice was calmer and lower. "Louis," she said, "and is it from the injured one that I, the injurer, hearken to the words of consolation, and the hope of pardon; then need I not despair! Well have you remembered, and profited by, the instructions of our excellent preceptor. While I, gracious God! I had deemed the thought of forgiveness presumption; there is no excuse for what I have done! This has been a dreadful and unexpected meeting; but humble and penitent as I feel, I am far happier than I have been for six long years. Your kindness has awakened the feelings I once possessed, and which have so long lain dormant. You have spoken of days," and she wiped away the tears which would have flowed afresh, "the remembrance of which I have not dared to cherish, for it was death to me; but as you mention them, it was balm to my tortured soul. Louis, I feel, had you come to me, as I desired, for revenge and scorn, I should have been untouched; my hate increased, I would have staked all to satiate it. What would your evidence against the Lady Herries have been? believe me, you know not her influence. Your generosity has overpowered me;" and she sobbed as if her heart would break. "Add but one more favour to those you have conferred, suffer me to abandon a conscience which has oppressed me for so many years."

"Katherine," replied the marquis, "I would rather not listen to an avowal which can but grieve me; but if my attention can alleviate —."

"Yes, yes, it will," she interrupted quickly; "in whom else shall I confide? After my introduction in the world, whether I was courted and admired,—and how justly I leave you to determine—at least, was I innocent and I was happy—happy in the approbation of my own heart—happy in the esteem and affection of your father, and happy in your friendship and attachment,—fortune seemed every way to regard me as her own, till the Earl of Clanarran brought his daughter to Paris. I was in the country at the time, but I heard she had created a great sensation, and of course I was most anxious to see her. Your father, equally desirous of seeing one of his best friends, hastened our return to the capital; and I was introduced to the Earl and Lady Henrietta. All my followers, who had flocked to pay their homage at the shrine of the stranger, returned to their allegiance when I made my appearance; though she was fascinating and an heiress, she possessed not my beauty, abilities, and accomplishments. You were the only one who remained unfickle in your attentions to me, but I minded it not, for I believed they meant nothing serious: by chance I heard that you really had formed an attachment to her; and then, in that dreadful moment, did I first learn how passiontely I loved you." She hesitated for a moment, and then proceeded,—"Louis, brought up, as we were, together, I loved you as a sister, and when I advanced in years, I still thought I only loved you as such; and when you returned with the victorious army, fame having proclaimed you one of the most promising sons of France, how did I rejoice at the success of him I considered as my brother! Flattered by your marked attention, for I noticed, though gallant to all, I obtained your preference, I was happy and unconcerned for the future; little dreamt I of love, though, had I questioned my heart, I should soon have found the answer, for I cared little for the praise of others, if your voice was not with them; far greater pleasure did I experience in receiving one simple flower from your hand, than the choicest bouquet from another's." The Marquis was here evidently affected, but Lady Herries could not perceive it, from the situation she occupied, and continued, "I have said, the knowledge of your love for Henrietta first acquainted me with mine for you, and from that moment have I been the sport of unceasing contention—dire passions, to which I had hitherto been a stranger, were aroused within my bosom. Louis, has the lapse of years effaced from your mind the confession I made, and how I knelt before you, praying you to return my love? and though delicately and kindly you still rejected me, and my proud spirit could not brook the maddening thought, that I was humbled and despised; yes, I loathed myself, for my weakness, and the love I had experienced was changed to hate; I vowed eternal enmity to you and yours; I knew you were too generous to betray me, and when I again met you with a calm brow and unchanged countenance, truly asserting, I had conquered my silly infatuation, little did you imagine the hatred and revenge which dwelt at my heart. You never reverted to the past, and showed me every regard and attachment which could obliterate the recollection of that mad moment, but I could neither forget nor be appeased.

I assiduously cultivated the friendship and confidence of the Earl, and the affection his daughter had bestowed upon me from our first interview. You know whether I possessed your father; and for what did I abuse all this?" and leaning her head against the chair, she sobbed violently. "Louis, I will hasten my recital, for I cannot bear to dwell upon it. Aided by a but too skilful accomplice, I availed myself of your sudden and prolonged absence, to

perform the noble part you took in the affair of the chevalier de St. Remy, to lose you in the estimation of your friends; I, I, made the Earl believe you the worst and most hypocritical of men—that you had courted his daughter only with the view of repairing your ruined fortune, for your heart belonged to another; I forged letters, which proved the reality of my statement. The Earl was outraged, but, willing to spare the feelings of your father, he sought for no explanation, but simply transmitted a few lines annulling his promise, and announcing the termination of their friendship. He waited for no reply, but took his daughter far from Paris. Nor did my revenge end here; I caused the Marquis to think of you with bitter regret; little did you expect the change which anticipated your return, and still less did you deem that it was I who had prepared it. Exiled from the paterual roof without a hearing, you quitted the scene of your happiness and misery.

Shortly after, from motives of ambition, I gave my hand to a countryman of my own. Sir Mersham Herries was a fool and I despised him; but he had wealth, power, and interest. Louis, could you have seen the heart of the goddess of the day, when I courteously listened to, and smiled upon the crowds of admirers who every where followed my steps, you would have read that the reproaches of my conscience were unsilenced. In the mazy intrigues of politics, I have tried to forget the past, but in vain; and when exhausted with the dissipated life I led, and the contentions which harrassed my mind, sleep has closed my eyes, but not given me rest, for the remembrance of what I have done still haunted my dreams. Many have envied me, my beauty, ability, and station, but had they known all, the lowliest would not have exchanged their situation for mine. But I have borne it without a murmur, for I knew I was revenged. Yes," she added, assuming her usual haughty bearing, "I would have borne ten thousand times more could I have increased your wretchedness. I regretted the tidings of your death, because you were removed beyond my power." And again she wept passionately, exclaiming, "What have I said; forgive me! I had forgotten that I was no longer the Lady Herries of yesterday."

"Spare youself further relation," said the marquis, "it is too much for you."

"No," returned the lady, "I must tell all to-night; perchance another time I might not be so able. My time was spent between London and Paris, and when in the latter, there were two persons whose presence seemed a curse upon me, whose affection drove me almost to distraction—it was your father's and your young and gentle sister Otilde. I had too much to retain me to France to quit it, even for them. What was gratitude or friendship to me, who had respected so few ties, and I determined to rid me of their hateful persons! I caused him to be denounced, as concerned in a conspiracy against government. Against a secret enemy there is no defence, for openly, I pretended to exert my influence in his behalf. Pity was there in the hearts of those who might have judged him most severely, for they could not forget the services he had once rendered his country; while I, whom he had loved as a daughter, who owed so much to him, employed every means to obtain his condemnation. He was spared a public trial, and requested to exile himself; the affair had passed quietly, and it was soon hushed up. I heard from him some time after his departure, but, since some years, he has been silent, and I knew not what became of him till you told me that it was he who perished." Here she was so visibly agitated, that it was with some difficulty she proceeded. "My husband is dead; Lady Clanarran's attachment to me has remained unchanged, and I have returned it, but to offer her my last tribute upon the alter of revenge;"—and she sank, almost insensible, as she spoke the last words. When she somewhat recovered, she beheld the Marquis kneeling beside her; his manly cheek was wet with tears, and he held one of her hands in his. "Oh, Louis!" she said, "and has my confession made you weep?—is it at the recollection of your wrongs, or in pity for such a miserable wretch as me?"

"Katherine, could a heart of stone be unmoved at such a recital, even from a stranger? While I have listened to it from the lips of my earliest friend—her whom I once thought without an equal; and it is I have been the original, the innocent cause of all your errors. Joyfully, Katherine, have I watched the tears which fell from your eyes, for the assurance of repentance was in each; God will be merciful to you; and freely do I bestow my forgiveness upon her whom I trust soon to see restored to peace with Heaven and her own self-esteem; the past shall be buried in oblivion, nor shall another's ear ever learn a tale which shall die with us."

"No, Louis, I cannot agree to that, the Countess shall know all. I see you would divert my intention; but it must not be; the sacrifice is necessary, and your sister"——

"Dieux!" exclaimed the Marquis, "did you not hear the loud knock? I surely heard a carriage draw up."

"Who can it be at this time?" said Lady Herries, "Pray unlock the door; I hear footsteps;" and in a few minutes after a servant announced Lord Charles Seamore.

"In the name of good fortune!" he said, advancing into the room, and beholding the agitation and swollen eyes of the hostess, "what is the matter with you all? I am just come from my cousin, who is most desirous of seeing you. She has been in violent hysterics and fainting fits ever since Mrs. Clavering and myself took her home; and there is Mademoiselle Durant hanging over her, and weeping too. Oh, such a scene I never witnessed! She will not answer one question addressed to her. I come here, and find you, most dignified and stately Lady Herries, you whom I imagined would never condescend to cry, it being so childish, and such an enemy to good looks, with strong evidence of most extraordinary emotion, and your eyes as red as your great-grandmother's dress in the picture opposite; and the ghost" he said, turning to the Marquis, "has moistened his orbs from pure sympathy. I shall send a twopenny to the clerk of the weather informing him we shall not want rain for some months." Lady Herries and the Marquis could not help smiling at the wild speech of their gay companion. "I presume, sir," continued Lord Charles, eyeing him from head to foot, "you are the gentleman that has caused this singular commotion amongst so many ladies?"

"Charles," said Lady Herries, "allow me to introduce to you the Marquis de la Meilleraye. Monsieur le Marquis, this is Lord Charles Seamore, a cousin of Lady Clanarran's." They both bowed, and tendering him his hand, Lord Charles laughed and said, "Then you are no ghost! and must accompany Lady Herries; you will, I dare say, soon dispel the alarm of my cousin and Mademoiselle Durant when they find you to be real flesh and blood. Come, we had better make haste, and restore them to their unbelief in supernatural apparitions."

It was the middle of the following day, the Countess and Lady Herries were sitting in the boudoir of the former. They were in earnest conversation; both ladies looked pale and ill, and there was no lack of tears. Suddenly Lady Herries knelt before the Countess, "Henrietta," she said, "will you not hate me? Can you forgive me after all you have heard?"

"Katherine, dearest Katherine!" exclaimed Lady Clanarran, throwing her arms round her neck, "can you doubt that I should withhold my forgiveness? and though you would have done evil to me, I could not learn to hate you now, after loving you so long. Dearest Katherine, had I but known that you loved Louis, never would I have accepted his attentions, and you would have been saved all you have suffered. Oh, I wish my father had never taken me to Paris!" and kissing her tenderly, she wept upon her neck. "And is forgivness and kindness the only punishment I, who have committed such crimes, am doomed to meet with?" said Lady Herries.

"Yes, Katherine," said the Marquis, entering the room, "has not the remorse, and the conscience which you could not silence, been a dreadful punishment? and should we—the best of whom needs so much—deny our forgiveness to the reclaimed, when

there is even joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth"—

"My friends," returned Lady Herries, "it is impossible for me to express my feelings. Deeply and willingly have I erred, and at last recalled, I have found mercy and pardon; but still I have much to perform ere I regain my own esteem—my own forgiveness; I am not one to make great sacrifices—to abjure the world—or renounce my professions—but all I have, and all the influence that is mine, shall be devoted, with my future life, to benefit my fellow-creatures, while unceasing repentance will, I trust, at length efface the list of my sins from the book of life. I shall now leave you, but will see you again before my departure for the continent, where I hope soon to discover Otilde!" and, after she had left, what volumes were then to be recounted. The Countess told Louis what a blow it had been to her to learn she had given her heart to one unworthy of her. At first, she said she could not believe ill of him, and still loved him; but when he came not to clear himself, and that she beheld proofs which dispelled the lingering shadow of hope which remained with her, then she banished him from her memory without one regret, she added, for the unworthy claim it not, and I was not one of those damsels to grieve, or die of a broken-heart because I was unfortunate in bestowing my affections. "Oh, no, Louis," she said smiling, "my maxim is, that of your great Molière,

"Cette lâcheté jamais ne se pardonne,
De montrer de l'amour pour qui nous abandonne."

"I have spent a very happy life—not a soul ever to contradict me, and my own will in every thing, and determined never to give it up, nor run the risk of being again deceived; steadily have I adhered to my resolution, or you would not behold me now without another name added to my own."

"Well, Henrietta, I am delighted that you have had no cause to grieve; but may I not flatter myself that a little recollection (which now and then would obtrude itself) of how dear I was to you once, was the real cause of your unheeding the devotion of any other."

"And so, sir," returned the Countess, I am to understand by this insinuation that you do not credit all I have advanced. Well, I can assure you you are mistaken—but Louis, I have a question to ask, Why did you never write to me? I would have taken up your cause had I possessed the slightest proof that you were guiltless." "Unacquainted with the accusations which proceeded against me, how could I prove my innocence? I did not write, because the mission I was absent upon was one which depended on secresy. When I returned home, what a welcome awaited me!"

"Henrietta, will you forgive me, when I say that I believed you a heartless coquette, and unjustly accused you of being in part the authoress of all my misery, when I found you were gone, and not one line—one message—to assure me the contrary."

"Who," said the Countess, "could have thought that so beautiful a form as Katherine's could possess a heart capable of doing what she has done; but, silence, let us change the subject, Louis; the past must be forgotten."

"I have never enquired for Mademoiselle Durant," said the Marquis, "I hope she is quite well to-day?"

"Why, really," returned the Countess, "I can hardly tell. I only saw her for a moment this morning. Ring the bell; I will tell Clark to send her here." And presently after the young lady made her appearance.

"Certainly, Louis," said the Countess, we are all much indebted to you for scaring away our good looks. Only see how pale Victorine is; come here, dearest, and sit by me;" and she seated herself upon an ottoman near to Lady Clanarran. The Marquis regarded her for a few moments with intense interest.

"What a splendid bracelet you have on," said the Countess, "I have never seen it before. Why, what is the matter with you, child, you tremble like a leaf? come, unfasten your bracelet, and let me see it;" and unclasping it, Victorine presented it to her.

"It is a perfect bijou," said the Countess—"Is it not Louis? I must have one made like it."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Marquis, taking it from her haud, "I never saw but one like it; perchance it is the same. How came you by it, Mademoiselle?"

"My mother gave it me before she died. I was quite a child then; but its outward beauty is of little value to me compared to what it contains within."

"Indeed!" returned the Marquis, "then will I soon be satisfied;" and touching a spring he well knew, the massive clasp opened, and displayed two small miniatures. "My father and mother!" he exclaimed; "I need no longer doubt. You are Otilde de la Meilleraye."

"Yes, Louis, I am your sister!"

Words cannot express the joy of that meeting, much less will I undertake to transcribe all that was said—for much was related on both sides.

Fair reader, as most probably you are anxious for the conclusion of my tale, I shall omit the details of how the late Marquis perished in a vessel which was wrecked off the Dutch coast, and how miraculously his young daughter was saved by the generous devotion so natural to one of that country, and after a variety of incidents, was adopted by the Countess d'Erlau, and from her learnt the injuries Lady Herries had done her family; little did she deem her benefactress to have been the abettor of that lady, and still less that Madame d'Erlau's kindness to her was offered as an explanation.

Nor shall detail how the present Marquis, after leaving his country, changed his name, and entered the Russian service. For several years his military duties engaged him in the most distant provinces of the extensive empire, and holding no communication with the land where he had received so much misery, he knew nothing of the fate of any of those in whom he had once been so interested. Raised by his merits to a higher rank, he arrived at St. Petersburgh, where he was recognised by the French Ambssador, who had formerly been one of his friends, and also by the Countess d'Erlau, who imparted to him the death of his father, and revealed the proceedings of the Lady Herries, with proofs of their reality. He hastened to France, and established his father's innocence with the few who had been acquainted with the cause of his sudden departure, and restored to titles and estates never forfeited. His first inquiries were for his sister; without any clue, he in vain sought her in many a country, for Madame d'Erlau accidentally met her death before she had informed him of Otilde's destiny. He then came to England, with the hopes of making his peace with the much injured Countess Clanarran, and seeking Mr Crawford, the respectable gentleman who had the management of all her Ladyship's affairs, for he wished to obtain some information respecting herself and Lady Herries, and desirous of remaining concealed for some time, he obtained his promise of secresy with regard to his existence, and it was that which prevented his divulging what he knew to Victorine, in our opening chapter. By a singular chance the Marquis learned the intrigue the Lady Herries had planned against Lady Clanarran; how he prevented it by discovering himself, reader, you are acquainted.

Mr. Crawford is reconciled with the Countess; he dreads no farther folly on her part, nor the ruin of her fortune, for the Marquis liquidated all her debts previous to their marriage, and after its announcement, marvellous to relate, the exclamations of wonder at the Countess having so long remained single, were silenced, while the gentlemen who had been rejected, when questioned on the subject, nodded their heads, saying, "They never anticipated being successful, as they guessed there was a prior attachment."

After a few months Otilde gave her hand to Lord Charles Seamore, and Lady Herries is still the beautiful and fascinating creature she ever was, but in addition, she possesses again the inestimable qualities of her youth. She passes much of her time upon the Continent; but wherever she has been, ask not of the great and noble, gentle reader, whether they know, and what they think of Lady Herries? Their answer answer will be, that *la belle An-*

glaise, as she is called, is beyond admiration, for her beauty, talents, and spotless reputation, are above praise. Bend your steps to the lowliest hovel for many a mile round the place where she has resided; seek the couch of the dying, and hearken to the words of the widow and orphan, there you will hear fervent prayers offered up for the beautiful, the humble, and excellent lady who brings happiness and consolation to the most wretched. Do not ask her name, they cannot tell you,—for they know it not; but I, fair reader, before taking my leave of you, will take upon myself to inform you, it is the once-erring Katharine Herries!

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB,

A FABLE.

In a beautiful summer's evening, a flock of sheep grazed in security in an enclosure; the dogs slept, and the shepherd, seated under the shade of an oak, played his flute in concert with the youths of a neighbouring hamlet. A famished wolf, taking advantage of the absence of its guardians, reconnoitered the flock through an opening; a silly lamb commenced a conversation with him. "Whence come you?" said she; "and what do you seek?" He replied, "I come from the woods; like you, I love flowers and herbs; philosophy teaches me to moderate my appetites, and content myself with little; the brilliant moon-light, and the balmy gale, have tempted me to wander in the meadows, to make my simple repast of the herbs, already moist with the dews of evening; the soft harmony of the flutes draw me here." "Then," replied the lamb, "you do not come to do us harm? you do not eat flesh, like other wild beasts? herbs and flowers are sufficient for your nourishment?" The wolf, who began to grow impatient, and feared that the shepherd might see him, replied, "I tell nothing but truth, believe me, and come out of the fold; I will lead you with a brother's care to the meadow whence I came; there we may graze together, without the fear of being surprised by those officious dogs who guard you with the vigilance of tigers." The simple lamb, deceived by the frankness of the wolf, and weary of her confinement, came out, and was conducted by the wolf to a meadow, too far distant for the faithful dogs to hear her cries. Unfortunate animal! the wolf no sooner saw her in his power than he threw off the mask of friendship which he had worn so long, and so impatiently. "Fool that you are," he exclaimed, "to listen to the words of a stranger, and leave your fold without the permission of your parents; prepare for the reward of your temerity!" So saying, he threw himself upon the neck of the poor lamb, and devoured her without pity.

Listen, oh youth!—you who despise the advice of your parents, and profit by the history of the unfortunate lamb. He who seeks to turn you from the path of virtue, and make you contemn the advice of your friends, only plays the part of the wolf; to screen his designs, he paints vice in attractive colours; and when his end is gained, leaves you to expiate your fault without compassion for your sufferings.

ANNETTE.

LITERATURE.

AN ACCOUNT *of the* CAVES *of* BALLYBUNIAN, *County Kerry, (Ireland); with some Mineralogical Details. By* WILLIAM AINSWORTH, ESQ., *Member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, Member of the Geological Society of Dublin, &c. &c. &c.*

The labours of the Geologist rank among the most useful and enlightening of all scientific researches. By placing before our view the hidden mysteries of the "earth below," (as the astronomer explains the wonders of the "heavens above,") he stimulates our best impulses, and furnishes matter for our best thoughts; making new themes of admiration arise to the CREATOR, and arming us with fresh weapons against the glittering, though specious sophistries of the unbeliever,

To such laudable pursuits Mr. Ainsworth seems to have brought an enlightened, active, and penetrating mind, which has been employed with an earnestness of purpose that could only have procured the distinguished honours he has already received from most of the learned societies, both here and on the Continent.

We shall not trouble our fair readers with much mineralogical detail, for fear of being classed with the rocky perforations so ably treated of by Mr. Ainsworth, and voted a *bore;* but merely make one extract, that may serve, perhaps, to upset their notions of the frigid matter-of-fact style of diction, which writers on the sciences usually get credit for; and if it do not convert them from the perusal of works of fiction to those on science, we will wager—but a bet is a fool's argument,—so now for our quotation. Of caves in general, Mr. Ainsworth beautifully propoundeth,—

"Their mode of origin, as well as their ultimate termination and the points with which they communicate, are oftentimes wrapt in the same mystery; and they never fail to impress the beholder with a sense of sublimity, *which is beauty combined with the fearful and the terrific.* The situation, however, as well as the circumstances, either of the combination of natural phenomena or association of imaginary terrors, influence the mind in forming these first and constant impressions;—the bounding and impetuous course of a river through its rocky subterraneous passage, is as fearful as the stillness of ths lake which, dark as Erebus, unfurls its flag of ink in the innermost recesses of lone caverns, which appears unfathomable in depth, or extends beyond the reach of vision;—and not less beautiful is the cave which seems to girt the ocean in its circumscribed embrace, and control the fury of the waves in its own small sphere,—when the waters ascend its firm vaulted sides, breaking, with a deafening noise, into a foam whiter than driven snow, and bounding, like a captured beast, in vain and impatient fury,—while the distant entrance, with its gleam of bright day, appears like some fixed star whose beam has for ages shed its changeless light upon this scene of elementary commotion and strife."

"How opposed to these circumstances are the few moments of calm and quiet which may be obtained in these temples of Janus, with doors ever open: when the spirit of peace comes, like a dream, over the scene, and hanging its transparent veil to the fret-work, seals up the caverns at their base,—when the water glides stilly and smoothly along, streaked with veins of gold and silver, or breaks off suddenly into a stream of blue and lambent liquid, brighter and more various in its intense hues than finest gems,—when the snow-white sand is seen at great depths paraded over by light-coloured fish, while the gentle wavelet lifts the long brown fronds of marine plants, which as listlessly fall again to their original position,—when a hundred different animals, sponges, shell-fish, and tritonœ pettilate on the rocky surface, rendering silence yet more formidable; and when the still obscurity of the depths beyond assists, by its contrast with light and life, in filling the observer's bosom with the deepest emotions of awe, wonder, and admiration—feelings which are soon, in such a striking scene, soothed down to that calmer contemplation, which dwells with so much earnestness on the evidences of fitness and happiness of creatures placed in the sphere of existence apparently so incompatible with all our ideas of enjoyment,—and marking in a situation, where unobserving minds would hardly have expected to find it—the same proofs of wisdom, and the same inexhaustible love which has rendered the air and the desert, the mountain and the sea, the happy abode of its own innumerable tribes."

Ladies, what was your idea of a professor of Geology before reading the above paragraph? Was not such a person represented in your fancy, as an exceedingly cross-looking elderly gentleman, prim as a puritan, habited in black, and poking about fossil bones and dirty minerals, with a long old-fashioned gold-headed cane; ever and anon peering over his spectacles, to utter the more impressively a few "wise saws and modern instances?" Such, indeed, there are; and lucky it is, that the accomplished visitor to the caves of Ballybunian is not of the *clique;* or, instead of the learned and interesting "account" before us, he might probably have treated the world with a few hundred specimens of pebbles and rocks, or a quarto, full of plumb-and-rule admeasurements and observations. But what a refreshing contrast does his book present! Although never deficient in the most satisfactory details, the author sometimes rises to graphic and eloquent description or glowing imagery, deducing from the *minutiæ* reflections at once capacious and philosophical—These evidently springing from a mind deeply imbued with a love of the beautiful in Nature, and a full appreciation of her boldest works. A capacity that may be compared to the elephant's trunk, which can gather up the most minute object, or grapple with the most formidable.

We cannot conclude without a reference to the complete and poetic definition of *sublimity* that occurs in the first part of the extract, and which we have marked in Italics; also by hinting, that whatever our fair friends may think of the last new novel, they will find much more to rivet their attention and interest even their fancy, in Mr. Ainsworth's "Account of the Caves of Ballybunian."

GEO.

THE SELECTOR.

THE SUICIDE.

MISS BY CAROLINE MESSUM.

"There, there it is again, Phelim, honey! wake wid ye! wake, I say, out o'the ugly big sleep that you're in. Och machree! and isn't it some evil that's lourin' upon us! there's the crater of a dog howling under the window again, for the third night, he is—stop your big noise! Phelim, I say — Och! for your son, that's far over the water, and did I not hear his voice outside, calling me, 'Mother, Mother!' when I laid awake by myself, and every human thing was still around me." "The divil burn ye, Mat Dogberty! let me alone, and pull the boat up yourself," growled out Phelim, in a dream, and then went snoring away again. The poor woman was, indeed, in a sad state of mind; she had been awake hour after hour, silently weeping, and thinking of her favourite son, who had gone to sea some two years since, in order to escape punishment for setting fire to a barn. He was her first-born—her best beloved—he had his dead father's curling hair, his careless, wild look all over; and, I am sorry to say, he inherited his passionate ungovernable temper. How proud Tim's mother might have been of him, if he had been as good as he was handsome!—how many a heart-ache it would have spared her!

Two days before Tim went away, there was a wedding in the neighbourhood, to which he was invited, and his favourite lassie, the soft-eyed Ellie Gerald, was there; this young creature was very pretty, very gentle, and had a kind word in her sweet mouth for every one. Tim had fancied himself her lover before, but this evening he was all bewildered, all *lost* in love. If any one but himself asked her to dance, he wished them any where but present; and if she laughed with her partners, he was ready to die with jealousy; finally, he made himself so ridiculous, that Ellie was distressed, and the tears were just starting into her eyes, when her brother came and took her away. Jim could have killed him, and he let him know as much; whereupon Gerald sent Jim a gentle remembrance with his shilelah, and Jim gave Gerald the "mother of a bateing." So poor Ellie told him that, "after all his soft-speaking, he could not be loving her at all, at all, to use the brother of herself in that dirty manner, and she'd never, never forgive him for that same bad-hearted action!" and then were her eyes streaming with tears all the time. Jim could hardly bear this; he was half mad!

Going home that night, he and some other young men, with more whiskey than malice in their heads, set fire to an empty barn. They were surprised, pursued, and all taken, except Jim, who got safe to his father's house; but very little chance he had of escaping detection; his mind was consequently on the rack, and that, joined to his father-in-law's reproaches, determined him to go off to sea; accordingly with a few "dacent" things, (as he called them) and a pair of new "brogues" which he carried for fear of their being worn out, he set off for the next sea-port, which was Cork. It was very warm, and Jim Dolan thought he could travel best by the cool light of the moon, which rose at an early hour.

So he kissed all the little ones, bade his mother good bye in a laughing way, and went out of the house singing, "I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!" just to cheer her spirits, but when he got a little way from home, he burst into an agony of tears, and prayed God to bless them all.

Going along a retired lane, Jim Dolan, to his great surpise, and greater joy, overtook Ellie Gerald, who happened to be journeying the same way—perhaps to fetch buttermilk.

"Good morning, Ellie Gerald." said Jim.

"Sure, an' it isn't a good one for myself to be met by you, Jim Dolan?"

"Oh! I'm sure, Ellie, good and kind-tempered as ye are, ye'll forgive me when I'm tellin' ye all; you don't know what a divil there was in my heart that evening; fait' an' is'nt it myself that's sorry for it?"

"Well, Jim, if ye repent of your bad actions, ye can do no more, and if ye don't quit your evil ways, (not that it's any thing to *me*, you know)—but bad will come of ye."

"Och! and wont I try?" said Jim; "and," added he, after a pause, "you'll be telling Gerald that I'm sorry for his black eye, and wish I had half-a dozen of 'em myself, instead of him. I hope he'll be partin' good friends with me; and then there's your dear little self, for all the world like a star of a dark night in my heart, shall I ever be thinking of any one else, while ever I'm alive? Oh no! Ellie Gerald, it's the only thing I'll be grieved about when I'm ridin' on the big sey!"

"Sure an' Jim Dolan, but you're not going away?"

"Fait' an' I am."

"What, away from your mother?"

"Och! an' hav'nt I tould you so?"

"Oh! Jim, Jim, and you were not after being the friendly person to come and bid us good by."

"Divil burn me if I could, for the sowl of me!"

Just then there was a drop fell on Ellie's hand, but it was not the rain—no, it was not the rain; hereupon Jim, who, though in love, was not quite blind, asked and obtained an entire forgiveness for all his bad behaviour. He went farther; he sounded the depths of her innocent heart, and found that there was still a promised harbour for him if fate piloted him safely back to it. At last they parted; oh! the sorrow mingled with hope! oh! the tears mingled with endearments, oh! the promises, oh! the kind words of consolation spoken while the heart was inwardly sinking!

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve. Phelim Dennison and his family were sitting by a bright fire; the hearth was swept clean; the little noisy ones in bed, and the eldest girl was helping her mother to prepare the supper, which consisted to-night (for a treat) of rashers of bacon and potatoes. All was comfortable within doors, (barring the cold which came through some broken panes of glass in the window) and all was wild warfare without; the leafless trees were dashed with violence against each other, and the wind whistled drearily *whew whe-e-w* through the keyhole.

"Och! for the poor craturs that are out on this cold night!" said Phelim.

"Mother, I'm could," answered a sweet mournful voice, like an echo. They all looked at each other; their lips were perfectly white, and there was a dreadful silence. "Mother, *I'm could*," said the same sweet voice again. "'Tis Jim! 'tis Jim! he's playing with us, and he's come home from the sey!" exclaimed Phelim's wife, clapping her hands, and her eyes rolling like a mad woman. In a moment she rushed to the door, and out; out in all the sleet and darkness! "Wife! darlint!—where are ye?" said Phelim mournfully, and groping his way among the pigs, wooden tubs, and straw, he followed her out. He found her at some distance from the house, extended on the ground in a fit; it was as much as Phelim could do to carry his helpless burthen home.

He entered the cottage, which was all in darkness; the wood fire and candle were soon out, and the children all crying together; "Come back, mother, dear; Oh! father, father! Och hone! and what will we do!" Phelim struck a light, the eldest girl relighted the fire, and the poor mother, though pale and wet, was, after a time, restored. Then they all had some whiskey, (honest Phelim prescriber) which set them to sleep, and helped them to forget their fright.

The next day (which was Christmas) Phelim had enough to do in turning the beef which was roasting by the fire. His wife was up to her elbows in dough and the little ones were playing dinners with the apple rind.

"Whatever you say," began Mrs. Dennison, "I can't help having a a dread on my mind of some trouble

that's about to come on us; that strange cratur of a dog does'nt come howling under the window for nothin', and last night I tied him up myself; no dog could have broken that rope; besides, what for does the poor worried thing forsake his warm wooden house, on the sheltered side of the cottage, for the bleak front, where the wind cuts over the hills enough to blind one? Och! an' if I had but the wafer of a letter from poor Jim! and don't the poor thing get thin and bediveled? Look at our dog's bones, Phelim, look at his humble sneakin' way since he has been so worried at nights. Och! an' wont I go to the priest myself, and ask his advice and blessin'?"

"Don't let us talk any more about it before the childers, jewel!" said Phelim softly, while he gave an anxious look at them."

"Fait' an' we wont, though," said his wife, and so they dropped the subject.

The dinner was almost done; some of the young ones were told to put away their tin plates and pieces of broken China; some were sent to look for Micky and Jane. "Sure they're having a long preachment to-day. Ah! Phelim, I wish you an' I could go; but wont we when the children are grown up out of the way? It's a blessed thing to be hearing the Lord's word of a Sunday. Hark! I hear the people coming from church *now*." Yes, nearer and nearer came the sound of many feet; Phelim looked through the window; sure enough there was a crowd, all talking and running towards the cottage. When they got close to the door there was among them a suppressed murmuring sound. Phelim asked what was the matter, but no one cared to speak out.

Mrs. Dennison sat on a low stool, with the baby in her lap; it was falling; she did not know it; but Jane caught the poor little thing, and it was not hurt. She remained sitting, still and pale, while her heart quivered like lacerated flesh, from hearing words of agony such as these:—"Body found,—man hung himself,—quite cold;—he was a sailor;—an inquest had been held,—body recognised,—and it was Jim Dolan!" The men who bore the corse had been hidden from her sight before, but now the dreadful tidings had been told; they opened a lane among them, and the body of her son, in all the pale horror of death, blasted the sight of his mother! She fixed her eyes on him as if they would start from her head. "*At last*," she said, and then clasped the open collar of his shirt on each side; and there she held in silence, looking into his face in all the sternness of despair, while the people round were saying, "Take her away! oh, take her away!" but none dared to do so; and some said, "Come to your wife, Phelim Dennison, or she'll be breaking her heart."

The body was dressed in rough trowsers; a blue-checked shirt, open at the neck, round which—oh, horror! was a blue livid mark! He was without shoes, and without a hat; and the long curls, which sailors are so fond of, hung over the person's arm who supported the helpless head. He was not much altered; only a little taller and browner, except just above the brows, which had been protected from the sun, and was as fair as a woman's

There was a dreadful silence in Phelim's cottage; although Jim had been dead some hours, the poor mother insisted on his being put into a warm bed, while she continually rubbed his chest, and often kissed his cold lips. Sometimes she would look closely at the livid mark round his neck, and then rub it softly, while her brows were drawn together, and "Oh! oh!" she groaned, as if in extreme bodily pain.

Presently Phelim came into the room. "Hush, hush! you'll be wakin' him," she said. "Oh! my wife, my Mary! come to your children, and don't be breaking my heart!" She put her hand to her head, as if recollecting herself, and then went on rubbing again.

One of the elder girls now brought the child to her, but she took no notice, and the little thing was fretting, and eagerly sucking its fingers. "Oh, mother! give the poor baby a drop," said Jane, while the child leant forwards, and fell on the wretched mother's neck. At last, she gently took it, and gave it nourishment. A neighbour drew her from the room; and when they laid the body out, the hard stiff limbs were not supple and straight, or, said the old women, he would have been a very pretty corpse. It was not till the dirt rattled upon the coffin, with that peculiar hollow sound, that Mrs. Dennison shed tears, and then her heart was softer; but never, *never* after, did the poor family forget that dreadful day.

The priest who came with Jim's body, gave Phelim a letter which was found in his unfortunate son-in-law's pocket. It was thus:—"When you receive this my sorrow will be over. I am going to die, mother, which I had better do than live to be a disgrace to you all. I have murdered a man! and I deserve death, but not by the hands of a common hangman; yet—I will die. Yesterday evening, I came and saw you,—my dear little sisters,—my father,—all of you. I looked through the window; the children were saying their prayers, before they went to bed. Mother, did they pray for *me?*

I listened,—oh! earnestly, but I could not hear. Presently the dear little ones kissed you, (here, here was a sight to break my heart); I think I wept, but I scarcely remember. Mother, I never saw that last baby of your's before: it is a sweet little creature. How I longed to come in; you had a comfortable fire; I was cold; and I told you so, mother; but I could not, never, oh, no! not *I*, a murderer; not to bring a curse on your little cottage. I had, even then, more than I deserved, the sight of you all, innocent and comfortable as you were.

"Mother, the man I killed was a villain to me and others. He, he whipped me like a dog; the marks of disgrace are on my back now! don't let any one see them when I am laid out, but I don't mind you, my mother. Oh! did he not deserve death? the heartless man! Yes; when I could not help myself—could not strike him dead, dead, unto the earth—he lacerated my flesh, while others stood looking on and jeering. Oh, mother! *jeering,—this* for a free-born Irishman, serving his king! no, I could *not* bear it?

"So we met on the shore—it was a dark and lonely place we fought, *fair* mother,—but I killed him, in my deadly passion,—I struck him a blow on the temple, with the strength of a giant; he died instantly, and I, scarcely in my senses, buried the warm body under the dried leaves and moss, in the place where we met. The newspapers will tell you the rest,—how he was found by the hounds, half putrified; and how—how a reward was offered for the *murderer!* I can't talk any more about it; my heart aches too much, and I wish to be calm; and—and I shall try to pray presently; mother, will *you* pray for me?

"There is one I would mention, but dare not write her name; Oh, she has been very dear to me!—give her the lock of hair which is sewn up in my shirt sleeve; and now, may God bless you *all*, and have mercy upon this miserable soul."

When Ellie Gerald heard of Jim's unhappy death, her heart seemed struck suddenly, as if by lightning. From that time she faded slowly, like the noon-day to twilight, and then — to darkness, Her poor mother hardly grieved when the last of all came; she only said, as she saw her lying, pale and beautiful, in her coffin, "She is happy *now*!"—*Court Magazine.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MANSION OF LOVE.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Let others go ranging for pleasure or power
Thro' the world, to some far distant scene;
Be mine a white cot, gemm'd with many a flower,
With a vine for its clustering screen!
Ah! ne'er will I covet the joys of the great,
(For snares to the heart they oft prove),
A fund of contentment shall be my estate,
And my home be the MANSION OF LOVE!

There violets shall breathe forth their early perfume,
And the woodbine's red tendrils cling,
While the rose's rich blush in the bright month of June,
Shall shame the pale flow'rets of spring!
And the wild-brier shall twine up the green lattice gate,
To kiss the Clematis above;
And the ring-pigeon coo gentle songs to his mate,
And my home be the MANSION OF LOVE!

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF MRS. HEMAN'S "HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD."

BY MISS SKYNNER.

——— Yes! well hast thou
Chosen the better part, all-gifted one!
Though from the bright strings of thy golden lyre,
An hundred glorious lays ere now have rung—
Though Fame upon thy heaven-illumined brow
Hath placed, long since, her brightest chaplet, none
Of all thy spirit's-breathings may be found,
Equal in holy beauty unto these;
Now sent within their little fairy bark,
(Freighted with lovely feelings and pure thoughts,)
Down the world's crowded stream to float in light!
So glides, when winds are hush'd, as frail as fair,
The little Nautilus in Summer seas!

The gay—the happy children of the earth,
Perchance may light esteem these holy hymns;
But let those speak their beauty, who have bow'd
Even while youth revel'd on the cheek and brow,
And drank of Sorrow's chalice—such an one
Here registers her homage to their worth!

CAN HE, SISTER, REALLY LOVE ME?

By the author of "Away to the Stubbles!"

Can he, Sister, really love me,
And yet court another's smile?
One in rank, too, far above me,
One whose bosom knows not guile?
We have laugh'd with one another,
We have mingled tear with tear;
Can he only as a Brother
Love me, Sister dear?

Are affection's chains so slightly
Link'd as thus to snap in twain?
Parted once, however lightly,
Who can bid them meet again?
Feelings, years alone can cherish,
Years alone can render sear;
Such are ours—and can they perish,
Can they, Sister dear?

We have sat and sung together,
We have mingled sigh with sigh;
Ours has been the April weather,
Born of childhood's changeful sky,
Yet he leaves me for another,
In her smile forgets my tear;
Can he only as a Brother
Love me, Sister dear?

H. B.

THE GEM OF THE SEA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

Oh, Erin! dear Erin, thy doom hath been spoken
In tyranny's fetters awhile to remain
The chains that now bind thee in time shall be broken;
The sunshine of freedom shall light thee again.
The harp of thy sires now peacefully slumbers,
But Erin, dear Erin, thy sons shall be free,
And thou once again be proclaim'd in its numbers,
"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

Oh, Erin! dear Erin, our forefathers found thee,
Unmoved by dissension, unmarked by a stain;
Thy foes for awhile in their fetters have bound thee,
But freedom shall reign in thy valleys again;
The harp of thy sires that peacefully slumbers,
Shall wake its wild chords, and proclaim thou art free,
And thou once again shall be called in its numbers,
"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

TO THE AUTHOR OF

"Recollections of my Earlier Days,"

ON READING HIS "FAREWELL TO THE MUSES."*

Thy farewell spoke words that were never intended,
From the heart's frozen springs, in a whirlwind they came,
Then recal the rash word, lest Apollo offended,
Should blot out thy name from the Temple of Fame.

On the borders neglected thy Lyre is sleeping,
Till waken'd again by some spirit like thine,
On Parnassus the nine lovely sisters are weeping
To think such a votary has fled from their shrine.

In the art thou may'st shine, perhaps others excelling,
But the image of Nature thou'lt leave far behind;
Oh! let but the rivals inhabit one dwelling,
And how graceful a wreath will thy fancy have twined.

For know, to the Minstrel of Nature is given
A power of light, to diffuse o'er the whole,
Though the Artist may give the expression of Heaven,
'Tis the Poet can give to the picture a soul.

Then farewell to thy Lyre, I care not if it slumbers,
Since MINNA's loved praises will soon bid it flow,
And sweeter than ever will then be its numbers,
As absence but kindles the heart's warmest glow.

HENRIETTA.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

LORD NORBURY. — The late Lord Norbury, the celebrated Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, a nobleman as remarkable for the excellence of his *puns* as for the elegance of his *compliments*, upon the production of an extremely fashionable looking young man as a witness before him at nisi prius, and who gave in his name as *Story*, repeated to himself as if recollecting Story, Story, and then with the most *captivating politeness* asked the witness "was he any relation to Mr. Story the *butcher?*" The young fellow, surrounded as he was by a most satirical auditory, including many of his dandy companions, although greatly embarrassed, with much modesty replied, "my lord, I am his *son*" "Ha!" said his Lordship "indeed!" The whimsical chuckle of the Justice at his own sagacity, at length gave birth to that *titter* which had been with difficulty suppressed during the preceding scene, and Mr. Story's fortitude was about to forsake him, when the *polite* Chief Justice thus interposed his consolation. "Don't mind them, sir" said his Lordship, "you need not be ashamed of your father; your father *sells the best meat in Ormond market.*" The roar of laughter broke forth, in which young Story joined heartily, finding it was *his Lordship* they laughed at, and not at him, to whom, bowing with a very significant look he replied "*I* sha'nt mind their laughing, my Lord, if *you* don't." Another peal of laughter concluded this legal comedy.

Amongst the indiscriminate compliments paid by Lord Norbury, he once told a chimney-sweep, who gave evidence before him at the Meath assizes, that he had given his testimony in the most eloquent manner; that, although a *sweep*, his hands were *perfectly clean*, and that he did not know when he had met with a more sensible *gentleman*.

Almost in the same breath with this elegant panegyric upon sweeps, his lordship commenced bespattering the late arch and accomplished Counsellor Parsons, with bombastic eulogy. Determined to reprimand him, Mr. P. seeming as if the judge was not speaking to him, called out to *sooty*, who was yet in attendance, and said, "Sir, Sir, (affecting the voice and manner of correction) why don't you attend to his lordship?" "I'm speaking to *you*, Mr. Parsons," observed my lord; "I beg your pardon," replied the barrister, with satiric surprise, "I protest my lord, I thought your were *still* addressing (pointing to the sweep) *that gentleman.*"

* However our talented correspondent may disbelieve the FAREWELL of the Student to his Muse, we regret to assure our fair readers, Mr. E. P. Turnerelli is now on his way to Germany, from whence he may not return for some years. We have, however, a few of his MSS. in hand, which we shall occasionally sprinkle among our pages.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office*, 19, *Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar, where* alone *communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid, as the Editress declines attending to any personal communications made at her private residence.*

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THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 47—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} Saturday, May 17, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—Jaconot muslin robe. The *corsage* is made up to the throat, trimmed round the shoulders with folds, and a double fall of lace which forms a pelerine. The sleeve, of the usual form at top, has the fulness drawn close to the arm in four different places at the bottom. The front of the skirt is trimmed on each side *en tablier*

with a row of lace. An embroidery resembling ostrich feathers, ornaments the bottom part of the *tablier*. Rice-straw bonnet, the brim is round, and of an open shape, the front of the crown forms a direct point. A sprig of fancy foliage and knots of green gauze ribbon decorate the crown. The brim, lined with green crape, is trimmed in the cap style, with blond lace and green gauze ribbon.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

CARRIAGE HAT composed of lilac *pou de soie*, a round brim and a crown of the cone form; the latter is trimmed with blond lace draperies, and snow balls placed in different directions. The interior of the brim is ornamented with blond lace *mentonières*.

MORNING CAP composed of *tulle*, the caul is plain and lined with gold-coloured crape; the trimming of the front is pointed, and worked in a light blond lace pattern; it consists of two rows; they are turned back by a band and bow of gold-coloured gauze ribbon. A second knot of a larger size is placed upon the caul immediately behind the trimming.

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.—One of the prettiest walking dresses that we have lately seen, is a pelisse robe of green *gros de Naples;* it is made a three quarter height, and is trimmed from the top of the *corsage* all down the skirt with a fold on each side; the folds just meet, and are ornamented with knots of ribbon placed at regular distances. The body is full, the fulness is disposed in front in byas folds, which form the shape in a very advantageous manner. The sleeves are exceedingly large at the top, but sit close at the lower part of the arm, where the material is disposed in byas folds. A small square pelerine shews the make of the dress to advantage. Upon the whole we have been much pleased with this dress, which we must observe would look quite as well in printed muslin as in *gros de Naples*, and it might be made plain or dressy, according to the fancy of the wearer, by omitting the bows, or having them down the front, with the addition of one upon each shoulder, in an opening made in the pelerine.

We observe that fancy straw bonnets increase in favour in promenade dress. Those of a very open kind are always lined with coloured silk, and sometimes trimmed with flowers. Those of a closer kind have no lining, and are trimmed with ribbon only.

Ginghams are becoming very fashionable in morning dress, particularly those chequered in lilac and white, or blue and white, and all the new morning dresses have double capes, which are frequently so large as to conceal the whole of the *corsage*. Some have the sleeves made *a l' Imbeille*, but we think those of the Amadis form are still more generally adopted.

NOCTES TWANKAYANÆ.

No. XXVIII.

SCENE.—*The Council Chamber.—The Lady President and her Secretary discovered, with papers, &c. before them.*

In the merry month of May,
'Tis hard to sit at home, hum-drum,
When ev'ry creature takes a day
To go and gaze on Nature's bloom.
To Hampstead Heath the cockney strolls,
Or sails in Gravesend packet gay,
To feast on shrimps and butter'd rolls,
So rural in the month of May!

Some down the Thames to Richmond go,
And ham, and eggs, and stout provide,
And in blue shirts and jackets row,
To show their skill 'gainst wind and tide!
Some to the Eel-pie house repair,
(If they have luck to raise the win),
And quaff the ale and breezes there,
When they are rurally inclined!

The Sweep Boy throws his brush aside,
And quits the chimney's sooty gloom,
To "flare" about in ribbon'd pride,
And shew the town that May is come;
While country cousins flock in shoals
To see the sights and spend their money,
Thro' London streets, dear pretty souls,
Staring and gaping all so funny,
In the merry month of May, &c, &c.

Parody on "MR. JOHN REEVE'S *celebrated Ballad.*"

Miss Scribblecumdash. Well, I cannot agree with you, Lady President, that May is a melancholy month. Surely the springing leaves, and the budding flowers, proclaiming the promise of Summer's beauty must awaken a glow of Hope in the coldest bosom.

Miss Bluemantle. And these springing leaves and budding flowers, to continue your simile, fair Secretary, do they not bloom like HOPE but to fade? Alas! how often do the blossoms of nature, transient as is their season, outlast the bloom of the moral spring in the human heart. In the poetical mind Spring always produces a lassitude of feeling, and a melancholy sensation, though not, perhaps, of so sombre a shade as to render it unpleasing. But to business.

Miss S. Two packets from ANNETTE.

Miss B. ANNETTE is thanked and accepted. We regret to learn indisposition has caused her silence. We can but too well sympathise with her.

Miss S. Lines on "Friendship," by HAFED.

Miss B. We agree in every sentiment they contain, save the last, the immutability of FRIENDSHIP. On *that* point of faith we are and ever shall be, unbelievers. The poem, though rather long, shall appear.

Miss S. A tale by E. L.

Miss B. We have not time to read it through now, but believe from the specimens we have already seen of E. L.'s prose, it will be accepted, and if so, shall be happy to receive the companion-tales the writer speaks of.

Miss S. Packet of answers to Charades, &c., by A. N.

Miss B. They shall be looked over and attended to.

Miss S. A letter and enclosure from STEEL-PEN.

Miss B. The little poem presented us by the COUSIN he speaks of, shall appear. The "Sonnet" is a misnomer, the LINES he sends bear the same resemblance to that particular rhythm as a cab does to a hackney-coach, both have wheels, and both may be called a carriage, they only differ in their construction.

Miss S. A poem, &c., by SYLVA.

Miss B. Just the light style of poetry we stand in need of. SYLVA is thanked. We suspect, like MELISSA, she too is our neighbour, by the post-mark of her letters.

Miss S. A communication from AUGUSTUS.

Miss B. WE sometimes visit Richmond, as it seems AUGUSTUS does, and have noticed a melancholy-looking poetical young gentleman sauntering along the "green banks of Thames," doubtless AUGUSTUS was the individual. But he must inhale a few more poetical breezes before we can accept his effusions. He *can* do better if he likes to try! What we say now refers only to the lines just received. For the fate of former productions we must desire him to look back to former answers given at our Council, as our memory does not at this moment serve to give a reply to his question.

Miss S. A note from REKAB.

Miss B. REKAB is informed that less nonsense about "our transcendant talents," &c., would better please the party addressed, and that *good prose* is always more acceptable than "*angilick poetry.*" Our pages being intended for earthly readers, we do not soar so high as the productions of REKAB's muse, if of an *angelic nature.*

Miss S. "An incident in real life," by W. S. P. H.

Miss B. Accepted, but we cannot promise a very early insertion.

Miss S. A packet from J. MIDDLETON.

Miss B. We will look it over, and doubt not we shall select many of the articles for insertion. We trust all our country correspondents will observe the change in the address of our office, as several letters have nearly been lost in consequence, and should any remain unanswered, it must be attributed to this cause.

Miss S. A poem, by GERTRUDE.

Miss B. Accepted. We shall be happy to hear again from the author.

Miss S. A note of enquiry from E. L.

Miss B. Its question is already answered, or we would have written to the appointed place.

Miss S. "The Dying Girl," by JANE.

Miss B. Very beautiful, but *is it original?* If the writer will assure us of this, we will gladly insert it. It was only last week a poem was sent us AS ORIGINAL, which L. E. L. had, unluckily for the veracity of the sender, published in one of the Annuals some months since.

Miss S. Another letter and enclosures from A. N.

Miss B. He too will see his question already answered as to the Charades, &c., with regard to the stanzas on "The Death of an Infant," we have before stated that subjects having only a local interest for a few parties immediately concerned, are not suited to pages intended to amuse the general reader. But if we can find a place for these lines to oblige A. N., we are willing to do so. We have not time now to decide upon the other he has sent.

Miss S. Twelve verses with no heading, descanting upon the gloominess of Life, the uncertainty of Love, and the falsehood of Friendship, signed C. WELLEEM, (I think).

Miss B. The length of the poem is one grand objection, and to our readers the sombreness of the subject would be another, though we reject it with *regret*, remembering the time when the appearance of a poem from our pen, equally sombre and equally long in a monthly periodical, was our first step up the ladder of Parnassus. Whether its non-appearance, and our consequent desertion of the Muse would not have led to happier results than have followed our poetic track, we will not attempt to decide, but this we know, the pride of *that* hour made us what we are. It is one of those sunny spots that will "look green on memory's waste," as long as memory exists within us. Will the writer of the verses that have caused this digression, send us something "shorter and sweeter" to public taste?

Miss S. Letter and poems from A. KYNE.

Miss B. Accepted.

Miss S. Letter and three poetical pieces from your correspondent GEORGE DAVEY.

Miss B. We rejoice to see the hand-writing of an old friend, whom we had long since (from his silence), consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets." His communications are all accepted. The fair Poet to whose frequent compositions in our pages he alludes, seems to have turned the brains of all our male contributors, for we can assure Mr. DAVEY, he is about the

twentieth who has made the same remark ;—an opinion in which we fully coincide.

Miss S. I see, Lady President, by the last number you have declined all personal application at your residence.

Miss B. We were obliged to do so, the nuisance of persons troubling us under the most *trifling and frivolous pretences*, had grown to such a pitch that the knocker of our door was nearly worn out by repeated raps on its brazen head, and our patience grown quite thread-bare. Of course we do not intend this notice to apply to those immediate friends whose kind assistance is valuable to us, but to the would-be assistants, who are more plague than profit to an Editor. Neither will any letter, unless we recognize the hand-writing to be that of a private correspondent, be received except postfree. We deem it necessary to mention this, several unpaid letters having lately been refused, addressed to our residence. But come, we have other engagements for this evening, so must suspend our labours.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

We know not when we have experienced so high and intellectual a treat as we did in viewing the two beautiful pictures now exhibiting at the Diorama. If any of our readers are wearied of the every-day scenes of life, satiated with pleasure, and longing for repose, let them only go and contemplate the ruins of Fountain Abbey, Yorkshire, by moonlight, and all the purer and better feelings of their nature will come into full play. Nothing *can* exceed the beauty of this dioramic representation, its effect must be *felt*, not described. The time-worn walls of this magnificent ruin, sleeping as it were beneath the moonlight, the long shadows cast by the massy pillars and fretted arches, the distant cloisters, "the ivy-mantled towers," all give full scope to Fancy, and lead back the imagination to those earlier times, "when Princes sat where nettles grow." The effect of the light and shade is admirably managed, and the eclipse of the moon faithful to nature. The second view, the Crypt of Saint Denis, in France, at mid-day, displays a striking contrast to the foregoing, nothing can be more interesting than the view of this gorgeous cathedral, with its "storied urns" and sculptured monuments, where "bards and warriors sleep below," and after the eye has dwelt on it for a few moments, the ear is equally charmed by the notes of the organ swelling from the choir, and imparting to the mind all the effect that music combined with exquisite scenery can produce. We do not envy that person who could gaze on this scene and not feel a holy calm, diffusing

"Love of peace and lonely musing."

spring up within the most insensible heart. We close our brief notice of these lovely paintings, by strongly recommending all our fair readers to pay a visit in their morning lounges to the Diorama (if accompanied by some favoured swain who can appreciate such intellectual beauties, all the better), and by an

IMPROMPTU WRITTEN ON THE SPOT.

Oh! what an holy calm! the Spirit takes
A glimpse of Heaven, while gazing on this scene,
And all of *soul* in the observer wakes,
And not one thought of earth doth intervene,
To chill the sacred feeling of the breast,
Lull'd into dreams of pure and holy rest!
Here may the mind forget its earthly care,
Its blighted Hopes—here may the Poet gaze
Upon these ivied walls, by Time made bare,
And call back visions of departed days,
When Superstition cast her spells around,
And many a heart in her dark fetters bound!
And here! oh, here! the wearied Heart may find
One spot of calm, where Fancy's wing may rest,
Here, 'mid Life's busy scene may view enshrin'd
All that the soul of peace has ere confess'd,
As o'er the murmurs of the idle throng,
Hush'd silence steals with noiseless step along!
'Tis not in solitude we are *alone*,
Life's crowd hath too its loneliness, sheds round
To those who have that sterner feeling known,
A sense of Desolation rarely found
Within the Anchorite's or Hermit's cell,
A loneliness the Poet knows too well!
But 'mid this scene of Beauty how the soul
Seems to hold converse with those kindred ties,
Whose unseen influence baffles all control,
And draws it nearer to its native skies;
Earth's chains fall off, the world's cold links are riv'n,
And the wrapt Spirit soars awhile to Heav'n!

MISS BRUCE'S SOIREES MUSICALES.

The first soirée of this distinguished vocalist, and amiable woman, took place on Monday evening, the 12th inst., at the mansion of Lady Ongley, Langham-place, and was crowded and fashionably attended. The splendid suite of apartments were brilliantly lighted up, and ornamented with that elegance and good taste for which their noble owner is so celebrated. The concert commenced by a trio, "*O dolce e caro istante*," sweetly sung by Misses Bruce and Wagstaff and Signor Begrez, to which succeeded Horsley's fine song of the *Tempest*, by Mr. Stretton, followed by the duett "*Deh con te*," between the fair heroine of the evening, and Miss Wagstaff. Next we were delighted by Tamburini in Bellini's beautiful aria "*Vi raviviso*." Few of our readers need to be told how exquisitely Miss Bruce gave the cavitina of "*Di piacer*," for which she is so celebrated. Mr. Nicholson executed a fantasia on the flute with his usual taste and ability, and Madame Stockhausen elicited an universal encore, in Meyerbeer's delightful cavitina "*Idole de ma vie*." The first act of the concert concluded by a grand duett on the pianoforte, brilliantly executed by Messrs. C. Packer and A. Devaux. At the commencement of the second we were again delighted with Miss Bruce in Handel's unrivalled "*Let me wander*," a composition of the English school, peculiarly calculated to display the sweetness and flexibility of voice, and powers of execution, for which Miss Bruce stands unequalled among our native vocalists. We regret indisposition obliged us to leave the rooms immediately after the conclusion of this song.

MR. LOVE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. Love, the Polyphonist, has just completed a season at the London Tavern, protracted to the unusual length of four months, during which time his whimsical entertainments are believed to have attracted a larger share of public attention and support than has been ever before extended to any similar performance in the city. In consequence of numerous invitations and promises of patronage from parties of high rank, he has produced his "Ignis Fatui" at Almacks', where we doubt not it will prove at least equally successful. His farewell performance at the London Tavern was attended by many parties of consideration in the city, and was rewarded with frequent plaudits, and what was doubtless equally gratifying, by a bumper.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

A TALE OF THE HEART.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Yes, 'tis thine image * * *
In all the bloom of youth and beauty;
Yes, 'tis the smile that lit the flame
Which banished reason, sense, and duty.
Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

"It is indeed beautiful, transcendantly beautiful," was the energetic exclamation of Henry Beaumont, as he took the miniature from the hand of his friend, and gazed intently upon it.

Eugenia's cheek varied.

"It falls infinitely short of the original," observed Montrevers. "There is a fascination about her countenance which it is impossible to pourtray, a melting expression in those heavenly blue eyes which cannot be even conceived but by those who have viewed them."

"I *must* view them, Charles," cried Beaumont eagerly.

Eugenia leant her head upon her hand.

"You will then own with me," resumed Montrevers, "that she is the most perfect creature your eyes ever rested upon, perfect both in face and form, and her voice, oh! it is melody itself."

"No more, no more, I entreat you Beaumont," interrupted his friend, "you must introduce me, I shall not rest till I have beheld her."

Eugenia arose and hurried from the room.

"Are you ill, my dear girl," cried her sister, following her. She glided swiftly on, not daring to trust her voice with a reply, until having gained her own apartment, she turned and threw herself into that sister's arms.

"My dear dear Eugenia," cried Rosalind, and her countenance asked "what does all this mean?"

Eugenia hid her face in her bosom. "Oh, my sister," she exclaimed, and her voice was scarcely intelligible, "can you have listened to the last few minutes conversation, and ask the cause of my emotion." There was a pause which was only broken by Eugenia's sobs. "Leave me, leave me," she at length articulated, "for I am ashamed to confess, even to you, how weak I have been, leave me, oh, leave me, my dear sister, to the wretchedness my folly deserves."

"Eugenia, dearest Eugenia," expostulated the commiserating Rosalind, and she encircled her arms again around the retreating girl, "be calm I entreat you, you may be—"

"Calm when my heart is almost broken—but no matter, I have deserved all," and she wept convulsively.

The gentle Rosalind gazed at her in amazement, the scene was entirely new to her, she knew nothing of the feelings of love herself, and never till this moment had witnessed them in her sister. Henry Beaumont had been the playmate of their childhood, and *she* had ever looked upon him as a brother, nor till now had she supposed Eugenia beheld him in any other light; she knew not what words of consolation to offer, and was therefore silent.

Eugenia reiterated her entreaties for her to leave her, and she reluctantly obeyed, "I will tell Henry you are very ill," she said, as she quitted the chamber, but upon her return to the drawing-room, the gentlemen were gone.

* * * * *

The rooms were splendidly decorated, all that fancy could devise or art execute to render them enchanting had been exhausted, and every sense was regaled with luxury. Henry Beaumont had quitted the home fireside of his guardian, and the society of the amiable sisters to visit a scene which neither his judgment nor his heart preferred, but it was in the hope of beholding the extolled original of the miniature. His eye wandered among the dancers, but it could rest on none resembling that lovely countenance; he joined the card parties, but she was not there; he strolled towards the music-room. "What a voice," he involuntarily exclaimed, as he approached, he stopped entranced, for never had sounds so melodious before met his ear. "'Tis she, 'tis she herself," cried Montrevers, joining him, and he almost dragged him into the apartment. Beaumont gazed bewildered on the scene. The portrait did indeed give but a faint idea of the beauty of Lady Adelaide, and as she sat with her fine arms encircling the instrument, and taper fingers touching its chords with such masterly skill, her beaming eyes lit up with the emotions her song expressed, her beautiful hair waving in the breeze from a window opened to ventilate the apartment, that a less enthusiastic mind than was Henry Beaumont's might have been enchanted, he was motionless, and long after the strain had ceased, it reverberated on his delighted ear.

"In pity introduce me, Charles," he cried, as soon as he had sufficient command of himself to speak, and Montrevers conducted him towards her.

She spoke, the melody of her voice in conversation was equal to her song; she danced, the grace of her attitude was unparalleled, and Beaumont returned from that scene of festivity the slave of her fascination.

* * * * * *

The moon was at the full, and shone with unrivalled brilliancy upon that beautiful spot; the variegated illuminations of art shrank into nothingness contrasted with her majestic form as she rose in the azure unclouded heavens. The eyes of the beautiful Lady Adelaide were fixed upon it as she leant on the arm of Henry Beaumont, and listened to the warm eloquence of love he was breathing he thought she listened approvingly, and fancied himself the most enviable of men. But that moon also shone upon another scene, though one of less happiness; there were other eyes gazing upon it than Lady Adelaide's, but it was with a sad and sorrowful expression, they were those of Eugenia as she leant upon Rosalind's sympathizing and gentle bosom, a picture more touching could scarcely be conceived than the expression and attitude of those lovely sisters. Eugenia's hazel eyes, the index of her soul, beamed with deep absorbing love as they rested on that beautiful orb, for fancy was conjuring up the many happy hours she had spent beneath its placid beams with Henry Beaumont for her companion, now he had left her for the haunts of dissipation. The burning tear of bitter regret was upon her cheek; that cheek *once* blooming as the summer rose, *now* blanched and faded; her hand grasped those of Rosalind's, whose youthful form and countenance beaming with affectionate concern and sensibility, bent forward to administer all the balm her inexperienced mind could suggest to her afflicted sister. "Do not weep for him, Eugenia," she cried "he is unworthy of your tears; do not let his desertion make you wretched, for you have many others to love you. Papa, our kind, dear, good papa loves you to idolatry; you are his darling, and deservedly so; and *I*—oh, I cannot say how much *I* love you."

Eugenia gave her sister's hand a still more fervent pressure; she was grateful for her efforts to console her, but felt that even paternal and sisterly love, how deep so e'er, was not sufficient to fill her heart.

And Rosalind wondered and thought it passing strange. *She* loved Henry Beaumont tenderly; but *she* was not so afflicted that he should leave them to seek other society; she ruminated, but the more she dwelt on the subject the more her mind was lost in the labyrinth.

The moon waned in the heavens, and still the sisters remained at that window, yet were they almost wholly silent. Eugenia's heart was too full for speech, and Rosalind's timid voice was alone heard ever and anon, ejaculating some few words of tenderness.

At length she spoke of retiring, and Eugenia had half arisen from the encircling arms of her companion, when a quick step in the passage arrested their attention, the door was thrown abruptly open, and Beaumont entered. His air was wild, his countenance expressive of conflicting passions, and, without perceiving them, he threw himself upon a sofa at the extremity of the apartment.

"Madman! infatuated idiot that I was!" he cried in accents of the deepest despair, "to cast away a prize so inestimable for a bauble which, trifling as it is, eludes my grasp!"

"Henry!" exclaimed the gentle voice of Rosalind, "what ails you?"

He started, "Rosalind!" he cried as he raised his eyes towards the window, where perceiving the pale and tearful Eugenia by her side, he rose, and would have fled from the room!

But Rosalind, breaking from the embrace of her sister, rushed towards him, "My dear Henry," she cried "what is it makes you so wretched?"

"I deserve not your pity, but your detestation, Rosalind," he answered wildly.

"My detestation! Oh, never, Henry, and yet I thought I did not love you just now—but now I see you so wretched—and Eugenia—" she stopped fearfully.

"What of Eugenia?" he cried, and his countenance suddenly changed.

"Oh, I scarcely know what I would have said, but I am sure Eugenia will never detest you, although you have made her so unhappy."

"I made her unhappy!" he turned towards the window, and beheld the pale and trembling girl deluged in tears, he rushed to her feet.

"*Have* I made you unhappy, Eugenia?" he uttered in accents full of woe and penitence. It was too much for her, she fainted in her sister's arms.

* * * * * *

The next evening the moon rose with equal brilliancy, and Eugenia watched it, but with feelings far different from those which had usurped dominion on the preceding. Henry Beaumont had confessed to her his infatuation—his errors—had applied for pardon—and when did ever youthful lover plead to gentle woman in vain?

DE TRACEY.

A Legend of Rochester Castle.

BY THOMAS FRICKER.

The Baron de Tracey sat in the turret-chamber, moody and thoughtful. A frown was on his brow, the mark of care, and the restless wandering of his dark eye, gave evident signs of the disordered state of his feelings. Beneath him rolled the silvery moon-lit Medway, and before him lay stretched a most luxuriant and verdant prospect. Now he seemed gazing intently on some missives which lay on a table before him, and anon he turned his eye upon the open casement, from which he beheld a busy and bustling scene.

On the western bank of the Medway, and scarcely out of bow-shot from the castle, was a numerous encampment; full five thousand of the soldiers of the king lay there, eagerly awaiting the coming morn to light them to their attack upon the rebellious baron. Here was seen in the red glare of the blazing watch-fire, the careful sentinel, while the oft-repeated watch-word, and the frequent click of a cross-bow, broke indistinctly on the stillness of the night.

At length De Tracey arose—

"Who waits within?" he said; he was quickly answered by an approaching menial. "Walter," he continued, "have no tidings been yet heard of my Edith—my child?" He was answered in the negative. "A curse upon the carelessness of Valmont, to suffer her to depart from his house to join me, and my castle surrounded by the forces of King John. Yet, I bade him—fool! fool! I should have thought that she *could* not pass them unobserved."

An attendant entered the room. "My lord," said he—"these missives from De Valmont, their bearer is overcome with fatigue, having been detained two days in the camp of the enemy."

"Good! good! now leave me—Walter, stay you here—what prisoners have we taken?"

"There is the young Lord Seyton—what wills my lord his fate?"

"Death! death! Walter—did not the king slay my brother? death! I say—yet hold, I will first see and converse with him—bring him before me."

"My lord," said Walter, "those missives."

"True, true, good Walter; I will read them after."

Seyton entered the room, closely guarded.

"Young lord," said De Tracey, "are you prepared for death?"

"My lord, I neither shrink from death, nor would I brave it."

"And yet, you wish to live?"

"My lord, I have a father, he would grieve to hear me dead"

"Ah, true, true! 'tis well; young lord, you whet my very purpose; that father, in the senate, voted my brother's death—Walter, conduct Lord Seyton to the court-yard, and let him suffer."

The prisoner spoke—

"Baron de Tracey, I die a victim to thy base revenge, and in opposition to the honourable laws of warfare. Farewell, and may a heavy retribution fall upon you! Lead on."

They left the room. So agitated was De Tracey by conflicting passions, that the missives of De Valmont lay unperused, although, perhaps, they contained reference to the subject nearest and dearest to his heart—his child's welfare. In a few moments Walter reentered the apartment.

"Is it done?"

"My lord, your prisoner is dead. Will your lordship that De Valmont's messenger depart, or rest until tomorrow?"

"De Valmont?—true, I had forget the missives; give them to me."

He broke the seal, and was about to peruse the contents, when suddenly raising his eyes to the casement, they rested on some object on the water; he placed the papers on the table.

"Walter," he said, hurriedly, "what is yon boat? it holds two persons, is *one* a woman?"

Walter gazed for a moment; the boat was stealing cautiously along under the shadow of a cloud which then obscured the moon.

"My lord, they are both men; both wear the uniform of the king's soldiers."

"So, so; spies, doubtless, who under cover of the darkness would examine the strength of our out-posts."

"Shall I bid the sentinel to fire, my lord?"

"No, fool; by that time they will have rowed out of the reach of his arrow. Lend me thy bow, my arm is nervous still."

The boat still continued securely on its course, protected by the darkness, when suddenly the moon shone out in all her brilliancy. De Tracey's eye lighted up; already was his hand upon the lock.

"Hold awhile, my lord; one of the strangers is a boy; I can see the light hair flowing from beneath his cap; perhaps some only son—his father's hope—"

"Prate not to me, fool! what heed I of his father?" He touched the lock,—"Behold! my aim is true! the arrow's in his heart. He falls senseless. 'Tis a fate he well deserves."

By this time the boat had attracted the notice of all the sentinels, and a shower of arrows, indiscriminately fired, was the consequence. Some took effect, for the elder of the two rose from his seat, reeled, and fell over the side of the frail bark, which instantly filling with water, sunk, and a few bubbling eddies alone showed the spot of this tragedy.

"So perish all my enemies!" said De Tracey, coolly seating himself,—"and now my tidings."

He again opened the packet, and read on for some moments, when he stopped, gave a low groan, and sunk upon the ground. Walter raised his master to his chair.

"My lord," said he, "are the tidings evil?——"

"Read, good Walter, read," said the Baron, hoarsely, "Retribution has indeed fallen on my head!" and again he sunk back in his chair. Walter read—

"To the noble the Baron de Tracey, greeting,—These, by a trusty messenger, will inform you, that the fair Edith will join you, for the better security, in male attire, and in the garb of your foes. She will approach the castle in a boat. Be thou careful that none of thy archers molest her ———"

The paper fell from Walter's hands—

"My lord, my lord," said he, "what evil fate is this?"

He turned to his master,—but the vacant countenance, and dull stare of De Tracey, told him too plainly that the shock had taken a serious effect,—for he addressed AN IDIOT!

LA NOVIZIA.

The night was dark and stormy, not a star was to be seen, the wind blew a hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled awfully at a distance, and the lightning's vivid flash, lit up, for a moment, in a blaze, one of the apartments of the Santa Trinità. The convent of the Santa Trinità was situated in a most romantic spot; high hills surrounded it on every side, and before it ran a small rivulet. Within the apartment through which the lightning darted, sat, or rather reclined, a beautiful girl on a couch, which was drawn near the casement, and so absorbed was she in thought that she heeded not the conflict of the warring elements, which had now arrived at such a pitch that they seemed to threaten the destruction of the convent. Half of the window was open, and a torrent of rain, which drenched the white robe of Ippolita, first awoke her from her reverie. It was almost two o'clock, but her mind having been too much agitated the preceding day, she had, notwithstanding all her efforts, courted sleep in vain. She hastily advanced to shut the casement, but her attention was arrested by a small boat on the lake, which seemed to be striving to approach the wall of the convent, containing two men, whose features she could not distinguish, the night being so dark. Surprised at so unusual a circumstance (for the convent lay in a very sequestered spot) she resolved to watch their movements, and accordingly, the tempest having abated, she stationed herself at the window. The water, however, had been too much agitated by the recent storm, to allow of the bark's approaching the shore, and after many useless efforts, they were obliged to return, and were soon lost in the gloom which pervaded every thing. Ippolita, for some moments, remained, pondering on what she had just seen, but at last, yielding herself to nature's

weariness, sunk into a sound repose, from which she was awoke by the entrance of Bianca, with her breakfast. I must now leave her to partake of her morning repast, and inform my readers who she was.

Ippolita Consalla was the only child of the Conde Consalla: she had lost her mother when she was two years old, and she had been brought up in the convent of the Santa Trinità. The Conde liked his daughter as much as he could like any body, but his pride was so intolerable that he sacrificed every thing to it. Being descended from one of the highest families of Rome, he thought he could, without presumption, assume a certain hauteur amongst his friends; by which, however, he lost almost all of them, except those who hovered about him for interest's sake; and, at the time we are now speaking of, they were reduced comparatively to a very small number. Having said enough of the Conde, I will request my readers to spare me a few moments to describe his daughter. Ippolita had now attained her seventeenth year; she was rather above the middle size, and was of a sylph-like figure. Her expressive black eyes beamed with delight, from under their long silken fringes, her beautiful raven locks hung in luxuriance upon her cheeks, whose delicacy was relieved by a tint of the rose, and were partly concealed by a long white veil, which hung over her shoulders; her character—but why need I describe it?—she was the idol of all around her, and was especially beloved by the Sisters of the Santa Trinità. She had never resided at her father's castello, except for a few months every year; but so much boistrous mirth and riot prevailed, that she was glad to return to her peaceful home. The Abbess of the Santa Trinità was a stern woman, who governed her little court with a rod of iron; she had conceived rather a dislike for Ippolita, for her gay and artless manner, which she deemed incompatible with religion. She had courted the Duchesa Robarsa, Ippolita's aunt, to prevail on her to use her influence with the Conde to induce him to consent to his daughter becoming an inmate for life of the Santa Trinità, knowing that it would be such a rich acquisition for her convent. The Duchesa Robarsa was the Conde's sister; she was of a diabolical disposition, and had married a poor Duca, not for the sake of love, but because he was of an ancient family. He died in a few years after their marriage, and had left her a bare maintenance. The Duchesa was aware that if Ippolita should take the veil, she would become the sole heiress of the Conde's immense wealth. She therefore represented to him the benefits which his daughter would receive by devoting herself to a monastic life; and that as she had never entered into the gaieties of life, she could not possibly regret them. The unbounded influence which his sister possessed over him, at last prevailed, for he demurred at first at parting with Ippolita, and his consent being given, the successful Duchesa informed her niece, that the Conde and herself had agreed that they thought it better for her *dear* Ippolita, that she should become one of the Sisters of the Santa Trinità, adding, if the proposal met with her approbation. The Duchesa was obliged to utter the last part of the sentence as the Conde had informed her that he would not force his daughter's inclination. The Duchesa also told Ippolita that she thought she had better take the black veil at once. Ippolita, who had been accustomed to yield implicit obedience to her aunt's wishes, assented to the first part of the proposition, but she objected to the latter and her aunt was obliged to depart with the assurance, that Ippolita would, the succeeding day, commence her noviciate. Accordingly, the following day, she pronounced her first vows, and the year had almost expired, at the end of which she was to take the black veil, when a circumstance occurred which completely altered her views. One day, as she was attending vespers, her rosary dropt, and as she partly raised her veil to pick it up, a cavaliere, of a very handsome countenance, darted forward and restored it to its fair owner. As he presented it to her, their eyes met, and he gazed on her with such evident admiration, that she blushed deeply, and instantly folded her veil thickly over her face. This circumstance prevented her attending to her devotions, and, as she rose to depart, she perceived the same cavalier standing against a pillar, apparently intently watching her movements. I must now satisfy the curiosity of my readers, and inform them who this stranger was. Antonio Bannetto was the second son of a very rich nobleman of Naples. He possessed, in an eminent degree, every grace of person, joined to the far more attractive ones of the mind. He had distinguished himself on the field of battle, and had been, a short time previous to the opening of my tale, ordered, with his regiment, into Rome. At a fête given by the Conde, he had first beheld the lovely Ippolita. It was the only ball she was ever present at, but it proved a momentous one to her. It is almost needless to say, that Antonio, having seen her, loved her. He happened, one day, to meet her in the grounds which surrounded the castello, and had the satisfaction to detain her one hour by his agreeable conversation, but he dared not venture, on so slight an acquaintance, to mention his love for her. He had, however, created in her a pleasure in his society, which she attempted not to disguise, and had made a lasting impression on her memory. Ippolita had, in a moment of surprise and agitation, assented to her aunt's proposal, but no sooner had she done it than she regretted the hasty step which she had taken. A week was now only to elapse, and her fate was to be decided for ever, when, as she was returning from mass, Antonio slipped a small piece of paper into her hand, but did it with so much promptitude, that it was observed by no one. Having reached her apartment, she hastily opened the paper, and read as follows:—" It is in vain for me to attempt any longer to smother the passion which I have conceived for the loveliest of your sex. Should I have been so fortunate as to have created in your bosom a similar flame, write (or I will) to your father, and entreat him to consent to the ratification of those solemn vows which I now make to you, of eternal constancy. Write speedily, for I have heard that in a few days you are to take the veil, which would for ever separate you from your devoted Antonio Banetto. I shall attend vespers to-morrow, in order to receive your answer. Oh! that it may prove propitious, is my most ardent prayer."

It is impossible to describe the sensations which Ippolita felt on reading this epistle. She had long been aware that he was not indifferent to her, but she had never imagined that he felt a similar passion. She read the precious letter over and over again, and then she threw herself on a couch, to ruminate on the last few eventful moments. Sleep, however, interrupted her meditations, and she did not awake till morning had long dawned. She quickly dressed herself, and then sat down to write an answer to Antonio Banetto; wherein she informed him that she returned his affection, but at the same time she expressed her fears concerning her father's consent, as every thing had been long arranged that she should take the veil. To write to the Conde was a more difficult task, she feared, as in the preceding letter, to express the warm effusions of her heart, but was obliged to restrain them, in order that she might not excite his anger. A day elapsed, and still she received no answer from her father; but on the second day she received a letter, not, as she expected, from the Conde, but from her aunt, in which she informed her, that the Conde had expired the preceding day. The Duchesa then added, that she forbad, on pain of her severest displeasure, her union with Antonio; that she intended to be present at her solemn renunciation of the world, and exhorted her to prepare for the duties she was about to perform. To describe the conflicting emotions which agitated the bosom of Ippolita at this unexpected annihilation of all her hopes, would be perfectly useless, suffice it to say, that when Bianca entered with her lamp, she was lying on a couch senseless. With her help, Ippolita soon recovered, and she then revealed to the amazed girl her connection with Antonio, her letter to her father, and the answer to it. Bianca was a poor peasant, who had lost her parents at the age of sixteen, and she would have been without a home, had

not her engaging and artless manner so won the heart of our heroine, that she solicited and obtained the Conde's consent to Bianca's becoming an inmate of the castello. She adored her young mistress, and had, by her frantic expressions of despair at being separated from her, obtained permission to accompany her to the convent. Ippolita thought that she had better speedily communicate her had tidings to Antonio; and, fearing that her mode of communication might become suspicious, from its constant repetition, she resolved that Bianco should convey it to him. Antonio having received Ippolita's last letter, the thought struck him, that she might possibly escape, and accordingly, with Roberto, his domestic, whom he had made his confident, be hired a small boat, in order that he might reconnoitre the convent. My readers are already acquainted of the result of his expedition.

We left Ippolita about to partake of her morning repast; it went away, however, untouched, for her mind was too mucb occupied with her distressing situation. But she was destined soon to be relieved, for she received a letter from Antonio: it was short, but replete with interest to her. He informed her that he had arranged every thing for her escape, and that, at twelve o'clock that night, he would be under her window; they would then proceed to his married sister, the Countessa Giulia, whom he had entrusted with their secret, wbere she could remain until he had made the necessary arrangements for their nuptials. Bianca having heard the contents, entreated that she might be permitted to accompany her, which request Ippolita readily granted. The day was spent in a state of restless agitation by both mistress and servant, for they both dreaded lest they should be discovered. At length the bell of the convent slowly tolled the hour of midnight; all was still and hushed; a death-like silence prevailed. Ippolita, after having wrapt her mantle around her, gently approached the casement; at the fall of every leaf she trembled, fearing that it might be somebody who would intercept their flight. Antonio at length appeared, and so rapid was she in her movements, that before ten minutes had elapsed, she was seated in the boat by the side of Antonio, with her faithful Bianca. Before morning had dawned, they were lodged in a small room of one of the Albergos. Ippolita, having rested, they resolved to continue, as speedily as possible, their route, in order that they might reach their destination before the shades of night had covered the earth. After a long and wearisome journey, they arrived at the beautiful villa of the Countessa Giulia, who welcomed them with a smile; and, in a kind and soft tone, bade Ippolita consider her residence her home as long as she liked. Days and weeks elapsed, and Ippolita became, each day, more attached to her amiable hostess. But this sweet calm was destined not to last, for a month had hardly past ere Antonio was summoned to join his regiment. It would be useless to describe the agony of the lovers, at their unexpected separation. After having vowed eternal fidelity to each other, Antonio was compelled to tear himself away, leaving Ippolita insensible in the arms of his sister. The kindness of the Contessa soon restored Ippolita to comparative calmness, and she began to look forward with pleasure to Antonio's return, which they daily expected.

One day, as she was taking her usual promenade, leaning on the arm of the Contessa Giulia, two men darted out of a close carriage, and forced the terrified Ippolita into it. The Contessa shrieked for assistance, but they had wandered far from any habitation, and she listened but in vain for approaching footsteps. Our wretched heroine and her conductors continued their route for some time in silence, till Ippolita entreated to know where she was going to; they still, however, remained silent, and the unhappy girl, finding she received no answer, sunk back in the carriage in a state of frantic despair. The windows of the carriage being drawn up, Ippolita could not perceive what rout they were pursuing. At last, they stopped, and the two men, roughly laying hold of Ippolita, led her into a small dark apartment, whose only furniture was a chair, a table, and a bed. They pointed to some dried fruits, and then quitted the apartment, taking care to secure the door. Ippolita sunk, overwhelmed by her misfortunes, on the couch, and endeavoured to collect her scattered thoughts. It seemed to her all a dream; could her aunt or the Abbess have found out her retreat, notwithstanding all their precautions? The hours dragged heavily on, and Ippolita viewed with pleasure the first bright beams of the morning, shedding their mild lustre through her half-closed casement. She felt thankful that she had been left to herself, but it was destined not to last, for, early in the morning, a female, of forbidding aspect, entered the apartment, and was about to supply the table with fresh fruit, when, perceiving that the former supply was untouched, she, without answering Ippolita's reiterated questions, as to where she was, left the apartment, taking the same precaution to prevent escape, as the two men had done before. At nine o'clock at night, Ippolita again resumed her journey, and, after travelling all night, she arrived, to her surprise and horror, at the gate of the Santa Trinità. She fainted, on perceiving where she was; and when she recovered, she found herself lying on a straw pallet, with one of the Sisters watching her. The Sister inquired how she felt herself, and Ippolita's burning hands and forehead, but too plainly told that she was in a high fever. Feeling violent thirst, she asked for something to appease it; and felt considerably relieved, on receiving some cool beverage. Towards evening, becoming worse, medical aid was called in, and the Esculapius of the convent pronounced Ippolita to be in a very dangerous state. Youth and a good constitution at length triumphed over the malady which her mental sufferings had produced, and Ippolita rose from the bed of sickness to encounter fresh sorrows. As she was one day in her lonely chamber, absorbed in thought, the Abbess and the Duchesa Robarsa entered. To describe Ippolita's terror at their entrance, would be impossible; she would have fallen on the ground had not Sister Anna, who had attended her during her illness, caught her in her arms. After she had recovered, the Abbess desired Sister Anna to leave them. The Duchesa first broke silence, and after having upbraided Ippolita with her disobedience, she told her, with an indescribable look of malignancy, that now she had no tie to the world, as Antonio had fallen in battle. Ippolita fainted, on hearing this, and the Abbess, ringing the bell, Sister Anna appeared, whom she desired to attend upon Ippolita. When the wretched girl recovered, she asked for Bianca, and Sister Anna informed her that she had several times been to the convent, but the Abbess had desired that she should not be admitted. At the earnest solicitation of Ippolita, she consented to try to admit Bianca secretly; but she told Ippolita, that there were many difficulties attending this step, for the Abbess watched all her movements, fearing that she might be induced, by her affection for Ippolita, to aid her escape. The Abbess and the Duchesa did not again visit our heroine for two days, and in the interim she saw Bianca. Her faithful attendant told her that she had brought several letters from Antonio, which had been left at the house of the Contessa Giulia; the latter had, after many fruitless attempts, discovered where she was, but that she dared not visit her. Bianca then added, that she had heard from Sister Anna, that as soon as her flight was discovered, the Abbess had immediately written to her aunt, who had sent two of her domestics who knew Ippolita, to discover her retreat; that they had at last learnt that she resided at the Contessa Giulia's, and that they had accidently met her. Bianca having given her this information, was obliged to depart. Ippolita was overwhelmed with joy, as she opened successively the letters of Antonio, and the thought struck her, that what the Duchesa had told her concerning Antonio's death was false, but, as she looked at the date of the last letter, which was written ten days back, she again sunk into an abyss of grief, as she now felt certain that her aunt had received later information. She could not write to him, for she knew that he was not stationary. She now gave herself up to despair, but she just possessed strength enough to write a few lines to the Contessa, which she conveyed to

her by Bianca. She told her dear friend, that she was fast wasting away, and that she felt that she could not long survive the loss of her beloved Antonio; she entreated her, as her dying request, to take care of her faithful Bianca; and ended by thanking her over and over again for her kindness to her. For days and weeks, Ippolita remained in a state of listless despondency; she appeared insensible to all around her, and hardly ever spoke. Bianca's visits were now fewer and shorter, for she believed that the Abbess had begun to suspect. One night, as Bianca entered the room, she inquired how her mistress felt herself. Ippolita returned no answer. Bianca softly pronounced the name of Antonio; it acted like an electric shock upon Ippolita; she started up, and implored her to tell her if she had seen him. Bianca replied, that she had; that he had arrived the preceding night at his sister's, and had there learnt the whole of the departure of Ippolita; that he had immediately set of for the convent; that he had been admitted secretly, by sister Anna, and that he was now waiting in the anti-chamber. Ippolita uttered a shriek of joy, and faintly pronounced the name of Antonio; but, faint as it was, it was heard by the anxious lover, who, rushing into the room, clasped his beloved Ippolita to his bosom. After bending over her a few moments, he was about to speak, when he perceived that she was senseless; the shock had been too much for her enfeebled frame; she had sunk beneath it. Antonio, after having thrown himself on the body of his dead mistress, was torn away by the united efforts of Bianca and sister Anna, was conveyed into his carriage, and arrived safely at the Contessa Giulia's. When the Duchesa and the Abbess were informed of Ippolita's decease, they immediately repaired to her apartment, and, in justice to them, I must allow, that they viewed with great emotion the once beautiful and lively Ippolita, a cold and stiffened corpse. Antonio raved incessantly for several days, but at last, by the unremitting attentions of his kind sister, he recovered partially his health, but not his spirits. War being proclaimed, he promptly obeyed the call to duty, and fell, sword in hand, bravely defending his country.

EUGENIE.

THE BRIDAL.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

I awoke—'twas a still Summer's morning, the sun was shining brilliantly upon my muslin curtains, and the delicate tint of a pale blue sky threw a softened shade into my apartment, that I could not resist rising, and peeping through my vine-hung casement. Though early, I found I had been anticipated; my eyes rested upon a pretty country lass, seated between two panniers, on a sleek, quiet looking creature of the donkey tribe. In her right hand she held a little wicker-work kind of basket, filled, no doubt, with the *hopes* of many a pretty speckled cackler, and, perched on her knee, I observed another receptacle, framed like the above, from which peeped sundry green leaves, covering, I presumed, the earliest and best produce of her walled garden. Ere half an hour had elapsed, you might have seen me in the well-gravelled path, walking towards the nicely weeded parterre. I passed the bee-hives—the little creatures were rifling the treasures from blossoms around them; here were flowers of every hue, and every perfume; many a bud had opened its dewy eye since yesterday, and wishing for an addition to my album, I commenced gathering the choicest, intending to place them in a goblet, and with my drawing materials before me, on the library table, sketching them from Nature. So sweet were the roses, as they hung their beauteous heads in the midst of the mossy beds, they were irresistible. Then there were round me others, if not possessing so fine a fragrance, at least boasting of great beauty and richness. Blue, pink, purple, crimson, and violet, in turn felt their taper stalks tremble beneath my palm. Then my myrtles were in bright blossom; as for my geraniums, they were "Aunt Christines," she always wore a sprig in her waist-band. My pretty task completed, 'twas placed on the seat of the summer-house. I was busily employed tying up some carnations, when a peal from the village bells roused me to the remembrance, that the peasantry expected a bridal-party. Taking up my tiny bouquet, I ran into the house, and throwing my silk cloak over my shoulders, sallied forth to make enquiries. I stopped at the little white gate, with the quick-set on either side, and passing through it, knocked at the door; 'twas the residence of that interesting young creature, Jessy Henderson; her only domestic opened it, and immediately (for I was on too intimate a'footing to require announcing) entered the little parlour, which she styles her nursery. She was arrayed simply, and neatly, and employed washing her beautiful boy; she was, and still is, the pride of the hamlet, her eyes are as blue, oh! I cannot imagine any thing so softly blue, except a summer's sky, when the sun has just whispered "Farewell," and kissed the blushing cheeks, and rosy lips, of the musk roses; then her hair is so golden, when she stands in the light, and her mouth—her laughing, beautifully expressive mouth!—'twas made for kissing. She was the curate's daughter, and she married a first cousin, a young officer in the army, high in hope, but with whom promotion was very slow, although he had gathered laurel after laurel, and they rested unfading upon his brow. He was a fine manly fellow; and, in his last letter, said his "Jessy" might expect him ere Summer closed. He had scarcely seen his lovely boy, who was his father's miniature, with his tiny head covered with clustering curls; his forehead, high and arched; then, his finely moulded limbs—'twas a happy-looking creature, so was his mother; the cottage was her own, had been her father's; every thing within was neat and good. I soon learnt the particulars respecting the intended wedding, so, rising, shook hands with Jessy, and kissed her engaging child, who was now dressed, looking like a little "Adonis," and promising to join her in an hour, to have a peep at the ceremony, departed. I returned through the churchyard. One door of the sacred edifice was open, and I observed "Dame Cicely," and her imbecile son, ("Crazy Tom," as the boys styled him; but withal a harmless wight,) busily employed with their besoms. That morn', the coffee, and toast, with the new-laid eggs, proved delicious, for my appetite (never on the decline,) was prodigiously improved by the breeze of the early day; and "Aunt Chrissie" said, that the vermeil on my cheeks had received an additional touch. The amiable "spinster" negatived my wish, that she would accompany me to the church, yet hoped I would be the bearer of a request to "Jessy," that she would join our little party in the evening. I was soon equipped in my chintz muslin gown, and straw hat—a comfortable appendage—but different, far different to those purchased at Madame Boileau's Rooms, that emporium of taste and elegance, where every thing around you breathes of dear Paris, even to the fair creatures who preside at this "Temple of Fashion." Such a world had scarcely been heard of, assuredly not known, to the unsophisticated "Jessy." I found her prepared for her little ramble, and far prettier than I had ever seen her; her babe was nestling in "Mary's" bosom. Leaving injunctions not to disturb its light slumbers, we took our way to the village church. All was in unison with the happy day,—the songsters amused us with their sweet melody, whilst, now and then, a peal from the ivied belfry sounded louder and more joyous. The villagers had assembled in the churchyard, some were seated on the low wall, others, consisting chiefly of aged gossips, found a resting-place on the willow-bound graves. The sound of wheels was heard, and in a few seconds, the little cavalcade was actually stopping at the gate. There were two carriages and four, and one chariot and pair. Immediately on her alighting, I recognised the bride; she was a lovely creature, a beauteous flower, in early blossom. Her white satin robe hung in graceful folds, beneath which just peeped the prettiest little foot in the world, enveloped in a satin slipper. Oh! it was so small, surely the Ottoman which I have just completed, with its azure ground and olive-shaded leaves, was made for it. Then, from her head descended a rich lace veil, which was fastened to her tresses by a brilliant ornament,

constantly trembling in unison, no doubt, with the palpitations beneath. The bride's attendants were young and pretty girls, all similarly attired in white, with half-blown roses intermingling with their ringletted hair. I could scarcely take my eyes from the fascinating one, the queen of the day, Cupid's lovely votary. Oh! had you seen her smile, when she took the arm of her aged parent, whilst I fancied a tear trembled in his eye. We followed them into the church, and, being dressed in a style of perfect simplicity, had no idea of attracting the attention of any of the group. I soon knew which was the bridegroom elect; he was a very elegant and handsome young man, so perfectly at ease, and so truly gentlemanly. Being particularly engaged with the interesting ceremony, I did not remark the attention with which we were regarded, until my sweet companion drew my eyes from the bride, and I saw those of a gentleman, about eight-and-twenty years of age, earnestly fixed upon me. I blushed dreadfully, and was rather surprised that having noticed him, had produced a similar effect. I endeavoured to feel as composed as possible, but to no purpose; the stranger had positively destroyed all the interest with which I had entered. The poor old father, however, recalled my senses; he was giving his child away. It was too much for him, and he wept like an infant; the beautiful creature sobbed also, but joy, with her, was but one feeling. The lover received her as his heart's best treasure, and responded in a clear manly voice. They were now pronounced man and wife, and her friends were offering their congratulations; the principal actors in this affecting scene then retired into the vestry, but the "stranger," who, I observed, still regarded me, remained. I was relating an anecdote connected with the life of a great warior, who now rested in his marble tomb, when, hearing the soft approach of footsteps, I turned my head, and encountered the full black eyes of the young man. Politely apologising for the intrusion, he requested a reply to something he advanced; and, in the little conversation which ensued, I really felt highly interested. His had a polish in it—a degree of elegancy—nay, his manners were almost courtly, and a something in the rich tones of his voice that charmed me. The party were, one by one, leaving the vestry, and he, gracefully bowing, declaring how much pleasure he had felt in our short-lived society, departed. During the ceremony, the bells had been perfectly mute; now, the villagers re-doubled their energy, probably expecting a double fee. Be that as it may, all around us spoke of life and gaieity. The blush of the bride had assumed a deeper glow, and the lustre of her eye spoke her supreme felicity. The party stepped into the carriages, the doors closed, and in a few seconds they were out of sight. Indeed, when the peal was no longer heard, the circumstance had been obliterated from the minds of the beholders, but for the yellow-boys which, speaking the generosity of the donors, were to be distributed among the poor.

We returned home, "Jessy" promising to wait on us immediately the important repast, yeleped dinner, was concluded. The hour of twilight had passed; brightly rose the full moon in the starry world, shewing below many a green field and dew-covered meadow; aye, and many a bed of wild blossoms slept in the calm light, whilst the fairy elves sported, in happy revelry, in that soft and stilly hour; all was balmy and beautifully serene; old "Sarah" had not entered to close the shutters, and the sweet "Jessy" being unable to continue her netting, having replaced it in the little French basket, requested I would oblige her with a favourite Italian air on my guitar. 'Twas soon taken from its case, which having tuned, she preluded it with a simple ballad, warbling the strains in such melting pathos. I saw "Aunt Chrissie" wipe away a tear with her cambric handkerchief, we then duetted it for some little time. Fancying I heard footsteps, though indistinctly, treading the path leading to the front entrance, I instantly laid down my instrument, but almost directly resumed it, supposing it was perhaps the night breeze rustling the leaves of the lime trees, or, perchance the echo of a receding footfall, from a peasant returning to his little cot in the vale. The entrance of Sarah put to flight all imaginary suppositions, "a gentleman requested my attention a few minutes." I entered the left-hand parlour, (which, by the bye, is our withdrawing-room), and by the silvery light of Luna, recognised in his military dress, the handsome "Albert," Jessy's much-loved husband. The door over whose threshhold I had but just passed, again receded, and the young wife was pressed to the warm heart of him her soul held most dear. A few words sufficed to explain, Having reached his home, finding Jessy was with me, he kissed his lovely sleeping babe, and soon arrived at our porch. Dreading lest his sudden arrival might prove too much for the gentle creature, he intended delegating the task of introduction to her friend. But the quick ears of faithful and devoted love, saved all anxiety on that subject, and her happiness was now complete. "Aunt Chrissie" warmly participated in the general joy. I hope my young readers have not fancied her all this time, what is too frequently, and not inaptly termed, an old maid; no, she was a kind, good-natured soul, took no snuff, (but even that would be a pardonable offence, if in moderation), neither was she prodigiously attached to parrots, lap-dogs, and preferring a grimalkin to almost all creation, but above all learning the whole business of the hamlet. No, no, she gloried in doing good, comforting the sick and afflicted, and then (which you'll allow is somewhat surprising), she was the principal promoter of "Sarah Grey" and "Betsy Jones's" marriage with two excellent industrious young men, the one a carter, and the other a gardener's fag, nay had even lent them money to begin the world with. These kindnesses I have just mentioned, to give you a little insight into her general character. Most heartily she rejoiced in the re-union of her favourites, and a tear trembled in her mild eyes when a "GoodNight" was echoed, although we promised to meet again on the morrow. Well, I will rise earlier on this said day, and cull the fairest flowers in my little garden; they shall be for "Jessy," but my full blown carnations, I will reserve for her particularly, as a present for her "Albert." She knows he loves that flower, for many reasons; and 'twill so please her dear one; and now, having seen them across the meadows, "Sarah" may bring in candles, and I will endeavour to amuse my "Aunt" for the next hour, by concluding the second volume of the American Novelist's last new work. So, having taken leave of the world without, for to-night, permit me, my young friends, just to whisper, "Adieu." Until we meet again.

MARY ANNE.

THE SELECTOR.

LONDON IDYLS.

SCENE—*Pall Mall and St. James's-street.*

DAMON—SYLVIA.

Damon and Sylvia had from earliest youth been linked in friendship's bonds; and as they grew in years that friendship ripened into a tender feeling. Their anxious parents watched the mutual flame, and cherished it—for they were equals in the world: and Love and Forture, blind as they are painted, seemed for once united in rewarding two fond hearts.

The day arrived to which they had so long looked forward, when Hymen was to sanctify their plighted vows. It was a lovely morning, the birds sang sweetly, and the gentle Sylvia in her bridal robe, her fair hair intertwined with orange flowers, her mantling blushes hid beneath her flowing veil, knelt before the altar. Damon was by her side. The Bishop breathed a blessing on their bowed-down heads, and prayers were offered for their future happiness. The bells rang merrily, the sparkling favors fluttered in the breeze, the guests smiled on the happy pair—and Damon and Sylvia were the pride and envy of the gay throng.

The early life of gentle Sylvia had been passed in rural scenes; she never had tasted of the pleasures which the town offered; nor was it until four short weeks of cloudless happiness had passed across her bridal brow that she had ever seen the mighty city where she was now dwelling. Every object was new to her; all she saw or heard attracted her attention, and awakened her

curiosity. It was Damon's pleasing task to teach her where to rove amongst its mazy labyrinths—to shew her the busy haunts of men, and fill her young mind with new ideas.

Behold them now installed in lodgings near the corner of Pall-mall. The palace clock, long absent, now restored, being high above Sir Charles Wade Thornton, Lady Westmeath, and the Maids of Honour—was striking three, when Damon, leading Sylvia down the steps next door but one to Sams's shop, thus whispered gently in her ear.

Damon. The sun is bright—the sky is clear—the south breeze gently blows my love. Come forth, my Sylvia; let us seek the higher ground of Piccadilly.

Sylvia. Too gladly will I go, my dear; but what is Piccadilly?

Damon. A street; so named my Sylvia, not, as perhaps you might suppose, from any peccadilloes there committed, but from a game so called, in which, in other days the villagers delighted. Come, let me lead you.

Sylvia. (Turning the corner). Oh! Damon, what a lovely place! Is this St. James's-street?

Damon. It is, my dearest. That white house at the corner *was* a hotel, bought by Lord Middleton one day, and up for sale the next; the man who dwells below makes bugles; and as he makes, he tries them. Sweet is the hunter's horn in glades like those we used to haunt; under one's breakfast parlour such a din is most discordant; his lordship liked it not and left it. That door is Graham's, where they play at whist; and as in t'other case, whene'er they doubt about a trick *they trump it.* The next is Cary's map shop—but stay, we'll wander up *this* side, and view its charms, and so return along the shade of t'other.

Sylvia. E'en as you will; be you my guide.

Damon. This is the Coffee-mill.

Sylvia. You speak in riddles. I can see no mill.

Damon. The grocer's shop, where Alvanly and Nugent, Sefton, Massy Dawson, Petre, Thornhill, and Lord Sligo go to be weighed. The scales with skill are poised, and each plump peer is put in one, and many ponderous lumps in t'other. See, Sylvia, where the crimson cords denotes the place of privilege.

Sylvia. Strange custom, sure, this way of weighing.

Damon. Just by the door you see that horizontal aperture; that is the box belonging to the post-office. In *that* are dropped the hopes of lovers, and the fears of maidens; orders for candlesticks; letters to Lord Grey; prescriptions for the gout; proofs for the press; counsel for sons and hints for daughters; answers to dunning tradesmen; twaddle from dark blue women, and advice from deep-read men.

Sylvia. Oh! talk not so, my Damon—where dwells those tribes of red and blue?

Damon. Sweet innocence unparalleled! My gentle Sylvia, you shall know them all in time. This is the new Bazaar of Crockford.

Sylvia. It is a goodly temple.

Damon. Its votaries are few. 'Tis pleasant now and then to roam along its path, and steal beside the counters where the fair-haired damsels sit.

Sylvia. Steal! do they?

Damon. At times, my Sylvia. Ladies there be who have a taking way with them. But say no more. This house is Farquhar's Bank, where see those busy people drawing gold to keep all things alive; Healy, a skilful leech—Nicholls the stockmaker—and Nugee the tailor, cluster round its base; and Lewis, christened Kensington, displays rich store of silver plate, both "new and second hand."

Sylvia. Oh! pleasing sight!

Damon. Here is poor Gilray's favorite shop, long kept by Mrs. Humphreys; and here the Athenæum.

Sylvia. What! where the Judges, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors dwell?

Damon. No, dearest love; that is below, just down by Carlton-gardens, whither tomorrow we will roam. *This* bears the name indeed; but else no likeness to those realms of soft repose and gentle dulness over which Minerva in her state presides.

Sylvia. And what tall house is *this?*

Damon. 'Tis Boodle's.

Sylvia. Say, Damon, what are Boodles?

Damon. Men in uncouth great coats, perhaps in spencers, with brown topped boots or long cloth gaiters on their legs, with whips or sticks in hand, and broad rimmed hats upon their heads, with now and then a small pigtail behind protruding. They wear buff waistcoats, sometimes striped and sometimes plain, even scarlet may be seen in winter spread o'er their broad expansive fronts, with powder in their hair—elsewhere exploded.

Sylvia. Strange creatures!

Damon. Here is a shop for curiosities, full of temptation, Sylvia. See, four China vases and a porcelain dog, two India screens, a kris, and half a score of fans, a crimson pan of fish and counters, a dozen unmatched cups and saucers, pierced ivory balls, and snakes preserved, three Sandwich Island spears, a mandarin and wife, two josses and a hookah, a stuffed macaw, a silver tankard, and a portrait of Lord Henry Petty, now Lord Lansdowne.

Sylvia. I scarce can trust my eyes with such variety.

Damon. Triphook the bookseller lives here, once landlord to the Duke of Marlborough; and this is Evans's, late Cunningham and Evans, nearly related to the Cunningham of Harrow, who wrote the "Velvet Cushion." Look! Sylvia, this is White's, in yon bay window stand the gallant Horace, and the handsome Forester, the kind and witty Alvanly, the noble Worcester, pungent Sir Joseph, and the gay Glengall, the "King," the "Kang," the "Colonel," Archy Macdonald, and Sir Andrew Barnard.

Sylvia. A goodly group—what do they here?

Damon. Look out and watch, and "tell their tales of every passing passenger."

Sylvia. In sooth, 'tis gentle pastime.

Damon. Come, Sylvia, come, we are now in Piccadilly; retire we by the other side, and so, beneath the shade of Hoby's shop, retrace our steps to Pall Mall corner. The guards rest here—to whom their countrymen stand largely bound in debt of gratitude. 'Tis here they "unfatigue" themselves from all the toils of war. And *this* is Crockford's.

Sylvia. 'Tis a palace.

Damon. This is the coffee-room, and that the morning-room. See, o'er the blind, the blooming Wombwell, William Lennox, Castlereagh, and Thynne, Tom Duncombe, Henry Fitzroy, Craven Berkeley, Maxse, Fane, and Sidney.

Sylvia. Do *they* pass their days in gazing on the street?

Damon. Their days, my dearest; but at night they sometimes play at hazard.

Sylvia. Tell me what is hazard?

Damon. A simple game, played thus. A smiling group of goodly swains sit round a table covered with a cloth, and padded, so that too much noise shall not assail the ear, and marked with *pour et contre*, for and against, or words to that effect. On one side is the banker with great store of counters representing money; to him opposed sits as croupier, the man who calls the main and chance, and aids the banker in his drafts and payments.

Sylvia. What *is* a main, and what a chance?

Damon. The player holds a box in which he puts two dice; he shakes it, and before he strikes it on the table, calls a number; that is the main. He throws; and if he nick it not, the number which he throws becomes his chance against the main he called.

Sylvia. Pry'thee go on—I love to hear thee—I could listen all day to such sweet prattle.

Damon. Eleven's the nick to seven—Twelve to six or eight—but calling seven, "twelve" is crabs, and so "eleven" is to six or eight, deuce, ace, and aces always are.

Sylvia. Say, Damon, might *I* join this pleasant sport?

Damon. Such things are done; but by the sacred vow that binds us to each other, I do adjure thee, touch not the box. Take a fond husband's anxious counsel, and when you *have* the opportunity, play not yourself, but bet, and back the caster out.

Sylvia. Oh! virtuous Damon, trust me. What's here?

Damon. 'Tis Willis's, the musical saloon, where playing of a different sort goes on. These are hotels; this the Colonial Club, where broken merchants and much injured planters mourn the

march of cant and innovation—and this is Brookes's.

Sylvia. Oh! I have heard of this, even in Devon's clustering groves. I pray thee tarry not, but let us hasten on.

Damon. This is Park-place, Lord Suffield's is the house that faces you; that on the left Lord Worcester's; opposite is Horace Twiss's, once Under Secretary of State and Member of the Commons House of Parliament, still a King's Counsel, learned in the law, and Bencher of the Inner Temple. Next door lived Alvanly, the witty and kind-hearted; his house is now converted to the uses of a club; and nearer by one door, lives Lord de Roos, the winner of all hearts, and premier baron of the realm; that white house is the Melton, where they copy Crockford's on a smaller scale. Regain we now the street—this is the Cocoa Tree, called by maligning knaves "sots' hole," in it they drink a liquor called gin punch, by Ragget made, who, for no price will sell the secret of its composition—iced in a summer evening, Sylvia, 'tis fit for Juno when she banquets.

Sylvia. It will soon be summer, Damon, now.

Damon. See here! Saint James's Palace.

Sylvia. Whither leads this path?

Damon. Up to Lord Spencer's. Come thread its wilds. That white bay window is Colquhoun's, the Hanse Town Minister, and agent for West India islands; a worthy man. The corner house is Hodgsons, late member for the town of Barnstaple; and that is Burdett's; next door lives Rogers, bard of memory; that passage underneath his house is closely locked at his desire; the muses of the Park and wood-nymphs wild so loved to haunt his magic cell, that he was forced to bar them out. That large house is Lord Spencer's, father of Lord Althorp. See here, my Sylvia, this is Cleveland-court, a shady blest retreat. That house was Villiers's, Commissioner of the Customs once, but now Ambasador in Spain. The next is Frederick Byng's.

Sylvia. Is he a Boodle?

Damon. No; he is much too young to be doomed to Boodleism yet. See, we have reached Saint James's-street again. This house is Arthur's.

Sylvia. What! the Duke of Wellington's?

Damon. No, dear; a club so called, where, when they dine, they lock the door, lest prowling wolves should snatch away their food. That lengthened building is the Thatched House called—

Sylvia. I see no thatch.

Damon. The crust is off the pie, my Sylvia.

Sylvia. Made, as they say, like promises of lovers, to be broken.

Damon. *You* should not say so. Those spacious rooms hold companies at dinner. The Catch Club, Dilittante, and Freemasons, where, though the house be thatched, they tile their lodges. It is by Willis kept, to whom belong the rooms called Almacks.

Sylvia. Shall I see *those?*

Damon. Please fate and Lady Londonderry, yes—next Wednesday. That lofty window is the Albion Club—a welcome refuge for the destitute, and called by those who know it much, the Assylum. The next is Cary's Map Shop. And now we are back again at Graham's But lo! I see the carriage at the door, and Wilkins waiting our return. Haste we to taste the balmy air of Kensington. To-morrow we will stroll again, and I will show you more of this great town.

Sylvia. Oh! pry'thee do: the music of the spheres is not so sweet as thy dear voice when telling me its wonders.

Damon. Come, dearest, come.

Cheerfully did the fair-haired Sylvia obey the summons of her Damon. They reached the carriage-door; she leant upon his proffered arm, stepped in, and took her seat; he gazed upon her for a moment, then followed her. "To Kensington," he said, and in an instant they were on their way.

Oh! happy Damon! Sylvia, fairest of the fair.—*New Monthly.*

LA REVUE MUSICALE.

No. 1. "*I'll away to the Wars.*" Poetry by John Luke Clennell; Music by Miss Clennell. Dale and Cockerel, Poultry.

No. 2. "*Poor Mary's heart is broken.*" Ballad, composed by Miss Clennell. Same Publishers.

No. 3. "*Woman's life.*" Poetry by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Music by E. J. Nielson. Purday, High Holborn.

No. 4. "*Merrily, merrily passes the day.*" Glee, Words and Music by Mrs. Colonel Stewart. A. Walker, Frith-street, Soho.

No. 5. "*May comes laughing.*" Written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; composed by J. Blewitt. Cramer and Co., Regent-street.

No. 1. This Ballad, which is dedicated to the Duke of Wellington, is a very spirited composition, and in a different style to any we have before seen by Miss Clennell. We should think Braham would do it more justice as a vocalist than Miss E. Romer, whose name is appended to the title-page.

No. 2. A sweet pathetic Ballad, very different in style to the one just spoken of, by the same composer. We cannot say much for the words by Mr. J. O. Cumming.

No. 3. The words of this Ballad have already appeared in the first series of our Magazine, under the title of the "Maids, Wives, and Widows." The composer has here named it "Woman's Life." The music is exceedingly sweet and appropriate to the words, but we are sorry to be obliged to condemn in the strongest terms the *brutality* of the taste (either of composer or publisher), which could inflict such an insult on the Author, as to place the lithographic caricature, intended, we suppose, to shew the three stages of woman's life, in the frontispiece. When we say it would disgrace a sign-post by its vulgarity, we are lenient in our censure, and we have heard every female who has seen it, declare she would not allow it a place on her music desk, till the *embellishment* was torn off. Did the ballad possess fifty times the merit it does, the sale would be spoilt by this Bartlemy-fair illustration.

No. 4. This is a very elegant Glee, and sings with good effect in a public room;—we recollect noticing it, on the evening we heard it first at the Music Hall, and prognosticated then it would become a favorite.

No. 5. "May comes laughing," (second notice). We subjoin the words of this popular ballad, of which we gave a notice in our last Musical Review. Madame Stockhausen has been singing it at the Manchester and Sheffield concerts with great applause, during her late professional tour.

May comes laughing o'er the plain,
Herald of young Summer's reign,
Breathing sweetness thro' the bowers,
Tinting with bright hues the flowers!
See! she waves her magic wand,
And earth blooms like fairy land,
Life and Beauty round her play,
'Tis the laughing month of May!

Winter's cold and leafless bough
Blushes at her presence now;
On the bush the Linnet sings,
In the brake the wild flower springs;
Sportive nymphs and happy swains,
Roam the fresh-enamel'd plains,
Ev'ry living thing doth say,
'Tis the laughing month of May!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

We are sever'd, we are sever'd,
And the world smiles on the same;
Tho' its falsehoods have endeavour'd
To quench Love's smother'd flame!
But, it only brighter flashes
From the ruin of this breast;
As the Phœnix 'mid its ashes
Springs from the parent nest!

We are sever'd, we are sever'd,
And earth seems a desert now,
Ah! vainly I've endeavour'd
To wear a careless brow!
One image floats before me
Thro' the long and lonely day,
And when pitying Sleep steals o'er me
Lights dreaming Fancy's ray!

We are sever'd, we are sever'd,
By the mountain and the main;
Yet vainly they've endeavour'd
To rend Affection's chain!
Love can soon o'er top the mountain,
And stem the billows' spray,
Light as air each danger counting,
To win its desp'rate way!

LINES

WRITTEN IN MY SISTER'S ALBUM ON HER BIRTHDAY, 15TH APRIL.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

The glorious sun his showers of light
Flings on the warm and laughing earth,
And nature dons a vesture bright,
To hail the day that gave THEE birth!
Soft shines the river—over head
The skies one sheet of sapphire spread,
Save where a fleecy cloud is driven
Across the azure front of heaven,
Making by its contrasting white,
The wide cerulean seem more deeply bright!

Yes, all things wear an aspect gay,
To welcome in thy natal day;
I too, would fain my tribute pay.
Dear Sister! take the offering
(Tho' slight and worthless all), I bring
A simple "Wreath of Song" I twine,
And in this pretty casket shrine,
Giv'n to thee by the gentle hand
Of her to whom we owe our birth,
Her who has stood, and still *will* stand
Our dearest, truest friend on earth!
What should my song's low burthen be?
A prayer to Heaven and a prayer to thee!

To Heaven—that it will deign to bless
Thy coming years with happiness!
That sunny bright, and calm as *this*
Each future day may glide in bliss!
Or if of care a passing cloud
Throw o'er the view a transient shroud,
Be it as *light* as those which now
A moment rest on heaven's soft brow!
That Friendship, Love, and Joy may shed
United roses on thy head;
And, lastly, that the Will Divine
May bid a long, long life of bliss be thine!

To thee, my Sister dear! my prayer
Shall be, that to thy bosom fair,
Thou'lt ne'er let evil feelings come
To make that spotless shrine their home,
Let gay good-humour light thy brow,
And by thy spirit's cheerful flow
A sunny halo round thee throw!
Be thou a blessing unto those
To whom thy life its being owes
Thy Sisters' joy, thy Brothers' pride,
The worshipp'd star of hearts beside!
Still let thy gentle character
A ray of happiness confer
On *her* who to life's latest end,
Will be thy Sister fond, and faithful friend!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Why here's a parcel sent to me!
Dear heart, mamma, what can it be!
Yes, 'tis directed to "Miss Clare,
To be kept dry, and sent with care."

Sure it must come from Captain Brown,
He told me ere he went to town,
That he should send me something new,
And now, behold, his words come true;

The dear good man! I love him so,
Just what one wishes in a Beau;
Thoughtful, attentive, ever kind,
His equal you will never find.

But, oh! mamma! I feel so ill!
Look in the box, just view the pill,
Seeing's believing—no mistake,
The creature's sent me wedding cake!

Insulting man! the treacherous knave
Will bring me to an early grave!
And cards enclosed the deed to crown,
Of Captain and of Mrs. Brown.

SYLVA.

THE BORDERMEN O' LIDDESDALE.

BALLAD.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

Oh! Kinmont Willie he's awa'!
'Tis time for Southern loons to rin,
Their castles are na strong enough
To keep our Kinmont Willie in!
Troth! gude wark it was the nicht!
But when are they the lads to fail?
An' where's the deed they dare na do,
The Bordermen o' Liddesdale?

The riders are abroad again,
An' Kinmont Willie leads them on!
The moon will see some mischief dune,
Lang, lang before the morrow's dawn;
There'll be wild doings yonder now,
These pratty lads *will* hae their kail
An' they're aye merry wastefu' rogues,
The Bordermen o' Liddesdale!

Huzza for Willie brave an' stout!
Huzza for them wha dune the deed!
They bauldly cam' to free their chief,
An' wad na leave him in his need,
Yestreen he was a captive,—now
They'll hae to tell anither tale,
Wha' cares for Salkeld's laggards? not
The Bordermen o' Liddesdale.

BALLAD.

Oh! sing me some untutor'd lay,
A ditty of the olden time!
And lead my spirit far away
O'er by-gone hours of deeds sublime.

Sing of proud knight and hero bold,
Who barter'd life and love for fame;
Of constant maid in cloister cold,
Bereft of Hope's all cheering flame.

And I will bless thy simple song,
All wild and plaintive though it be,
If on its tide it bear along
The present thought of grief from me.

MELISSA.

STANZAS TO ———

The dewy light of those starry eyes,
Is like the radience of summer skies,
In the chasten'd splendor of sunset's glow;
Who would believe as they gaze on thee,
One so bright so fair could be
Cold as the icy winter's snow.

The delicate blush of that downy cheek,
Is soft as the tender tints that streak
Italia's skies amid Alpine snow,
Thy cheek wears the hue of the rosy sky,
When the Day-god mounts his throne on high,
But thy bosom's the snow-flake that rests below.

HELENE.

RIDDLE.

A city which Romulus built,
What Nero did whilst it was burning;
The cause of Mark Anthony's guilt,
And the time of the Comet's returning.
The original vender of crumplings;
The head of the wonderful pig;
Six newly made apple dumplings;
And six bachelors dancing a jig.

A chemical extract of nitre;
Taglioni in one of her flights;
A bishop deprived of of his mitre;
And six of Peg Nicholson's knights.

Observe well the drift of my story,
In willing obscurity dress'd;
The whole by a liquid before ye,
May easily all be express'd.

E. B. S.

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

MARCH OF BEGGING.—Walking a few days since a short distance from the town of P., in Hampshire, I was accosted by a decently dressed man with "Do, madam, be so kind as to *lend* me a penny, I am in great distress for one, it would be of great service to me." It was such an unusual appeal, that I immediately relieved him, he received it respectfully, but with great drollery of manner, saying, "I do not know when I shall be able to repay it," and as he re-joined his companion, who was standing at a little distance, I overheard him say, "I did not beg for it, did I?" Ah! thought I to myself, this fellow is a wag, and caricatures his betters.

JESSY.

WOMAN IN AFFLICTION.—It is in the hour of trial, and in the season of affliction, that the female character puts forth its energy and fortitude. No longer treading the prosperous path of life, woman becomes the comforter and supporter of her husband, under his misfortunes; abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the hitterest blasts of adversity; so that she who, one while, has been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness,—who was man's ornament and dependent in his happier hours, becomes his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON MAY-DAY, 1834.

Smiling May! and art thou come,
Breathing sweetness, crown'd with flow'rs;
While the Bee with ceaseless hum,
Hails thy rosy jocund hours?
Tho' morning saw thee gemm'd with tears,
And fleecy clouds their shadows spread;
Bright thy evening smile appears
Like rays from Hope's own rain-bow shed!

ANNETTE.

Reviews of new Books, Notices of Exhibitions, Paintings, and Public Amusements, &c. will be given, if FREE ADMISSIONS *are sent to the Editress for that purpose, addressed to the Office,* 19, *Old Boswell-court, Temple Bar, where* alone *communications for the Work must be forwarded, post-paid, as the Editress declines attending to any personal communications made at her private residence.*

PART IX., *(New Series), with a* VERY SUPERIOR *Coloured Plate of the* FASHIONS *for* MAY, *is now ready.*

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Printed by Joseph Rogerson, 24, Norfolk St. Strand

THE

WEEKLY BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE, AND DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

EDITED BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

No. 48—Vol. I.] {NEW SERIES.} Saturday, May 24, 1834.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

Morning Dress.—The robe is composed of lavender *gros de Naples*. We should observe it is the palest shade of the colour. *Corsage*, a three-quarter height, made to sit close to the shape; the sleeves are tight from the elbow to the wrist, and form a double *bouffant* at the upper part. *Canezou* of fine, clear cambric, drawn to a point under the

ceinture behind, and terminating in points, which are crossed, and pass under the *ceinture* before; it is made quite up to the throat, with a deep square shawl-collar; both the collar and the round of the *canezou* are trimmed with *dents* of a new form, they are bordered with very narrow Valenciennes lace, and surmounted by a row of embroidery in open work. Head-dress, a *bonnet à la Marianne*, composed of *tulle*, with blond letting-in. The front of the cap is arranged in full folds, the back is the shape of the head, and sits quite close to it, it descends low at the ears, and terminates with *tulle* lappets, which tie in full bow under the chin.

Gentleman's Walking Dress.—Dark green cloth coat, double-breasted, trimmed with silk buttons to correspond, and longer in the skirt than those worn in the winter; black velvet collar. The pantaloons are of a new twilled material, and a light shade of dust-colour. Black cravat. Small brimmed hat.

FASHIONS OF THE WEEK.

Evening Dresses.—The *trousseau* of a newly married lady that we have been permitted to inspect, affords us some elegant novelties in evening dress, which we hasten to lay before our fair readers. One of the most remarkable is a robe of white crape, to be worn over a glazed white taffetas slip; it was embroidered round the border in detached bouquets of red moss roses, placed at some distance from each other, and surrounded by their foliage. The bouquets are very full, and in the centre of each, is a *gerbe* of silver ears of corn, extremely long and light. The *corsage* is cut low, pointed at the bottom of the waist, and draped at the top; it is embroidered round the bottom in a very narrow chain-pattern in silver. The top of the bust, which we should observe is cut quite square, is also worked to correspond. A *mantilla* of *tulle*, cut in *dents* at the border, and lightly embroidered in silver, finishes the back and shoulders; it falls very deep over the sleeves, which are of the double *bouffant* form; the *ceinture*, tied in short bows and long ends before, is of white glazed taffetas ribbon, embroidered at each end in a *gerbe* of silver ears of corn. We have no hesitation in saying, that nothing comparable to this dress, for novelty and elegance, has been seen for a considerable time. Another costly but more simple robe, is composed of fine Indian book muslin; the skirt is embroidered in detached bouquets, they are large just above the hem, where they commence, but diminish in size as they approach the *ceinture*. A superb fall of lace is set on full round the border; it is headed by knots of white satin ribbon, placed between the bouquets. A low *corsage*, trimmed round the top with a folded lappel of a very novel form; it is bordered with lace to correspond with that at the bottom of the robe; the lace is set on very narrow, and forming almost a point in front; it is almost plain on the bosom, but is set on very full round the back and shoulders; this is a novel and very graceful style of trimming; long sleeves, of the usual size at top, and rather wide, but not extravagantly so from the elbow to the wrist. A row of small knots of satin ribbon is placed upon the seam from the bend of the arm to the wrist, and four of a larger size, corresponding with those on the skirt, ornament the shoulders, back and bosom of the *corsage*. Pointed lace *manchettes* complete the ornaments of this elegantly simple robe.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

We took our farewell look at these interesting groups a day or two ago, as the exhibition is shortly about to close, and we strongly recommend all our readers who have not as yet been gratified by a view of these exquisite figures, to lose no time in paying an evening visit to the promenade and lounge, where they will not only have their eyes delighted with the faithful representation of the great and good of times gone by, but will hear much pleasing modern music, well executed, and enjoy a high intellectual treat for half an hour.

COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.

This magnificent exhibition is now in its proudest beauty, the conservatory being in full flower, the birds in full plumage, and the galleries full of elegant spectators. Nothing can be more picturesque than the quiet recesses of the marine cave, after descending from the gorgeous view of London and its environs. The distant murmur of the waves, and the glimmering twilight of the sea-grotto, might lead the spectator to believe he was "full fathom five" below the wave, instead of in the midst of a gay and busy metropolis. In the saloon we noticed some fine specimens of sculpture by different professors, masters in the art, of "hewing men from marble." The Colosseum is, at this season, a most agreeable and instructive lounge, either for the female of taste who views things with a critic's eye, or the country cousin who must see all the sights before she leaves "dear charming London."

SIGNOR MASONI'S MORNING CONCERT.

The second (we believe) public concert of this celebrated violinist, took place at the Hanover-square rooms, on the 16th inst. It was, for a morning entertainment, well and fashionably attended. Of course there was a great majority of ladies, the lords of the creation, except in the highest grade of society, having something more important to occupy their morning hours than "gentle airs" and "melodious strains." We did not enter the room till late, and then found Signor Masoni in the midst of a concerto on the violin, which it is needless to state he performed in a masterly style. Among his applauding admirers we noticed Mr. Mori, than whom no person can be a better judge of an instrument on which he himself so highly excels. Shortly after les Desmoiselles Elouis delighted us by a duett on two harps; their execution is powerful, their touch firm, yet delicate, and the difficult piece of Bochsa's, selected for their performance, was executed with a taste and judgment reflecting the highest credit on the fair sisters. The Terzetto "*Vadasi via di qua*," by Miss Waters, De Begnis, and Mr. Bennett, which concluded the first act, we did *not* admire. The lady laughed as if she were in hysterics, and the gentlemen as though they were laughing *at*, not *with* her. We admit it is a glee requiring much nicety and discrimination to execute with spirit, yet avoid being boisterous. Miss Dickens (of whom we have never before heard), opened the second act, with a grand march, on the pianoforte, accompanied by the band; her execution is rapid and brilliant in the extreme; we know not of whose school this young lady is, but she bids fair to equal the established favourite Mrs. Anderson. Madame Garcia sang an aria of which we did not think much, and then came Masoni again, in an air with variations of his own arrangement, a performance which gave full scope for the violinist to put forth all his masterly powers; he was warmly and deservedly applauded, and but for the lateness of the hour would have been encored. Haydon's sweet canzonet, "*My mother bids me bind my hair*," was chastely and beautifully sang by Miss Woodyatt; and Mr. Stretton was singing "*The last man*," (by the way the only two *English* compositions given), when we left the room, much gratified by the good taste displayed in the selections and arrangement of Signor Masoni's concert.

NEW GRECIAN SALOON.

We have frequently wished to give a notice of this economical place of amusement, but have been prevented for this reason, that the company was to a certain extent a mixed one; we are glad to find that the evil is now remedied by the erection of stalls in front of the orchestra, which are kept select, and which, on a recent visit, we observed occupied by many families of respectability residing in the neighbourhood. Of the entertainments we cannot speak too highly, they consist of a vocal and instrumental concert in two parts, between which an original vaudeville is represented; in these Moncrieff and J. E. Carpenter seem to be sharing the laurels. A new piece from the pen of the latter, called *Try the Sunday Times*, was produced a few evenings since, and proved a "decided hit." The music by Mr. G. R. Chapman would

have done credit to any metropolitan theatre. Miss Smith, who represented four characters, proved herself equally talented as an actress and a singer; her old woman was truly excellent; our space will not permit us to give a lengthened review, we shall therefore content ourselves by observing that Misses Helme and Barker, Messrs. Bellamy, Davidson, and Howell, obtained and deserved applause, and Adams, as a "wild Irishman," was quite at home; he sang a parody on *Kate Kearney*, which was enthusiastically encored. By the bye, we must not forget to say that Miss Tunstall, a very charming English ballad singer, is engaged here. We understand Moncrieff and Carpenter have several other pieces accepted, which will be produced in succession during the season.

GERMAN OPERA.

On Monday, 19th instant, we visited the German Opera: it was the first of the season. The audience, was select, though not so numerous, as it will be no doubt, when the perfection of some of the performances is more generally known. Madame Braun, as *Queen of the Night*, was most brilliant in her execution, and without exertion. We never remember to have heard a more extraordinary or delightful Bass voice than Herr Siebert's, who performed the part of *Sarastro*. Herr Schmetyer, as *Samino*, and Herr Uetz, as *Passageno*, were both powerful. We were greatly pleased with the little Dreslers: the eldest does not appear above ten years, and the youngest no more than five years old, yet their infantine voices were distinctly heard. We believe they are the children and pupils of Dresler, the well-known flute player. The performance on the whole was admirable; but we hope another evening the scene-shifters will be a little more expert and a little less noisy, as poor *Passageno's* dilemma was much increased by their noisy awkwardness.

(FROM CORRESPONDENTS.)

BOULOGNE.

Mrs. Waylett, the English syren, has been giving two concerts here to crowded audiences, and also performing her most favorite characters at the English theatres, both here and at Calais. She will quit our shores to return to London, probably, ere you receive this. W.

CANTERBURY.

The young vocalist, known by the name of the infant Lyra, has just quitted us, after a most successful tour through Kent, with her mother Madame Panormo. This talented child possesses powers as a singing actress that bid fair one day to rival some of your best London prima donnas. She is equally at home in the Italian as the English school, and yet has only just attained her eighth year. Her voice is powerful though sweet, and would sound to much advantage even in a large theatre. She has gone from hence to Manchester, where she will give her Lyrical entertainment. B.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

CONSISTING OF ORIGINAL TALES, ROMANCES AND ANECDOTES.

Written expressly for this Work.

THE SISTERS.

BY BLANCH HUBERT.

"Dear Isadore, I have such delightful news to tell you," exclaimed the gay and lovely Catharine Harrington, as she entered the breakfast parlour, where sat her sister busily plying her needle, "Mrs. Danvers has just informed me that the young heir, Sir Stanly D'Aubigny, is daily expected at the Manor house, after an absence of four years, and intends giving a splendid fête in honor of his arrival, to which all the neighbouring gentry are to be invited; of course we shall be included, papa being so intimately acquainted with his uncle: but, mercy on me, Isadore! you do not seem at all delighted with my intelligence, and I really believe you have not heard one word I have been saying."

"Why should you suppose I have not been attentively listening to your communication?" answered the mild Isadore, now, for the first time, removing her eyes from off her work, and fixing them on the half-frowning countenance of her sister; "but to confess the truth, my dear Catharine, (and she smiled,) I own I was thinking more of a letter papa has received this morning, informing us that we may expect our dear cousin, Percival, in a few days."

"Percival Dudley coming?" exclaimed Catharine, in a tone of displeasure, while a bright blush passed over her fair face, "what on earth can bring him down now? I suppose he will be infecting papa with some of his Puritanical notions, and we shall be deprived of our promised pleasure after all. The mild blue eyes of Isadore were fixed with a look of astonishment on her sister.

"Catharine," she at length uttered, "you have distressed and pained my feelings more than I can describe. Is it possible that you have been speaking thus of Dudley, the kind, generous Dudley—the being who, from childhood's early days has loved you,—who even now lives but in the fond hope of one day calling you his. But no, my sister, I will not believe those were the sentiments of your heart; that little head has been turned by the scenes of gaiety our fair friend, Mrs. Danvers, has been describing."

"Dear Isadore, forgive me," indeed I meant not to speak disrespectfully of Percival; but you know he does not like Sir Stanly, and therefore would not accept the invitation which I make no doubt will be given him; and then, you know papa would object to us going." The entrance of Mr. Harrington prevented the reply of Isadore.

"Has your sister informed you that we may expect Percival in a few days?" enquired Mr. Harrington, of his youngest daughter. Catharine blushed as she replied in the affirmative. Isadore blushed also, from a different cause. With pain she perceived the young heart of her sister panted for scenes of gaiety, for that world she had known only by name,—she had watched the animation which had lighted up each beauteous feature whilst relating to her the expected arrival of Sir Stanly D'Aubigny; she trembled for the happiness of Percival, for the happiness of one far dearer—her young and lovely sister. On the third day from the receipt of his letter, Dudley arrived at Rose Cottage, and was welcomed with every demonstration of affection by its amiable inmates; even Catharine deigned to smile, and Percival was happy. Days passed on, Sir Stanly, with a gay circle of friends, was now at the Manor House; as yet, they had not received the invitation so ardently desired by Catharine. The unaspiring Isadore sincerely hoped they should not do so. Percival most cordially joined in that hope; even Catharine had begun to despair. They had taken their seats at the breakfast table one morning, when a servant entered and delivered a card to Mr. Harrington. "An invitation from the Manor House," he observed, as he handed it to his eldest daughter. "Isadore glanced her eyes over it, and placed it in silence on the table. "There, was I not correct?" exclaimed Catharine, her brilliant dark eyes flashing with delight, "did I not say we should be invited? and you will allow us to accept it, dear papa? Mrs. Danvers has promised to accompany us;" and the lovely pleader clasped her arms round his neck.

"Coaxer," returned Mr. Harrington, as he released himself from her embrace, "but what says my Isadore," and the fond father rested his eye on the sweet, mild countenance of his amiable child: "has she no wish to mingle in those scenes that have so many charms for her sister? Tell me, my Isadore," and he kissed her fair cheek: "does not thy young heart pant to join the gay throng assembled at the Manor House?"

"No, indeed, dear papa, I have not the slightest inclination to,"—Isadore paused,—one single glance at her sister's countenance sufficed; she there saw disappointment too legibly depicted to be mistaken.

"To leave your father?" asked Mr. Harrington; was that it, my Isadore? Nay, far be it from me to deprive my children of any amusement that would be conducive to their happiness, therefore I shall decide on your accepting it. But, Percival, what say you? you

will accompany them." During the above conversation, Dudley had continued silent, his attention being apparently confined to a book, the leaves of which he was rapidly turning over; but in reality he was intensely watching Catharine; with an emotion, not unmixed with pain, he beheld the glow of pleasure mantle o'er her fair cheek, as her father gave his permission. True love is ever selfish;—tenderly attached to her, he dreaded the admiration her loveliness would not fail to excite. Circumstances irrelevant to this tale, had created a coldness between Sir Stanly D'Aubigny and Dudley; yet, to trust his heart's dearest treasure amid the gay circle at the Manor House, and he away, was what he dared not think of. At length, he determined on going.

"With pleasure, sir, I shall accompany my cousins, if they have determined on accepting the invitation; yet if I might advise."

"I positively cannot listen to your sage advice now, Percival," interrupted Catharine, placing her small snow-hand on his mouth, "so pray reserve it for a future opportunity; besides, Isadore and I have not a moment's time to spare: consider, the fête will take place in four days, and we have not yet decided on the most important, point, in a lady's estimation, namely, her dress; so come, Isadore, let us depart and leave these gentlemen to the discussion of the affairs of the nation;" and, with much gravity she hastened from the room. Isadore could not forbear a smile, as she arose to follow her volatile sister; yet, in her heart, she was as much annoyed as Percival.

"Beloved Catharine," she sighed, "may no cloud arise to dim the bright sunshine of thy youthful days; and oh! may you learn to appreciate the noble heart that confides in thee so fearlessly."

The important day arrived; the fair sisters, beaming all smiles and loveliness, descended to the drawing-room. Mrs. Danvers was already there, as was also Percival. A sigh burst from the breast of Dudley as he gazed on the faultless form and exquisitely moulded features of Catharine.

"Are you not well, Percival?" inquired Catharine, as she watched his pale cheek, and her ear caught the soul-breathed sigh,

"Perfectly so, dear Catharine; why should you imagine I was not?"

"Oh, I don't know; you look so grave, and you have not been in your usual spirits lately; and I was fearful you was offended with me for wishing to go to—" Catharine paused; her eyes sought the ground, on observing those of Dudley fixed intently on her.

"Why do you not proceed?" he asked, as he caught her fair hand and pressed it to his lips. "Come, dearest Catharine, what were you saying?"

"Oh, nothing, I cannot tell you now; see, Mrs. Danvers and Isadore have already descended the stairs, they will wonder what has detained us." Dudley took her fair hand and led her to the carriage, in which Mrs. Danvers and Isadore were already seated, and, stepping in, they were soon ushered to the scene of gaicty.

We pass over the admiration excited by the appearance of the fair sisters; suffice it to say, that the ardent Sir Stanley D'Aubigny became a willing captive to the charms of the beauteous Catharine. On the return of the party, Mrs. Danvers and Catharine were eloquent in the praises of the young baronet; his fine put-on and engaging manners, were each canvassed over by the fair friends, whilst Isadore and Percival alone remained silent on the subject; the gentle heart of Isadore sincerely sympathized in the feelings of her cousin; she had seen with pain every word addressed to Catharine by Sir Stanly had been observed by Percival; yet did she not for one moment suppose that Catharine could receive any pleasure by the evident admiration of Sir Stanly: but Isadore knew not the heart of her sister—imagined not that, for wealth, splendour, and a title, she would barter peace of mind, and wring with anguish the heart of the generous Dudley. The next morning, scarcely aware of the motive which actuated him, (for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations,) Sir Stanly sought the abode of his fair enslaver. Mr. Harrington and Dudley were absent; Isadore received him with politeness, Catharine with ill-concealed pleasure. Handsome, without a fault, his manners agreebly engaging, his wit fluent, his discernment penetrating and just, bent on pleasing, can it be wondered that he succeeded? Insensibly, the reserve of Isadore gradually abated; two hours, passed in social converse, flew rapidly away. Sir Stanly at length arose, and, with a promise of repeating his visit, departed.

Two months had elapsed since the fête; Sir Stanly had become a frequent visitor at the White Cottage. It was evident to the eye of Dudley, that Catharine was the magnet of attraction; with a forboding heart he had watched the eye of Catharine glisten at his approach; yet did he not for one single moment suspect that she had ceased to love him, nor doubt that when the illusion was dispersed, (he knew it to be an illusion,) which now warped her from her better self, she would return to herself and to him, with bitter self-upbraiding and passionate avowals of her own weakness and honourable anxiety to fulfil her engagement with him.

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"Good morning to you, my love," said Mr. Harrington, as he entered the breakfast-room one morning, where sat Isadore; "I was fearful I should have kept you waiting; but where are Catharine and Percival?" glancing at their vacant chairs.

"My sister has not yet returned from her morning ramble," answered Isadore, "and Percival, I believe, has not left his chamber."

"Indeed! he was not wont to be so sluggish," returned Mr. Harrington; "but I have fancied he has not been in his usual health lately." Isadore sighed; too well she knew the cause of his dejection; but, unwilling her father should question her on the subject, she adroitly turned the conversation, and seating herself at the table, commenced pouring out the tea. The entrance of Percival proved a seasonable relief to Isadore. Apologizing for keeping them waiting, he seated himself at the table.

"Where can our little truant be this morning?" asked Mr. Harrington, as he arose from his chair, and moved towards the window. "Isadore, my love, ring the bell, and inquire whether she has returned."

"I should not wonder if she had called on Mrs. Danvers," observed Isadore, as she rose and advanced towards the bell. Ere she could reach it, a servant entered and presented a letter to Mr. Harrington.

"From Sir Stanly D'Aubigny, sir," said the attendant. Mr. Harrington hastily broke the seal; rapidly he glanced his eyes over it, whilst Isadore and Percival remained standing, dreading, yet wishing, to learn, the cause of the agitation depicted on his countenance.

"Degenerate, shameless girl!" at length burst from his lips. "From this moment I renounce thee! from this moment I banish thee from my heart, and * * *."

"Oh! in mercy hold, my father," shrieked the alarmed Isadore,—"on my knees, I conjure you to spare my sister: she may have err'd, but not, I trust, past forgiveness: consider her youth, her beauty, the admiration she could not fail to excite. Percival," she continued, "come and plead with me;" and, in the ardour of her cause, she drew him towards her father. Mr. Harrington rested his eyes for a moment on the lovely mild countenance of the supplicant.

"For thy sake, my Isadore," and he kissed the tears from off her pale cheek, "I would do much; but, Percival, dear, much-wronged, injured Percival, know, the being whom thou so fondly loved, she whom I trusted would have been thine, has fled, and with Sir Stanly D'Aubigny."

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We pass over the grief experienced by the deceived Dudley; it would require a more able pen than ours to describe it; suffice it to say, that, unable to endure the spot, the scene of former joys, now passed for—ever. Percival, after taking an affectionate leave of the sorrowing Isadore, and her no less afflicted father, leaped into the chaise that waited to receive him, and a few hours beheld him far from the loved inhabitants of Rose Cottage.

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Two years have passed since the

opening of our tale. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, thought not of self, but when the grave had closed o'er his loved remains, and her tears had fallen on the spot which enclosed them, the mourner looked around for comfort, for consolation. During the illness of her father, she had written to Lady D'Aubingny, conveying to her his forgiveness, and entreating her presence—yet she came not. Had her letter miscarried? was she ill? any supposition but intentional delay. Alas, no! Catharine, immersed in the giddy round of pleasure, thought not of home, thought not of the sister who watched by the sick-bed of an expiring parent. The letter had been delivered to her on the eve of a ball she was preparing to attend, and thrown aside, to be perused at her leisure; a second and third shared alike the same fate. At length one arrived from the solicitor of Mr. Harrington, announcing the death of that gentleman, and begging her presence at the opening of the will. Fain would Lady D'Aubigny have now obeyed the summons—fain have flown to comfort her suffering sister;—but, alas! a nearer tie restrained her,—at the time of her receiving the letter, Sir Stanly was laid on a bed of sickness,—a fall from his horse, the preceding day, had been attended with the most serious consequences; the Faculty gave faint hopes of his recovery; he had suffered amputation of the fractured arm, and they dreaded mortification would follow. While seated by the pillow of her husband, Catharine had leisure to reflect on those events, long passed;—but two years had elapsed, and how many changes had taken place in that time! her loved father had sunk, from her desertion of him, and was now an inhabitant of the peaceful tomb,—the kind, the generous Dudley, had, for her sake, become a wanderer far from his native land; whilst Isadore, the companion of her infancy, was left alone, to mourn, in solitude, o'er the wreck of lost happiness. Contrary to all expectations, the health of Sir Stanly gradually recovered, and Catharine, while watching reviving health once more revisiting the cheek of her husband, dwelt with less poignancy on the loss she had sustained. The mind of Lady D'Aubigny was not formed for one serious reflection; again immersed in the giddy round of dissipation, she had ceased to remember the promise she had given her sorrowing sister, or if remembered, banished till more pressing engagements had been fulfilled. Far different were the feelings of Isadore; the unexpected shock had fallen with fearful violence on her seared heart. Passing the common love between parent and child, had been that which bound up, as in one, the hearts of Mr. Harrington and his daughter; the sister she had so loved, had forsaken her; Percival, to whom she had written, announcing the melancholy event, was far away, the period of his return uncertain; to whom, then, could she look for consolation, but to heaven? and she wisely resorted to silent communion with that book which contains words in season for all the soul's necessities—of strength to the weak—of healing to the sorely stricken—of hope to the broken-hearted.

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Autumn was fast fading into winter; eighteen months had elapsed since the death of Mr. Harrington; Isadore was still an inhabitant of the White Cottage—yet no longer the lone and desolate one,—Percival Dudley had returned—returned to love and to protect the amiable, suffering Isadore, now his own, his fondly cherished bride. Months had he been a wanderer, visiting various climes, still the remembrance of Catharine clung to him. 'Twas during his sojourn in Italy, the letter of Isadore was forwarded to him. The heartfelt sorrow breathed throughout the epistle, wrung the generous soul of Dudley; he pictured to himself the friendless state of the orphan, Isadore—deserted by her sister—no tender voice to gladden the ear of the sufferer—no eye of fondness on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy,—he that would have been to her as a brother, was far distant;—might she not be laid on a bed of sickness? He dwelt on this idea till it became a present reality; suspense was agony; at length he resolved on returning to England. He sailed, and, after a quick voyage, reached the land. Words must fail to give an adequate description of the meeting of the cousins,—they had parted under circumstances the most affecting, they now met under those equally so. It was luxury to Isadore to have her feelings entered into. Percival could dwell with her on the virtues of her departed father, with her regret the estrangement of her sister. Lady D'Aubigny had written once to Isadore, wherein she had informed her of an intended journey to Italy; and concluded by bidding her expect them at the Manor House the ensuing summer. Percival now became the constant companion of Isadore; he was no longer the slave of a romantic and unhappy attachment. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied by placing her small snow-hand in his; there required not words to explain. With rapture he clasped her to his bosom, and felt he was beloved. They were united; they were happy, for they were virtuous.

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Isadore had been the wife of Dudley two years; one lovely boy had crowned their loves, and all was sweet content and happiness in their peaceful home, yet would a sigh burst from the breast of Isadore, at the uncertainty she endured for the fate of her sister, who had now discontinued the correspondence. Through the medium of a public paper, she had learnt she was now in France, following, with increasing avidity, the giddy round of dissipation.

One evening, Percival being absent, and Mrs. Dudley seated in the drawing-room, nursing her little boy, a carriage drove to the gate; concluding it to be Mr. Dudley, Isadore continued her employment, when a domestic announced Lady D'Aubigny.

"Beloved Catharine," "Dear Isadore," burst from the lips of each, as, placing her child on the sofa, Mrs. Dudley sprung to the embraces of her sister. The joy of Isadore, at once more beholding Catharine, had prevented her, at their first meeting, from observing the ravages four years of dissipation had made in a form once of unrivalled loveliness. Alas! few would have recognized, in the pale and faded features of Lady D'Aubigny, (which not even the false glare of rouge could conceal,) the once lovely Catharine Harrington.

"You are much changed, beloved Catharine," said Mrs. Dudley, now, for the first time, examining every lineament of her faded countenance; but good nursing will soon restore the truant roses. But where is Sir Stanly; why is he not with you, dearest Catharine? we must petition him to spare you to us for a short time. Catharine fixed her dark eyes on the face of her sister.

"Know you not that he has deserted me," at length she murmured. Isadore shrieked. "Nay, start not; could a union so formed bring forth happiness? Did I not brave the displeasure of a justly incensed father? spurn the devoted attachment of the noble Dudly? and wring with anguish the bosom of my sister? Could I then find happiness? Oh, no! happiness results from the consciousness of having acted rightly; 'tis that, and that alone, which is the surest founder of peace; and every noble, every generous thought, springs from it."

"Dearest Catharine, banish these painful reflections," cried Isadore; "you are ill, my sister, very ill," she continued, and she kiss'd her pale lips; "but in the dear retirement of the cottage, surrounded by attached friends, health will once again revisit that drooping frame. Oh, yes! my sister, I feel, I know, you have returned to gladden——"

"Die," interrupted Lady D'Aubigny. "Isadore," she continued, "deceive not yourself with false hopes. Behold this faded brow!" and she bared her pale forehead with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty; "the cankerworm of remorse has prey'd on my vitals, and withered my young cheek; yes, Isadore, (and she grasped the arm of her sister,) I feel—I know I am dying." With speechless love, Mrs. Dudley gazed on her face, and read conviction, but still her heart clung to her with all the devotedness of sisterly affection which bade her hope even in despair. "And this is the child of Dudley!" sudden-

ly exclaimed Catharine, advancing towards the couch where, in tranquil slumber, reposed the infant of Isadore and Percival; for a moment she gazed on the sleeping cherub; a tear fell on its soft cheek. "How he once loved me!" she murmured, half unconscious of the presence of her sister; yet I left him—left him, for one who has now deserted me!" Once more an inhabitant of her loved home, the mind of Lady D'Aubigny gradually recovered from the shock she had received from the desertion of Sir Stanly; yet her health declined daily; still Isadore and Percival cherished hope, and, indeed, their tenderly unremitting watchfulness of the drooping Catharine was rewarded by such a reviving brightness of spirit in her as in a manner reflected itself outwardly on the fair and fragile frame. It is true, Catharine, herself, replied only by a grateful smile, or an evasive word, to their fond entreaties, that she would ackowledge herself better. Alas! she felt the sun of life was setting fast, and the silent tomb would soon become her resting place. At length the veil was rent from the eyes of her attached sister; an alarming change had taken place; the Faculty, as a last resource, had recommended change of air. They visited various places, but, alas! health returned not to the cheek of the invalid. After an absence of three months, they again returned to the White Cottage; all hope had failed, and ere twenty summers had fanned her cheek, the grave-worm banquetted upon its loveliness.

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The remains of the hapless Lady D'Aubigny, as had been her request, were deposited in the family vault, wherein reposed the ashes of her parents. Mr. Dudley had written to Sir Stanly D'Aubigny, announcing the melancholy event, and preferring the request of his deceased wife, which had been acceded to. He was still abroad, and the companion of her—the ill-fated Catharine—had been deserted for * * *

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Some years have elapsed since the above melancholy events took place. Time has shed its soothing balm o'er the sorrows of the survivors, yet, oft', at the close of evening, will Dudley and his loved Isadore repair to weep o'er the tomb that enclose the remains of the once lovely and beloved Catharine Harrington.

GRATITUDE!—Don Sancho, second son of Alphonso, King of Castile, being at Rome, the Pope, as a matter of compliment, proclaimed him *King of Egypt!* The nomination was received with shouts of approbation. The Prince inquired of his interpreter the meaning of the shouts. "Sir," replied the interpreter, "the Pope has created you King of Egypt." "We must not be ungrateful," replied the Prince; "Go and proclaim his Holiness Caliph of Bagdad."

LITERATURE.

ROOKWOOD.

A ROMANCE IN THREE VOLUMES.

Puff says, in "The Critic," that when the newspapers *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful, a remark we should certainly have originated after reading the various critiques upon "Rookwood," had not Sheridan unluckily forestalled us. The universal opinion seems to be that this romance evinces originality, vigour, and boldness; while it is condemned for belonging to a class of novels of which bad taste is the prevailing characteristic.

We are quite ready to join in the anathematical chorus of critical indignation which the appearance of "Rookwood" has called forth against the bowl-and-dagger school; but we object to the occasion of it. We nowise regret that the taste for vulgar horrors, glaring contrasts, and showy exaggerations, with other concomitants of unhealthy imaginations and hot suppers, is rapidly declining; and that spectres and hobgoblins have given up the ghost: but we cannot discover why "Rookwood" should be classed with such productions: for the gravest charge the most virtuous of horror haters can bring against the work is, that it involves a tale of doom; but, "because they are virtuous shall there be no cakes and ale?" Are we to have no mysticism? shall the elements of romance be denied us? are fancy and imagination to be exercised only upon matters of fact?

There is an old figure of speech, which though trite, is sufficiently expressive:—"The mazes of romance;" and who that has threaded them with Spencer, Shakspeare, and even the historically romantic Sir Walter Scott, does not look back with peculiar delight upon those Halcyon days of youth, when their

"Beauty bright his heart's chain wove?"

When visions of *shapeless* beauty and dreamy indistinctness haunted his wandering thoughts—when fancy formed a heaven of its own, the first creation of which might be traced to those master spirits whose superior genius had endowed *their* glowing imaginings with shape and individuality. He it is who will witness with deep regret the *furor* which stimulates the critics of this day to lay waste these very "mazes of romance," merely because a few rank, unwholesome weeds have taken root therein, and for a time flourished. He will grieve to see the march-of-intellect and diffusion-of-knowledge-men with their "innowating ploughs" razing and destroying these same flow'ry labyrinths, to make way for the superfine, macadamized, rail-road to knowledge they are so busily preparing for "THE PEOPLE!"

It is indeed too plain that in these degenerate days Fact usurps the throne of Fiction, and unless a romance be a mere embellishment of historical or general fact, it has but small chance of success. Religious truths are only deemed palatable when communicated in tales and *stories**; and political economy cannot be endured but in novels†. Hence we do not despair of shortly seeing the Tutor's Assistant luxuriating in flowing numbers and figures of speech—the elements of Euclid done into blank verse (in which some future critic might have to pronounce there may be a good *line* or two)—and Hutton's Mathematics, published as a romance in three volumes. Thus then will the age of the "moral sublime" with one short step descend into that of the intellectual ridiculous!

It would be idle to *argue* the point whether "Rookwood" does, or does not deserve to be classed with the chronicles of bleeding nuns, amiable assassins, and mysterious monks, before alluded to. That no such analogy *does* exist our extracts will afford abundant proofs. We shall select a passage from that point of the story when Lady Rookwood is about to burn a certificate—the only evidence of her husband's former marriage with the mother of the hero.

She held the paper in the direction of the candle; but, ere it could touch the flame, it dropped from her hand. As if her horrible wish had been granted, before her stood the figure of her husband! Lady Rookwood started not. No sign of trepidation or alarm, save the sudden stiffening of her form, was betrayed. Her bosom ceased to palpitate—her respiration stopped—her eyes were fixed upon the apparition.

The figure moved not, but regarded her sternly. It was at some little distance, within the shade cast by the lofty bedstead. Still she could distinctly descern it; it was no occular deception; it moved—it was attired in the costume Sir Piers was wont to wear—his hunting dress. All that her son had told her, rushed to her recollection. The phantom advanced; its countenance was pale, and wore a gloomy frown.

"What would you destroy?" asked the apparition, in a hollow tone.

"The evidence of——"

"What?"

"Your marriage."

"With yourself, accursed woman?"

"With Susan Bradley."

"With her?" shouted the figure, in an altered tone—"With *her*—married to her! then Luke is legitimate, and heir to this estate!" Uttering which, the apparition rushed to the table, and secured the document. "A marriage certificate!" it ejaculated—"here's a piece of luck! By the triple tree of St. Gregorie, but this is a prize worth drawing—it ain't often in our lottery life we pick out a ticket like this. One way or other, this must turn up a few cool thousands."

"Restore that paper, villain," exclaimed Lady Rookwood, recovering all the audacity natural to her character, the instant she discovered that the intruder was mortal—"restore it, or, by heaven, you shall rue the hour in which you dared——"

"Softly, softly," replied the pseudo-phantom, with one hand pushing back the

* *Vide* the publications of the Religious Tract Society.

† Miss Harriett Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy.

lady, while the other conveyed the precious document to the custody of his nether man, giving the buckskin pocket a slap—"two words to that, my Lady. I know its value as well as yourself, and *must* make my market. The highest offer has me, your Ladyship; he's but a poor auctioneer, that knocks down his ware to the first bidder. Luke Bradley may come down more handsomely with the stumpy."

"Who are you, ruffian, that take the guise of Sir Piers Rookwood? To what end is this masquerade assumed? If for the purpose of terrifying me into compliance with the schemes of that madman, Luke Bradley, whom I presume to be your confederate, your labour is mispent—*your* stolen disguise has no more weight with me than *his* forged claims."

"Forged claims. Damme, he must be a prime faker*, to have forged that. But your Ladyship is in error—Luke Bradley is no confederate of mine."

"Both are robbers. You steal from the father—he from the son."

"Come, my Lady, these are hard words—I have no time to bandy talk. What money have you in the house?—be alive."

"You *are* a robber, then?"

"Robber!—Not I—I'm a tax-gatherer—a collector of *Rich-Rates*—Ha, ha! But come. What plate have you got? Nay, don't be alarmed—take it quietly—these things can't be helped—better make up your mind to it without more ado—much the best plan—no screaming—it may injure your lungs, and can alarm nobody. Your maids have done as much before—it's beneath *your* dignity to make so much noise. So, you will not heed me? As you will." Saying which, he deliberately cut the bell cord, and drew out a brace of pistols at the same time.

"Agnes!" shrieked Lady Rookwood, now seriously alarmed.

"I must caution your Ladyship to be silent," said the robber, who, as our readers will no doubt have already conjectured, was no other than the redoubted Jack Palmer. Cocking a pistol, "Agnes is already disposed of," said he. "However like your deceased 'Lord and master' I may appear, you will find you have got a very different *spirit* from that of Sir Piers to deal with. I am, naturally, the politest man breathing—have been accounted the best bred man on the road, by every lady whom I have had the honour of addressing; and I should be sorry to sully my well-earned reputation by anything like rudeness. But I know the consequence of my character, and must, at all hazards, support it. I must use a little force, of the gentlest kind. Perhaps you will permit me to hand you to a chair—bless me, what a wrist your ladyship has got. Excuse me if I hurt you; but you are so devilish strong. Curse me if I ever thought to be mastered by a woman. What, ho! 'Sir Piers Rookwood calls'——"

"Ready," cried a voice.

"That's the word," echoed another; "Ready."—And, immediately, two men, their features entirely hidden by a shroud of black crape—accoutred in rough attire, and each armed with pistols, rushed into the room.

"Lend a hand," said Jack.

Even in this perilous extremity, Lady Rookwood's courage did not desert her. Anticipating their purpose, ere her assailants could reach her, she extricated herself from Palmer's grasp, and rushed upon the foremost so unexpectedly, that before the man could seize her, which he endeavoured to do, she snatched a pistol from his hand, and presented it at his head with a fierceness of aspect, like that of a tigress at bay—her eye wandering from one to the other of the group, as if selecting a mark.

There was a pause of some few seconds, in which the men looked at the lady, and then at their leader. Jack looked blank.

"Hem!" said he coolly—"This is something new—disarmed—defied by a petticoat. Hark ye, Rob Rust; the disgrace rests with you. Clear your character, by securing her at once. What! afraid of a woman?"

"A woman!" repeated Rust, in a surly tone; "devilish like a woman indeed. Few men could do what she have done. Give the word, and I fire; but as to seizing her, that's more than I'll engage to do."

"Then damn you for a coward," said Jack. "Seize her I will—I will steer clear of blood—if I can help it. Come, madam, surrender, like the more sensible part of your sex, at discretion. You will find resistance of no avail;" and he stepped boldly towards her.

Lady Rookwood drew the trigger. The pistol flashed in the pan. She flung away the useless weapon, without a word.

"Ha, ha!" said Jack, as he leisurely stooped to pick up the pistol, and approached her Ladyship—"the bullet is not yet cast, that is to be my billet. Here," added he, dealing Rust a heavy thump upon the shoulder with the butt end of the piece—"take back your snapper, and look you prick the touch-hole, or your barking iron will never bite for you. And now, Madam, I must take the liberty of again handing you to a seat. Dick Wilder, the chord—quick. It distresses me to be obliged to proceed to such lengths with your Ladyship—but safe bind, safe find, as Mr. Coates would say."

"You will not bind me, ruffian."

"Indeed, but your Ladyship is very much mistaken—I have no alternative—your Ladyship's wrist is far too dexterous to be at liberty. I must furthermore request of your Ladyship to be less vociferous—you interrupt business, Madam, which should be transacted with silence and deliberation."

Lady Rookwood's rage and vexation at this indignity were beyond all bounds. Resistance, however, was useless, and she submitted, in silence. The chord was passed tightly round her arms, when it flashed upon her recollection, for the first time, that Coates and Tyrconnel, who were in charge of her captive in the lower corridor, might be summoned to her assistance. This idea had no sooner crossed her mind than she uttered a loud and protracted scream.

"Damnation!" cried Jack—"civility is wasted here. Give me the gag, Rob?"

"Better slit her squeaking pipe, at once," replied Rust, drawing his clasp knife—"she'll thwart every thing."

"The gag, I say—not *that*."

"I can't find the gag," exclaimed Wilder, savagely. "Leave Rob Rust to manage her—he'll silence her, I warrant you, while you and I rummage the room."

"Ay, leave her to me," said the other miscreant. "Go about the room, and take no heed—her hands are fast—she can't scratch—I'll do it with a single gash—send her to join her Lord, whom she loved so well, before he's under ground. They'll have something to see, when they come home from the master's funeral—their mistress *cut and dry* for another.—Ho, ho!"

"Mercy, mercy!" shrieked Lady Rookwood.

"Ay, ay, I'll be merciful," said Rust, brandishing his knife before her eyes. "I'll not be long about it. Leave her to me—I'll give her a taste of Sir Sidney*."

"No, no, Rust—by God, you shan't do that," said Jack, authoritatively—"I'll find some other way to gag the jade."

At this moment a noise of rapid footsteps was heard within the passage.

"Assistance comes," screamed Lady Rookwood. "Help! help!"

"To the door," cried Jack. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before Luke dashed into the room, followed by Coates and Tyrconnel.

Palmer and his companions levelled their pistols at the intruders, and the latter would have fired, but Jack's keen eye having discerned Luke amongst the foremost, checked further hostilities for the present. Lady Rookwood, meanwhile, finding herself free from restraint, had rushed towards her deliverers, and crouched beneath Luke's protecting arms, which were extended, pistol in hand, over her head. Behind them stood Titus Tyrconnel flourishing the poker, and Mr. Coates, who, upon the sight of so much warlike preparation, began somewhat to repent having rushed so precipitately into the lion's den.

"Luke Bradley!" exclaimed Palmer, stepping forward.

"Luke Bradley!" echoed Lady Rookwood, recoiling, and staring into his face.

"Fear nothing, Madam," cried Luke. "I am here to assist you—I will defend you with my life."

"*You* defend *me*! exclaimed Lady Rookwood, as in doubt.

"Even *I*," cried Luke; "strange as it may sound."

"Holy powers protect me! ejaculated Titus. "As I live, it is Sir Piers himself."

"Sir Piers!" echoed Coates, catching the infection of terror, as he perceived Palmer more distinctly. "What! is the dead come to life again?—a ghost—a ghost!"

"A ghost!" echoed Titus. "By my soul, it's the first ghost I ever heard of, that committed a burglary on its own house, and the night of the body's burial too. But what the devil are these with it? may be they're ghosts likewise."

"They are," said Palmer, in a hollow tone, mimicking the voice of Sir Piers, "attendant spirits. We are come for this woman—her time is out—so no more palavering, Titus, but lend a hand to take her to the church-yard, and be d——d to you."

"Upon my conscience, Mr. Coates," cried Titus, "it's either the devil or Sir Piers. We'll be only in the way here. He's only just settling his old scores with his Lady. I thought it would come to this, long ago."

Jack took advantage of the momentary confusion, created by this incidental alarm at his disguise, to direct Rust towards the door by which the new comers had entered; and, this being accomplished, he burst into a loud laugh.

"What! not know me," cried he—"not know your old friend with a new face, Luke? nor you, Titus? nor you, who can see through a millstone, Lawyer Coates, don't you recognise——"

"Jack Palmer, as I'm a sinner," cried Titus. "By the powers, and so it is. Why, Jack, honey, what does this mane? Is it

* Forger.

* Clasp knife.

yourself I see in such company? You're not robbing in arnest?"

"Indeed hut I am, friend Titus," exclaimed Jack? "and *it is* my own self you see. I just took the liberty of borrowing Sir Piers's old hunting coat from the justice room. You said my toggery would'nt do for the funeral. I'm no other than plain Jack Palmer, after all."

"With half a dozen aliases at your hack, I dare say," cried Coates. "*I* suspected you all along—all your praise of highwaymen was not lost upon me. No, no—*I* can see into a millstone, be it ever so thick."

"Well; replied Jack—"I'm sorry to see you here, friend Titus; hut keep quiet, and you shall come to no harm. As to you, Luke Bradley, you have anticipated my intention hy half an hour; I meant to set you free. For you, Mr. Coates, you may commit all future care of your affairs to your executors, administrators, and assigns. You will have no further need to trouble yourself with worldly concerns," levelling a pistol at the Attorney, who, however, shielded himself, in an ecstacy of apprehension, hehind Luke's person. "Stand aside, Luke," said Jack.

"I stir not," replied Luke. "I thank you for your good intention, and will not injure you—that is, if you force me not to do so. I am here to defend her Ladyship."

"What's that you say?" returned Jack, in surprise—"*defend* her Ladyship?"

"With my life," replied Luke. "Let me counsel you to depart."

"Are you mad? Defend *her*—Lady Rookwood—your enemy—who would hang you? Tut, tut! Stand aside, I say, Luke Bradley, or look well to yourself."

"You had better consider well, ere you proceed," said Luke. You know me of old—I have taken odds as great, and not come off the vanquished."

"The odds are even," cried Titus, "if Mr. Coates will 'but show fight—I'll stand by you to the last, my dear joy—you're the right son of your father, though on the wrong side. Och! Jack Palmer, my jewel, no wonder you drank to the memory of Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You hear this?" cried Luke.

"Hot-headed fool!" muttered Jack.

"Why don't you shoot the mad cull on the spot, and be d——d to him?" said Dick Wilder.

"And mar my own chance?" thought Jack; "no, that will never do—his life is not to be thrown away. Be quiet," said he, in a whisper, to Wilder; "I've another card to play, which shall serve us hetter than all the plunder here. No harm must come to that youngster—his life is worth thousands to us." Then turning to Luke, he continued, "I'm loth to hurt you, but what can I do?—you must have the worst of it if we come to a pitched battle. I therefore advise you, as a friend, to draw off your forces. We are three to three; but two of *your* party are unarmed."

"Unarmed! interrupted Titus, "Devil burn me, but this iron shillelah shall convince you to the contrary, Jack, or any of your friends."

"Make ready then, my lads," cried Jack.

"Stop a minute exclaimed Ccates; "this gets serious—this will end in homicide—in murder—we shall all have our throats cut, to a certainty; and though they will as surely be hanged for it, that will be but poor satisfaction to the sufferers. Had we not hetter compromise this matter?"

"Be silent!" said Luke.

"I'm for fighting it out," said Titus, whisking the poker round his head, like a flail in action: "my hlood's up. Come on, Jack Palmer, I'm for you."

"I should vote for retreating," chattered the Attorney, if that cursed fellow had not placed *ne exeat* at the door."

"Give the word, captain," cried Rust, impatiently."

"Aye—ay," echoed Wilder.

"A skilful general always parleys," says Jack.

"A word in your ear, Luke, ere that be done which cannot be undone."

"You mean me no treachery?" returned Luke.

"Treachery!" exclaimed Jack, disdainfully uncocking his pistols, and putting them into his pocket.

"Shoot him as he advances," whispered Coates; "he is in your power now."

"Scoundrel!" replied Luke, "do you think me as hase as yourself?"

"Hush, hush! for God's sake don't expose me," said Coates.

"Curse me if I know what all this means," muttered Wilder; "but if he don't finish the matter quickly, I'm d——d if I don't take the settling of it into my own hands."

Lady Rookwood had apparently listened to this singular conference with sullen composure, though in reality she was racked with anxiety as to its results; and, now apprehending that Palmer was ahout to make an immediate disclosure to Luke, she accosted him as he passed her.

"Unhind me!" cried she, "and what you wish shall be your's——money——jewels——"

"Ha! may I depend?"

"I pledge my word."

Palmer untied the cord, and Lady Rookwood, approaching a tahle whereon stood the escritoir, touched a spring, and a secret drawer flew open.

"Do you this of your own free will?" asked Luke. "Speak, if it he otherwise."

"I do," returned the Lady, hastily.

Palmer's eye glistened at the treasure exposed to his view.

"They are jewels, of countless price. Take them—and rid me," she added in a whisper, "of *him*."

"Luke Bradley?"

"Ay."

"Give them to me."

"They are thine, freely, on those terms."

"You hear that Luke," cried he aloud; "you hear it, Titus—this is no robbery. Mr. Coates—'Know all men hy these *presents*.'—I call you to witness, Lady Rookwood gives me these pretty things."

"I do," returned she; adding in a whisper, "on the terms which I proposed."

"Must it he done at once?

"Without an instant's delay."

"Before your own eyes?"

"I fear not to look on—each moment is precious—you need but draw the trigger—he is off his guard now—you do it, you know, in self-defence."

"And you?"

"For the same cause."

"Yet he came here to aid you?"

"What of that?"

"He would have risked his life for your's?"

"I cannot pay back the obligation. He must die!"

"The document?"

"Will be useless then."

"Will not that suffice?—why aim at life?"

"You trifle with me. You fear to do it."

"*Fear!*"

"About it, then—you shall have more gold."

"I will about it," cried Jack, throwing the casket to Wilder, and seizing both Lady Rookwood's hands.—"I am no Italian bravo, Madam—no assassin—no remorseless cut-throat. What are you—devil or woman, that ask me to do this? Luke Bradley, I say."

"Would you betray me?" cried Lady Rookwood.

"You have betrayed yourself, Madam,—Nay, nay, Luke, hands off. See, Lady Rookwood, how you would treat a friend. This strange fellow, here, would blow out my brains for laying a finger upon your ladyship."

"I will suffer no injury to be done to her," said Luke; "release her."

"Your Ladyship hears him," said Jack. "And you, Luke, shall learn the value set upon your generosity. You will not have *her* injured. This instant she hath proposed, nay, paid for *your* assassination."

"How?" exclaimed Luke, recoiling.

"A lie as black as hell," cried Lady Rookwood.

"A truth as clear as heaven," returned Jack: "I will speedily convince you of the fact."—Then turning to Lady Rookwood, he whispered "Shall I give him the marriage document?"

"Beware!" said Lady Rookwood.

"Do I avouch the truth, then?"

She was silent.

"I am answered," said Luke.

"Then leave her to her fate," said Jack.

"No," replied Luke, "she is still a woman, and I will not ahandon her to ruffianly violence. Set her free."

"You are a fool," said Jack.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried Coates, who had rushed to the window—"Rescue, rescue!—they are returning from the church—I see the torch-light in the avenue—we are saved!"

"Hell and the Devil!" cried Jack, "Not an instant is to be lost. Alive, lads—bring off all the plunder you can—be handy!"

"Lady Rookwood, I bid you farewell," said Luke, in a tone in which scorn and sorrow were hlended. "We shall meet again."

"We have not parted yet, returned she; "will you let this man pass? A thousand pounds for his life."

"Upon the nail?" asked Rust.

"By the living God, if any of you attempt to touch him, I will hlow his brains out upon the spot, be he friend or foe," cried Jack. "Luke Bradley, *we* shall meet again. You shall hear from me."

"Lady Rookwood," said Luke, as he departed, "I shall not forget this night."

"Is all ready?" asked Palmer of his comrades.

"All."

"Then budge."

"Stay," said Lady Rookwood, in a whisper to him. "What will purchase that document?"

"Hem."

"A thousand pounds?"

"Double it."

"It *shall* be doubled."

"I will turn it over."

"Resolve me oow."

"You shall hear from me."

"In what manner?"

"I will find speedy means."

"Your name is Palmer?"

"Palmer is the name he goes by, your Ladyship," replied Coates; "but it is a fashion with these rascals to have an alias."

"Ha—ha," said Jack, thrusting the ramrod into his pistol barrel, as if to ascertain there was a ball within it; "are you there, Mr. Coates?—Pay your wager, Sir."

"What wager?"

"The hundred we bet, that you would take me, if ever you had the chance."

"Take *you*—it was Dick Turpin I betted to take."

"*I* am DICK TURPIN—that's my alias," replied Jack.

"Dick Turpin! then I'll have a snap at you, at all hazards," cried Coates, springing suddenly towards him.

"And I at you," said Turpin, discharging his pistol right in the face of the rash Attorney—"there's a quittance in full."

The writer who successfully pourtrays character, and exhibits it in its life and secret mechanism, must be a man of no ordinary acquirements, and his masterly delineation of implacable determination in Lady Rookwood not only ranks its author far above Mrs. Ratcliffe, Walker, and others of the Minerva Press, but above the best writers of the present time. And then, has he not painted to the life one of our most celebrated historical characters? one, compared with whom, Alexander was a driveller, and Nero a mountebank! That Nimrod of horse-riders — that Mercury of highwaymen, Dick Turpin!

We regret not having space to extract the description of Turpin's celebated *evening's* ride from London to York. It is by far the best thing in the book. Rapid sketchy, and vivid, with a vigorous alacrity in the verbiage, it impels the reader onward in such breathless haste, that like the matchless mare "Black Bess," one gets from London to York in a hand-gallop!

A few other such romances as Rockwood, and pure, imaginative fiction will arrive at that rank in our literature which it ought to maintain; and if the author's industry be in any degree equal to his talents, *he* it is who will bring about that "consummation most devoutly to be wished."

There are some excellent songs in "Rookwood," from which we shall take a future opportunity of making copious extracts.

W. H. W.

CURIOUS COMPLIMENT.—Fasli was the ugliest man in Bagdat, but was not aware of his deficiencies. One day while conversing with a friend in the streets, a lady covered with a veil stopped before him, and for a long time contemplated him very earnestly. Gratified by such attention, he went and asked her, why she gazed at him so earnestly? "I have violated the laws of Mahommed," she replied, "by looking with pleasure on a beautiful youth; I must therefore punish my eyes, and I trust that my voluntary penance of looking at you for so long a time, will save me from the tortures of hell."

THE SELECTOR.

FAME.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Woman has nought to do with fame,
The quiet of home is hers;
A wife and a mother's sacred name
Are the titles her heart prefers.
Sweeter are these to her gentle ear,
Than the shouts of applauding throngs to hear!

Proud man may toil upon honour's field,
Till the light of his youth grows dim!
A stainless sword, and a knightly shield,
And the victor's crown for him!
But woman! thy place is the myrtle grove,
Where warbling birds sing notes of love!

"But had you not better see the little fellow yourself, Agnes?" said Mr. Ashmore to his wife, as he sat sipping his wine over the fire; "you hear Mary says he is very feverish, and it may be necessary to have some advice." "How *can* you be so silly, Henry?" said the lady addressed, raising her eyes with somewhat of a sneer from the paper into which she was pouring "the sweet and bitter fancies" of a poet's brain; "don't you know that nurses are always frightened at trifles, and like to show their importance by sending for mamma whenever they fancy Baby's finger aches? Besides, I can *depend* upon Mary to do all that is needful for little Charles." Mrs. Ashmore snuffed the candle, and resumed her pen; but apparently, by its frequent want of mending, her thoughts did not flow so freely as before this interruption. The husband ventured another question of some trifling import, merely to break the silence. "Dear Charles, I wish you would not talk," said the fair Blue; "don't you see (glancing her eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" at the marble timepiece on the mantleshelf) 'tis past eight o'clock, and I must have this article finished for Fraser to-night—aye, and sent too, or there will be no chance of its insertion this month; and that hateful Miss Smith is daily gaining ground with the readers of the magazine,—I wish there were not so many clever women." The husband smiled, and in his heart cordially joined in the sentiment expressed by his wife, though probably from a very different feeling. "Well, Agnes! then there is no chance of my having a game of chess this evening, I suppose?" said poor Ashmore with a half-suppressed sigh. "Oh! chess, no —I wish you had dined at the club today, and were not always watching me when I am writing, Henry; 'tis very tiresome." "I certainly should have found a better dinner, Mrs. Ashmore, had I dined *from home*—if dinner it might be called; for I have seen nothing but that cold mutton on the table these two days, and though I care as little about eating as any man, you should remember, Agnes (added the speaker good-humouredly) that "not even love can live on flowers"—and when a poor devil has been thrashing at business all day, and returns home at six o'clock, wearied and harassed by the vexations he has encountered, he *does* expect a warm smile and a hot joint to greet his return!" This gentle rebuke touched even the undomestic Agnes, and for a moment the woman triumphed over the authoress; she arose, and embracing her husband, promised in future she would be more careful of his comforts. "Well, then, Agnes, pour me out another glass of wine, and go and see poor little Charles. Mary may be very careful, but it is right a mother's eye should judge of his state herself." With rather an ill grace, this very natural wish was complied with, and Mrs. Ashmore having held a brief consultation with Mary, returned and informed her husband that it was "only a tooth being cut through, and doubtless the little sufferer would in the morning be himself again." Thoughtless mother! did the flushed cheek and heavy breathing of thine infant, as he slept, awaken no throb of anxious tenderness in the maternal bosom? It did *not*; for *there* ambition had usurped the place of love! The pen was again in requisition, and Ashmore, after having yawned through another half hour, unable to extract a word of conversation, in despair sauntered out to "take a little turn," as he called it, before tea. At the corner of the street, however, he encountered two friends who were going to the theatre, and persuaded him to be of the party. To the theatre succeeded supper at a coffee-house—to supper, a look in at a fashionable house of play; and it was three in the morning ere Ashmore's knock for admittance was answered by the drowsy housemaid, who sat up, by her mistress's orders, to receive him! The infatuated wife, having finished and sent off the important literary packet, had been some hours retired, and was for this time at least spared the pang of reading in the flushed and inebriated countenance of her husband, the seeds of evil her own hands were planting, and the future wretchedness she was heaping up for herself and her offspring! When a man's home is rendered uncomfortable by a *wife's neglect*, she who makes it so is ALONE responsible for the errors he may commit when driven abroad. Tremble, ye women who sit at ease on this point, for assuredly ye *shall* answer for the errors of such wanderers.

Such is the opening scene of this little history; but I will go back a short period, to inform my readers that Henry Ashmore was a young merchant of good family and prospects in life, and that three years before my tale commenced he had married Agnes Leslie, whom he had then every reason to believe would render his home a happy one. Agnes was a beautiful girl of nineteen—possessed of some genius, which an education, more superficial than substantial, had called at an early period of life into play; she contributed to many of the leading magazines, could write ele-

gant poetic trifles, and found no difficulty in composing a pretty melody; these accomplishments rendered her much sought after in the circles in which she moved, and the spark of literary ambition was easily fanned into a flame! Love and Henry Ashmore had for awhile been powerful rivals to fame in the breast of Agnes Leslie; but no sooner did she become Mrs. Ashmore, secure in the possession of the two former, than the phœnix blazed forth from the half-smothered ashes, and AMBITION became lord of the ascendant in her bosom! Flattered and caressed, the talents of the young and beautiful matron assumed a brilliancy they could not have attained during the period of mere girlhood; and three years had raised Mrs. Ashmore to a pitch of distinction, of which her wildest imaginings had never dreamed. In short, by a chain of fortunate events, very uncommon to the literary character, Mrs. Ashmore was the fashion of the day; the leading star of light literature wherever she appeared; HER name was the passport to notoriety, and certain acceptance with every bookseller and music publisher in town attended the effusions of her pen. She had the applause of every voice, save one;—the "still small voice" of conscience, which hourly whispered that in the thirst for fame (that draught too intoxicating for female lips), she was sacrificing all those holier charities of life, which should be every thing to the heart of WOMAN. Such was the state of things on the evening of the conversation with which this sketch commenced. The husband, while he felt proud of the praises he heard lavished upon his wife, could not conceal the truth from his own heart, that his home had been a happier one had there been less talent in its chief ornament; and though he looked over a thousand little neglects in domestic duties which had formed the pride of a less gifted woman than Agnes, he could not but feel that his comforts were destroyed by her close pursuit of studies, which, while they shed a radiance over the path of life abroad, were not calculated to brighten the fireside tête-à-tête at home! As their family increased these convictions became every day more bitterly confirmed to Henry, in the unruliness and disobedience of his neglected children, and the railings of their irritated mother, whenever their voices rose to a pitch discordant to her ear. True it was, that the faithful Mary deserved all the confidence her mistress reposed in her; true it was that her example taught the little Ashmores what they *did* know, and rendered them less ignorant and unamiable than if left entirely without her guidance; but the early germs of virtue in the heart, which none but a mother can properly cultivate, were withering away for want of her fostering care.

Time passed on, and though Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore never disagreed, yet a coldness and reserve had sprung up between them, that threatened to end in a complete stagnation of all tenderness. They were seldom together, except at those places of amusement whither the spirit of fashion or custom led them! And Ashmore did not now wait for his wife's bidding to dine at his club, or absent himself from home. And Agnes, while she was courted and admired, was she happy? Did that FAME, the possession of which she had coveted, as her greatest good, repay her for the toil she endured still to retain it? Ah! no; the empty bubble was dearly paid for, as her hectic cheek and sunken eye, that told of the vigils she endured, too plainly testified. Who, save those that have pursued the phantom, can tell of the heartburnings—the loss of rest—of peace—the disregard almost of life itself, that awaits the infatuated votary of Fame? "None but an author knows an author's cares!" Such cares as woman, if she be a wife and mother, save in a very minor degree, should *never* know! Yet such were undermining the health of Agnes, and at the very summit of her ambition, when her foot was on the top of the pedestal, she was seized and stricken as for death! And He who chasteneth in mercy gave the blow.

* * * * * *

Disgusted with the increasing coldness and indifference of his wife, Mr. Ashmore gradually more and more estranged himself from his home; and that heart where virtue was the natural growth of the soil, became withered, and in time, seared to all the better affections of its nature. The tavern—the club-room—nay, even the gaming-house, were too often the resorts to which the despairing husband was driven by his wife's mistaken love of notoriety, and decreasing fortune and happiness were but the natural consequences of such a course of living. The consciousness of these truths, which, despite all her endeavours to disregard them, *would* force themselves at times upon the mind of Agnes; a latent spark of unfounded jealousy which kindled itself into a flame, added to over-excitement and mental exertion, brought on an attack of fever, which threatened to terminate her existence.

All that now passed was but as a fearful dream; yet, in the pauses of delirium, she recognised the same gentle form bending over her pillow—the touch of the same gentle hand administering the cup of cooling to her parched and fainting lip! It was Mary! with one hand supporting the almost dying mother, while in the other she cradled the helpless babe that had never known that mother's care! And here, though the personages in this little history exist but in the imagination of the writer, she would willingly confess the character of MARY, though imperfectly sketched, is a portrait from life; and should the eyes of the individual for whom it is intended glance over these pages, may she accept this feeble tribute offered to her faithful services and many virtues.

In the intoxicating pursuit in which poor Agnes had been engaged, she had not only lost sight of her earthly but her heavenly duties. Completely immersed in the vortex of the feverish life she had chosen, though virtuously educated, yet of no fixed principles, for the last few years she had not

"Her God addressed
In grateful praise, or humble prayer;
And if his word was not her jest;
Dread thought! it had not been her care."

What were her reflections, when consciousness returned, and she found herself stretched on the bed of sickness, prostrated, in body and mind, to the weakness of an infant? For the first time, the veil was removed from her eyes, and she shrank from the hideous spectacle, that the mind of genius, unworthily employed, presented to her view! Her husband—that husband whom her unrelaxing pursuits of other objects, had rendered almost an alien to her bosom—was, with a party of friends, making a tour in France. The thought, that she might die ere he could be recalled, and see her repentant tears, was the iron that entered deepest into her soul! Her children stood beside her couch, but fear rather than love, was painted in their countenances; they had never known a mother's tenderness, and therefore could anticipate no loss from this bereavement; constraint sat upon their features when in her presence; and she envied Mary the possession of that genuine affection which should have belonged but to a mother.

The papers teemed with regrets for the illness of the gifted Mrs. Ashmore. The door was half battered down by thronging inquirers, and the table of her boudoir was covered with embossed cards of condolence; but no friend sat beside her bed to whisper the consolations of affection; no murmured prayer ascended to heaven in her behalf, from the lips of friendship or of love (save in the solitary instance of her faithful domestic). In the midst of admiring crowds, she felt she was alone. No! *not* alone—for he who snatches the guilty one, as "a brand from the burning," was hovering over that couch of sickness with healing in his wings!

* * * * * *

It was a beautiful July evening, and Mrs. Ashmore was sitting, for the first time since her illness, at the open window of a quiet cottage near Richmond, whither she had been removed for change of air, when she heard the tread of a well-known step in the little garden, and in another instant she was clasped to the bosom of her husband! With all the haste of reviving love, he had obeyed the summons which informed him of the illness of Agnes, and three weeks from the time of her seizure, stood before his convalescent and repentant wife! * * *

"I do not wish you to give up your laurels, Agnes," said Ashmore, smiling,

in reply to her declaration of renouncing all pretensions to authorship; "I only desire they may not so entirely overshadow your prospect, as to leave no vista for affection to shine through." Mutual confessions of error were made in all the confidence of former love, and the hopes and prospects of happier days again dawned upon their reunited hearts. Ashmore, convinced of his wife's sincerity, promised and did renounce his evil pursuits; but habits long continued are not easily broken, and Agnes felt that much still was required in weaving the cords that must draw back her husband's esteem; without therefore making a parade of the sacrifices her good resolutions suggested, they were quickly carried into effect, and almost imperceptibly all vestiges of the *Bas Bleu*, vanished from her apartments, and the desk and papers of the authoress gave place to the chess-board, or the social amusements of the day! It needed no effort on her part for Agnes to render herself agreeable even to the accustomed eye of a husband, and Ashmore without a sigh forsook his clubs and his companions for the fireside of his own domestic hearth. And Agnes —— how ended all her dreams of fame and happiness? were they *realised*? They were; not in the fading garland that hangs upon the poet's tomb; but in the living joy which diffused itself wherever she appeared in woman's brightest character—that of the WIFE and the MOTHER!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

[*The Poetry in this Work is copyright.*]

Oh, yes! there are ties that encircle the Heart,
Like the ivy that clings when gay Summer is gone
To the oak's lonely bough, and ne'er seeks to depart,
Tho' its own leaves, like Hope's early visions have flown!
Tho' wither'd and crumbling the monarch-tree stands,
Still faithful the evergreen guards its decay;
And not till the woodman with severing hands,
Fells the trunk, does the'Ivy's fond leaf drop away!

Ah! thus round the heart, tho' 'tis wither'd and sere,
Remembrance still dwells of each earlier tie;
And a few hallow'd spots, in the bosom held dear,
To the mind all the Ivy's fond verdure supply,
Tho' Feeling's young bloom like Spring's bright leaf will fade,
And no time can the freshness of either restore;
The Heart hath a foliage, tho' darker its shade,
And leaves that look green when Spring's blossoms are o'er!

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSINATION OF RICHARD LANDER, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

BY MISS SKYNNER.

Another victim unto thee,
Mysterious, fated land!—
Afric! must death thy gift still be
To *all* who seek thy strand?
They go, thy state, thy wants to learn,
Thee from thy bonds to save,
What doth their noble daring earn?
A lone and blood-stain'd grave!

The young—the brave—the wise—high-born,
By fame or science led,
In turn to thy dark coast have gone,
To swell the list of dead:
England hath lost for lore of thee
Full many a gallant son,
Oh! when that knowledge our's shall be,
'Twill have been dearly won!

They sleep amid the desert drear,
Or in the forest's gloom;
No mother's tear may dew their bier,
No friend bend o'er their tomb—
They should have slept in a tranquil place
In their native hamlet's ground,
Where the young spring flowers their grave might grace,
And their fathers rest around!

One was there, Caledonia's child,*
Young, beautiful, and brave;
In youth he'd left his mountains wild
For a home upon the wave;
With a spirit, vent'rous, bold, and high,
He join'd the little band
That came in hope undauntedly,
To explore that unknown land!

He saw around him drop and fall
His comrades one by one;
The steel or sickness took them all,
And he was left alone!
Alone!—no, *one* true follower still
Remain'd his toils to aid,
And he went with *him*, and his own brave will,
Onward still undismay'd.

But savage men with treacherous art
In a narrow place confin'd,
And bade from thence should not depart
That bold and restless mind;
'Till the Zamiel's burning breath at length
Swept o'er his stalwart frame,
And that chief's proud form of manly strength
As an infant's weak became.

Thus he pined and faded, 'till one day
On his trusty follower's breast
The gallant spirit passed away
To its long unbroken rest!
And though no kindred ties were near,
No mourners to deplore him,
One faithful friend stood by his bier,
One true heart's tears fell o'er him!

And *thou*, that in the desert lone
Wept o'er thy chief's low grave,
The desert claims thee now its own,
O faithful heart and brave!
No titles deck'd thy lowly birth,
But yet in thee was shrin'd
That radiant gem of priceless worth,
"Nobility of mind!"

Lander! thy memory is a star
Of constancy and truth,
And shines above thy tomb afar,
A beacon to our youth;
While courage and fidelity
Are honour'd in the land,
So long shall live regret for thee,
So long thy fame shall stand!

* Captain Clapperton.

THE UNINVITED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADIES MAN."

Where is my fortune?—passed away;
My early friends?—departed;
They are all gone, the fair the gay,
The young, the gentle hearted;
I tread no more the banquet floor,
Where erst my wit delighted,
'Tis not for me the wine they pour,
I am—the uninvited.

No more I'll dance the gay gavotte
With Beauty's fairest daughter;
My patent *pumps* no *spring* have got,
Tho' they *let in the water*;
My pea-green pantaloons can shew
How wretchedly I'm plighted,
E'en fashion's *flow'rs* must *seedy* grow,
I am—the uninvited.

They all seem happy—tho' I live
Amid a world of sorrow,
And those to whom I used to give
Have vanish'd—or I'd borrow—
I am *bowl'd out* at ev'ry *ball*,
And as a *bat* short-sighted,
For tho' I entertain'd them all,
I am—the uninvited.

Oh! I could dine on *sole* or *plaice*,
But I've no *place* to dine on!
Alas! no *pine* my board can grace,
My sorrows echo "*pine on*;"
Yes, all my hopes so fondly stor'd,
Were born but to be blighted,
I cannot *bear* thus to be *bor'd*,
I am—the uninvited.

J. E. C.

STANZAS TO ——

WITH A RING.

When in some future day, thine eye reposes,
On this frail cement of our friendship's chain;
When Time upon thy cheek hath blanch'd the roses,
And of myself *but mem'ry* shall remain!
Ah! *then* remember (let it chase thy weeping),
That the worn pilgrim is at last *at rest!*
And earth's maternal bosom safely keeping
The wearied child that long hath sought her breast!

For oh! despite the many ties that bind me,
Nurtur'd and courted in the path of Fame,
Mem'ry will cast a ling'ring look behind me,
And dwell on hopes—that *now* 'twere crime to name!
If there's a world where spirits pure may hover
Round those they love, undimm'd by earthly stain,
My panting soul *that* region would discover,
And all the Hopes of Life's young morn regain!

And when no more our kindred steps shall wander
Amid the tranquil scenes to day we've trod;
(I seek the world, and *dare* not stop to ponder,
To find forgetfulness for sorrow's load!)
Think of me as of one who loved thee truly
However cold in aspect I may seem;
And—know this heart, tho' taught to love thee *newly*,
Hails thee as wanderers hail the moonlight beam!

Think of me as of one tho' frail and erring,
Who *felt* thy love, and did not prize it less
Because a stoic like myself preferring
Affection bore with all my waywardness!
And pity, not condemn those faults which make me
The easy prey of Hearts less pure than thine,
Thro' life's brief moments, dear one! ne'er forsake me,
And let *thy friendship* sanctify my shrine!

LYRA.

IMPROMPTU*

WRITTEN WHILE VIEWING THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON-WILSON.

Oh! what an holy calm! the Spirit takes
A glimpse of Heaven, while gazing on this scene,
And all of *soul* in the observer wakes,
And not one thought of earth doth intervene,
To chill the sacred feeling of the breast,
Lull'd into dreams of pure and holy rest!

Here may the mind forget its earthly care,
Its blighted Hopes—here may the Poet gaze
Upon these ivied walls, by Time made bare,
And call back visions of departed days,
When Superstition cast her spells around,
And many a heart in her dark fetters bound!

And here! oh, here! the wearied Heart may find
One spot of calm, where Fancy's wing may rest,
Here, 'mid Life's busy scene may view enshrin'd
All that the soul of peace has ere confess'd,
As o'er the murmurs of the idle throng,
Hush'd silence steals with noiseless step along!

'Tis not in solitude we are *alone*,
Life's crowd hath too its loneliness, sheds round
To those who have that sterner feeling known,
A sense of Desolation rarely found
Within the Anchorite's or Hermit's cell,
A loneliness the POET knows too well!

For in the CROWD we lack the kindred mind,
The kindred smile—that wakes an answering glow
Within the breast;—tho' mingling with our kind
In outward form, our souls no union know,
Have nought in common, save the sense of ill
That boon alike, to all Earth's children still!

But 'mid *this* scene of Beauty, how the soul
Seems to hold converse with those kindred ties,
Whose unseen influence baffles all control,
And draws it nearer to its native skies;
Earth's chains fall off, the world's cold links are riv'n,
And the wrapt Spirit soars awhile to Heav'n!

* A verse having been inadvertently omitted in printing this "Impromptu" last week, which broke the connecting link of the idea intended to be expressed, we have again printed the poem entire.

THE PENITENT LOVER.

Ah! would that I had never said
That fatal word NO;—
I little thought when asked to wed,
The mis'ry I should know.

But sure it was his fault in part,
He should have tried again;
And sought to turn a wayward heart:
Nor then had sought in vain.

I never dream'd or e'er believed
He'd take me at my word,
But I'll not be again deceived,
And live on hope deferred.

Now—let the question once be popped,
And though 'twere by a Yankee,
By diffidence I'll not be stopped,
But say, "*yes* sir" and "thank ye."

SYLVA.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT WHOSE FIRST BIRTHDAY WAS THE THEME OF SOME STANZAS IN NO. 24, PAGE 192.

A few brief fleeting weeks ago,
My pen with feeble lays
Essayed thy opening charms to shew
Thy infant charms to paise.

My mournful muse must now bemoan
On earth thy short career,
Thy early transit to the tomb,
Thy parents sorrowing tear.

Thou'rt gone, and still we think we see
Thy cheering infant smiles,
'Tis but, alas, death's mockery,
Who triumphs in his wiles.

Insatiate death! could'st thou not aim
Thy barbed arrow where
Declining age had owned thy claim,
Nor shunn'd thy fatal snare.

Grave! she is thine! but unto thee
How poor the part that's given,
Her lifeless clay;—but bright and free
Her spirit's flown to Heaven.

A. N.

CHARADE.

My FIRST is left or right, better or worse,
And from it sprang man's comfort and his curse;
My NEXT provides us many a useful thing,
As food, and ships, and houses from me spring;
My WHOLE oft deck'd with princely pride and care
Resplendent shines with valuables rare.

MARIA.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE, Page 320.

What's in the middle of a cell?
What with the echo's sure to dwell,
And with the labouring bee?
And what is chief in earth?—but stay,
Melissa, I may surely say,
It is the letter E.

WILLIAM.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 320.

A falsehood's a FLAM, and a BEAU has a soul,
At least I've no reason to doubt it;
And a FLAMBEAU to guide us at night from a ball,
Is so pleasant I'd ne'er be without it.

ELIZA T——R.

QUERY.

What word in the English language may be used a thousand times in uninterrupted succession without violating any grammatical rule, or without the probability of being misunderstood? and how can such word be so used?

PATCHWORK.

"A thing of shreds and patches."
Shakespeare.

RUSTIC WIT.—As Mr. H. was approaching to his own house, in one of Bristol's out parishes, he perceived a collier girl driving her 'Neddy' on the pavement, just before him, and, though *she* was comely enough to have taken the wall of any man, he had no notion of yielding precedence to an ass; therefore, somewhat sharply, exclaimed, "Lead your brute in the cart road, can't ye?" "Nan!" cried the wench, without obeying him. "Get out of my way, d'ye hear, you stupid toad?" resumed our provoked friend. The creature looked up into his face, and, in the softest, slyest accents of her dialect, retorted, "What's caal I toad vor? caase I got a pratty eye?" There was no scolding the hussy. I question if any of our Blues ever quoted Buffon with equal effect.

ANECDOTE.—An Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, "What a fine show of potatoes." "Yes they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes, I see you have the name quite pat, how do you call them in your country?" "Ah, fait?" returned the Irishman, "we never *call* 'em at all, when we want any we go out and *dig* them."

DR. HARRINGTON.—A gentleman walking through the Abbey Church at Bath, with the late Dr. Harrington observed, "How completely the walls are covered with monuments." The Doctor immediately replied—"Yes,

"These walls covered over with marble and bust,
Shew the use of Bath waters in laying the dust."

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